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DUBLIN

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No. CCCLXXIII.

JANUARY, 1864.

VOL. LXIII.

DUBLIN SOCIETY.

THE professional tourist, who from a sense of stern necessity, and even decency, must, every year, become a sort of travelling Wandering Jew will soon have no more worlds to conquer. He has "done" every city, church, palace, lake, river, and statue, from Dan to Beersheba, and the annual *Tour de rigueur* begins to pall.

Yet the true Briton can travel with equal safety and convenience within the measure of the British Islands. There are Scotch lakes equal to Maggiore, and there are "bits" of local colouring at home equal to what are to be only attained by weary days and nights in steamer, and diligence, and railway carriage; and as he stands debating whether he shall, after all, drive away to the old, faithful South-Eastern, and take the familiar *coupon* for the eternal Beersheba, a fairy close beside, with a voice, earthly, yet musical, and attuned to that sort of hill and valley cadence, which mortals outside *might* ignorantly christen "brogue," whispers, in rich accent, something concerning a Green Island—an epithet secured to it by a sort of patent—and lying very close to the old-established original "Tight little Island."

The fairy who gives this invitation should properly be an engaging young lady, in a scarlet Red Riding-hood cloak, with a blue petticoat, cut very short, and a little hood, which serves conveniently enough for a bonnet.

VOL. LXIII.—NO. CCCLXXIII.

Peregrinus, who has been so much abroad, is moved by the engaging aspect of the young creatures in the scarlet cloaks and hoods, and is moved with an instinctive wish to open up these new and picturesque hunting-grounds. A ticket from English Dan to Irish Beersheba is moderate. Hark to the Wild Irishman already kicking and lunging, and with difficulty held in by his two grooms. Peregrinus—or shall we say simply, Peregrine—hesitates, and like the woman who hesitates, is lost. A little paste, deftly applied by a ministering porter angel, of wonderful skill in adhesive work, and the irrevocable label, "London to Eblana," is already attached. Another instant, and the Irishman has broken loose—has got his steam head, so to speak, and is away. Peregrine cannot now draw back. He is astride, so to speak, on the back of the Wild Irishman. It is fully eighty-two miles, and barely two hours gone, before his groom can pull him in somewhere about Rugby. He is even then only prevailed on to stop by the allurements of a mash dexterously compounded of coke and water.

When the Wild Irishman reaches the end of his tether, and has flung himself down exhausted at Holyhead, Peregrine finds a monster of another description waiting patiently to take him across the straits. Huge pre-Adamite creatures—wild elephants, whales, or steam Megatheria possibly, not by any means wild, but docile

and tractable. They startle our English Peregrine by their huge, long backs, and the four horns, or chimneys, which grow out of their backs, and discourse murky vapours. They roll across the billows, and their steel viscera move harmoniously, with a sort of peristaltic motion. Peregrine, sitting afar off, hears the clank of the steel viscera, uttering their chant monotonous.

The sea monster has done its work, and lies gasping and blowing alongside, secured by a halter from its neck to the shore. Peregrine has stepped on to the land—to King's land—the special town which was rebaptized after the First Gentleman of Europe. A little granite pawn marks this consecration; and Peregrine's heart thrills with a sort of First-Gentlemanly sensation as he sees the affectionate tribute to this great and good man.

EBLANA at last! Peregrine debouching from the railway, adrift, as it were, upon the city, and uneasy under the responsibility of luggage, would have a dim instinct of where he was from the children of the whip, who with wild cries and a pleasant animation, compete for him, as though he were a prize belt. The sort of gipsy vehicle, wild and irregular, too—the shelf-car of the country—so characteristic and agreeable—brings with it certain recognition. Elsewhere the stolid drivers sit placidly aloft, scornfully ignoring the overtures of a single traveller beside the more profitable claims of a numerous family, crushed under mountains of luggage. But here there is personal importunity, cheerful gibe, lively joke, vehement gesture, and flourish of whips; and then Peregrine again, if he has ever stood in the Piazza della Minerva, thinks of the lively *cocchieri* on that "stand," who, when he lifts up his finger, charge at him *en masse*, like a troop of horse.

A little comforted at a restaurateur's and hostelry, Peregrine goes forth upon the street to see Eblana for the first time. He has taken, it may be supposed, Eblana at its most favourable time—at the end of the month of January, when her "season" is "on"—a festival which endures from that month until June. Rusticus, down at Ballingarry, on the family "esteet," puts Mrs. Rusticus and her three

daughters into the train, and comes up joyfully to take a house in some street not far away from the leading "squares." The Earl of Tumbletowers and his family come up from Tumbletowers to the ancestral town mansion, and the family coach, with the faces of the Hon. Misses Shindyman looking from the windows, may be seen in the streets. Everything tends, by a natural, social gravitation, towards Eblana and its season.

Taking it, then, to be this most favourable time, and that it is a bright, clear morning (perhaps an unreasonable postulate, for, in respect of rain, Eblana is held to be suffering an eternal *douche*), Peregrine goes forth upon the streets, beginning with the Belgravian quarter, and wanders into the decent solitude. Naturally, he is confounded by the spectacle of a gigantic private square, which is exactly one mile round, holding twenty-four acres of ground, and which, as may be conceived, cannot be easily matched in Europe. He will be told of some enthusiasts who are anxious further to develop this ornament, and by the agency of statues, fountains, walks, and planting, import a little French refinement, and create a sort of Irish Place de la Concorde. There is no impediment from absence of the root of all evil: that esculent is offered in plenty. But the old dilly, with six insides, basket and ail, complete, still lurches along the road, and stops the way; and so a really magnificent project, intensified, too, with a memorial for the dead, is on the verge of miscarriage. With this, too, was associated an Hibernian Rotten row and a minute "dwive"—a concentration of equestrians and vehicles at the legitimate hour. That elements are not waiting for a suitable display may be gathered from this:—of a brilliant day, a train of between five and six hundred mounted ladies and gentlemen may be seen galloping over the pleasant slopes of the "Phynix."

Here, too, is the quiet majesty of the Belgrave square of Eblana, and which has yet a sort of therapeutic legal atmosphere; for it is growing gradually to be the quarter of those two great learned guilds—and Galen, F.R.C.S., rising rapidly, and Bebutter, now a virgin Q.C., rocks fondly towards a mansion in this sacred

quarter. No wonder. Here are stately old edifices, ripe and mellow, and of a date before a certain Union, with grand staircases and gorgeous stucco ceilings, and Pompeian walls, and painting on that ample scale the old Hibernian magnates delighted in. If Peregrine be curious in such things, he may turn back to that monster "Green" he has just left behind, and look up at the rows of stately old-fashioned mansions, with huge porches, to which he must ascend by some twenty to thirty steps. Here are huge, spacious halls, flowered all over with elaborate stucco devices, wrought by cunning Italians, whom the Irish virtuosi imported specially, and with capacity for holding a dozen or so "sedan chairs" of a festive sort. Here are broad, stone staircases, and exquisite Italian chimney-pieces, and ceilings, and door-panels decorated with medallions, painted by famous Angelica Kauffman's own hand. With some there is a *portecochere* too, that might have been imported from Paris. These are the glories of the Saint's Green. But there could be pointed out to Peregrine, structures more imposing still—perfect palaces—built by the fine old Irish noblemen (with the titles out of sentimental novels), and which dot the city to the amount of a dozen or so. Beside these, the mansions of the great seigneurs, ducal and otherwise, seem feeble. There is one, now degraded into a counting-house, as grand and stately as a Roman palace. Some are barracks—some, public institutions; but all attest a rich and costly taste, and a boundless expense. Some had their theatre attached. Artists and carvers were brought from Italy and France to do the painting and decorative work. It has been whispered, however, that the mere drudges, who did the contractor's work for the noblemen with the romantic names, have not been paid for it to this hour, or have been expunged in the grand balance-sheet of the Incumbered Estates Court.

Now Peregrine plunges into Irish Bond-street—narrow, winding, and hilly, yet very rich and opulent, and where nearly every hour of the day there is a perfect blockade and stoppage. This, of course, must be accepted as the inevitable law in all climes and cities, that the glut of

traffic shall accumulate on the quarter least suited to it. Here may be seen lines of broughams, locked in inextricable confusion, to which universal chaos the key may readily be found—for in this street are the temples of your Madame Augustes and Palmmyres and Victorines (from Paris, but *nées* Murphy), who regulate the *mode* in Eblana. The sacrifices to these divinities are gigantic, for Eblana belles are frantic devotees, and are indeed entitled to all unreasonable decoration at any cost.

Peregrine marvels at the bustle, the activity, the dense crowds walking arm in arm—the vitality, in short. And yet here is no token of trade—of prosy, unromantic trade, which takes the bloom off all things. The eye is not offended with wains and drays. This is the city of the *dolce far niente*—the city of money, and of money spent by retail; for no one hoards meanly in Eblana, and soshops thrive.

Foreigners who come into Eblana protest it has a sort of half-foreign air, which more nearly recalls their own delightful cities, than any other British city. Foreign architects have more than once pronounced it one of the most architectural cities of Europe. Peregrine, as he stands on the hill which descends from Irish Bond-street, and looks towards the University, and the grand, graceful temple where the Hibernian Lords and Commons used to meet, must own to a most striking effect. All the public buildings in Eblana are of the same Grecian order, and have a certain uniformity. He will note, too, how they form part of the street everywhere, and are not jealously cut off, or separated by paling. The lawyer in Eblana walks under Grecian porticoes and Corinthian capitals, and pediments crowned with statues by Flaxman. As for the quiet grace and beauty of the ancient House of Parliament, architects of all nations have vied with each other in its praises. It now performs the more prosaic duty of a bank; but it is a bank such as no bank in Europe can compare with.

Going steadily forwards, and crossing the river, all quayed, like Paris, and crossed at every two or three hundred yards, or so, by a bridge, he gets into that famous causeway which

ranks with the New York Broadway, and the Russian Nevskoi parade—its breadth and spaciousness unsurpassed, and, when planted with rows of fine old limes, which a barbarous municipality cut away, must have had a unique effect.

No wonder these foreigners have their own associations recalled to them, when we think of the odd, exceptional look of the actors before this scenery; the national vehicles spinning about, and the easy Neapolitan attitude of those who ride on them; the bright cloaks of the West, copied from the peasants, of deep blue and Spanish scarlet; the fresh cheeks; the bright eyes; the gay ring of voices chattering like children; the platoons of the reaping interest, in the characteristic stage dress which Mr. Boucicault wore for so many nights, and who are hurrying away to the ships; the ballad singers, and the dreary funeral processions which, at all hours, come trailing down the broad street, with all the sudden effect of a Misericordia procession at Florence; and the strange, rakish figures of the American fire brigade, in their scarlet shirts; white breeches, and boots, always lounging together in twos and threes—all this makes up a wonderful picture for one whose eye loves colour and shifting effects, and which has, indeed, something verging on the foreign. But what does not verge upon the foreign are the troops of bright, fresh faces, wonderful eyes, and rich, shining hair articles cheap from mere plenty—not the mere rustic charms of a robust health, but striking Spanish-looking creatures—children of the *Mozzo Caba*, and with which this capital abounds.

For two special blessings of human existence, which verge in the direction of wines and cigars, has Eblana a particular notoriety. She has a sort of pride in purveying these comforts, of the best and soundest quality, in their degree. In the more remote periods, when there was a palpable indifference abroad as to the fixed rights of the revenue, a sort of affectionate sympathy had grown up between wine-exporting countries and the absorbing earth of Eblana, which resulted in a mutual respect and admiration. Henceforth there was a steady, unbroken chain of char-

hogsheads between the nations; and a special growth was always destined for "t' Hibernian shore"—a distinction which tradition has kept up to this hour. There are cellars of wondrous efficacy in Eblana. So with tobacco. You will with difficulty light on the luxury of a penny cigar. And Peregrine, or any unknown wandering *Particulier*, entering a stall and laying down upon the counter the smallest silver coin known to our currency, will have handed to him, not, indeed, a fragrant regalia, but a sound, acceptable, genuine, smokable cigar, that will not give him a nausea, or have any *arrière pensée* of the kitchen garden. The careless stranger will, in fact, receive a *four* cigar. In Babylon, alas! it is but too certain what cruel treatment will befall the careless stranger entering a gaudy temple of this sort, and laying down a large silver coin, which brings this result—that many leading Britons send regularly to Eblana for all comforts in these two directions.

Peregrine has noted the special block of carriages about Madame Mantilini's Temple of Fashion—a sort of polite route of miniature broughams, and flashy open barouches, inside of which, as it were, in a dainty flower pot upon wheels, bloom the precious hot-house plants—the gardenias and geraniums of the upper circles of Eblana. Peregrine has come towards the latter days of January, which accounts for the conflux of vehicles towards Madame Mantilini's. That unhappy artiste, speaking French with a slight "suspicion" of a richer native Doric, has but a miserable time of it. Her nights are wretched; her days are like the agonies of the dying whale—a ceaseless "flurry." Gentle stranger, Peregrine, these things are signs and warnings, as it were, in the heavens. As you came along, you marked the garb of the late-revered Samuel Johnson, LL.D., author of the English Dictionary and other works, unaccountably set out in the windows of tailors' shops, with the corresponding steel spike of the period balanced on its point. The tattered and fish-like sprigged waistcoat, too, a little frayed and tannish, with a significant splash here and there as from the wine cup. At what mahogany, O effete garment! Where is Lucullus

now, erst measured for that finery? Where—? Were this a Roundabout Paper, how easily we might now mount the pulpit, and with the old waistcoat for a text, what an affecting sermon might be preached! The Consul Plancus (that is under—when the Duke of Dorset was Lord Lieutenant); and the locks of hair of our mistresses; and the “faded old letters;” all fished out of the pocket of the old waistcoat—“On an old Court waistcoat!” It would sound prettily. For why should there be a monopoly of letters patent for these things?

If Peregrine has read this handwriting on the wall aright, he will know that a grand ceremonial is imminent—“THE LEVEE” and “THE DRAWING-ROOM,” or what, by an excusable provincialism, is more familiar as “the Levy” and “Drawn-room.” Hence the crowding in the streets; hence the block of broughams; hence the temporary insanity of the hapless Mantilini. For what gives Eblana this peculiar attraction is that it is the seat of a Court—miniature, if you will, yet complete and perfect in all details. Very different from the feeble dulness of the reigning Duke of Pumpernickel, or the Landgrave of Selbzerbrunnen. Eblana has its palace or “Castle,” well known everywhere, with its banqueting halls, ball rooms, reception rooms, galleries, and “Royal Chapel,” and suitable finery, complete. It has its courtyards and guard-house, where the ceremony of “guard mounting,” with military music, is performed, as at a greater palace. Here dwells the Vice-King and his court-chamberlains, gentlemen-at-large, and of the bed-chamber, aides-de-camp, masters of the horse, all complete. Cynicus, who has been listening scornfully, here bursts out with Mr. William M. Cornhill’s well-known remark (fresh out of the aloe jar), to the effect “that a court calendar is had enough; but a *sham* court calendar, how intolerable!” Yet, *pace tanti viri*, there is something to be said. The institution is of a prodigious antiquity, and has, therefore, the respectability which long standing imparts to other institutions. When, too, sixty years ago, by an unblushing traffick in peerages, pensions, and ready money, and at an outlay of more than a million sterling, the parliament

which sat in Eblana was bought up (a piece of public morality which, if adopted by the House of Hapsburg toward its Hungarian Diet, would excite a scream through Europe), it was felt that some little compensation was due to the despoiled natives, and it was bargained and covenanted that, henceforth, this semi-royal institution should be preserved inviolate. The men and women of Eblana do not bow down before the Molochs of cotton or iron. They are a little Gallic in their temperament, and prefer a little scenic effect, and the exhibition of this semi-royalty, even though Cynicus and his brethren snarl at it, as being “sham” or “Brumagem;” they do not want the dead provincialism—in tone and thought, at least—of Cottonopolis, and Navipolis-on-the-Mersey. Sham? Wherefore sham? Vice-king at home is but a nobleman of England; but sitting on a throne at Eblana Castle, is governor of six or seven million of lieges, with powers of giving titles and high offices, of pardon, of life and death, of proclamations, of making laws, and what not. He is “Depute” for the Queen of these Islands.

“Levys” are pretty much the same all the world over. But let the gala night of the “drawn-room” have room, and let Peregrine, the stranger, either recklessly purchasing, or prudently hiring—for both these operations are within his power—one of the becoming suits of the courtly period, with the attendant spike of defence or offence, go up magnificently to Eblana Castle. With his florid waistcoat of the period, and his lower limbs so heartlessly exposed, with an effect generally suggestive in the jackdaw direction, he will yet present a less conspicuous image of degradation by lamplight. He will have journeyed up in broad noon-day to the “Levée,” enter his qualification in an effete vehicle, a fossil “job,” which the rest of the year has lain, like Mr. Sterne’s *desobligeant*, “in the corner of a coach-yard,” a sort “of vamped up business,” for the whole year, and now, like everything that can at all trundle upon wheels, is dragged forth and brings gold. However feeble and decrepid, a few streets progress at a funeral is no great intrusion upon the retirement of an honourable old age. In Eblana,

too, there is a strange and unique vehicle—a square, sombre, packing case—into which light penetrates by four cell windows, and which is cleverly balanced upon a pair of wheels. A strange *oubliette*—or diminutive prison van—moving with spasmodic jerks, and which by the action of the horse imparts a charming motion to the prisoner within. It has a certain undignified aspect, to see a gentleman of the period of George the Third looking from the window; so, therefore, Peregrine will not “take up” one of these triumphal cars.

But as the conditions on which Melrose is to be seen aright are sufficiently familiar to the public, and moonlight is indispensable to a proper effect, so, after all, the natural and appropriate condition fitted to a “Drawing-room” is by the flare of wax-light. “They order, then, this matter” better in Eblana. Yonder, in Babylon the Great, it seems a frigid and piteous spectacle to see the train of beauties fluttering up to court, with all their trappings on, in the ruthless and unfeeling light of day. There is a monstrous discordance in the effect. It is as chilling as a rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Bullock Smithy—when a cold streak of blue daylight falls on the faded scenery and the dull tinsel, and the footlights have not been lighted. Diamonds, and bouquets, and lace, and tulle, and feathers (and may it be just whispered, anything in the direction of artificial complexion), belong to a distinct element, and seem to fade and die in this unnatural atmosphere. But in Eblana they are wiser in their generation. The daughters of that picturesque generality, who always sits with a harp at her knee, know what theatre best suits their charms.

The wayfarer of this festive night, wandering towards Irish Downing-street, will find his progress cut off by long lines of caskets or jewel cases on wheels, waiting patiently, and converging steadily on Eblana Castle, from all points; and, dark though it be, he will see, nestling within each casket, something glittering—together with clouds of vaporous tulle, with a little female humanity, and eyes that light up all. From north, east, west, and south, do these snake-

like lines concentrate into one. Loud and hoarsely in the ear rings out the cries of mounted policemen, in sepulchral military cloaks, prancing hither and thither, and intimidating drivers with a fierce and superfluous declamation. Towards Irish Downing-street, the causeways are filled with an idle and eager crowd, who spend the night peering into the wheeled jewel, and criticising pleasantly and epigrammatically the contents of the wheeled jewel caskets. As the train toils up the steep hill, and when it stops is kept from receding by a skilful corps of “blockers,” Eblana Castle comes—ranges of windows all ablaze—shadows flitting past—court-yard thronged—and sounds of military music wafted to the ear. Many a young heart, about to *debuter*, flutters as we roll in.

This is the hall of Eblana Castle, spacious, dazzling, almost—at least to *debutante*, who flutters timorously alone, sheltered behind the parental magnificence, between rows of soldiery, up the grand flight, a mass, of what seems to *debutante*—a mass of indistinct menials and powder confused together; magnificent and sumptuous menials, courtly creatures, with a palatial flavour. Then this long corridor, then through this chamber (menials still abounding), then into a large room—one mass of passing feathers, diamonds, jewels, gold, silver lace, stiff *moiré* trains, fans, and uniforms, and a perfect Babel of tongues. A sort of crush-room, where all wait their turn, which becomes, for the nonce, a sort of garden of rare and choice flowers, where the anxious stranger will see many that he would like to pluck for his button-hole. We hear of the “violet eyes” of Eblana, and of glowing Magenta complexions; but here is the best opportunity for having these charms focussed. For many are drawn hither, fresh from the provincial hills, before the bloom has been brushed from their cheeks by the sleeves of a hundred waltzers. Here we may see Mrs. Dolan, of “Kestle Dolan,” from the west-south, a gross and earthly creature, possessed by her seven demons of vulgarity; and yet, after her walks something so metropolitan—so refined—that it would seem incomprehensible how there should be any relationship between them. Here, in this direction, coming,

say, from the north, is a perfect bit of *Dresden* or *Sevres*—*piquante, petite, mignonne*—a fairy, a cloud of floating muslin: so that in this greenhouse, every human horticulturist can suit his taste admirably. Here is the Eblana Belle, *en titre*—here is her rival. Uniforms, too. There is a camp within an hour's drive—there are barracks in a dozen quarters of the city, so we can be gluttled with every variety of shape and colour, cavalry, foot, and military train, and what *must* surely be the uniform of that exceptional corps, the *chevaux marins*; for there are mysterious garments, too, not known to Planché or even Nathan—uniforms of a local pattern—officers associated with the administration of counties, who are splendid as French senators. These entities—gorgeous in green and gold, and general braiding, far more sumptuous than riflemen—are police. We have our household uniform, Windsorial in a degree, and the flashing aides-de-camp resplendent in bullion. As an alternative, there is a gush of the element clerical, whose bands and black gowns have a rather mortuary and quieting effect. Also the high judicial functionaries in decent black velvet, and the bishops in the incomprehensible apron. All this while the company has been slowly filtering through. There is a polite “pen” at the end of the room, over which gigantic sentries keep guard, and admit a few at a time. There is a fierce competition to reach this sacred enclosure, and some of our flowers get sadly frayed and tossed, losing a few of their petals in the process. But once in the secure enclosure, refitting and arrangement takes place. For already, though the door be forced, is heard the official chanting—the monotone of names sung from afar. Now, the moment; and blooming Miss Magnolia sees through the door the long, glittering line, with its conspicuous centre figure, along which she must pass. Menials specially deputed to that object, take from her trembling arm the rustling train, and spread it out with suitable effect. Before her eyes is a flood of light, and a terrible open space, across which she must travel, alone and unsupported, running the polite gauntlet as it were of that glittering line, with a hundred

eyes watching her progress. But, most trying ordeal of all, when at the centre, and making profoundest and most graceful obeisance (rehearsed, say, gentle Magnolia, how many times in the drawing-room at home, mamma playing vice-king for the nonce, and the junior branches of the family supporting the parts of members of the court), out steps the Vice-King, and exacts that sort of feudal tribute, which is of the royal prerogative. Envious proconsul—blissful prerogative—sweet monopoly! Mark how the rights and privileges of the famous office have been gradually cut down—imperceptibly dwindling—but to this sacred right have all vice-monarchs clung desperately, come weal, come woe; nay, might it not be reasonably suspected that the seduction of this labial impost might have such charms as actually to avert the doom of utter abolition, which at times has menaced the vice-regal throne. Only conceive it! Take it in a rough way, at from six to eight hundred—a procession of lips, through the whole night, and all for one Being, who is not a Heathen God, but a simple mortal. A sort of practical judgment of Paris, going on for hours, only with more satisfactory means of testing comparative merit than was allowed to the Homeric gentleman. And consider—consider yet more emphatically—the wretched minor actors in the piece, who must stand by and look on patiently, and suffer all the raging torments of Tantalus. Wonderful that, towards the end of the ceremony, these unhappy men, goaded to fury, do not abandon all sense of restraint, and rush in for their share of the universal osculation. Poor, famished souls! they would not be so accountable after all!

Still, by the happy law of nature, there is compensation in all things; and if there is unrestricted right of salutation over these blooming pastures, so are there over stony and arid patches, which must be accepted on like conditions. With twenty per cent of the six or eight hundred, it resolves itself into a question which nothing but a stern sense of duty can carry him through. And yet it may be considered an agreeable alternative—olives before the strawberries. The osculatory bill, is, as it were, discounted after the fashion of ordinary

usurious dealings—one third, old wine; one third in paintings; and one third in bright, brilliant gold and silver.

Here are long rooms with pictures, and pillars, and tapestry, and much gilding; all with a flavour of state. And here is the grand hall state ball-room, with galleries at each end, into which the presented crowd gushes furiously. There is something of the *Grand Monarque* air about the look of the whole—the plumes and feathers, the trains, the jewels, the uniforms and colours of the gentlemen of a remote period, all crowded together in the hall. By-and-by the musicians in the gallery strike up "God Save the Queen," and an avenue opens down the centre, through which Vice-King, followed by a gorgeous train of household lords, ladies, and gentlemen, advances splendidly. Professional cynicism may talk of its Court Calendars, and "sham Court Calendars," but when we take up our journal next morning, and spread the news upon our palates, as we would butter our toast, we read what a throng of earls, countesses, barons, lords, lordlings, bishops, judges, and untitled talent of all degrees, has been circulating about us. It is as genuine a Court Calendar, and Royal Red Book, as could well be published. For a "sham," if sham it be, it has a wonderful vitality.

But this ceremonial is but the herald to other joys. The capital is full. The rustic nobility—constitutional supporters of the existing ministry—are now in town, sojourning at the decent, dear, and dingy hosteries, which are favoured with their patronage. These does viceregal Majesty delight to honour. And so, after a day's interval, cards flutter forth for "A BANQUET." A banquet, strictly speaking; and known by that denomination—legitimately entitled to that splendid title. The great hall is again laid out, and a hundred and twenty guests sit down—the elements of selection, rank, and beauty. And this, besides, no vile, civic feast, or splendid scramble for victuals, but a calm dinner party. There are things to see and remember; and a succession of these enliven the festivities of Eblana Castle during the season.

Balls, too! Yes, where the lieges assemble thirteen hundred strong. These, too, are festivals worth see-

ing, purchased, however, by wholesale compression. Most notable of all, the ball on the night of the Patron Saint of the kingdom, where all the company—say sixteen hundred strong, as before—arrive in court dresses, feathers, trains, and the rest of that gear. Where, at ten o'clock punctually, according to immemorial usage, a monster country-dance is formed, and Vice-King leads off down the fatiguing ranks of innumerable couples, to the famous tune of "Giga," consecrated to, and called by the name of, the patron saint just mentioned. A curious spectacle, with something of the *Louis Quatorze* flavour, to see gentlemen of the Johnsonian era, and in the habiliments of that great lexicographer, flying round in the measure of a nineteenth century valse, and perfectly reckless of the incongruity. When there is universal courtesying, at a particular crisis of the measure known as "The Lancers," as by statute in that case made and provided, and corresponding graceful bowing on the part of innumerable Doctor Johnsons—the whole effect is something in the nature of a dream of the Grand Court, with a *souper* of the minuet.

But if there be a *specialité* on which Eblana prides itself, it is on its flood of amateur music. This is irrepressible, and breaks out in a thousand shapes. Tenors, usually scarce and precious as black swans, are here in a welcome profusion. The spectacle of a human being standing up before a mixed company to distend the human uvula, in a rude and uncultivated state, is common enough everywhere—all mortals, with the most humble gift of vociferation, thinking they have "a call," to disturb their fellow creatures in a drawing room. But here is a host of fine voices, and abundance of cultivation; and the result is an almost business-like organization which confounds strangers, and is very different from the feeble and disjointed efforts of the common run of amateurs. Eblana has its own Royal Academy of Music, which dates back to nearly a century and a-half ago; and this institution serves, happily, as a sort of neutral ground for getting together all amateur elements. And every year a kind of festival concert takes place, in aid of its funds, on the night of which is presented a spectacle, per-

haps unique in these kingdoms. An opera is chosen to be recited—Verdi, Rossini, or Bellini's—and there is no difficulty in finding suitable performers for the leading parts. But the orchestra is worth coming many miles to see. For there is seen, clustered together, rising in circular row above row, a cloud of the freshest and most captivating *belles* that Eblana can boast, mostly from the very first rank, and who, by some mysterious law, seem to have the gift of good voices, in addition to their other charms. All are in white; all have wreaths of the same pattern; all have bouquets; and all have a sort of narrow tricolor ribbon crossing their shoulder to the waist. And the effect, heightened by brilliant lights, and the shape of the orchestra, is that of a charming bouquet. "Ernani," "La Sonnambula," "I Puritani," and many more have been "recited" in this attractive fashion; but it is to be suspected the audience are more busy with each item of the chorus than with the music of Verdi or Bellini. The same spectacle may be seen in Rome the Eternal, and other Italian cities, only scarcely on so large a scale. Sometimes this charitable assistance was taken in the shape of an opera acted, with suitable dresses and decorations; and only a few years back, the "Maritana" of Mr. Wallace was excellently given, with this accomplished band of sirens for chorus. These refinements lift us out of the dead level of dull insensibility; and the more we can draw near to the happy models found in foreign cities, the more wholesome the influence. In Eblana the Dagon of business does not devour his children.

In most private houses music is supreme; but there are special mansions where she is at home. That is a thing as of course—a necessary of life—and the onus lies upon those who are inharmonious.

They labour under disability. It is a round of musical parties, and of morning *matinées*; which latter, at certain seasons, come so thick, that for many afternoons, successively, an eager *diletante* may wander from house to house, and see his friends, and be entertained by most marvellous music. There he will hear rich, deep contraltos, florid sopranos, hurrying over the grand hunting country of vocali-

zation, taking the rasping fences of demi-semi-quavers smoothly, and keeping their seats easily, like their sisters in the open field. Here are barytones, "very precious," as Mr. Ruskin would phrase it; and, as of course, a satiety of those cheaper organs—the rude, disorderly basses. Over all is that smoothness which familiarity with Italian music and Italian singers is sure to give.

Balls! Eblana is insane upon balls and dinner parties. The roysterer coming home late at night, and wandering through Irish Belgravia, sees files of carriages drawn up, waiting patiently until four and five in the morning. From the surrounding darkness that festive mansion stands out, with its windows all ablaze. From within wind forth the cheerful horn, and encouraging viol; while on the blinds are projected fitful shadows—for the "*Galop des Démon*" is now raging, and Eblana's sons and daughters are crushing round like possessed dancing dervishes.

These festivals are pleasant things to see; for they do not crowd their company in a sort of fashionable Calcutta Black Hole, as in great Babylon. A stream of fresh faces, and fresh dresses, and of brisk, vigorous dancers—the whole copiously seasoned with the fighting, scarlet element, who, in many respects, are indeed the salt of a ball—for such is Eblana, the happy hunting ground—that city being a huge garrison. And yet this heaven has its drawbacks. As there are faggots and faggots, according to the French maxim, so are there fighting men and fighting men. Recent court-martials have let us into the secret, of what low, degraded elements have latterly stolen into the ranks of the British army; and this is traceable in the mob of soldiers which inundates our Eblana ball-rooms. "Scrape a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find a Tartar underneath." And so, in certain instances, if you scrape away the scarlet plating, patches of "the cad" break out—manners that are positively ungentelemanly; deportment that is familiar, and conversation tainted with low slang.

Dinners, too! We abound in banquets, and feast each other all the year round. There is a succession of what is known, in the waiting interest, as "State Dinners."—twenty-

four, and twenty-six, the golden numbers. The baked meats are choice, and do not by any means "so coldly furnish forth the table." The "service" is admirable, and the vintages unsurpassed. There are sherries and Madeiras, and clarets slumbering in certain "caves" of Eblana, that would make a connoisseur's heart glad.

Clubs! Eblana abounds in clubs. Beginning with the great Conservative House of Call, which has on its books every substantial name of rank, of consideration, in the country, sprinkled all through, copiously, with English peers and statesmen—for Eblana is indeed a sort of *Hotel de l'Europe* for the British islands. Everyone has passed through and staid a night in his life; has been quartered there; has been drawn over on some pretext or excuse; has friends or relations who are, or have been there. The "wild Irishmen" are perpetually bringing down hordes of the perfidious Saxons. As in the little watering-places abroad, so is there here a daily list published of arrivals and departures, and we may see how the Marquis of Steyne, Lord Barenaces, Viscount Cingbars, Captain de Boots, and other familiar names, whom we have met at the booths of Vanity Fair, have just come over. Now arrive the select cohort of cricketers, known as The Gipsies, who put up at the Viceroyal hostelry, and are entertained sumptuously.

Eblana has its opera season; which runs, off and on, say for nearly two months in the year. A facetious peer described Eblana as the "most cardrivingest city in the universe;" but on this musical advent the ranks of the *Mezzo Ceto* become insane temporarily. I suppose the Royal Eblana Opera House,* is about the prettiest edifice of its kind in the kingdom; and, when filled from floor to ceiling, has a specially brilliant aspect. But on the last nights of the engagement of the little *piquante* Squalacci, the famous soprano, and of Chestini, the robust tenor, and Growliani, the notorious *basso-profundo*, we have scenes of uproarious admiration, which confound the wandering stranger. We have letting down of flags, of singing-

birds, of superbly-bound books, of wreaths, in fact of anything that can by human ingenuity be let down, which results sometimes in "*La Picciola*," which is the pet diminutive name of the Squalacci, coming to the footlights, and making a pretty little speech of grateful sympathy, but imperfect English, to this effect, "I loaf you all ver moche," a declaration as may be well imagined, received with screams of delight. Sometimes, too, this gentle response has taken the shape of a cantata, entitled, say, "*The Praise of Gain*," the words by the grateful Chestini, the music by Bâtonini, the accomplished *chef d'orchestre*, who is strangely popular (for no apparent reason beyond kid gloves, waving his implement of office gracefully), and has his own little ovation as he enters the orchestra. Once indeed the charming little Squalacci wrote us (that is pit, gallery, and boxes), a letter from Spezia, or some such place, which is here reproduced "*textuellement*"—

"19 October, 1859.

"MESSIEURS,—I have been favoured with a handsome and elegant copy of the *Don Giovanni*. Should heaven accord me the power to revisit the city of my sympathy, that dear Eblana, I hope to be able to express in words, better than in these hasty lines, my lively sense of gratitude. I could, my dear Eblanesi, know that I can never forget the proofs of kind sympathy they have given me; and that neither time nor distance can ever obliterate them from my recollection.

"MARIA SQUALACCI."

Maria is now married to an Italian Count, and living happily by an Italian lake.

These, with many more, are the delights of Eblana. One thing more remains to be said, which is a pregnant text in itself. In these days of what Mr. Carlyle calls "general cotton confusion" and money worship, there are to be seen in the open streets of Eblana two statues to *two poets*—to Goldsmith and to Thomas Moore.

* For a description of a night at this Lyrical Temple, see "Temple Bar," March 1862.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATHER, THE CHILD, AND THE PUPIL.

It was one of those winter nights common to our climate; the sky deep blue; myriads of stars twinkling down upon the hard earth; frost thick upon window-panes and white upon roadside hedges; street puddles frozen—ice everywhere abroad. Many a tender garden plant was that night meekly receiving its death-stroke, while others more hardy drooped their leaves under the crisp coating they had received; the snail and the worm had hidden themselves away deep in the earth's bosom; vegetation was at a stand still; servants were busy renewing great fires in comfortable sitting-rooms; elderly gentlemen rubbed their hands together pleasantly, and said the cold was delightfully bracing; boys thought they would skate next day, if the frost continued; the very aged, bed-ridden in rooms, whose heat was stifling to their younger companions, felt the ice stealing to their heart's core, pressing heavily on their breath; young ladies drew near the fire, with their books or needlework; vagrants in the streets muttered imprecations upon the weather, and drew their scanty covering closer round them; appetites were sharpened, luxury was enjoyed; starvation and want were engendering despair; children with merry eyes and rosy cheeks were laughing in the homes of the well-fed—children with pinched features and pale faces were crying in the garrets of the hungry.

Upon that night the town of Yaxley was very quiet, few people were going through its streets. No one liked being out long, and any that were obliged to encounter the cold, hurried by, with coats buttoned to the throat, and noses dyed to the deepest hue of purple. In a little cottage of the suburbs of the town a weary man sat in a barely-furnished room, stirring the half-expiring fire—and as he looked into its embers, thinking of life's spark dying out too. He was a small man, of meek aspect, not old in years—yet his hair was thickly besprinkled with

white, and lay in thin streaks on his temples. The worn features of his face might have struck any observer with a feeling of interest, if not of pain; the hands were thin, too, very thin and pale, and his clothes, as if they laboured under the same complaint as the wearer, were thin, threadbare, and faded. All was worn out—mind, body, and apparel. Despair has different depths of shade—all are dark, but some are blacker than others. The shadow it was casting in that humble little room, with its scanty furniture, its bare walls, its lonely aspect, was gradually deepening from the dusk of twilight to the thick gloom of night. The occupant of the room was not alone; two earnest eyes watched his face with wonder and inquiry, a tiny hand was laid upon his knee, the little figure of a child stood beside him.

"Papa."

No answer.

"Papa, speak to me."

"What shall I say, missy?"

"I want to know something," said the child, heaving a sigh, and pausing for a second or two.

"When shall we go home?"

"Home, my darling? Is not this our home now?"

"I think it is not. Home was not like this."

"Then you would like to leave me, Lizette, and go back to your old home?"

"No, papa, not without you. We must both go together, and look for mamma."

"Nay, my child, but I shall go first, and leave you here with good old Margaret. Will not that be a better way? You will be satisfied to let me go to your mother, and stay here, like a good child, behind, till you are sent for."

The great dark eyes of the little Lizette burned intensely—something of distrust appeared in their expression. She did not reply.

"Why do you not speak, missy?"

"Because I will not stay behind, papa. Mamma said she was only leaving us for a little while, and she has never come back since. If you go too, papa, you may never come back either—you must stay with me always."

"But if somebody called me away to a home where I never should feel sorrow or pain any more, would you not let me go there?" demanded the father, in a low voice.

"Yes, if I went too," was the prompt reply.

"Ah, Lizette, that is selfish," murmured the father, smiling in spite of himself, as he stroked the little hand that was clasped within his own. "Surely you would not try to keep me here, if you thought I would be happier in another place, even though you must stay behind."

"Oh, papa, don't go!" cried the child, imploringly. "I never, never could stay here with Margaret, or anyone but you or mamma; and I know mamma will never come back again."

Never again, indeed, poor child. You may go to her, but she will return no more to you. A long silence ensued, broken only by the scraping of a mouse at the wainscot, or the rustle of a falling ember. At length the shuffle of feet was heard outside the house, and a well-known rap at the door.

"That is Dillon Crosbie!" exclaimed the child, starting up eagerly. "Light the candles, papa." The father rose lustily, and from a bare cupboard, near the fireplace, took out two old brass candlesticks, bearing some inches of the remains of mould candles, which, having lighted, he proceeded to admit the newcomer. A boy about thirteen, tall for his years, entered the narrow hall, wearing a jacket of blue cloth, rather too small for him, his trousers also were shorter than they needed to be, exposing some inches of white stockings above a pair of large coarse shoes. The face of the lad was flushed, and not over clean—an ink mark streaking one glowing cheek. His curly hair rose in luxuriant disorder over his forehead; and in one red hand, hacked and disfigured by many a scratch and gash, he held a somewhat worn book.

"Good evening, Mr. Stutzer," he said, wiping his feet on the old worn

mat at the door. "I fear I am very late to-night."

There was a frank heartiness in the boy's voice that bespoke a cheerful, unreserved mind, and something of a fearless, independent, though still gentle nature.

"No, Dillon, you are not late at all," replied Mr. Stutzer, with a smile that lighted up his ghastly face with a pleasant beam.

"How is your cold sir?" asked the boy, fixing his quick eye on Mr. Stutzer's face, as they entered the sitting-room already introduced to the reader.

"Better—or, at least, not worse, thank you."

"Here are some lozenges for your cough, sir," observed the lad, drawing from his pocket a little box. "I thought you might like them."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Stutzer, giving another pleased smile, as he took the little offering.

Lizette stood at a distance, looking on, like a little coquette, hoping to be noticed, yet withal seeming very shy and indifferent. Dillon disappointed her by not looking towards her, for he was thinking of something else. When she saw him sitting down at the table, and opening his book at once with a business-like air, she felt a disagreeable feeling of being neglected and forgotten. Mr. Stutzer sat down also, and soon he and the boy were engaged in the translation of a German history, which occupied them for some time.

Dillon Crosbie, of half a dozen pupils, who for sometime had been under his tuition, was the only one still remaining with him. Ill health had of late obliged him to relinquish the instruction of so many boys, and he would have also given up teaching young Crosbie, had he not found in him an extraordinary capacity for learning, coupled with much originality of character. All the time, however, that he could now devote to him, was an hour or so each evening, when he gave him lessons in French or German. The boy attended a day-school at Yaxley also, where he learned as much as the master of a rather inferior academy could teach him. Lizette sat on a low seat at the fire, silently and dejectedly, while the reading of the *Siebenjährigen Kriege* went on; and it was only when

Dillon prepared to shut his book up, that she ventured to look towards him.

"I have a long way to go through this still, sir," he observed, pressing together the leaves he had not yet read, which formed a very thick bulk. "I won't finish the book for some weeks, I think."

Mr. Stutzer gave a faint smile, like the light of a moonbeam on a winter night.

"What book shall I commence, sir, when I am done with it?"

"I cannot say—whoever you are reading with will choose one for you."

Dillon's head gave a little sudden jerk, and his eye looked inquiringly and anxiously into the master's face. For a long while he said nothing, but his glance wandered round the cheerless room, and fell upon the half dead embers in the grate. Until a few weeks back, Mr. Stutzer had always invited him to tea in the evenings; now he never did so, and a curious thought flashed into the boy's head, that probably Mr. Stutzer had no tea for himself or anyone else. At length he got up to go away; his air was abstracted and embarrassed. Lizette

now came towards him, with a great effort of courage.

"Will you draw a picture for me, to-night?" she asked, timidly.

"Dillon is in a hurry, missy; do not trouble him," said her father.

"Oh, it isn't any trouble, sir," observed the boy, sitting down again.

The child ran for her paint-box and pencils, and a sheet of paper; and soon Master Crosbie was sketching off a very fierce tiger indeed, just about to pounce upon an unhappy individual within reach of him. Missy's delight was intense. A lion and a panther were drawn with the same speed, and in a manner betokening rather more boldness than accuracy of design, and then Dillon once more took up his book to depart, still looking grave and thoughtful. When he was gone Mr. Stutzer extinguished one of the candles, and going to the cupboard, took from it a cup of milk and piece of stale bread, both of which he gave to the child for her supper. After which an old, half-blind woman, whose face was a mass of wrinkles, made her appearance, and Missy was borne off to bed.

CHAPTER II.

A SKETCH OF THE PAST.

FEW people at Yaxley knew much about Paul Stutzer, nor did any body feel particularly curious to ascertain his affairs. He was merely a teacher of languages, not often seen out of doors; but when seen, dressed shabbily, and of careworn appearance. There was nothing wonderful in that. Who are so shabby and careworn looking as the instructors of youth? He was always at church on Sundays—he and his little girl sitting sometimes in one pew, sometimes in another, wherever the Sexton chose to place them. Yaxley was a healthy neighbourhood. Strangers not unfrequently came there for change of air, and to drink of a certain cool spa among the hills. Paul Stutzer arrived there in the summer time, when the leaves were on the trees, and the days long and warm. There was nothing mysterious in his coming there. He had committed no crime—was guilty of no political offence—he was

not anybody in disguise. He was simply Paul Stutzer, teacher of languages. The old lady, Mrs. Meiklam, living at Meiklam's Rest, about a mile from Yaxley, knew more of him than any one else in the vicinity; and what she knew was this. Just before he arrived, she received a letter from an old friend in the North of England, recommending him to her notice and patronage; and it was through her influence that he procured his first pupil at Yaxley—Dillon Crosbie. Alone in the world, without known kith or kin, Paul Stutzer had struggled from early childhood. His father was a native of Germany, and had held for some years the situation of Professor of the German Language in one of our English colleges. Extravagant and thoughtless, he died in poverty; and his only child might have gone to the workhouse had not strangers pitied him. He was sent to a charity school, where his abilities

attracted notice. Then he was placed under the tuition of the master of a respectable academy where young gentlemen were educated, and where his cleverness also became remarkable. From thence, under the patronage of the person who had first rescued him from workhouse oblivion, he was promoted to Cambridge, where it was hoped he would shine brilliantly. Well, he did shine, for a time, at least; and then, in a luckless hour, he fell in love, and married, sorely against his patron's consent. His wife was not pretty, but gentle, and of winning manners, and, unhappily, full of romantic ideas. They married; and thenceforward Paul Stutzer's prospects grew black. Enraged at what he considered the bitterest ingratitude, his patron discarded for ever both the offending parties; and then, away in a remote spot of the North of England, Paul and his wife began life on their own account. They set up a school, and at one time had thirty day-scholars and twelve boarders. Things went on pretty smoothly for a long while, till Mrs. Stutzer's health began to give way under too much exertion. Boys were unruly and difficult to manage. It required a much more sturdy-minded individual than she was to fulfil the duties of a schoolmaster's wife. There was continual noise in the house, and shouting, and tramping up and down stairs, and swinging over banisters, and hanging from the two great trees in the play-ground. Naturally nervous, the poor woman was always dreading some accident, and her heart beat violently at any extra noise. Perhaps it was a presentiment of evil.

"Paul, I cannot rest easily in my bed often," she said; "for I feel that we have great responsibility in the care of so many people's children. Would it not be frightful if any of our boys died while under our roof?"

"We must bear whatever happens," replied the husband. "Let us do our duty, and we need not have anything to reproach ourselves with."

As in most schools, there was one boy in the community worse than all the rest—a tyrant over weaker lads—a leader of all that was mischievous.

One bright summer evening, there was quarrelling between this boy and a delicate, but obstinate youth,

who always made a point of never giving in in any cause of dispute. One frightful blow on the temple laid this lad prostrate; no blood was shed outwardly, but the blow was mortal. There was a rushing wildly to the house of many frightened boys—a rushing that the schoolmaster's wife never afterwards forgot, and then the lifeless body of the poor, dying youth was borne within, and laid upon a bed, solemnly and tearfully. He died that same night, and the school of Paul Stutzer received a great blow. People blamed him for the misfortune that had occurred. What sort of a master was he who allowed boxing unto death in his establishment? The county newspapers took the matter up, glad, probably, to have anything to write about; and at length, poor Stutzer was a marked man—looked upon as little better than a murderer. The boy who was the cause of this misfortune went home, and being the son of an influential man, escaped punishment. It was only the schoolmaster that was responsible for the occurrence. One by one boys were withdrawn from so disreputable an academy. Paul and his wife and child were in danger of starvation, when a somewhat eccentric aunt of Mrs. Stutzer, who for years had held no communication with her, invited them all to her house. Gladly they repaired there, but soon found their hostess by no means a pleasant one. Violent in her temper and unreasonable in her demands, she succeeded in worrying her niece, already in delicate health, to the verge of the grave, and they were forced to leave the refuge of such a home. Mrs. Stutzer did not long survive; she died in the obscure village of Climsley, on the borders of Yorkshire; and the Curate of the parish, who was interested in her husband, was the person who wrote for him a letter of recommendation to Mrs. Meiklam, at Yaxley, whither Paul thought of repairing for the benefit of his own health after his wife's death.

This, then, was the history of the teacher of languages in the humble cottage in the suburbs of the town of Yaxley. If unfortunate in the world, had he not many equals? If judged harshly and wrongfully, have not others been likewise judged? But

Paul Stutzer was not a philosopher. Oversensitive, shy, shrinking, ashamed to ask favours, lest he should be refused—gladly would he have met death, but for the poor little Lizette, who implored him to stay with her. And yet this weak man was not without his strength—strength to resist temptation. In the silent hours of a night of intense misery and despair was he not strong when he broke a phial of laudanum, and let its contents pour into the fire? Strong, you would acknowledge if you knew how great was the temptation to use it otherwise. No, he was not so

cowardly as he might have been. His misery was indeed great—it might be yet greater—it *must* be greater; but the life that God gave must be revered: it was not his own to meddle with. It is easy to preach resignation to the poor mortal quivering under the rod of affliction—easy to say, “You must bear up;” but, oh, hard, very hard, to practise it. The warrior on the battle-field, brave as he may be, is yet often far less a hero than the patient, suffering creature who is *living* out his misery in the prison or the garret, murmuring, with pale lips, the words, “Thy will be done.”

CHAPTER III.

REMONSTRANCES AND COAXINGS.

It was a wild night; the wind blew in shrill gusts, and ever and anon showers of sleet came dripping from the cold gray sky. A bright fire blazed in a comfortably furnished sitting-room, where the tea-tray still remained on the table, though the occupants of the apartment had for some time partaken of their evening meal. A fat, middle-aged gentleman was reclining, half asleep, in an arm-chair before the fire, a thin, sharp-featured lady was doing fancy work at a little table, upon which stood a lamp, and a girl, about eleven years old, was alternately playing with pussy on the rug and running to look out of the window, rather anxiously, at the thick gloom without. She was a pretty child, with much of brightness and intellect in her face. A peculiar expression of sweetness played about her mouth and beamed in the depths of her eyes; her slight and graceful figure gave promise of much future loveliness; while the very small hands and feet, as well as the noble carriage of the perfectly shaped little head, round which a profusion of hair hung in curls, gave a charming distinction to her appearance.

“I wonder what keeps Dillon out so late to-night, mamma,” she observed, as she once again drew aside the heavy folds of the crimson curtains that hung over the window, and gazed upon the blackness outside.

“I don’t know indeed,” replied the lady at the work-table, in a sharp, dry voice; “but if he isn’t in soon I shall send the tea-tray away. I must

put a stop to this reading of German, and going out in the night; he’ll catch cold, and then I shall have pretty trouble with him. What good will all this reading do him. If he is so anxious to learn languages, could not Miss Pritty teach him along with you?”

“But then he is at school every day when Miss Pritty comes to me,” said the little girl; “and he cannot go any earlier than he does, the dinner-hour is so late.”

The mother drew out her watch, with impatience.

“It is a quarter past nine; I must have the tea-things removed.”

“Oh, mamma, wait a little while; he must soon come now.”

“No, no, not a moment longer; he may do without supper when he stays out so late. I daresay he has had tea with that man.”

The bell was rung, a servant appeared, and the tea-tray was borne from the room. For a moment a sorrowful shade passed over the little girl’s eyes, but shadows never lingered there long. Soon after, the ringing of the hall-door bell announced an arrival.

“Now, mamma, I want you not to scold Dillon, when he comes up,” said the child, running quickly to her mother’s side.

“Get away, Bessie, you have made me make a wrong stitch,” said the mother, impatiently. “I wish you could be more gentle, and not startle me in that way.”

Bessie had not time to make any

apology before the door opened, and in came our friend Dillon Crosbie, looking with regard to apparel, much as he had done, when first introduced to the reader, though perhaps less ruddy of complexion than upon that evening.

"I suppose you have had supper," remarked the sharp-faced lady at the work-table, as he entered; "so I sent away the tea-things."

"No, I had not."

"Then what made you stay out so late?"

"Mr. Stutzer was ill," said Dillon, flinging himself on the sofa. "I thought he was dying, and I was obliged to run for Doctor Ryder to come to him; that was what kept me out so late."

"What ailed him?" demanded the lady, in a tone of slight hostility.

"I hardly know; he fainted just after I had finished reading with him, and I thought he was dead."

"Dead!" repeated the lady. "How could you be so silly? I daresay he will not thank you for calling in a doctor, if it was only a faint, putting him to expense for nothing. The heat of the fire, or something else, I suppose, affected him."

"It wasn't the heat of the fire, anyway," said Dillon, smiling, in spite of himself, "for I don't think there was a spark in the grate. I never was colder in my life."

"That is very odd. I should think he ought to have a fire at least for the short time you are with him," observed the lady, going on with her work. "I don't think it is respectful to you to treat you so."

"Oh, I don't care about a fire, aunt," said the boy, good-humouredly.

"Won't you have some supper?" asked Bessie, in a low voice, coming towards him, and pushing the curls from his cold forehead with her small hands.

"No," he whispered; "I am not hungry."

"I will get you some milk and bread in a moment."

"You need not, indeed, Bessie; I could not eat to-night."

"You are not offended because mamma sent away the tea-things?" asked the little girl, after a pause, as her mother left the room.

"Offended!" repeated Dillon, look-

ing a little amused. "No; why should I be, when I stayed so late?"

"Well, why will you not have any supper?"

"I don't want any."

Bessie thought Dillon's eyes looked as if he had a cold; he was biting his lip pretty hard, too. What if her mother's treatment had really annoyed him? For a long while she said nothing; but her glance was directed ever and anon to the figure of Dillon on the sofa.

"Bessie," he said, at last, "I am convinced that Mr. Stutzer has got nothing to eat. I know quite well he is starving."

"Why?"

"Because Doctor Ryder said so; and I know there was nothing in his cupboard but a small piece of bread and cup of milk, when I was searching for some wine that the doctor told me to look for, while Mr. Stutzer was insensible."

"But he might not keep his food in the cupboard," said Bessie, gravely.

"There was nothing eatable anywhere, in the kitchen, or any place else in the house, except some brown bread that his old servant said belonged to her. She is a very stupid woman; but she told Doctor Ryder, she hadn't bought any meat for Mr. Stutzer for nearly a fortnight, and that he never, now, had any regular breakfast or dinner. She said she didn't think he cared for having regular meals, on account of his delicate health; but I know very well he is too poor to buy food. Doctor Ryder said he had fainted from weakness and want of proper nourishment."

Dillon got up and walked about the room, trying very hard to repress the tears that were fast rushing to his eyes; but he had mastered his feelings so far as to seem calm enough when his aunt came back. Bessie could not altogether sympathize with his sorrow for his poor tutor; she thought it very shocking, of course, for a man to be starving; but Dillon felt something more than mere pity for the gentle-spirited man, who had taken much pains in teaching him, and whose deep learning and high order of intellect even boys knew how to appreciate.

"Oh, mamma, Dillon says Mr. Stutzer is so poor he has nothing to eat," observed Bessie, when her mo-

ther was again seated at the little work-table, busily engaged in the design of a Berlin-wool man, with square features.

"How does that happen? I fancy he is something of a miser."

"No, indeed, aunt," said Dillon, dejectedly, "Doctor Ryder says he is sinking from positive starvation."

"Well, it is not the first time misers have starved themselves. I have read of many cases of the kind. There was old Dan Ripton, who lived for years like a beggar, and in the end died worth several thousand pounds."

Dillon silently hoped this notion about misers would go out of his Aunt's head; he thereupon waited some minutes before renewing the conversation. The old gentleman asleep before the fire continued snoring in different keys and tones all the while; once starting up suddenly for an instant with a quick, bewildered inquiry, "What are you all about? who's dying?" and then relapsing to slumber without receiving any answer or attention.

"What made Doctor Ryder fancy that the man did not get enough to eat?" asked the sharp lady, after a pause.

"I suppose he looked so thin."

"Pooh! there are many thin people that eat plenty. I recollect hearing of a man who could eat a leg of mutton at a meal, and yet looked like a skeleton."

"But Mr. Stutzer's servant says he never buys any meat now," observed Bessie.

"Who would mind what a servant said? Very likely they are all in a league together, wanting to excite pity. For myself I never approved of having anything to do with that man; but you know Mrs. Meiklam would force us to employ him, and here you see is the end of it. Pretending indeed to teach you out of compliment, and disappointing all the other boys' fathers and mothers by saying he wasn't able to continue his instructions to them. Why should he make any difference between you and the rest of his pupils? Depend upon it, he has some view in it."

Dillon was quick-witted enough, yet, somehow, he rarely—very rarely—made a sharp answer. Nobody knew better when people were talking unreasonably; but nobody knew better

how to hold his tongue in the right place.

"It is very odd he has no respectable friends to help him if he is so poor," continued the Aunt; "I never trust these wonderful stories of poverty and starvation."

"I think Mr. Stutzer is ashamed to let people know how poor he is," replied Dillon. "Doctor Ryder told me not to let him find out that we thought he had no food or money."

"What good would that do him?" inquired the lady, taking a fresh needleful of wool, for she was now shading an angular arm.

"I suppose Doctor Ryder thought he would feel so much ashamed."

"How ridiculous! As if a man could expect to die of starvation without people finding it out. It would save a great deal of trouble if the poor would just seek relief at the workhouse at once, instead of holding out on charity till every one's patience is worn out. Depend upon it, if people come to poverty, they deserve it. I never knew anyone that didn't. There was old Nancy Perkins, who was found dead in the streets one morning, and she had brought herself to beggary by drunkenness. She would sell the clothes off her back for gin; and hundreds of others the same. There is no believing anything that these paupers say. I have been deceived over and over again by plausible stories."

Dillon went back to the sofa and held his peace. Bessie watched him anxiously.

"Mamma, could we not send Mr. Stutzer something?" she asked gently.

"Send him what?"

"Anything nice; a chicken, or some *blanc mange*?"

"Or some pickled oysters or salmon, aunt!" broke in Dillon, eagerly, starting up.

"Oh, aunt, do; I wish you would."

"Yes, mamma, I know you will; you can't refuse; you will give us leave to make up a nice present for the poor man."

"*Blanc mange*! Pickled oysters!" exclaimed the mother, in slow, emphatic tones. "Pretty thing, indeed. What is he to me that I should be expected to support him! I have not the slightest idea of doing so."

"Oh, mamma, you know you will, when I wish it," said Bessie, who

knew, alas! too well, her own power. "Dillon and I must have our own way this once."

"There is some cheese there in the pantry this long time that you may take to him if you like, and some slices of cold mutton; but I intended them for old Jenny Black."

"That would affront him, aunt," said Dillon, gloomily.

"Why, mamma, he would think we thought him a common beggar, if we sent him that," observed Bessie, whose chief aim in these charitable suggestions was to please her cousin Dillon.

"And what is he starving for, if he won't eat any thing he gets?"

"A sick man couldn't eat cold mutton or cheese," murmured Dillon.

"Well, I don't care; he ought to be glad to get anything, if he is so poor as you want to make me believe."

"Give me the key of the larder, mamma," demanded Bessie, in a tone that showed she was very much in the habit of having her own way; "Dillon and I will make a survey of the good things there, and I shall pack a little basket for him to carry to Mr. Stutzer, on his way to school to-morrow."

"I shall do no such thing. Who is this foreigner, that we should be expected to feed him up and pamper him?"

"Oh, mamma, I have got the key!" exclaimed Bessie, laughing, as she put her little hand into the small basket on her mother's work-table. "Come, now, let us all go down to the larder," and the wayward girl ran merrily to the door. Her mother rose hastily to follow, scolding, frowning, and smiling by turns; but Bessie far outstripped her, and had reached the lower depths of the house ere she was down the first flight of stairs. Dillon followed also; and he and his aunt had just arrived at the larder door as Bessie was contemplating a dish of collared eels, and

a cold roasted partridge lying on a shelf before her. What wonderful things were in that cool and somewhat damp pantry—what a medley of different odours—what bottles of bright coloured liquids—what mysterious crocks tied down with brown paper coverings!

"Mamma, this partridge will just do, and some of the oysters in that jar up there. Now, please, do not look so cross. You will let me do as I like this once, like a dear mother, and say we may have them."

The mother scolded, grumbled, remonstrated; Dillon and Bessie entreated; and, finally, they were permitted to fill a little basket with different good things suitable for a delicate appetite. The cold partridge went in first, then a pot of marmalade, then a small jar of pickled oysters, which Bessie tied down very neatly with her own fair hands, while her mother looked on, prophesying that Dillon would break the things carrying them, and that Mr. Stutzer would not thank anybody for anything. Dillon looked happy at last. He grew rather hungry, too, while looking at all the good things in the pantry; but he did not ask for any supper that night. Up to his cold bedroom, far away at the top of the large house, he repaired thoughtfully. The moon was shining brightly now, and it, and the clouds after it, seemed rushing before the wind at a furious pace. Opening the window, the boy looked out, leaning on his elbows. He could see the town, and the church spire, and the pavement beneath glistening with the lately fallen rain; he could see the gas-lamps, looking blurred and dim, dotting the streets; but it was not of these things he was thinking. He liked the cold wind blowing on his forehead, and that was why he leaned there looking out. His meditations were not of tops or dogs, or a new suit of clothes, or even of supper, but simply of his tutor, Mr. Stutzer.

CHAPTER IV.

DILLON CROSBIE.

AND what is Dillon Crosbie doing in his aunt's house? Has he no other home? He has not. The fat gentleman whom we found dozing at the

parlour fire was his mother's only brother; he had been much older than she was, and he had always regarded her rather as a father than a

brother. At seventeen she married, as everybody thought, in a very promising way, and became the wife of a dashing and handsome Captain, Bagwell Crosbie, of the — Dragoons, who had the name of large estates in Ireland—the name, but certainly not the gain, the property being heavily mortgaged, even in his father's lifetime. Mrs. Crosbie's fortune was considerable, but it did not suffice to pay her husband's debts. Crosbie Court was a fine old Irish mansion, and required numerous servants. There were carriages, and horses, and dogs to be kept up, and Captain Crosbie found it hard to retrench his expenses. His father and grandfathers had always been hospitable and leading people in their county. How could he bring himself to sink down into obscurity? He could not bring himself to it, but others did it for him. Creditors accumulated; they clamoured for payment; the estates were not entailed: one by one they were sold off; and even Mrs. Crosbie was induced to give up her marriage settlement to save her husband's honour. Sorrowfully Captain Crosbie, with his wife and little son, Dillon, left his once splendid home to settle down in an obscure lodging in Dublin, where he lived but a few months, a stroke of paralysis carrying him off suddenly, while yet in the prime of life. Old Mr. Pilmer—Mrs. Crosbie's father—had refused to help his son-in-law in his misfortunes. He had given his daughter a large fortune, and was determined he would do nothing more for her. Arthur Pilmer, the brother, would gladly have rendered her assistance, but, unfortunately, he had never been a favourite with his father, who, though he had given him no profession, allowed him so small an income during his lifetime, that he could neither marry himself, nor help his married sister. When the old gentleman died, he left all his money to his son Arthur, the will being dated several years back, at a time when the Crosbies were supposed to be well enough off, and before Dillon was born. Immediately on coming into possession of a large fortune, Arthur Pilmer determined to render assistance to his sister. He set off at once for Ireland, where, to his infinite grief, he found Mrs.

Crosbie in the last stage of consumption. It was too late to do anything for her beyond soothing her dying moments by assurances of protecting her boy, and providing for him as a gentleman. He waited in Dublin till the grave opened to receive his sister, and then went back to England, accompanied by his young nephew, then about two years old. Marrying almost immediately, Mr. Pilmer determined that Dillon should always find a home under his roof. He always treated him with kindness; but he was an indolent man, easily influenced by any spirit more energetic than his own, and, unfortunately, his wife was by no means of a charitable disposition. The boy, from the wreck of his father's fortune, possessed only six hundred pounds in the world; and this sum being invested in Government funds, at three per cent., produced an interest of eighteen pounds a year, which helped to pay for his schooling and clothes. But his aunt was the most economical of women, and she sometimes thought it hard to be obliged to support a great boy, who consumed nearly three times as much as her daughter Bessie; and being determined that his clothes should cost as little as possible, she always got them made by the cheapest tailors, while orders were given that his shoes should be made a size larger than the dimensions of his feet, lest the latter should grow more quickly than the former wore out. Dillon did not like to be dressed worse than other lads, but he was not of a nature given to grumbling or murmuring. He never fancied he was not understood or appreciated; he never entertained dark thoughts of running away from his uncle's house, and turning sailor, or soldier, or scavenger, or anything else likely to improve his temporal condition. Yet, he was not wanting in proper spirit. He never cringed to any one, though he never felt that he ought to be unhappy because he was depending on people who were not his parents. Perhaps he knew that he had strong arms and legs, and a healthy frame, and that, even if his uncle and aunt turned him adrift, he could earn a livelihood by some means. The boys at school at first laughed at his dress, but he laughed himself too, and then the merriest

ceased to be an excitement. It could not vex him, so its aim was frustrated. His superior size and strength, and his well-known courage, prevented his schoolfellows from thinking his good-humour was assumed from fear. There was not a boy at Mr. Benson's academy that he could not have beaten, had he been engaged in a boxing match. Once, and only once, he had been exasperated to enter into combat at the school, his antagonist being a much older and larger boy than himself. The renown of this fight lived long at the school, owing to the remarkable strength of both combatants. Dillon's foe was Tom Ryder, the only son of the chief physician at Yaxley—a young gentleman notorious for being a bully, and regarded as generally formidable. On this memorable day he was tormenting a lame boy—a parlour boarder at the school—when Dillon Crosbie, roused to a pitch of indignation, became the little fellow's champion. A grand combat ensued. Shouts rose on the air as the fight waxed vigorous. "Hurrah, Crosbie!" "Well done, Ryder!" burst from admiring lookers on, as each antagonist seemed rising in the ascendant; but finally, the triumphant cries grew more enthusiastic, as Dillon proved himself the victor, while Tom Ryder lay flat on the ground. For some time a coolness naturally existed between Ryder and Crosbie, but it soon passed away, and they were friends again, little knowing how greatly they would interfere with each other in after life. Curiously enough, from that day Tom's father admired his son's conqueror, for he heard all about the fight, and the cause of it, and Doctor Ryder was a generous hearted man.

"Never fight, Dillon," he said, "except in a cause like that—it is the only one justifiable," and the herculean physician coughed violently, running his fingers through his bushy hair.

On the whole, young Crosbie got on very well at Mr. Benson's, without thinking much about it, for he did not spend much time thinking of himself in any respect. It was well that nature had so far gifted him, for no careful training had been resorted to at home to form his mind. His uncle, though kind-hearted, was

indolent, and knew nothing whatever of educating youth; while his wife, though over careful about household matters and all worldly affairs, never dreamed of such a thing as moulding the principles of either her own children or her nephew. Bessie was her especial pet and darling, the only creature on earth round whom her heart was twined very closely; yet she was not always gentle to her. The poor child was scolded and petted by turns—rarely ever permitted to do anything without a sort of sham combat, which always ended in her gaining her own way. Bessie knew this well, and her mother's "No" might as well have been "Yes" for all she valued it. Yet nature had also gifted her largely; her disposition was of a fine order—her feelings quick—her delicacy of mind remarkable. How often do we find such children where they could be least expected—growing up in ungenial spots—surrounded by circumstances of adverse kind? Like plants of a rare order springing up in some uncultivated garden, whose owner does not understand their value, Dillon and Bessie, in some mysterious way, grew from day to day, perfectly unlike any one round them. The latter enjoyed all the privileges of an only child—her younger sister, Mary, having resided, since early childhood, with a wealthy godmother—a Mrs. Devenish—who was a distant relative of Mrs. Pilmer, and who, having no children of her own, was a person not to be disregarded, when she requested permission to keep her little god-daughter from year to year under her roof as her own child. Mrs. Pilmer, after a few natural scruples, consented to the arrangement; and it was only as a visitor that little Mary Pilmer made her appearance once a year, or so, at her parents' house at Yaxley, accompanied by her very pompous god-mother, who always travelled in her own carriage, and brought with her her own servants, when she made her advent at the Pilmers' residence. Bessie had strong feelings; she loved her father and mother with intensity, and her cousin Dillon also held a high place in her affections. Often she was pained by her mother's treatment of him. Many a bitter tear she shed when she felt that he was too severely punished for any childish

misdeemeanor. Dillon loved her too—they were as confidential as brother and sister—rarely quarrelling, though Bessie was often inclined to be tyrannical in planning games and plays, and having her own way in all their

sports. Indeed, an occasional fear shot across the very shrewd mind of Mrs. Pilmer that this affection might possibly ripen into a deeper feeling as time wore on.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRESENT TO THE SICK MAN.

DILLON got up very early next day, and dressed more briskly than usual. He hurriedly took his breakfast—some slices of bread and a bowl of milk which had been left as usual for him on the parlour sideboard the night before—for the family breakfast-hour at the Pilmer's house was a very late one, and the lad was generally long at school before his uncle's morning repast had commenced. Bessie had been careful to place the well-filled basket also on the sideboard; and it was with a pleasant feeling that Dillon shut the hall-door after him that day—his books fastened together by a strap, in one hand—the basket in the other. How cold it was! A thick carpet of snow lay on the ground; sparrows were twittering and fluttering on the house-tops as he came into the town, which was within a few minutes' walk of his uncle's villa in the suburbs. The clear blue sky looked very frosty—all was bright, white, and icy. His shoes sank with a crisp, crackling sound into the snow, leaving large footprints in it; his hands were redder than ever—his nose quite blue. Now and then he paused in his swift course, and laid his books down, to have a fling at a woodpecker or blackbird hovering in the outskirts of the town—now and then he made a snowball and sent it flying at some particular point of aim, and then he sped on, all the swifter, to make up for time lost. As he neared the cottage where Mr. Stutzer lived, his pace slackened; and on arriving finally at the door, he waited a moment before lifting the knocker: then he rapped gently. The old, half blind woman, Margaret Spurs, made her appearance, looking much as usual.

"How is Mr. Stutzer?" he asked, shaking the snow off his feet on the mat.

"What?" in a loud, slightly angry tone.

"How is Mr. Stutzer this morn-

ing?" repeated the boy very distinctly.

"Not much different, I believe."

"Can I see him?"

"Can you *what*?" very frowningly was demanded, as if Dillon had made some reprehensible request.

"See him!" shouted the lad.

"You needn't bawl so loud. I'm not deaf if you'd speak plain. I don't know whether you can see him or not. I'll ask," and the old woman hobbled away. She returned as soon as could be expected from her leisurely movements, and informed Dillon that he might walk in. He approached the little parlour where he had always been accustomed to find Mr. Stutzer.

"He isn't there," said the old woman.

"Where is he, then?"

"In his own room—where else?"

"But did he say that I might go to him?" asked the boy, hesitatingly.

"Oh, he said nothing of that."

"Of what?"

"Of his going anywhere."

Dillon would have laughed if he had been in a laughing mood, but he merely asked his question over again.

"Yes; he said you might go to him—but don't stop long—the doctor said last night he wasn't to talk much."

With a grave face the boy bent his steps towards the sick room, trying to walk as softly as his shoes would permit, but the heavy soles would come down with unexpected creaks, in spite of his efforts. At last he had reached his destination. He found Mr. Stutzer, dressed, even to his boots, but lying on his bed. He smiled as the boy entered, and for a moment a faint red hue stole over his face, leaving it, when gone, so white that it almost seemed to glisten.

"Good morning, sir. I hope you feel better," said Dillon, taking the cold hand extended to him.

"I think I do," replied Mr. Stutzer.

His young friend now stood rather awkwardly, with his basket in his hand, not knowing how he had best begin to speak of the presents it contained.

"My uncle--no, my aunt, sent you a few things here, sir, which he--she thought you might like," he said, after a long pause, looking confused, and twirling the basket.

"I am much obliged to them," replied Mr. Stutzer, thinking he had better thank in the plural. "What are they, Dillon?"

"Some marmalade and a chicken--no, a partridge--and oysters, sir."

Again that faint shade of red on the sunken cheek. Was it summoned there by pleasure or by pain?

"Thank you, Dillon--thank your aunt very much for me."

"Yes, sir," said Dillon, very softly, laying down the basket on a table beside the bed, on which rested some phials--those sinister little adornments of the invalid's room.

Two little feet were now heard pattering towards the chamber. The child Lizette stood in the doorway, looking through it, half smilingly, half timidly.

"Come in, missy," said her father.

"Come," added Dillon, going towards her, "won't you say good morning?"

"Yes; but why are you here so early?" asked the little girl, raising her large eyes inquiringly to the boy's face. "Did you bring that basket? What is in it?"

"Show her," said Mr. Stutzer.

Dillon took up the cover and explained the contents.

"And you brought all these to papa?" said the child, looking with awe and admiration at the lad. "Where did you get the money to pay for them?"

"Oh, Lizette, do not ask questions," said Mr. Stutzer, colouring.

"I did not pay for them, missy," said Dillon, good-humouredly. "I haven't any money--they all belonged to my aunt."

"Then you are poor, like me?" observed Lizette, looking as if she felt herself on an equality with Master Crosbie.

"I'll come again to see you in the evening," said Dillon, as he was going away.

"Yes; and you may bring your books also. Perhaps I may be able to hear you read."

"I hope you may, sir. Good morning," and he left the room. Lizette followed him.

"Will you tell me something?" she whispered.

"Yes--if I can," said Dillon, smiling at her earnestness.

"Is papa thinking of going away from this?"

"I don't know--why do you ask?"

"Because I think he is; he intends to leave me behind and go to mamma."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so. Who is the messenger that is coming for him?"

"What messenger?" asked the boy, looking rather bewildered.

"The messenger that came for mamma. Will you tell papa to send him away when he comes? I won't stay here without him. Tell papa not to leave me."

"I am sure he won't, if he can help it," said Dillon, beginning to understand something of her meaning; "but if the messenger comes, Lizette, he will have to go with him."

"Can't he run away or hide?" asked the child, her eyes burning darkly.

"Good-bye, missy--have you my pictures safe?" said the boy, changing the conversation; and then, without waiting for a reply, he opened the hall-door and went out.

"What are you doing here?" demanded old Margaret, grasping the child by the arm, as she found her standing close to the hall-door long afterwards.

"Don't let anybody in that comes but Doctor Ryder and Master Crosbie," said the child.

"Get along there to your breakfast. Drat the child--what a plague she is! Come, what are you watching for? I'll give your bread and milk to the cat if you don't do as you are bid. How you drag the life out o' me! Ugh! I'd rather be breaking stones."

Meekly enough, Lizette went to the kitchen, where she ate her morning repast, looking very often out of the barred window with the bull's-eyed panes, for some being whom she fancied was coming to do her an injury.

"Be quick! be quick!" shouted the old woman, impatiently, as the

child lingered over her breakfast. Lizette was indulging in the projection of a scheme for baffling her dreaded enemy. Could not doors and windows be defended against all invasion of intruders? Couldn't Margaret say her father was not at home if any unwelcome visitor came to him?

Her father, meanwhile, on his bed upstairs, lay for a long while without stirring. Then he got up, and looked at the things in the basket near him, taking them out one by one, and putting each on the table. There was the partridge lying on a little plate, very brown and tempting, then the little jar of oysters and the pot of marmalade. Ah, they were all very good, but he could not try anything. Some draughts that Doctor Ryder sent last night and that morning seemed to revive him more than anything else; they were very bitter, but they gave a pleasant, warm sensation—quite an exhilaration of spirits. The truth was, they were nearly altogether composed of good port wine, drawn from the well-stocked cellar of the Yaxley physician, and disguised by various spices and a few drops of bitterness, to make them taste like medicine.

"How am I to pay for it?" was the question that always rose to the sick man's mind, as he took the hourly draught prescribed. Yet he was not utterly without money—there was a solitary five-pound note laid carefully by, which he had hoped he might not have been called upon to spend. Months ago it had been set aside to pay for his own burial; and besides that, he possessed a sovereign or two,

which were to be doled out, little by little, for his child's food, as long as they would last. A doctor's fee was a heavy sum, and medicine too was expensive. He feared the treasured five pounds must soon be changed. As in many other ways, Paul Stutzer had been over-tasking his strength for some weeks back, in the denial of proper nourishment, and now the dread reality forced itself upon him, that human nature was sinking almost beyond relief. What of his orphan child, left to a pitiless world? Would the doors of a workhouse receive her, his precious darling, whose birth, long after his marriage, had been so joyously welcomed in his home at Climsley? Would the delicate little form have to bear coarse hardships? Would she learn to speak the language of peasants, and earn her bread as a menial? Had he not vexed her grand-aunt, by proudly withdrawing his wife and child from her house, because she wished to tyrannize over them all three, how different might matters now be. Would it not have been better if he had humbly borne every slight, every rude speech, every taunt, rather than now feel that his child would soon have no friend in the world? Could he not still beg, crave, humbly crave for her? Yes, he might write such a letter as it must move any woman's heart to read. He *would* write such a letter. Poor Paul! Ah! the spirit might be willing, but the flesh was very, very weak. No more, no more, would those thin fingers guide pen and ink! The messenger was, indeed, coming swiftly.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WALK IN THE SNOW.—THE MALEDICTION.

DILLON did not stay to play after school that day. The boys were making snow-balls and snow figures of large dimensions in the play-ground, but he contented himself by merely pelting half a dozen balls at his comrades, and receiving a considerable payment in return. He did not feel disposed for fun that afternoon, and rather earlier than usual he went home, intending to read quietly till the hour would arrive for him to proceed once more to Mr. Stutzer's cottage. The moment he entered the house Bessie ran down the stairs,

equipped in bonnet and pelisse, followed by her mother, who was uttering dreary lamentations, mingled with sharp bursts of scolding.

"You headstrong girl, I won't allow it, indeed! Such a day—snow ankle deep on the ground! It is the greatest folly I ever heard of! Put it out of your head, miss."

"Yes, mamma, I will put the snow quite out of my head," said Bessie, turning her laughing face towards her mother. "I will completely forget there is such a thing. Dear mamma, go back, upstairs, and say I may go."

What is the use of looking so cross! Can't you let me have my own way this once. Dillon, put your cap on—you are coming out with me."

"What am I to do with such a child!" exclaimed the exasperated mother. "I can assure you, I won't nurse you when you come back to me, coughing and sneezing—don't imagine I will. You are a disobedient, ungrateful child."

"Are your shoes strong?" asked Dillon, looking somewhat doubtfully at Bessie's feet.

"No, but they will do very well—I don't mind the snow in the least."

"It's very deep then," murmured Dillon.

"Well, perhaps, I may put on over-shoes. Mamma, bring me down my over-shoes."

"No, I shall not. It is against my consent that you go out."

"Then, I must only go for them myself," said the incorrigible Bessie, preparing for a rush to the upper regions of the house.

"Stay there. You don't know where they are," returned Mrs. Pilmer. "I must fetch them myself." And the poor woman hastened to a remote closet for the requisite shoes, while Bessie composedly sat down on a hall-chair, as if nothing remarkable was going on—and, indeed, neither there was, as far as she was concerned.

Dillon stood shivering beside her.

"Where are you going to, Bessie?"

"To Mrs. Meiklam's. She sent Bing-ham with a book to mamma, and a message, saying she would send the pony phaeton for us, only the snow was so deep, as she would like us to spend the day with her. Now, you know," continued Bessie, putting out her small hand, and looking uncommonly logical, "that meant that she wanted to see us; and though a pony mightn't be able to trot in the snow, I can walk very well in it, and you can walk. So we'll have great fun going to the Rest. How is Mr. Stutzer!—you know Mrs. Meiklam will be asking for him."

"I'm afraid he's very ill still."

"Poor old man!"

"He isn't an old man," said Dillon, a little indignantly.

"Is he not? How long mamma does stay with those shoes! I shall be off without them."

But Mrs. Pilmer was now heard

approaching, and down she came, bearing along with the required articles some extra pieces of muffing. With her own hands she enveloped her child's feet, the tiniest and prettiest of feet, in the overshoes, warning her in a tone of assumed asperity to be sure to walk where the snow was shovelled off the pathways, and finally tying a large comforter round her neck, Bessie kissed her mother, and thanked her, saying she would be sure to give her love to Mrs. Meiklam; and then sallied forth, followed by Dillon, who was evidently a good deal disconcerted at the idea of this unexpected excursion in the snow. Mrs. Pilmer held open the hall-door for a long time, watching the agile and beautiful figure of her daughter, who turned her head, when advanced a little way, and kissed her hand to her. The mother thought her child very lovely, indeed. Bessie was charmed with the snow, and nothing but Dillon's superior sense of propriety would have prevented her from pelting himself with snow-balls along the way. Mrs. Meiklam lived about a mile off. She was an old lady, distantly related to Mr. Pilmer, who had received many substantial marks of favour from her in his father's lifetime, when his paternal allowance ran short. A remarkable feature in this woman's character was her love of children. In the early years of her married life she had lost all her own little ones—bright, beautiful creatures, that only dwelt upon earth for a little while, and then passed away, leaving sad memories behind them. Whenever she looked upon young children, she thought of the joyous band, who had, in days long gone, made merry round her own hearth. They would have been old people now, past middle age, had they lived, but the dead do not grow old. "My little Lucy was just like her," or "My sweet Mark was about his age when he left me," were words often spoken by the good lady, as she beheld girls and boys playing near her, who reminded her of children lying for thirty years and upwards, in their graves. Very sweet and very true are the lines of the poet—

"We have some little ones still ours,
They have kept the baby smile we know
Which we kissed one day, and hid with
flowers
On their dead white faces, long ago."

In many ways Mrs. Meiklam had proved herself the orphan's friend. How many men and women, now advancing in years, heads of comfortable households, could tell their children at Yaxley and in its neighbourhood, that the worthy lady at the Rest had set them up in life—saved them from a vagrant's life perhaps—by her bounty and her kindness? Many there were indeed, and some farther away than Yaxley—away in distant climes—hard-featured men, with weather-beaten faces, who, if they chose, could say—"She taught me the prayers that I think of now in the hour of sickness or danger. The remembrance of her comes into my mind when I see a comrade lying on the battle-field, or flung into a grave in the dark, wild sea."

Thank God, we have many such women in our land, whose works will live long after them, whose influence will be felt from generation to generation, when their own names are clean forgotten—blotted from the page of the world's record, but standing in golden letters in the Book of Life. Such women and such men, walking meekly in their several spheres, are as living illustrations of the New Testament, carrying conviction and faith to the hearts of the ignorant and the sceptical, whom words without actions seldom can impress. Dillon and Bessie had been especial favourites since infancy with Mrs. Meiklam; they were often invited to her house, and were indeed in the possession of a general and sincere invitation for any spare day or evening; the heartiness of the reception they met with proving that they were really welcome; and who are so keen-witted in this respect as children, who can so easily discover who loves their company and who is weary of it? There is no doubt that the happiness of children much depends upon fruit, and Mrs. Meiklam always had the roiest apples, preserved in some mysterious way, so as to taste and look quite fresh from the tree up to the most wonderful periods; and then there were such peaches, such plums, such nectarines, in the great fruit gardens, where little people could well lose themselves among bushes and trees; for Mrs. Meiklam was one of the old-fashioned people, who rather objected to pruning and

lopping off branches, and she would plant rose trees and pretty shrubs in any vacant spaces round walks, greatly to the dismay of younger friends, who were inclined to follow the newer system of giving fruit and vegetables all the air possible, and banishing everything ornamental from the gardens devoted to use. Ah! the new system may be the right one—nay, we know it is the better one—but we have a hankering after the old bushy gardens of our infancy—our good grandmothers' gardens, where fruit, and vegetables, and flowers, all grew together, and leafy evergreen hedges were permitted to rise mysteriously high—where the robin and the thrush built cosy nests, and the gooseberry bushes branched out wildly—yet bearing such quantities of fruit as one does not see much surpassed in trim, new-fashioned gardens. Don't scold us, reader, though we honestly confess we like the look of unpruned trees, and tall, heavily laden rose bushes, and jagged sweet-briar hedges. We know it is a naughty, reprehensible taste, from the fact that we would rather they belonged to some one else than to ourselves. But, ah! for a good rush through a leafy, untidy, overgrown, dear old garden, with the perfume of a hundred sweet shrubs and bloomy flowers filling the air, and rose leaves dropping about, and the bees humming murmurously. But we must not forget our young friends.

"How funny everything looks in the snow," said Bessie, as she and Dillon arrived at the gate of Meiklam's Rest. "The poor old eagles up there on the pillars are quite buried. Don't you like the snow, Dillon? It makes one feel how comfortable it is to have a warm room, and screens, and heavy curtains."

"But some people haven't any fires or curtains."

"Oh, no, the peasants haven't; but I mean ladies and gentlemen. Oh, look at that old Jenny Black gathering sticks and breaking the trees, and there's Luke Bagley running towards her!"

Luke Bagley was Mrs. Meiklam's steward—a terrible enemy of faggot-seekers on the demesne. Jenny Black was a wretched-looking creature, half-clad, half-crazed.

"Come now, tramp off, and leave those sticks behind you!" shouted

the caretaker, hurrying towards the delinquent.

"Let me keep them, sir," said the woman, shaking back her long, tangled hair; "the day's cold, and the night 'ill be worse. I haven't a spark o' fire to boil kettle or pot."

"Lay them down!" shouted Bagley, now catching her arm, and shaking it.

"Oh, mercy, mercy! You haven't the heart of a stone—it's iron it is!" screamed the wretched creature, still clutching her bundle of sticks with both hands.

"Let her alone, Luke," said young Crosbie, coming up to the rescue—"let her have her faggots; Mrs. Meiklam wouldn't mind."

"You old thief!" continued Bagley, not heeding the boy, "I'll have you sent to gaol, that I will! Come, now, we'll see if you'll not let the sticks go," and he was about to strike her withered hands with his walking-cane.

"Luke, you mustn't," said Dillon, colouring with indignation, "I'll not allow it."

"What is it to you, sir?" demanded Bagley, impertinently. "Young folks haven't no sort o' right to be putting in their tongue about what they don't know nothing of."

"God bless you, young gentleman—God bless you, Master Crosbie!" exclaimed the woman, courtseying. "You're a true-born gentleman, you are!"

Luke Bagley raised his cane once more to strike Jenny's hands, when Dillon snatched it out of his grasp, and broke it in two, so unexpectedly, that Bagley was bewildered; but, soon again furious, he would have struck the lad had he dared.

"Oh, come away, Dillon," said Bessie, in terror, "let Jenny and Luke fight it out themselves; they are always fighting this way."

"What's that you say, young miss?" asked Jenny, fiercely. "Is that all you care to see an old woman tyrannized over by an ill-conditioned servant?"

"You should not trespass on the

grounds," said the young lady, haughtily; for, though not unkind, she could be occasionally thoughtless and overbearing. "Luke Bagley is only doing his duty. Mrs. Meiklam wishes her trees preserved. Come away, Dillon."

But Dillon would not stir; and, awed by his sturdy defence of the old woman, Luke felt inclined to give up the contention. The boy gave her a sixpence, and she was departing with her sticks, when suddenly a crazed light illuminated her face, wrath distorting every feature, as she stopped and confronted Bessie.

"Ay, you're a haughty piece, Miss Pilmer. It's fine bringing up you've got! A curse upon such pride! I curse you here this winter day! I pray that you may feel more grief and hardship than ever I have felt in all my life of woe and sorrow! I pray that your heart may feel many a smart that 'ill blight it! Whether you are rich or poor may you wither under this curse!—at home or abroad, may you live to be sorry that you ever were born!"

Transfixed by surprise and fear, Bessie dared not stir. She clung to Dillon's arm, pale and horrified, while the wretched creature poured forth more wrathful sentences.

"Ay, I'll live, maybe, to see you humbled, young miss; and the time 'ill come when you'll recollect the words of Jenny Black in the woods of Meiklam's Rest."

She turned away at last. Luke had already disappeared from the scene; and now the gray shade of evening was stealing over the landscape. The short winter day neared its close. Dillon and Bessie gained the avenue quickly, and hurried their pace in silence. Blackbirds were hopping gravely here and there, searching for what they could not find; now and then the shrill cry of the bittern, or the falling of a rotten branch, weighed down by snow, broke the general stillness. Bessie's heart was beating fast, and the hand that still rested on Dillon's arm trembled nervously.

DEMONIAC IDEALS IN POETRY.

MILTON's demons, Johnson remarks, are too noble; but they are, nevertheless, the most transcendent embodiments of Satanic nature in poetry. They are ruined gods—gods in their everlasting natures—in their immortal, intellectual power—devils only in their hatred of the Supreme Goodness, which is a consequence of their fall, and in the spirit of eternal revenge by which they are actuated; all their other attributes—courage, undisturbed capacity of thought in their surroundings of horror, and, amid unimaginable agonies, fidelity one to the other, &c.—are deific and sublime. The demoniac nature appears in the boast of possessing "th' unconquerable will, and study of revenge, immortal hate, and courage never to submit or yield," they feel "strength undiminished, and eternal being to undergo eternal punishment."

"If then His providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labours must be to pervert that end;
And out of good still to find means of
evil,
Which oftentimes may succeed, so as, per-
haps,
To grieve Him."

And when Beelzebub recommends—

"By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own and drive as we were
driven
The puny habitants; or if not drive
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting
hand
Abolish His own works."

In places the noblest ideas flash through the speeches of the superior angels, founded on reason, courage, ambition, &c., as in Satan's address. Belial's oration is perhaps the finest of them, and, as a composition, the most finished. A sublime melancholy pervades it, as in the lines in which he regrets the assumed loss of existence, consequent upon exasperating the powers of Deity to effect their annihilation:—

"Sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual
being,
Those thoughts that wander through
eternity?" &c.,

lines which breathe a noble aspiration. Many others in the speeches of Milton's angels mark them as belonging to the highest order of imaginative conception, and distinguish them altogether from the fiends of Dante, who are existences of blind, devouring hatred, cruelty, and rage. The latter, however, though inspired by the barbarism of ignorant middle-age fancy, are truer to the ideal of Evil.

Dante's demons and Lucifer embody the middle-aged conception of the spirit and form of evil—intensified by a genius characterized by a powerful, but somewhat narrow imagination. Although he has faithfully turned to shape many of the gloomy legends of his age, it appears to us that had he had any opportunity of acquainting himself with the contemporary serf-life of Germany in the twelfth century, in which the witches' Sabbath was an institution, he might have drawn several pictures of demoniac nature more fearful and appalling than almost any he has introduced into the *Inferno*. Nevertheless the 21st and 22nd cantos display one of the most hideous and uncouth, but at the same time ideally true, reflections of fiend nature in literature. Crossing the gloomy bridge, which in the fifth region of hell leads to the lake of boiling pitch in which the sinners wallow—the bridge which one of the demons, Malacauda (Evil-tail), says, "Just five hours later yesterday than now, twelve hundred three score and six years ago, was broken across the abyss"—they see legions of black fiends armed with hooks, lurking beneath the arches, who rush upon them, roaring with impetuous rage, and one of the Scarmiglione attempts to strike him until pierced by their captain. Then comes the scene in which they exhibit their delight in torturing the damned, and the combat which takes place between two of them Calabrina and Alechino, who,

on the escape of the sinner Crampolo, rush together, exhausting their fury on themselves. Both tumbling into the trench, combat with ungovernable fury, until in the rage of the combat their bodies are seen to glow with fire even in the flaming pool. This scene, in which the overmastering passions of hatred and destruction, natural to the demons, foiled of its exercise on other objects, turn against themselves, exhibits, despite the grotesqueness of the details, a penetrating conception of fiend nature. Despite these and other scenes, however, scattered throughout the "Inferno," Dante, in the 3rd canto, has exhibited in a few lines an intensity of conception as regards demoniac character and its sufferings, which he did not attain in any of those succeeding. The few lines descriptive of the torments of the envious reach the acme of the sublime of contempt:—

"Questi non hanno speranza di morte:
E lor cieca vita è tanto altra sorte.
Che 'nvidiosi son d'ogni altra sorte
Fama di loro di mondo esser non
lassa:
Misericordia e Giustizia gli sdegna.
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e
passa."

While in the line—

"A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui"

he has painted this last extremity of guilt and despair.

Dante's "Lucifer," of which we get a glimpse in the 34th canto, is a monstrous and blockish representation of the terrible power—antagonist of the Almighty himself. He appears like a mountain rising from the dark, frosty plain, whose icy winds are created by the movement of his wings (which are compared to those of wind-mills!) in the poet's usual manner of selecting a realistic representative image, however it may lower the idea of the subject he is treating. Lucifer, with his three faces, one red, one yellow, and another black, each of whose mouths are tearing a sinner (and the selection of the parties so positioned, Judas, Brutus, &c., is to the last degree incongruous). Dante and Virgil mounting on his back, secured by his wings, and his plunge through the centre of the earth with them, at the other side of which they emerge into day—all this and more

is rather like the image of some monstrous nightmare than an imaginative conception, true to a high ideal. The best touch in the Lucifer picture is the description of the effect which the first sight of the dark, hideous form produces on the mind of the observer:—

"I' non mori, e non rimasi vivo."

Dante, as we have said, is most sublime in his contempt. As he proceeds in the invention of horrors he becomes almost always bizarre and uncouth—except in the scenes of the fiery tombs; the speaking flames in the awful plain, when the fiery snow is falling; in the description of the giants buried to the waist in the sea of ice—one of whom, Nimrod, cries out after Dante, in the accents of a lost tongue; and in the glimpse we have of the fiends referred to and their irresistible, unappeasable, malevolent fury and hatred raging to exhaustion.

The genius of Tasso, whose element was chivalric grandeur and beauty, failed deplorably when it attempted the sublime, as may be seen by contrasting his grotesque, and, indeed, ludicrous, description of hell and its inmates with the inimitable paintings and dramatizations of Milton. In his conception of Satan and his attending demons, Tasso is merely a feeble follower of Dante. His fiends are an incongruous collection of bestial monsters and hobgoblin forms, taken from classical mythology—serpents, harpies, centaurs, sphynxes, gorgons, pythons, chimeras, &c., who are enumerated with but few touches of description; the faces are human, the heads wreathed with snakes, and they have hoofs and tails. The only poetic line in this portraiture is that in which he says they have terror and death in their eyes—

"Quant' è neg' occhi lor terrore e morte."

In his sketch of Pluto, also, he exhibits an utter want of true imagination and taste. The description is made up of the most confused and contradictory images. The King of Terrors is a monstrous form, so huge, we are told, that beside him Calpe and Atlas would appear as little hills. So far, so well; but when the poet goes on to describe his horns, tail, beard, and mouth befouled with black

blood, he presents us with merely a raw head and bloody bone monstrosity. His eyes, indeed, flame with light like that of an inauspicious comet :

"Come infausta cometa, il guardo splende ;"

but they are red, and distil poison, &c. In a word the Pluto and Pandemonium of Tasso are an olla podrida—a classical fable, and middle-age grotesque fancy ; and the only good stanza in the entire description is that in which he paints the assembling of the infernal powers. In the diction in which he paints the sound of the trumpet, the earthquake, &c., abounding with aspires, he has done wonders with the soft Italian :—

"Chiami gli abitator dell' ombre eterne,
Il rancio suon della tartarea tromba, &c."

The Furies of Æschylus, like many of his conceptions, have an air of primordial and awful sublimity. The sketch of their appearance as they lie asleep in the temple, around the murderer, Orestes, is at once loathsome and terrible—aged women, garbed in sable stoles, "abhorred and execrable," their harsh breath rattling in their throats, and rheumy gore distilling from their closed eyelids, &c. These beings, daughters of Night, embody the antique, savage idea of blood for blood justice—a raging, Tartarian thirst for revenging crime. At first they appear as inexorable, demoniac powers, of ruthless retribution ; but although their natures and purposes display a one-idea'd directness, resembling that of the august Fates, they are not implacable, as appears from the last scene of the drama.

The Mephistopheles of Marlowe, in his "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," though inconsistent as a dramatic character, is a highly poetic conception. His nature, though lost, is still half human, and an awful melancholy broods round his figure. When Faustus asks him where are the spirits that fell with Lucifer—

"Mep.—In hell.

Faust.—How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Mep.—Why this is hell, nor am I out of it ;
Think'nt thou that I that saw the
face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of
heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting
bliss?

O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands

That strike a terror to my fainting soul."

Again, the reason he gives for inducing Faustus to sell him his soul :—

"Faust.—Stay, Mephistopheles, and tell me what good will my soul do your Lord?

Mep.—Enlarge his kingdom,

Faust.—Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Mep.—Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faust.—Why have you any pain that torture others?

Mep.—As great as have the human souls of men."

To have companions in misery is the motive by which the devils of Marlowe are actuated in tempting mankind.

The above melancholy demoniac sentiment contrasts strongly with the human in Virgil.

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

Satan in Job appeared as the tempter. The Mephistopheles of Goethe is at once a tempter, denier, and mocker. He has wholly lost the sublime elements of the ruined archangel, and his dry intellect acts alternately in laying a destructive snare, and flashing a withering sneer. Whatever heart he had is ashes—likewise his imagination and passions—all save his love of evil. It is Iago in mediæval dress, with supernatural power ; and, like him, the impulse of Mephistopheles toward destruction is purposeless. Goethe's Mephistopheles is the most philosophical conception of demoniac nature in literature.

The sketch of Satan in Byron's Cain, which is partly copied from the Miltonic ideal, as regards his character as the eternal adversary of God, is, however, chiefly an embodiment of the sceptical criticism of Voltaire and the French infidels. Milton, in his delineation of Satan, terminated at the point where, entering into the serpent, he accomplished the fall by flattering Eve to taste the apple—of whose core mankind have since chewed the cud. In tempting Cain, Byron's Lucifer labours by logic to render his mind hostile to the nature of the Supreme Deity by all the cut-and-dry arguments comprised in speculations upon the origin of evil ; the result of which

is, that he refuses to join Abel in the sacrifice he is about to offer, and, in the quarrel which ensues, kills him. The scene in Hades displays little imagination; and there is but little poetry in the scenes in which the ruined archangel appears, and less in the language of the drama generally, which is, for the most part, tame prose tortured into blank verse. The strained, sentimental misanthropy of Byron's personality is as apparent in his Lucifer as in Harold, Lara, and the other creations of his one-ideal genius. In, however, his burlesque poem, "The Vision of Judgment," there is one stanza which, though in part plagiarized from Milton, is finer than any passage in Cain :—

"But, bringing up the rear of this bright host,
An angel of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above
some coast,
Whose barren beach by frequent wrecks
is paved;
His brow was like the deep, when tem-
pest-tossed;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts en-
graved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face;
And where he gazed, a gloom pervaded
space."

The last, which is the best idea in this description, is, it is hardly necessary to say, taken from the prepar-
ing combat of Death and Satan in
"Paradise Lost" :—

"So frowned the mighty combatants, that
hell
Grew darker at their frown."

WYLDER'S HAND.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER LX.

THE BRANDON CONSERVATORY.

CAPTAIN LAKE did look in at The Lodge in the morning, and remained an hour in conference with Mr. Jos Larkin. I suppose everything went off pleasantly. For although Stanley Lake looked very pale and vicious as he walked down to the iron gate of The Lodge, among the evergreens and bass-mats, the good Attorney's countenance shone with a serene and heavenly light, so pure and bright, indeed, that I almost wonder his dazzled servants, sitting along the wall while he read and expounded that morning, did not respectfully petition that a veil, after the manner of Moses, might be suspended over the seraphic effulgence.

Somehow his *Times* did not interest him at breakfast; these parliamentary wrangles, commercial speculations, and foreign disputes, are they not, after all, but melancholy and dreary records of the merest worldliness; and are there not moments when they become almost insipid? Jos Larkin tossed the paper upon the sofa. French politics, relations with Russia, commercial treaties, party combinations, how men *can* so wrap themselves up in these things!

And he smiled ineffable pity over the crumpled newspaper—on the poor

souls in that sort of worldly limbo. In which frame of mind he took from his coat pocket a copy of Captain Lake's marriage settlement, and read over again a covenant on the Captain's part that, with respect to this particular estate of Five Oaks, he would do no act, and execute no agreement, deed, or other instrument whatsoever, in any wise affecting the same, without the consent in writing of the said Dorcas Brandon; and a second covenant binding him and the trustees of the settlement against executing any deed, &c., without a similar consent; and specially directing, that in the event of alienating the estate, the said Dorcas must be made an assenting party to the deed.

He folded the deed, and replaced it in his pocket with a peaceful smile and closed eyes, murmuring—

"I'm much mistaken if the gray mare's the better horse in that stud."

He laughed gently, thinking of the Captain's formidable and unscrupulous nature, exhibitions of which he could not fail to remember.

"No, no, Miss Dorkie won't give us much trouble."

He used to call her "Miss Dorkie," playfully, to his clerks. It gave him consideration, he fancied. And now

this Five Oaks to begin with—
 O a-year—a great capability, im-
 mately improvable, he would stake
 he's worth on making it more
 £2,000 within five years; and
 other things at his back, an able
 like him might before long look
 h as she. And visions of the
 jury rose dim and splendid—an
 s, and a seat for the county;
 ps he and Lake might go in to-
 r, though he'd rather be asso-
 l with the Hon. James Clutt-
 s, or young Lord Griddlestone.
 , you see, wanted weight, and,
 ithstanding his connexions, was,
 ld not be denied, a new man in
 unty.

Wylder, Lake, and Jos Larkin
 ch projected for himself, pretty
 the same career; and probably
 saw glimmering in the horizon
 olden round of a coronet. And
 pose other modest men are not
 a proof against similar flatteries
 agnation.

Larkin had also the Vicar's
 ess and reversion to attend to.
 lev. William Wylder had a letter
 ining three lines from him at
 o'clock, to which he sent an an-
 ; whereupon the solicitor de-
 ed a special messenger, one of
 rks, to Dollington, with a letter
 s sheriff's deputy, from whom
 ceived duly a reply, which ne-
 ated a second letter with a for-
 ndertaking, to which came ano-
 eply; whereupon he wrote to
 ington, Smith, and Co., acquaint-
 hem respectfully, in diplomatic
 m, with the attitude which af-
 ad assumed. With this went
 ate and confidential, non-official,
 o Smith, desiring him to answer
 and press for immediate settle-
 and to charge costs fairly, as
 William Wylder would have
 funds to liquidate them. Smith
 what *fairly* meant, and his en-
 vent down accordingly. By the
 post went up to the same firm
 position—an after thought—
 oned by a second miniature cor-
 ridence with his client, now sail-
 efore the wind, to guarantee
 against loss consequent against
 g the execution in the sheriff's
 for a fortnight, which, if they
 l to, they were further requested
 d a draft of the proposed under-
 VL LXIII.—NO. CCCLXXIII.

taking by return, at foot of which, in
 pencil, he wrote, "N.B.—Yes."

This arrangement necessitated his
 providing himself with a guarantee
 from the Vicar; and so the little ac-
 count as between the Vicar and Jos
 Larkin, Solicitor, and the Vicar and
 Messrs. Burlington, Smith, and Co.,
 Solicitors, grew up and expanded with
 a tropical luxuriance.

About the same time—while Mr.
 Jos Larkin, I mean, was thinking
 over Miss Dorkie's share in the deed,
 with a complacent sort of interest,
 anticipating a struggle, but sure of
 victory—that beautiful young lady
 was walking slowly from flower to
 flower, in the splendid conservatory
 which projects southward from the
 house, and rears itself in glacial arches
 high over the short, sweet, and flowery
 patterns of the outer garden of Bran-
 don. The unspeakable sadness of
 wounded pride was on her beautiful
 features, and there was a fondness in
 the gesture with which she laid her
 fingers on these exotics and stooped
 over them, which gave to her solitude
 a sentiment of the pathetic.

From the high glass doorway, com-
 municating with the drawing-rooms,
 at the far end, among towering ranks
 of rare and gorgeous flowers, over the
 encaustic tiles, and through this at-
 mosphere of perfume, did Captain
 Stanley Lake, in his shooting coat,
 glide, smiling toward his beautiful
 young wife.

She heard the door close, and look-
 ing half over her shoulder, in a low
 tone indicating surprise, she merely
 said—

"Oh!" receiving him with a proud,
 sad look.

"Yes, Dorkie, I'm here at last. I've
 been for some weeks so insufferably
 busy," and he laid his white hand
 lightly over his eyes, as if they and
 the brain within were alike weary.
 "How charming this place is—the
 temple of Flora, and you the divi-
 nity!"

And he kissed her cheek.

"I'm now emancipated for, I hope,
 a week or two. I've been so stupid
 and inattentive. I'm sure, Dorkie, you
 must think me a brute. I've been
 shut up so in the library, and keep-
 ing such tiresome company—you've
 no idea; but I think you'll say it was
 time well spent, at least I'm sure

you'll approve the result; and now that I have collected the facts, and can show you, darling, exactly what the chances are, you must consent to hear the long story, and when you have heard, give me your advice."

Dorcas smiled, and only plucked a little flowery tendril from a plant that hung in a natural festoon above her.

"I assure you, darling, I am serious; you must not look so incredulous; and it is the more provoking, because I love you so. I think I have a right to your advice, Dorkie."

"Why don't you ask Rachel, she's cleverer than I, and you are more in the habit of consulting her?"

"Now Dorkie is going to talk her wicked nonsense over again, as if I had never answered it. What about Radie? I do assure you, so far from taking her advice, and thinking her an oracle, as you suppose, I believe her in some respects very little removed from a fool."

"I think her very clever, on the contrary," said Dorcas, enigmatically.

"Well, she is clever in some respects; she is gay, at least she used to be, before she fell into that transcendental parson's hands—I mean poor, dear William Wylder; and she can be amusing, and talks very well, but she has no sense—she is utterly Quixotic—she is no more capable of advising than a child."

"I should not have fancied that, although you say so, Stanley," she answered carelessly, adding a geranium sprig to her bouquet.

"You are thinking, I know, because you have seen us once or twice talking together"—

Stanley paused, not knowing exactly how to construct the remainder of his sentence.

Dorcas added another blossom.

"I think that blue improves it wonderfully. Don't you?"

"The blue? Oh yes, certainly."

"And now that little star of yellow will make it perfect," said Dorcas.

"Yes—yellow—quite perfect," said Stanley. "But when you saw Rachel and me talking together, or rather Rachel talking to me, I do assure you, Dorcas, upon my sacred honour, one half of what she said I do not to

this moment comprehend, and the whole was based on the most preposterous blunder; and I will tell you in a little time everything about it. I would this moment—I'd be delighted—only just until I have got a letter which I expect—a letter, I assure you, nothing more—and until I have got it, it would be simply to waste your time and patience to weary you with any such—any such."

"Secret," said Dorcas.

"Secret, then, if you will have it so," retorted Stanley, suddenly, with one of those glares that lasted for just one fell moment; but he instantly recovered himself. "Secret—yes—but no secret in the evil sense—a secret only awaiting the evidence which I daily expect, and then to be stated fully and frankly to you, my only darling, and as completely blown to the winds."

Dorcas looked in his strange face with her proud, sad gaze, like one guessing at a funeral allegory.

He kissed her cheek again, placing one arm round her slender waist, and with his other hand taking hers.

"Yes, Dorcas, my beloved, my only darling, you will yet know all it has cost me to retain from you even this folly; and when you have heard all—which, upon my soul and honour, you shall the moment I am enabled to *prove* all—you will thank me for having braved your momentary displeasure, to spare you a great deal of useless and miserable suspense. I trust you, Dorcas, in everything implicitly. Why won't you credit what I say?"

"I don't urge you—I never have—to reveal that which you describe so strangely as a concealment, yet no secret; as an absurdity, and yet fraught with miserable suspense."

"Ah, Dorcas, why will you misconstrue me? Why will you not believe me? I long to tell you this, which, after all, is an utter absurdity, a thousand times more than you can desire to hear it; but my doing so now, unfortified by the evidence I shall have in a very few days, would be attended with a danger which you will then understand. Won't you trust me?"

"And now for my advice," said Dorcas, smiling down in her mys-

terious way upon a crimson exotic near her feet.

"Yes, darling, thank you. In sober earnest, your advice," answered Lake; "and you must advise me. Several of our neighbours—the Hillyards, the Ledwiches, the Wyndermeres, and ever so many more—have spoken to me very strongly about contesting the county, on the old Whig principles, at the election which is now imminent. There is not a man with a chance of acceptance to come forward, if I refuse. Now, you know what even moderate success in the House, when family and property go together, may accomplish. There are the Doduinsters. Do you think they would ever have got their title by any other means? There are the Forresters"—

"I know it all, Stanley; and at once I say, go on. I thought you must have formed some political project, Mr. Wealdon has been with you so often; but you tell me nothing, Stanley."

"Not, darling, till I know it myself. This plan, for instance, until you spoke this moment, was but a question, and one which I could not submit until I had seen Wealdon, and heard how matters stood, and what chances of success I should really have. So, darling, you have it all; and I am so glad you advise me to go on. It is five-and-thirty years since any one connected with Brandon came forward. But it will cost a great deal of money, Dorkie."

"Yes, I know. I've always heard it cost my uncle and Sir William Camden fifteen thousand pounds."

"Yes, it will be expensive, Wealdon thinks—very, this time. The other side will spend a great deal of money. It often struck me as a great mistake, that, where there is a good income, and a position to be maintained, there is not a little put by every year to meet cases like this—what they call a reserve fund in trading companies."

"I do not think there is much money. You know, Stanley."

"Whatever there is, is under settlement, and we cannot apply it, Dorkie. The only thing to be done, it strikes me, is to sell a part of Five Oaks."

"I'll not sell any property, Stanley."

"And what do you propose, then?"

"I don't know. I don't under-

stand these things. But there are ways of getting money by mortgages and loans, and paying them off, without losing the property."

"I've the greatest possible objection to raising money in that way. It is, in fact, the first step towards ruin; and nobody has ever done it who has not regretted that he did not sell instead."

"I won't sell Five Oaks, Stanley," said the young lady, seriously.

"I only said a part," replied Stanley.

"I won't sell at all."

"Oh! And I won't mortgage," said Stanley. "Then the thing can't go on?"

"I can't help it."

"But I'm resolved it *shall*," answered Stanley.

"I tell you, Stanley, plainly, I will not sell. The Brandon estate shall not be diminished in my time."

"Why, you perverse idiot, don't you perceive you impair the estate as much by mortgaging as by selling, with ten times the ultimate danger. I tell you I won't mortgage, and *you shall sell*."

"This, sir, is the first time I have been spoken to in such terms."

"And why do you contradict and thwart me upon business of which I know something, and you nothing? What object on earth can I have in impairing the estate? I've as deep an interest as you in it. It is perfectly plain we should sell; and I am determined we shall. Come now, Dorcas—I'm sorry—I'm such a brute, you know, when I'm vexed. You mustn't be angry; and if you'll be a good girl, and trust me in matters of business"—

"Stanley, I tell you plainly once more, I never will consent to sell one acre of the Brandon estates."

"Then we'll see what I can do without you, Dorkie," he said, in a pleasant, musing way.

He was now looking down, with his sly, malign smile; and Dorcas could almost fancy two yellow lights reflected upon the floor.

"I shall protect the property of my family, sir, from your folly or your machinations; and I shall write to Chelford, as my trustee, to come here to advise me."

"And I snap my fingers at you both, and meet you with *defiance*," and

Stanley's singular eyes glared upon her for a few seconds.

Dorcas turned in her grand way, and walked slowly toward the door.

"Stay a moment, I'm going," said Stanley, overtaking and confronting her near the door. "I've only one word. I don't think you quite know me. It will be an evil day for you, Dorcas, when you quarrel with me."

He looked steadily on her, smiling for a second or two more, and then glided from the conservatory.

It was the first time Dorcas had seen Stanley Lake's features in that translated state which indicated the action of his evil nature, and the apparition haunted her for many a day and night.

CHAPTER LXI.

CONCERNING A NEW DANGER WHICH THREATENED CAPTAIN STANLEY LAKE.

THE ambitious Captain walked out, sniffing, white, and incensed. There was an air of immovable resolution in the few words which Dorcas had spoken which rather took him by surprise. The Captain was a terrorist. He acted instinctively on the theory that any good that was to be got from human beings, was to be extracted from their fears. He had so operated on Mark Wylder; and so sought to coerce his sister Rachel. He had hopes, too, of ultimately catching the good Attorney napping, and bringing him too, bound and handcuffed, into his ergastulum, although he was himself just now in jeopardy from that quarter. James Dutton, too. Sooner or later he would get Master Jim into a fix, and hold him also spell-bound in the same sort of nightmare.

It was not from malice. The worthy Attorney had much more of that heaven than he. Stanley Lake did not care to smash any man, except such as stood in his way. He had a mercantile notion, and never exercised his craft, violence, and ferocity, on men or objects, when no advantage was obtainable by so doing. When, however, fortune so placed them that one or other must go to the wall, Captain Stanley Lake was awfully unscrupulous. But, having disabled, and struck him down, and won the stakes, he would have given what remained of him his cold, white hand to shake, or sipped claret with him at his own table, and told him stories, and entertained him with sarcastic sallies, and thought how he could make use of him in an amicable way.

But Stanley Lake's cold, commercial genius, his craft and egotism, were frustrated occasionally by his temper, which, I am afraid, with all

its external varnish, was of the sort which is styled diabolical. People said also, what is true of most terrorists, that he was himself quite capable of being frightened; and also, that he lied with too fertile an audacity: and, like a man with too many bills afloat, forgot his endorsements occasionally, and did not recognise his own acceptances when presented after an interval. Such were some of this dangerous fellow's weak points. But, on the whole, it was by no means a safe thing to cross his path; and few who did so came off altogether scathless.

He pursued his way with a vague feeling of danger and rage, having encountered an opposition of so much more alarming a character than he had anticipated, and found his wife not only competent *ferre aspectum* to endure his maniacal glare and scowl, but serenely to defy his violence and his wrath. He had abundance of matter for thought and perturbation, and felt himself, when the images of Larcom, Larkin, and Jim Dutton crossed the retina of his memory, some thrill of the fear which "hath torment"—the fear of a terrible coercion which he liked so well to practise in the case of others.

In this mood he paced, without minding in what direction he went, under those great rows of timber which over arch the pathway leading toward Redman's Dell—the path that he and Mark Wylder had trod on that misty moonlight walk on which I had seen them set out together.

Before he had walked five minutes in this direction, he was encountered by a little girl in a cloak, who stopped and dropped a courtesy. The

Captain stopped also, and looked at her with a stare which, I suppose, had something forbidding in it, for the child was frightened. But the wild and menacing look was unconscious, and only the reflection of the dark speculations and passions which were tumbling and breaking in his soul.

"Well, child," said he, gently, "I think I know your face, but I forget your name."

"Little Margery, please sir, from Miss Lake at Redman's Farm," she replied, with a courtesy.

"Oh! to be sure, yes. And how is Miss Rachel?"

"Very bad with a head-ache, please, sir."

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"Any message?"

"Yes, sir, please—a note for you, sir," and she produced a note, rather, indeed, a letter.

"She desired me, sir, please, to give it into your own hand, if I could, and not to leave it, please, sir, unless you were at home when I reached."

He read the direction, and dropped it unopened into the pocket of his shooting coat. The peevish glance with which he eyed it betrayed a presentiment of something unpleasant.

"Any answer required?"

"No, sir, please—only to leave it."

"And Miss Lake is quite well?"

"No, sir, please—a bad head-ache to-day."

"Oh! I'm very sorry, indeed. Tell her so. She is at home, is she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, that's all. Say I am very sorry to hear she is suffering; and, if I can find time, I hope to see her to-day; and remember to say I have not read her letter, but if I find it requires an answer, it shall have one."

He looked round, like a man newly awakened, and up among the great boughs and interlacing foliage of the noble trees, and the child made him two courtesies, and departed towards Redman's Farm.

Lake sauntered back slowly toward the Hall. On his way, a rustic seat under the shadow invited him, and he sat down, drawing Rachel's letter from his pocket.

"What a genius they have for teasing! How women do contrive to waste our time and patience over nonsense! How ingeniously perverse their whimsies are! I do believe Beelzebub employs them still, as he did in Eden, for the special plague of us, poor devils. Here's a lecture or an exhortation from Miss Radie, and a quantity of infinitely absurd advice, all which I am to read, and inwardly digest, and discuss with her whenever she pleases. I've a great mind to burn it quietly."

But he applied his match, instead, to his cigar; and having got it well lighted, he leaned back, and broke the seal, and read this letter which, I suspect, notwithstanding his preliminary thoughts, he fancied might contain matter of more practical import.

"I write to you, my beloved and only brother, Stanley, in an altered state of mind, and with clearer views of duty than, I think, I have ever had before."

"Just as I conjectured," muttered Stanley, with a bitter smile, as he shook the ashes off the top of his cigar—"a woman's homily."

He read on, and a livid frown gradually contracted his forehead as he did so.

"I do not know, Stanley, what your feelings may be. Mine have been the same ever since that night in which I was taken into a confidence so dreadful. The circumstances are fearful; but far more dreadful to me, the mystery in which I have lived ever since. I sometimes think I have only myself to blame. But you know, my poor brother, why I consented, and with what agony. Ever since, I have lived in terror, and worse, in degradation. I did not know, until it was too late, how great was my guilt. Heaven knows, when I consented to that journey, I did not comprehend its full purpose, though I knew enough to have warned me of my danger, and undertook it in great fear and anguish of mind. I can never cease to mourn over my madness. Oh! Stanley, you do not know what it is to feel, as I do, the shame and treachery of my situation; to try to answer the smiles of those who, at least, once loved me, and to take their hands; to kiss Dorcas and good Dolly; and feel that all the time I am a vile impostor, stained

incredibly, from whom they would turn in horror and disgust. Now, Stanley, I can bear anything but this baseness—anything but the life-long practice of perfidy—that, I will not and cannot endure. *Dorcas must know the truth.* That there is a secret jealously guarded from her, she does know—no woman could fail to perceive that; and there are few, Stanley, who would not prefer the certainty of the worst, to the anguish of such relations of mystery and reserve with a *husband*. She is clever, she is generous, and has many noble qualities. She will see what is right, and do it. Me she may hate, and must despise; but that were to me more endurable than friendship gained on false pretences. I repeat, therefore, Stanley, that *Dorcas must know the whole truth.* Do not suppose, my poor brother, that I write from impulse—I have deeply thought on the subject.

"*Deeply,*" repeated Stanley, with a sneer.

"And the more I reflect, the more am I convinced—if *you* will not tell her, Stanley, I must. But it will be wiser and better, terrible as it may be, that the revelation should come from *you*, whom she has made her husband. The dreadful confidence would be more terrible from any other. Be courageous then, Stanley; you will be happier when you have disclosed the truth, and released, at all events, one of your victims.

"Your sorrowful and only sister,
"RACHEL."

On finishing the letter, Stanley rose quickly to his feet. He had become gradually so absorbed in reading it, that he laid his cigar unconsciously beside him, and suffered it to go out. With downcast look, and an angry grin, he tore the sheets of note-paper across, and was on the point of reducing them to a thousand little snow flakes, and giving them to the wind, when, on second thoughts, he crumpled them together, and thrust them into his breast pocket.

His excitement was too intense for foul terms, or even blasphemy. With the edge of his nether lip nipped in his teeth, and his clenched hands in his pockets, he walked through the forest trees, to the park, and in its solitudes hurried onward as if his life

depended on his speed. Gradually he recovered his self-possession. He sat down under the shade of a knot of beech trees, overlooking that ill-omened tarn, which we have often mentioned, upon a lichen-stained rock, his chin resting on his clenched hand, his elbow on his knee, and the heel of his other foot stamping out bits of the short, green sod.

"That damned girl deserves to lose her life for her treachery," was the first sentence that broke from his white lips.

It certainly was an amazing outrage upon his self-esteem, that the secret which was the weapon of terror by which he meant to rule his sister Rachel, should, by her slender hand, be taken so easily from his grasp, and lifted to crush him.

The Captain's plans were not working by any means so smoothly as he had expected. That sudden stab from Jos Larkin, whom he always despised, and now hated—whom he believed to be a fifth-rate, pluckless rogue, without audacity, without invention; whom he was on the point of tripping up, that he should have turned short and garotted the gallant Captain, was a provoking turn of fortune.

That when a dire necessity subjugated his will, his contempt, his rage, and he inwardly decided that the attorney's extortion must be submitted to, his wife—whom he never made any account of in the transaction, whom he reckoned carelessly on turning about as he pleased, by a few compliments and cajoleries—should have started up, cold and inflexible as marble, in his path, to forbid the payment of the black mail, and expose him to the unascertained and formidable consequences of Dutton's story, and the disappointed attorney's vengeance—was another stroke of luck which took him altogether by surprise.

And to crown all, Miss Radie had grown tired of keeping her own secret, and must needs bring to light the buried disgraces which all concerned were equally interested in hiding away for ever.

Stanley Lake's position, if all were known, was at this moment formidable enough. But he had been fifty times over, during his brief career, in scrapes of a very menacing kind; once or twice, indeed, of the most

alarming nature. His temper, his craft, his impetus, were always driving him into projects and situations more or less critical. Sometimes he won, sometimes he failed; but his audacious energy hitherto had extricated him. The difficulties of his present situation were, however, appalling, and almost daunted his semi-diabolical energies.

From Rachel to Dorcas, from Dorcas to the Attorney, and from him to Dutton, and back again, he rambled in the infernal litany he muttered over the inauspicious tarn, among the enclosing banks and undulations, and solitary and lonely woods.

"Lake Avernus," said a hollow voice behind him, and a long grizzly claw was laid on his shoulder.

A cold breath of horror crept from his brain to his heel, as he turned about, and saw the large, blanched features and glassy eyes of Uncle Lorne bent over him.

"Oh! Lake Avernus, is it?" said Lake, with an angry sneer, and raising his hat with a mock reverence.

"Ay! it is the window of hell, and the spirits in prison come up to see the light of it. Did you see him looking up?" said Uncle Lorne, with his pallid smile.

"Oh! of course—Napoleon Bonaparte leaning on old Dr. Simcock's arm," answered Lake.

It was odd, in the sort of ghastly banter in which he played off this old man, how much hatred was perceptible.

"No—not he. It is Mark Wylder," said Uncle Lorne; "his face comes up like a white fish within a fathom of the top,—it makes me laugh. That's the way they keep holiday. Can you tell by the sky when it is holiday in hell? I can."

And he laughed, and rubbed his long fingers together softly.

"Look! ha! ha!—Look! ha! ha! ha!—Look!" he resumed, pointing with his cadaverous forefinger toward the middle of the pool.

"I told you this morning it was a holiday," and he laughed very quietly to himself.

"Look how his nostrils go like a fish's gills. It is a funny way for a gentleman, and *he's* a gentleman. Every fool knows the Wylders are gentlemen—all gentlemen in misfortune. He has a brother that is walking

about in his coffin. Mark has no coffin; it is all marble steps; and a wicked seraph received him, and blessed him till his hair stood up. Let me whisper you."

"No, not just at this moment, please," said Lake, drawing away, disgusted, from the maniacal leer and titter of the gigantic old man.

"Ay, ay—another time—some night there's aurora borealis in the sky. You know this goes under ground all the way to Vallambrosa?"

"Thank you; I was not aware; that's very convenient. Had you not better go down and speak to your friend in the water?"

"Young man, I bless you for remembering," said Uncle Lorne, solemnly. "What was Mark Wylder's religion, that I may speak to him comfortably?"

"An Anabaptist, I conjecture, from his present situation," replied Lake.

"No, that's in the lake of fire, where the wicked seraphim and cherubim baptize, and anabaptize, and hold them under with a great stone laid across their breasts. I only know two of their clergy—the African vicar, quite a gentleman, and speaks through his nose; and the archbishop with wings; his face is so burnt, he's all eyes and mouth, and on one hand has only one finger, and he tickles me with it till I almost give up the ghost. The ghost of Miss Baily is a lie, he said, by my soul; and he likes you—he loves you. Shall I write it all in a book, and give it you? I meet Mark Wylder in three places sometimes. Don't move, till I go down; he's as easily frightened as a fish."

And Uncle Lorne crept down the bank, tacking, and dodging, and all the time laughing softly to himself; and sometimes winking with a horrid, wily grimace at Stanley, who fervently wished him at the bottom of the tarn.

"I say," said Stanley, addressing the keeper, whom by a beck he had brought to his side, "you don't allow him, surely, to go alone now?"

"No, sir—since your order, sir," said the stern, reserved official.

"Nor to come into any place but this—the park, I mean?"

"No, sir."

"And do you mind, try and get him home always before nightfall. It is easy to frighten him. Find out what

frightens him, and do it, or say it. It is dangerous, don't you see? and he might break his d—d neck any time among those rocks and gullies, or get away altogether from you in the dark."

So the keeper, at the water's brink, joined Uncle Lorne, who was talking,

after his fashion, into the dark pool. And Stanley Lake—a general in difficulties—retraced his steps toward the park gate through which he had come, ruminating on his situation and resources.

CHAPTER LXII.

MISS RACHEL LAKE BECOMES VIOLENT.

So soon as the letter which had so surprised and incensed Stanley Lake were despatched, and beyond recall, Rachel, who had been indescribably agitated before, grew all at once calm. She knew that she had done right. She was glad the die was cast, and that it was out of her power to retract.

She kneeled at her bedside, and wept and prayed, and then went down and talked with old Tamar, who was knitting in the shade by the porch.

Then the young lady put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked down to Gylingden, with an anxious, but still a lighter heart, to see her friend, Dolly Wylder.

Dolly received her in a glad sort of fuss.

"I'm so glad to see you, Miss Lake,"

"Call me Rachel; and you must let me call you Dolly."

"Well, Rachel, dear," replied Dolly, laughing, "I'm delighted you're come; I have such good news—but I can't tell it till I think for a minute—I must begin at the beginning."

"Any where, every where, only if it is good news, let me hear it at once. I'll be sure to understand."

"Well, Miss—I mean Rachel, dear,—you know—I may tell you now—the Vicar—my dear Willie—he and I—we've been in great trouble—oh, such trouble—Heaven *only* knows"—and she dried her eyes quickly—"money, my dear"—and she smiled with a bewildered shrug—"some debts at Cambridge—no fault of his—you can't imagine what a saving darling he is—but these were a few old things that mounted up, with interest, my dear—you understand—and law costs—oh, you can't think—and indeed, dear Miss—well, *Rachel*—I forgot—I sometimes thought we must be quite ruined."

Oh, Dolly, dear," said Rachel, very

pale, "I feared it. I thought you might be troubled about money. I was not sure, but I was afraid; and, to say truth, it was partly to try your friendship with a question on that very point that I came here, and not indeed, Dolly, dear, from impertinent curiosity, but in the hope that maybe you might allow me to be of some use."

"How wonderfully good you are! How friends are raised up!" and with a smile that shone like an April sun through her tears, she stood on tiptoe, and kissed the tall young lady, who—not smiling, but with a pale and very troubled face—bowed down and returned her kiss.

"You know, dear, before he went, Mark promised to lend dear Willie a large sum of money. Well, he went away in such a hurry, that he never thought of it; and though he constantly wrote to Mr. Larkin—you have no idea, my dear Miss Lake, what a blessed angel that man is—oh! *such* a friend as has been raised up to us in that holy and wise man, words cannot express; but what was I saying!—oh, yes—Mark, you know—it was very kind, but he has so many things on his mind it quite escaped him—and he keeps, you know, wandering about on the Continent, and never gives his address; so he can't, you see, be written to; and the delay—but, Rachel, darling, are you ill?"

She rang the bell, and opened the window, and got some water.

"My darling, you walked too fast here. You were very near fainting."

"No, dear—nothing—I am quite well now—go on."

But she did not go on immediately, for Rachel was trembling in a kind of shivering fit, which did not pass away till after poor Dolly, who had no other stimulant at command,

made her drink a cup of very hot milk.

"Thank you, darling. You are too good to me, Dolly. Oh! Dolly, you are too good to me."

Rachel's eyes were looking into hers with a careworn, earnest gaze, and her cold hand was pressed on the back of Dolly's.

Nearly ten minutes passed before the talk was renewed.

"Well, now, what do you think—that good man, Mr. Larkin, just as things were at the worst, found a way to make everything—oh, blessed mercy!—the hand of Heaven, my dear—quite right again—and we'll be so happy. Like a bird I could sing, and fly almost—a foolish old thing—ha! ha! ha!—such an old goose!" as she wiped her eyes again.

"Hush! is that Fairy? Oh, no, it is only Anne singing. Little man has not been well yesterday and today. He won't eat, and looks pale, but he slept very well, my darling man; and Doctor Buddle—I met him this morning—so kindly took him into his room, and examined him, and says it may be nothing at all, please Heaven," and she sighed, smiling still.

"Dear little Fairy—where is he?" asked Rachel, her sad eyes looking toward the door.

In the study with his Wapsie. Mrs. Woolaston, she is such a kind soul, lent him such a beautiful old picture book—'Woodward's Eccentricities' it is called—and he's quite happy—little Fairy, on his little stool at the window."

"No head-ache or fever?" asked Miss Lake cheerfully, though, she knew not why, there seemed something ominous in this little ailment.

"None at all; oh, none, thank you; none in the world. I'd be so frightened if there was. But, thank Heaven, Doctor Buddle says there's nothing to make us at all uneasy. My blessed little man! And he has his canary in the cage in the window, and his kitten to play with in the study. He's quite happy."

"Please Heaven, he'll be quite well to-morrow—the darling little man," said Rachel, all the more fondly for that vague omen that seemed to say, "He's gone."

"Here's Mr. Larkin!" cried Dolly, jumping up, and smiling and nodding

at the window to that long and natty apparition, who glided to the hall-door with a sad smile, raising his well-brushed hat as he passed, and with one grim glance beyond Mrs. Wylder, for his sharp eye half detected another presence in the room.

He was followed, not accompanied—for Mr. Larkin knew what a gentleman he was—by a young and bilious clerk, with black hair and a melancholy countenance, and by old Buggs—his conducting man—always grinning, whose red face glared in the little garden like a great red hollyhock. He was sober as a judge all the morning, and proceeded strictly on the principle of business first, and pleasure afterward. But his orgies, when off duty, were such as to cause the good Attorney, when complaints reached him, to shake his head, and sigh profoundly, and sometimes to lift up his mild eyes and long hands; and, indeed, so scandalous an appendage was Buggs, that if he had been less useful, I believe the pure Attorney who, in the uncomfortable words of John Bunyan, "had found a cleaner road to hell," would have cashiered him long ago.

"There is that awful Mr. Buggs," said Dolly, with a look of honest alarm. "I often wonder so christian a man as Mr. Larkin can countenance him. He is hardly ever without a black eye. He has been three nights together without once putting off his clothes—think of that; and, my dear, on Friday week he fell through the window of the Fancy Emporium, at two o'clock in the morning; and Doctor Buddle says if the cut on his jaw had been half an inch lower, he would have cut some artery, and lost his life—wretched man!"

"They have come about law business, Dolly?" inquired the young lady, who had a profound, instinctive dread of Mr. Larkin.

"Yes, my dear; a most important windfall. Only for Mr. Larkin, it never could have been accomplished, and, indeed, I don't think it would ever have been thought of."

"I hope he has some one to advise him," said Miss Lake, anxiously. "I—I think Mr. Larkin a very cunning person; and you know your husband does not understand business."

"Is it Mr. Larkin, my dear? Mr. Larkin! Why, my dear, if you knew him as we do, you'd trust your life in his hands."

"But there are people who know him still better; and I think they fancy he is a very crafty man. I do not like him myself, and Dorcas Brandon dislikes him too; and, though I don't think we could either give a reason—I don't know, Dolly, but I should not like to trust him."

"But, my dear, he is an excellent man, and such a friend, and he has managed all this most troublesome business so delightfully. It is what they call a reversion."

"William Wylder is not selling his reversion?" said Rachel, fixing a wild and startled look on her companion.

"Yes, reversion, I am sure, is the name. And why not, dear? It is most unlikely we should ever get a farthing of it any other way, and it will give us enough to make us quite happy."

"But, my darling, don't you know the reversion under the will is a great fortune. He must not think of it;" and up started Rachel, and before Dolly could interpose or remonstrate, she had crossed the little hall, and entered the homely study, where the gentlemen were conferring.

William Wylder was sitting at his desk, and a large sheet of law scribener's, on thick paper, with a stamp in the corner, was before him. The bald head of the Attorney, as he leaned over him, and indicated an imaginary line with his gold pencil-case, was presented toward Miss Lake as she entered.

The Attorney had just said "*there, please*," in reply to the Vicar's question, "Where do I write my name?" and red Bugge, grinning, with his mouth open, like an over-heated dog, and the sad and bilious young gentleman, stood by to witness the execution of the cleric's autograph.

Tall Jos Larkin looked up, smiling with his mouth also a little open, as was his wont when he was particularly affable. But the rat's eyes were looking at her with a hungry suspicion, and smiled not.

"William Wylder, I am so glad I'm in time," said Rachel, rustling across the room.

"*There*," said the Attorney, very peremptorily, and making a little fur-

row in the thick paper with the seal end of his pencil.

"Stop, William Wylder, don't sign; I've a word to say—you *must* pause."

"If it affects our business, Miss Lake, I do request that you address yourself to me; if not, may I beg, Miss Lake, that you will defer it for a moment."

"William Wylder, lay down that pen; as you love your little boy, lay it down, and hear me," continued Miss Lake.

The Vicar looked at her with his eyes wide open, puzzled, like a man who is not quite sure whether he may not be doing something wrong.

"I—really, Miss Lake—pardon me, but this is very irregular, and, in fact, unprecedented!" said Jos Larkin. "I think—I suppose, you can hardly be aware, ma'am, that I am here as the Rev. Mr. Wylder's confidential solicitor, acting solely for him, in a matter of a strictly private nature."

The Attorney stood erect, a little flushed, with that peculiar contraction, mean and dangerous, in his eyes.

"Of course, Mr. Wylder, if you, sir, desire me to leave, I shall instantaneously do so; and, indeed, unless you proceed to sign, I had better go, as my time is generally, I may say, a little pressed upon, and I have, in fact, some business elsewhere to attend to."

"What is this law-paper?" demanded Rachel, laying the tips of her slender fingers upon it.

"Am I to conclude that you withdraw from your engagement?" asked Mr. Larkin. "I had better, then, communicate with Burlington and Smith by this post; as also with the sheriff, who has been very kind."

"Oh, no!—oh, no, Larkin!—pray, I'm quite ready to sign."

"Now, William Wylder, you *shan't* sign until you tell me whether this is a sale of your reversion."

The young lady had her white hand firmly pressed upon the spot where he was to sign, and the ring that glittered on her finger looked like a talisman interposing between the poor Vicar and the momentous act and deed.

"I think, Miss Lake, it is pretty plain you are not acting for yourself here—you have been sent, ma'am," said the Attorney, looking very vicious, and speaking a little huskily and hurriedly; "I quite conceive by whom."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied Miss Lake, with grave disdain.

"You've been commissioned, ma'am, I venture to think, to come here to watch the interests of another party."

"I say, sir, I don't, in the least, comprehend you."

"I think it is pretty obvious, ma'am—Miss Lake, I beg pardon—you have had some conversation with your brother," answered the Attorney, with a significant sneer.

"I don't know what you mean, sir, I repeat. I've just heard, in the other room, from your wife, William Wylder, that you were about selling your reversion in the estates, and I want to know whether that is so; for if it be, it is the act of a madman, and I'll prevent it, if I possibly can."

"Upon my word! possibly"—said the Vicar, his eyes very wide open, and looking with a hesitating gaze from Rachel to the Attorney—"there may be something in it which neither you nor I know; does it not strike you—had we not better consider?"

"Consider *what*, sir?" said the Attorney, with a snap, and losing his temper somewhat. "It is simply, sir, that this young lady represents Captain Lake, who wishes to get the reversion for himself."

"That is utterly false, sir!" said Miss Lake, flashing and blushing with indignation. "You, William, are a gentleman; and such inconceivable meanness cannot enter *your* mind."

The Attorney, with what he meant to be a polished sarcasm, bowed and smiled toward Miss Lake.

Pale little Fairy, sitting before his "picture-book," was watching the scene with round eyes and round mouth, and that mixture of interest, awe, and distress, with which children witness the uncomprehended excitement and collision of their elders.

"My dear Miss Lake, I respect and esteem you; you quite mistake, I am persuaded, my good friend Mr. Larkin; and, indeed, I don't quite comprehend; but if it were so, and that your brother really wished—do you think he does, Mr. Larkin?—to buy the reversion, he might think it more valuable, perhaps."

"I can say with certainty, sir, that from that quarter you would get nothing like what you have agreed to take; and I must say, once for all, sir, that, quite setting aside every con-

sideration of honour and of conscience, and of the highly prejudicial position in which you would place me as a man of business, by taking the very *short turn* which this young lady, Miss Lake, suggests—your letters amount to an equitable agreement to sell, which, on petition, the court would compel you to do."

"So you see, my dear Miss Lake, there is no more to be said," said the Vicar, with a careworn smile, looking upon Rachel's handsome face.

"Now, now, we are all friends, aren't we?" said poor Dolly, who could not make anything of the debate, and was staring with open mouth from one speaker to another. "We are all agreed, are not we? You are all so good, and fond of Willie, that you are actually ready almost to quarrel for him." But her little laugh produced no echo, except a very joyless and flushed effort from the Attorney, as he looked up from consulting his watch.

"Eleven minutes past three," said he, "and I've a meeting at my house at half-past; so, unless you complete that instrument *now*, I regret to say I must take it back unfinished, and the result may be to defeat the arrangement altogether, and if the consequences should prove serious, I, at least, am not to blame."

"Don't sign, I entreat, I implore of you. William Wylder, you *shan't*."

"But, my dear Miss Lake, we have considered everything, and Mr. Larkin and I agree, that my circumstances are such as to make it inevitable."

"Really, this is child's play; *there*, if you please," said the Attorney, once more.

Rachel Lake, during the discussion, had removed her hand. The faintly traced line on which the Vicar was to sign was now fairly presented to him.

"Just in your usual way," murmured Mr. Larkin.

So the Vicar's pen was applied, but before he had time to trace the first letter of his name, Rachel Lake resolutely snatched the thick, bluish sheet of scrivenery, with its handsome margins, and red ink lines, from before him, and tore it across and across, with the quickness of terror, and in fewer seconds than one could fancy, it lay about the floor and grate in pieces little bigger than dominos.

The Attorney made a hungry stanche

at the paper, over William Wylder's shoulder, nearly bearing that gentleman down on his face, but his clutch fell short.

"Hallo! Miss Lake, ma'am—the paper!"

But wild words were of no avail. The whole party, except Rachel, were aghast. The Attorney's small eye glanced over the ground and hearth-stone, where the bits were strewn, like

"Ladies' smocks, all silver white,
That paint the meadows with delight."

He had nothing for it, but to submit to fortune with his best air. He stood erect; a slanting beam from the window glimmered on his tall, bald head, and his face was black and menacing as the summit of a thunder-crowned peak.

"You are not aware, Miss Lake, of the nature of your act, and of the consequences to which you have exposed yourself, madam. But that is a view of the occurrence in which, except as a matter of deep regret, I cannot be supposed to be immediately interested. I will mention, however, that your interference—your *violent* interference, madam, may be attended with most serious consequences to my reverend client, for which, of course, you have considered yourself fully responsible, when you entered on the course of unauthorized conduct, which has resulted in destroying the articles of agreement, prepared with great care and labour, for his protection; and retarding the transmission of the document, by at least four-and-twenty hours, to London. You may, madam, I regret to observe, have ruined my client."

"Saved him, I hope."

"And run yourself, madam, into a *very* serious scrape."

"Upon that point you have said quite enough, sir. Dolly, William, don't look so frightened; you'll both live to thank me for this."

All this time little Fairy, unheeded, was bawling in great anguish of soul, clinging to Rachel's dress, and crying—"Oh! he'll hurt her—he'll hurt her—he'll hurt her. Don't let him—don't let him. Wapsie, don't let him. Oh, the frightle man!—don't let him—he'll hurt her—the frightle man!" And little man's cheeks were drenched in tears, and his wee feet danced in an agony of terror on the floor, as,

bawling, he tried to pull his friend Rachel into a corner.

"Nonsense, little man," cried his father, with quick reproof, on hearing this sacrilegious uproar. "Mr. Larkin never hurt any one; tut, tut; sit down, and look at your book."

But Rachel, with a smile of love and gratification, lifted the little man up in her arms, and kissed him; and his thin, little legs were clasped about her waist, and his arms round her neck, and he kissed her with his wet face, devouringly, blubbering "the frightle man—you doatie!—the frightle man!"

"Then, Mr. Wylder, I shall have the document prepared again from the draft. You'll see to that, Mr. Bugga, please; and perhaps it will be better that you should look in at The Lodge."

When he mentioned The Lodge, it was in so lofty a way, that a stranger would have supposed it something very handsome, indeed, and one of the sights of the county.

"Say, about nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Farewell, Mr. Wylder, farewell. I regret the enhanced expense—I regret the delay—I regret the risk—I regret, in fact, the whole scene. Farewell, Mrs. Wylder." And with a silent bow to Rachel—perfectly polished—perfectly terrible—he withdrew, followed by the sallow clerk, and by that radiant scamp, old Bugga, who made them several obeisances at the door.

"Oh, dear Miss Lake—Rachel, I mean—Rachel, dear, I hope it won't be all off. Oh, you don't know—Heaven only knows—the danger we are in. Oh, Rachel, dear, if this is broken off, I don't know what's to become of us—I don't know."

Dolly spoke quite wildly, with her hands on Rachel's shoulders. It was the first time she had broken down—the first time, at least, the Vicar had seen her anything but cheery—and his head sank, and it seemed as if his last light had gone out, and he was quite benighted.

"Do you think," said he, "there is much danger of that—do you really think so?"

"Now, don't blame me," said Miss Lake, "and don't be frightened, till you have heard me. Let us sit down here—we shan't be interrupted—and just answer your wretched friend, Rachel, two or three questions, and hear what she has to say."

Rachel was flushed and excited, and sat with the little boy still in her arms.

So, in reply to her questions, the Vicar told her frankly how he stood; and Rachel said—

"Well, you must not think of selling your reversion. Oh! think of your little boy—think of Dolly—if you were taken away from her."

"But," said Dolly, "Mr. Larkin heard from Captain Lake that Mark is privately married, and actually has, he says, a large family; and he, you know, has letters from him, and Mr. Larkin thinks, knows more than any one else about him; and if that were so, none of us would ever inherit the property. So"—

"Do they say that Mark is married? Nothing can be more *false*. I *know* it is altogether a falsehood. He neither is nor ever will be married. If my brother *dared* say that in my presence, I would make him confess, before you, that he *knows* it cannot be. Oh! my poor little Fairy—my poor Dolly—my poor good friend, William! What shall I say? I am in great distraction of mind."

And she hugged and kissed the pale little boy, she herself paler.

"Listen to me, good and kind as you are. You are never to call me your friend; mind that. I am a most unhappy creature, forced by secret circumstances to be your enemy, for a time—not always. You have no conception *how*, and may never even suspect. Don't ask me, but listen."

Wonder-struck, and pained was the countenance with which the Vicar gazed upon her, and Dolly looked both frightened and perplexed.

"I have a little more than three

hundred a-year. There is a little annuity charged on Sir Hugh Landon's estate, and his solicitor has written, offering me six hundred pounds for it. I will write to-night accepting that offer, and you shall have the money to pay those debts which have been pressing so miserably upon you. *Don't* thank—not a word—but listen. I would so like, Dolly, to come and live with you. We could unite our incomes. I need only bring poor old Tamar with me, and I can give up Redman's Farm in September next. I should be so much happier; and I think my income and yours joined would enable us to live without any danger of getting into debt. Will you agree to this, Dolly, dear; and promise me, William Wylder, that you will think no more of selling that reversion, which may be the splendid provision of your dear little boy? Don't thank me—don't say anything now; and oh! don't reject my poor entreaty. Your refusal would almost make me mad. I would try, Dolly, to be of use. I think I could. Only try me."

She fancied she saw in Dolly's face, under all her gratitude, some perplexity and hesitation, and feared to accept a decision then. So she hurried away, with a hasty and kind good-bye.

A fortnight before, I think, during Dolly's jealous fit, this magnificent offer of Rachel's would, notwithstanding the dreadful necessities of the case, have been coldly received by the poor little woman. But that delusion was quite cured now—no reserve, or doubt, or coldness left behind. And Dolly and the Vicar felt that Rachel's noble proposal was the making of them.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE ATTORNEY IN REDMAN'S DELL.

JOS LARKIN grew more and more uncomfortable about the unexpected interposition of Rachel Lake as the day wore on. He felt, with an unerring intuition, that the young lady both despised and distrusted him. He also knew that she was impetuous and clever, and he feared from that small white hand a fatal mischief—he could not tell exactly how—to his plans.

Jim Dutton's letter had somehow an air of sobriety and earnestness, which made way with his convictions. His doubts and suspicions had subsided, and he now believed, with a profound moral certainty, that Mark Wylder was actually dead, within the precincts of a mad-house, or of some lawless place of detention abroad. What was that, to the purpose? Dutton might arrive at any moment.

Low fellows are always talking ; and the story might get abroad before the assignment of the Vicar's interest. Of course there was something speculative in the whole transaction, but he had made his book well, and by his "arrangement" with Captain Lake, whichever way the truth lay, he stood to win. So the Attorney had no notion of allowing this highly satisfactory arithmetic to be thrown into confusion by the fillip of a small gloved finger.

On the whole, he was not altogether sorry for the delay. Everything worked together he knew. One or two covenants and modifications in the articles had struck him as desirable, on reading the instrument over with William Wylder. He also thought a larger consideration should be stated and acknowledged as paid, say £22,000. The Vicar would really receive just £2,200 ! "Costs" would do something to reduce the balance, for Jos Larkin was one of those oxen who, when treading out corn, decline to be muzzled. The remainder was—the Vicar would clearly understand—one of those ridiculous pedantries of law, upon which our system of crochets and fictions insisted. And William Wylder, whose character, simply and sensitively honourable, Mr. Larkin appreciated, was to write to Burlington and Smith a letter, for the satisfaction of their speculative and nervous client, pledging his honour, as a gentleman, and his conscience, as a Christian, that in the event of the sale being completed, he would never do, countenance, or permit, any act or proceeding whatsoever, tending on any ground to impeach or invalidate the transaction.

"I've no objection—have I?—to write such a letter," asked the Vicar of his adviser.

"Why, I suppose you have no intention of trying to defeat your own act, and that is all the letter would go to. I look on it as wholly unimportant, and it is really not a point worth standing upon for a second."

So that also was agreed to.

Now while the improved "instrument" was in preparation, the Attorney strolled down in the evening to look after his clerical client, and keep him "straight" for the meeting at which he was to sign the articles next day.

It was by the drowsy faded light of a late summer's evening that he arrived at the quaint little parsonage. He maintained his character as "a nice spoken gentleman," by inquiring of the maid who opened the door how the little boy was. "Not so well—gone to bed—but would be better, every one was sure, in the morning." So he went in and saw the Vicar, who had just returned with Dolly from a little ramble. Every thing promised fairly—the quiet mind was returning—the good time coming—all the pleasanter for the wind and snows of the night that was over.

"Well, my good invaluable friend, you will be glad—you will rejoice with us, I know, to learn that, after all, the sale of our reversion is unnecessary."

The Attorney allowed his client to shake him by both hands, and he smiled a sinister congratulation as well as he could, grinning in reply to the Vicar's pleasant smile as cheerfully as was feasible, and wofully puzzled in the meantime. Had James Dutton arrived and announced the death of Mark—no ; it could hardly be *that*—decency had not yet quite taken leave of the earth ; and stupid as the Vicar was, he would hardly announce the death of his brother to a Christian gentleman in a fashion so outrageous. Had Lord Chelford been invoked, and answered satisfactorily ! Or Dorcas—or had Lake, the diabolical sneak, interposed with his long purse, and a plausible hypocrisy of kindness, to spoil Larkin's plans ! All these fanciful queries flitted through his brain as the Vicar's hands shook both his, and he laboured hard to maintain the cheerful grin with which he received the news, and his guileful rapacious little eyes searched narrowly the countenance of his client.

So after a while, Dolly assisting, and sometimes both talking together, the story was told, Rachel blessed and panegyricized, and the Attorney's congratulations challenged and yielded once more. But there was something not altogether joyous in Jos Larkin's countenance, which struck the Vicar, and he said—

"You don't see any objection?" and paused.

"Objection ! Why, *objection*, my dear sir, is a strong word ; but I fear I do see a difficulty—in fact, several

difficulties. Perhaps you would take a little turn on the green. I must call for a moment at the reading-room, and I'll explain. You'll forgive me, I hope, Mrs. Wylder," he added, with a playful condescension, "for running away with your husband, but only for a few minutes—ha, ha!"

The shadow was upon Jos Larkin's face, and his cheeks were working a little uncomfortably, as they approached the quiet green of Gylindgen.

"What a charming evening," said the Vicar, making an effort at cheerfulness.

"Delicious evening—yes," said the Attorney, throwing back his long head, and letting his mouth drop. But though his face was turned up toward the sky, there was a contraction and a shadow upon it, not altogether heavenly.

"The offer," said the Attorney, beginning rather abruptly, "is no doubt a handsome offer at the first glance, and it may be well meant. But the fact is, my dear Mr. Wylder, six hundred pounds would leave little more than a hundred remaining after Burlington and Smith have had their costs. You have no idea of the expense and trouble of title, and the inevitable costliness, my dear sir, of all conveyancing operations. The deeds, I have little doubt, in consequence of the letter you directed me to write, have been prepared—that is, in draft, of course—and then, my dear sir, I need not remind you, that there remain the costs to me—those, of course, await your entire convenience—but still it would not be either for your or my advantage that they should be forgotten in the general adjustment of your affairs which I understand you to propose."

The Vicar's countenance fell. In fact, it is idle to say that, being unaccustomed to the grand scale on which law costs present themselves on occasion, he was unspeakably shocked; and he grew very pale and silent on hearing these impressive sentences.

"And as to Miss Lake's residing with you—I speak now, you will understand, in the strictest confidence, because the subject is a painful one; as to her residing with you, as she proposes, Miss Lake is well aware that I am cognizant of circumstances

which render any such arrangement absolutely impracticable. I need not, my dear sir, be more particular—at present, at least. In a little time you will probably be made acquainted with them, by the inevitable occurrences of time, which, as the wise man says, 'discovers all things.'"

"But—but what?"—stammered the pale Vicar, altogether shocked and giddy.

"You will not press me, my dear sir; you'll understand that, just now, I really *cannot* satisfy any particular inquiry. Miss Lake has spoken, in charity I *will* hope and trust, without thought. But I am much mistaken, or she will herself, on half-an-hour's calm conversation, see the moral impossibilities which interpose between her, to me, most amazing plan and its realization."

There was a little pause here, during which the tread of their feet on the soft grass alone was audible.

"You will quite understand," resumed the Attorney, "the degree of confidence with which I make this communication; and you will please, specially, not to mention it to any person whatsoever. I do not except, in fact, *any*. You will find, on consideration, that Miss Lake will not press her residence upon you. No; I've no doubt Miss Lake is a very intelligent person, and, when not excited, will see it clearly."

The Attorney's manner had something of that reserve, and grim sort of dryness, which supervened whenever he fancied a friend or client on whom he had formed designs was becoming impracticable. Nothing affected him so much as that kind of unkindness.

Jos Larkin took his leave a little abruptly. He did not condescend to ask the Vicar whether he still entertained Miss Lake's proposal. He had not naturally a pleasant temper—somewhat short, dark, and dangerous, but by no means noisy. This temper, an intense reluctance ever to say "thank you," and a profound and quiet egotism, were the ingredients of that "pride" on which—a little inconsistently, perhaps, in so eminent a Christian—he piqued himself. It must be admitted, however, that his pride was not of that stamp which would prevent him from listening to other men's private talk, or reading

their letters, if anything were to be got by it; or from prosecuting his small spites with a patient and virulent industry; or from stripping a man of his possessions, and transferring them to himself by processes from which most men would shrink.

"Well," thought the Vicar, "that munificent offer is unavailing, it seems. The sum insufficient, great as it is; and other difficulties in the way."

He was walking homewards, lowly and dejectedly; and was now beginning to feel alarm lest the purchase of the reversion should fail. The agreement was to have gone up to London by this day's mail, and now could not reach till the day after to-morrow—four-and-twenty hours later than was promised. The Attorney had told him it was a "touch and go affair," and the whole thing might be off in a moment; and if it *should* miscarry, what inevitable ruin yawned before him! Oh, the fatigue of these monotonous agitations, this never-ending suspense! Oh, the yearning unimagined for quiet and rest! How awfully he comprehended the reasonableness of the thanksgiving which he had read that day in the churchyard. "We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world."

With the Attorney it was different. Making the most of his height, which he fancied added much to the aristocratic effect of his presence, with his head thrown back, and swinging his walking cane easily between his finger and thumb by his side, he strode languidly through the main street of Gylinden, in the happy belief that he was making a sensation among the denizens of the town.

And so he moved on to the mill road, on which he entered, and was soon deep in the shadows of Redman's Dell.

He opened the tiny garden gate of Redman's Farm, looking about him with a supercilious benevolence, like a man conscious of bestowing a distinction. He was inwardly sensible of a sort of condescension in entering so diminutive and homely a place, a kind of half-amusing disproportion between Jos Larkin, Esq., of The Lodge, worth, already, £27,000, and

on the high road to greatness, and the trimpery little place in which he found himself.

Old Tamar was sitting in the porch, with her closed bible upon her knees; there was no longer light to read by. She rose up, like the "grim, white woman who haunts yon wood," before him.

Her young lady had walked up to Brandon, taking the little girl with her, and she supposed would be back again early.

Mr. Larkin eyed her for a second to ascertain whether she was telling lies. He always thought every one might be lying. It was his primary impression here. But there was a reclusal and unearthly character about the face of the crone which satisfied him that she would never think of fencing with such weapons with him.

Very good. Mr. Larkin would take a short walk, and as his business was pressing, he would take the liberty of looking in again in about half-an-hour, if she thought her mistress would be at home then.

So, although the weird white woman who loomed after him so strangely as he walked with his most lordly air out of the little garden, and down the darkening road toward Gylinden, could not say, he resolved to make trial again.

In the meantime Rachel had arrived at Brandon Hall. Deceas—wilem, if the truth were spoken, she would rather not have met—encountered her on the steps. She was going out for a lonely, twilight walk upon the terrace, where many a beautiful Brandon of other days, the sunshine of whose smile lived only in the canvas that hung upon those ancestral walls, and whose sorrows were hid in the grave and forgotten by the world, had walked in other days, in the pride of beauty, or in the sadness of desertion.

Deceas paused upon the door steps, and received her sister-in-law upon that elevation.

"Have you really come all this way, Rachel, to see *me* this evening?" she said, and something of sarcasm thrilled in the cold, musical tones.

"No, Deceas," said Rachel, taking her proffered hand in the spirit in which it was given, and with the air rather of a defiance than of a greeting; "I came to see my brother."

"You are frank, at all events, Rachel, and truth is better than courtesy; but you forget that your brother could not have returned so soon."

"Returned?" said Rachel; "I did not know he had left home."

"It's strange he should not have consulted you. I, of course, knew nothing of it until he had been more than an hour upon his journey."

Rachel Lake made no answer but a little laugh.

"He'll return to-morrow; and perhaps your meeting may still be in time. I was thinking of a few minutes' walk upon the terrace, but you are fatigued; you had better come in and rest."

"No, Dorcas, I won't go in."

"But, Rachel, you are tired; you must come in with me, and drink tea, and then you can go home in the brougham," said Dorcas, more kindly.

"No, Dorcas, no; I will not drink tea nor go in; but I *am* tired, and as you are so kind, I will accept your offer of the carriage."

Larcom had, that moment, appeared in the vestibule, and received the order.

"I'll sit in the porch, if you will allow me, Dorcas; you must not lose your little walk."

Then you won't come into the house, you won't drink tea with me, and you won't join me in my little walk; and why not any of these?"

Dorcas smiled coldly, and continued, "Well, I shall hear the carriage coming to the door, and I'll return and bid you good night. It is plain, Rachel, you do not like my company."

"True, Dorcas, I do *not* like your company. You are unjust; you have no confidence in me; you prejudge me without proof; and you have quite ceased to love me. Why should I like your company?"

Dorcas smiled a proud and rather sad smile at this sudden change from the conventional to the passionate; and the direct and fiery charge of her kinswoman was unanswered.

She stood meditating for a minute.

"You think I no longer love you, Rachel, as I did. Perhaps young ladies' friendships are never very enduring; but, if it be so, the fault is not mine."

"No, Dorcas, the fault is not yours, nor mine. The fault is neither

in you nor in me, but in circumstances. The time is coming, Dorcas, when you will know all, and, maybe, judge me mercifully. In the mean time, Dorcas, *you* cannot like *my* company, because you do not like me; and I do not like yours, just because, in spite of all, I love you still; and in yours I only see the image of a lost friend. You may be restored to me soon—maybe *never*—but till then, I have lost you."

"Well," said Dorcas, "it may be there is a wild kind of truth in what you say, Rachel, and—no matter—*time*, as you say, and *light*—I don't understand you, Rachel; but there is this in you that resembles me—we both hate hypocrisy, and we are both, in our own ways, proud. I'll come back, when I hear the carriage, and see you for a moment, as you won't stay, or come with me, and bid you good-bye."

So Dorcas went her way; and alone, on the terrace, looking over the stone balustrade—over the rich and sombre landscape, dim and vaporous in the twilight—she still saw the pale face of Rachel—paler than she liked to see it. Was she ill?—and she thought how lonely she would be if Rachel were to die—how lonely she was now. There was a sting of compunction—a yearning—and then started a few bitter and solitary tears.

In one of the great stone vases, that are ranged along the terrace, there flourished a beautiful and rare rose. I forget its name. Some of my readers will remember. It is first to bloom—first to wither. Its fragrant petals were now strewn upon the terrace underneath. One blossom only remained untarnished, and Dorcas plucked it, and with it in her fingers, she returned to the porch where Rachel remained.

"You see, I have come back a little before my time," said Dorcas. "I have just been looking at the plant you used to admire so much, and the leaves are shed already, and it reminded me of our friendship, Radie; but I am sure you are right; it will all bloom again, after the winter, you know, and I thought I would come back, and say *that*, and give you this relic of the bloom that is gone—the last token," and she kissed Rachel, as she placed it in her fingers, "a token of remembrance and of hope."

"I will keep it, Dorkie. It was kind of you," and their eyes met regretfully.

"And—and, I think, I do trust you, Radie," said the heiress of Brandon; "and I hope you will try to like me on till—till spring comes, you know. And, I wish," she sighed softly, "I wish we were as we used to be. I am not very happy; and—here's the carriage."

And it drew up close to the steps, and Rachel entered; and her little handmaid got up in the seat behind; and Dorcas and Rachel kissed their hands, and smiled, and away the carriage glided; and Dorcas, standing on the steps, looked after it very sadly. And when it disappeared, she sighed again heavily, still looking in its track; and I think she said "Darling."

CHAPTER LXIV.

RACHEL LAKE BEFORE THE ACCUSER.

TWILIGHT was darker in Redman's Dell than anywhere else. But dark as it was, there was still light enough to enable Rachel, as she hurried across the little garden, on her return from Brandon, to see a long white face, and some dim outline of the figure to which it belonged, looking out upon her from the window of her little drawing-room.

But no, it could not be; who was there to call at so odd an hour? She must have left something—a bag, or a white basket upon the window-sash. She was almost startled, however, as she approached the porch, to see it nod, and a hand dimly waved in token of greeting.

Tamar was in the kitchen. Could it be Stanley? But faint as the outline was she saw, she fancied that it was *not* he. She felt a sort of alarm, in which there was some little mixture of the superstitious, and she pushed open the door, not entering the room, but staring in toward the window, where against the dim, external light, she clearly saw, without recognising it, a tall figure, greeting her with mop and hoe.

"Who is that?" cried Miss Lake, a little sharply.

"It is I, Miss Lake, Mr. Josiah Larkin, of The Lodge," said that gentleman, with what he meant to be an air of dignified firmness, and looking very like a tall constable in possession; "I have taken the liberty of presenting myself, although, I fear, at a somewhat unreasonable hour, but in reference to a little business, which, unfortunately, will not, I think, bear to be deferred."

"No bad news, Mr. Larkin, I hope—nothing has happened. The Wyl-
ders are all well, I hope?"

"Quite well, so far as I am aware," answered the Attorney, with a grim politeness; "perfectly; nothing has occurred, as yet at least, affecting the interests of that family; but something is—I will not say, threatened—but I may say, mooted, which, were any attempt seriously made to carry it into execution, would, I regret to say, involve very serious consequences to a party whom, for, I may say, many reasons, I should regret being called upon to affect unpleasantly."

"And pray, Mr. Larkin, can I be of any use?"

"Every use, Miss Lake, and it is precisely for that reason that I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you, at what, I am well aware, is a somewhat unusual hour."

"Perhaps, Mr. Larkin, you would be so good as to call in the morning—any hour you appoint will answer me," said the young lady, a little stiffly. She was still standing at the door, with her hand upon the brass handle.

"Pardon me, Miss Lake, the business to which I refer, is really urgent."

"Very urgent, sir, if it cannot wait till to-morrow morning."

"Very true, quite true, very urgent indeed," replied the Attorney, calmly; "I presume, Miss Lake, I may take a chair?"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist on my listening to-night, which I should certainly decline if I had the power."

"Thank you, Miss Lake." And the Attorney took a chair, crossing one long leg over the other, and throwing his head back, as he reclined in it with his long arm over the back—the "express image," as he fancied, of a polished gentleman, conducting a diplomatic interview with a clever and high-bred lady.

"Then it is plain, sir, I *must* hear you to-night," said Miss Lake, haughtily.

"Not that, exactly, Miss Lake, but only that I *must speak* to-night—in fact, I have no choice. The subject of our conference really is, as you will find, an urgent one, and to-morrow morning, which we should each equally prefer, would be possibly too late—too late, at least, to obviate a very painful situation."

"You will make it, I am sure, as short as you can, sir," said the young lady, in the same tone.

"Exactly my wish, Miss Lake," replied Mr. Jos Larkin.

"Bring candles, Margery."

And so the little drawing-room was illuminated; and the bald head of the tall Attorney, and the gloss on his easy, black frock-coat, and his gold watch-chain, and the long and large gloved hand, depending near the carpet, with the glove of the other in it. And Mr. Jos Larkin rose with a negligent and lordly ease, and placed a chair for Miss Lake, so that the light might fall full upon her features, in accordance with his usual diplomatic arrangement, which he fancied, complacently, no one had ever detected; he himself resuming his easy pose upon his chair, with his back, as much as was practicable, presented to the candles. And the long, bony fingers of the arm which rested on the table, negligently shading his observing little eyes, and screening off the side light from his expressive features.

These arrangements, however, were disconcerted by Miss Lake's sitting down at the other side of the table, and quietly requesting Mr. Larkin to open his case.

"Why, really, it is hardly a five minutes' matter, Miss Lake; it refers to the Vicar, the Rev. William Wylder, and his respectable family, and a proposition which he, as my client, mentioned to me this evening. He stated that you had offered to advance a sum of £600, for the liquidation of his liabilities. It will, perhaps, conduce to clearness to dispose of this part of the matter first. May I therefore ask, at this stage, whether the Rev. William Wylder rightly conceived you, when he so stated your meaning to me?"

"Yes, certainly, I am most anxious to assist them with that little sum,

which I have now an opportunity of procuring."

"A—exactly—yes—well, Miss Lake, that is, of course, very kind of you—very kind, indeed, and creditable to your feelings; but, as Mr. William Wylder's solicitor, and as I have already demonstrated to him, I must now inform you, that the sum of six hundred pounds would be absolutely *useless* in his position. No party, Miss Lake, in his position, ever quite apprehends, even if he could bring himself fully to state, the aggregate amount of his liabilities. I may state, however, to you, without betraying confidence, that ten times that sum would not avail to extricate him, even temporarily, from his difficulties. He sees the thing himself, now; but drowning men will grasp, we know, at straws. However, he *does* see the futility of this; and, thanking you most earnestly, he, through me, begs most gratefully to decline it. In fact, my dear Miss Lake—it is awful to contemplate—he has been in the hands of Sharks, Harpies, my dear madam; but I'll beat about for the money, in the way of loan, if possible, and, one way or another, I am resolved, if the thing's to be done, to get him straight."

There was here a little pause, and Mr. Larkin, finding that Miss Lake had nothing to say, simply added—

"And so, for these reasons, and with these views, my dear Miss Lake, we beg, most respectfully, and I will say gratefully, to decline the proffered advance, which, I will say, at the same time, does honour to your feelings."

"I am sorry," said Miss Lake, "you have had so much trouble in explaining so simple a matter. I will call early to-morrow, and see Mr. Wylder."

"Pardon me," said the Attorney, "I have to address myself next to the second portion of your offer, as stated to me by Mr. W. Wylder, that which contemplates a residence in his house, and in the respectable bosom, I may say, of that, in many respects, unblemished family."

Miss Lake stared with a look of fierce inquiry at the Attorney.

"The fact is, Miss Lake, that that is an arrangement which under existing circumstances I could not think of advising. I think, on reflection, you will see, that Mr. Wylder—the Reverend William Wylder and his

Lady—could not for one moment seriously entertain it, and that I, who am bound to do the best I can for them, could not dream of advising it.”

“I fancy it is a matter of total indifference, sir, what you may and what you may not advise in a matter quite beyond your province—I don’t in the least, understand, or desire to understand you—and thinking your manner impertinent and offensive, I beg that you will now be so good as to leave my house.”

Miss Rachel was very angry—although nothing but her bright colour and the vexed flash of her eye showed it.

“I were most unfortunate—most unfortunate indeed, Miss Lake, if my manner could in the least justify the strong and undue language in which you have been pleased to characterize it. But I do not resent—it is not my way—‘beareth all things,’ Miss Lake, ‘beareth all things’—I hope I try to practise the precept; but the fact of being misunderstood, shall not deter me from the discharge of a simple duty.”

“If it is part of your duty, sir, to make yourself intelligible, may I beg that you will do it without further delay.”

“My principal object in calling here was to inform you, Miss Lake, that you must quite abandon the idea of residing in the Vicar’s house, as you proposed, unless you wish me to state explicitly to him and to Mrs. Wylder the insurmountable objections which exist to any such arrangement. Such a task, Miss Lake, would be most painful to me. I hesitate to discuss the question even with you; and if you give me your word of honour that you quite abandon that idea, I shall, on the instant take my leave, and certainly, for the present, trouble you no further upon a most painful subject.”

“And now, sir, as I have no intention whatever of tolerating your incomprehensibly impertinent interference, and don’t understand your meaning in the slightest degree, and do not intend to withdraw the offer I have made to good Mrs. Wylder, you will I hope perceive the uselessness of prolonging your visit, and be so good as to leave me in unmolested possession of my poor residence.”

“If I wished to do you an injury,

Miss Lake, I should take you at your word. I don’t—I wish to spare you. Your countenance, Miss Lake—you must pardon my frankness, it is my way—*your countenance* tells only too plainly, that you now comprehend my allusion.”

There was a confidence and significance in the Attorney’s air and accent, and a peculiar look of latent ferocity in his evil countenance, which gradually excited her fears, and fascinated her gaze.

“Now, Miss Lake, we are sitting here in the presence of Him who is the searcher of hearts, and before whom nothing is secret—your eye is upon mine and mine on yours—and I ask you *do you remember the night of the 29th of September last?*”

That mean, pale, taunting face! the dreadful accents that vibrated within her! How could that ill-omened man have divined her connexion with the incidents—the unknown incidents—of that direful night! The lean figure in the black frock-coat, and black silk waistcoat, with that great gleaming watch-chain, the long, shabby, withered face, and flushed, bald forehead; and those paltry little eyes, in their pink setting, that nevertheless fascinated her like the gaze of a serpent. How had that horrible figure come there—why was this meeting whence his knowledge! An evil spirit incarnate he seemed to her. She blanched before it—every vestige of colour fled from her features—she stared—she gaped at him with a strange look of imbecility—and the long face seemed to enjoy and protract its triumph.

Without removing his gaze he was fumbling in his pocket for his notebook, which he displayed with a faint smile, grim and pallid.

“I see you *do* remember that night—as well you may, Miss Lake,” he ejaculated, in formidable tones, and with a shake of his bald head.

“Now, Miss Lake, you see this book. It contains, madam, the skeleton of a case. The bones and joints, madam, of a case. I have it here, noted and prepared. There is not a fact in it without a note of the name and address of the witness who can prove it—the *witness*—observe me.”

Then there was a pause of a few seconds, during which he still kept her under his steady gaze.

"On that night, Miss Lake, the 29th September, you drove in Mr. Mark Wylder's tax-cart to the Dollington Station, where, notwithstanding your veil, and your caution, you were *seen* and *recognised*. The same occurred at Charteris. You accompanied Mr. Mark Wylder in his midnight flight to London, Miss Lake. Of your stay in London I say nothing. It was protracted to the 2nd October, when you arrived in the down train at Dollington at twelve o'clock at night, and took a cab to the White House, where you were met by a gentleman answering the description of your brother Captain Lake. Now, Miss Lake, I have stated no particulars; but do you think that knowing all this, and knowing the *fraud* by which your absence was covered, and perfectly understanding, as every man conversant with this sinful world must do, the full significance of all this, I could dream of permitting you, Miss Lake, to become domesticated as an inmate in the family of a pure-minded, though simple and unfortunate clergyman?"

"It may become my duty to prosecute a searching inquiry, madam, into the circumstances of Mr. Mark Wylder's disappearance. If you have the slightest regard for your own honour, you will not precipitate that measure, Miss Lake; and so sure as you persist in your unwarrantable designs of residing in that unsuspecting family, I will publish what I shall then feel called upon by my position to make known; for I will be no party to seeing an innocent family compromised by admitting an inmate of whose real character they have not the faintest suspicion, and I shall at once set in motion a public inquiry into the circumstances of Mr. Mark Wylder's disappearance."

Looking straight in his face, with the same expression of helplessness, she uttered at last a horrible cry of anguish that almost thrilled that callous Christian.

"I think I'm going mad!"

And she continued staring at him all the time.

"Pray, compose yourself, Miss Lake—there's no need to agitate yourself—nothing of all this need occur if you do not force it upon me—*nothing*—I beg you'll collect yourself—shall I call for water, Miss Lake?"

The fact is the Attorney began to apprehend an attack of hysterics, or something even worse, and was himself rather frightened. But Rachel was never long overwhelmed by any shock—fear was not for her—her brave spirit stood her in stead; and nothing rallied her so surely as the sense that an attempt was being made to bully her.

"What have I heard—what have I endured? Listen to me, you cowardly libeller. It is true that I was at Dollington, and at Charteris, on the night you name. Also true that I went to London—your hideous slander is garnished with two or three bits of truth—but only the more villainous for that. All that you have dared to insinuate is utterly false. Before Him who judges all, and knows all things—*utterly* and *damably* false!"

The Attorney made a bow—it was his best—he did not imitate a gentleman happily, and was never so vulgar as when he was finest.

One word of her wild protest he did not believe. His bow was of that grave but mocking sort which was meant to convey it. Perhaps if he had accepted what she said it might have led him to new and sounder conclusions. Here was light, but it glared and flashed in vain for him.

Miss Lake was naturally perfectly frank. Pity it was she had ever had a secret to keep! These frank people are a sore puzzle to gentlemen of Lawyer Larkin's quaint and sagacious turn of mind. They can't believe that anybody ever speaks quite the truth, when they hear it—they don't recognise it, and they wonder what the speaker is driving at. The best method of hiding your opinion or your motives from such men, is to tell it to them. They are owls. Their vision is formed for darkness, and light blinds them.

Rachel Lake rung her bell sharply, and old Tamar appeared.

"Show Mr.—Mr.—; show him to the door," said Miss Lake.

The Attorney rose, made another bow, and threw back his head, and moved in a way that was oppressively gentlemanlike to the door, and speedily vanished at the little wicket. Old Tamar holding her candle to lighten his path, as she stood, white and cadaverous, in the porch.

"She's a little bit noisy to-night,"

thought the Attorney, as he descended the road to Gylingden; "but she'll be precious sober by to-morrow morning—and I venture to say we shall hear nothing more of that scheme of hers. A reputable inmate, truly, and a pleasant *éclaircissement* (this was

one of his French words, and pronounced by him with his usual accuracy, precisely as it is spelt)—a pleasant *éclaircissement* whenever that London excursion and its creditable circumstances come to light."

CHAPTER LXV.

IN WHICH DAME DUTTON IS VISITED.

DULY next morning the rosy-fingered Aurora drew the gold and crimson curtains of the east, and the splendorous Apollo stepping forth from his chamber, took the reins of his unrivalled team, and driving four-in-hand through the sky, like a great swell as he is, took small note of the staring huxters and publicans by the road-side, and sublimely overlooked the footsore and ragged pedestrians that crawl beneath his level. It was, in fact, one of those brisk and bright mornings which proclaim a universal cheerfulness, and mock the miseries of those dismal wayfarers of life, to whom returning light is a renewal of sorrow, who bowing toward the earth resume the despairing march, and limp and groan under heavy burdens, until darkness, welcome, comes again, and their eyelids drop, and they lie down with their loads on, looking up a silent supplication, and wishing that death would touch their eyelids in their sleep, and their journey end where they lie.

Captain Lake was in London this morning. We know he came about electioneering matters; but he had not yet seen Leverett. Perhaps on second thoughts he rightly judged that Leverett knew no more than he did of the matter. It depended on the issue of the great debate that was drawing nigh. The minister himself could not tell whether the dissolution was at hand; and could no more postpone it, when the time came, than he could adjourn an eclipse.

Notwithstanding the late whist party of the previous night, the gallant Captain made a very early toilet. With his little bag in his hand, he went down stairs, thinking unpleasantly, I believe, and jumped into the Hansom that awaited him at the door, telling the man to go the — station. They had hardly turned the

corner, however, when he popped his head to the front and changed the direction.

He looked at his watch. He had quite time to make his visit, and save the down-train after.

He did not know the city well. Many men who lived two hundred miles away, and made a flying visit only once in three years, knew it a great deal better than the London-bred rake who had lived in the west-end all his days.

Captain Lake looked peevish and dangerous, as he always did, when he was anxious. In fact he did not know what the next ten minutes might bring him. He was thinking what had best be done in any and every contingency. Was he still abroad, or had he arrived; was he in Shive's-court, or cursed luck! had he crossed him yesterday by the down-train, and was he by this time closeted with Larkin in The Lodge? Lake, so to speak, stood at his wicket, and that accomplished bowler, Fortune, ball in hand, at the other end; will it be swift round-hand, or a slow twister, or a shooter, or a lob, eye and hand, foot and bat, he must stand tense, yet flexible, lithe and swift as lightning, ready for everything, cut, block, slip, or hit to leg. It was not altogether pleasant. The stakes were enormous; and the suspense by no means conducive to temper.

Lake fancied that the man was driving wrong, once or twice, and was on the point of cursing him to that effect, from the window. But at last, with an anxious throb at his heart, he recognised the dingy archway, and the cracked brown marble tablet over the keystone, and he recognised Shive's-court.

So forth jumped the Captain, so far relieved, and glided into the dim quadrangle, with its square of smoky

sky overhead; and the prattle of children playing on the flags, and the scrape of a violin from a window, were in his ears, but as it were unheard. He was looking up at a window, with a couple of sooty scarlet geraniums in it. This was the court where Dame Dutton dwelt. He glided up her narrow stair and let himself in by a latch; and with his cane made a smacking like a harlequin's sword upon the old woman's deal table, crying: "Mrs. Dutton; Mrs. Dutton. Is Mrs. Dutton at home?"

The old lady, who was a laundress, entered, in a short blue cotton wrapper, wiping the suds from her shrunken but sinewy arms with her apron, and on seeing the Captain, her countenance, which was threatening, became very reverential, indeed.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Dutton?"

"Quite well."

"Have you heard lately from Jim?"

"No!"

"You'll see him soon, however, and give him this note, d'ye see, and tell him I was here, asking about you and him, and very well, and glad if I can serve him again; don't forget that, *very* glad. Where will you keep that note? Oh! your tea-caddy, not a bad safe; and see, give him this, it's five pounds; you won't forget; and you want a new gown, Mrs. Dutton. I'd choose it myself, only I'm such a bad judge; but you'll choose it for me, won't you? and let me see it on you when next I come," and with a courtesy, and a great beaming smile on her hot face, she accepted the five-pound note, which he placed in her hand.

In another moment the Captain was gone. He had just time to swallow a cup of coffee at the terminus-hotel, and was gliding away towards the distant walls of Brandon Hall.

He had a coupee all to himself. But he did not care for the prospect. He saw Lawyer Larkin, as it were, reflected in the plate-glass, with his hollow smile and hungry eyes before him, knowing more than he should do, paying him compliments, and plotting his ruin.

"Everything would have been quite smooth only for that d—fellow. The devil fixed him precisely there for the express purpose of fleecing and watching, and threatening

him—perhaps worse. He hated that sly, double-dealing reptile of prey—the Arachnida of social nature—the spiders with which also naturalists place the scorpions. I dare say Mr. Larkin would have had as little difficulty in referring the gallant Captain to the same family.

While Stanley Lake is thus scanning the shabby, but dangerous image of the Attorney in the magic mirror before him, that eminent limb of the law was not inactive in the quiet town of Gylingden. Under ordinary circumstances his "pride" would have condemned the Vicar to a direful term of suspense, and he certainly would not have knocked at the door of the pretty little gabled house at the Dollington end of the town for many days to come. The Vicar would have had to seek out the Attorney, to lie in wait for and to woo him.

But Jos Larkin's pride, like all his other passions—except his weakness for the precious metals—was under proper regulation. Jim Dutton might arrive at any moment, and it would not do to risk his publishing the melancholy intelligence of Mark Wylder's death before the transfer of the Vicar's reversion; and to prevent that risk the utmost promptitude was indispensable.

At nine o'clock, therefore, he presented himself, attended by his legal hench-men as before.

"Another man might not have come here, Mr. Wylder, until his presence had been specially invited, after the—the—" when he came to define the offence it was not very easy to do so, inasmuch as it consisted in the Vicar's having unconsciously very nearly escaped from his fangs; "but let that pass. I have had, I grieve to say, by this morning's post a most serious letter from London," the Attorney shook his head, while searching his pocket. "I'll read just a passage or two if you'll permit me; it comes from Burlington and Smith. I protest I have forgot it at home; however, I may mention, that in consequence of the letter you authorized me to write, and guaranteed by your bond, on which they have entered judgment, they have gone to the entire expense of drawing the deeds, and investigating title, and they say that the purchaser will positively be off, unless the articles are in their office by

twelve o'clock to-morrow; and, I grieve to say, they add, that in the event of the thing falling through, they will issue execution for the amount of their costs, which as I anticipated, a good deal exceeds four hundred pounds. I have, therefore, my dear Mr. Wylder, casting aside all unpleasant feeling, called to *entreat* you to end and determine any hesitation you may have felt, and to execute without one moment's delay the articles which are prepared, and which must be in the post-office within half an hour."

Then Mr. Jos Larkin entered pointedly and briefly into Miss Lake's offer, which he characterized as "wholly nugatory, illusory, and chimerical;" told him he had spoken on the subject, yesterday evening, to the young lady, who now saw plainly that there really was nothing in it, and that she was not in a position to carry out that part of her proposition which contemplated a residence in the Vicar's family.

This portion of his discourse he dismissed rather slightly and mysteriously; but he contrived to leave upon the Vicar's mind a very painful and awful sort of uncertainty respecting the young lady of whom he spoke.

Then he became eloquent on the madness of further indecision in a state of things so fearfully menacing, freely admitting that it would have been incomparably better for the Vicar never to have moved in the matter, than, having put his hand to the plough, to look back, as he had been doing. If he declined his advice, there was no more to be said, but to bow his head to the storm, and that ponderous execution would descend in wreck and desolation.

So the Vicar, very much flushed, in panic and perplexity, and trusting wildly to his protesting lawyer's guidance, submitted. Buggs and the bilious youngster entered with the deed, and the articles were duly executed; and the Vicar signed also a receipt for the fanciful part of the consideration, and upon it and the deed he endorsed a solemn promise, in the terms I have mentioned before, that he would never take any step to question, set aside, or disturb the purchase, or any matter connected therewith.

Then, the Attorney, now in his

turn flushed and very much elated, congratulated the poor Vicar on his emancipation from his difficulties; and "now that it was all done and over, told him, what he had never told him before, that, considering the nature of the purchase, he had got a *splendid* price for it.

The good man had also his agreement from Lake to sell Five Oaks, and that was in such a shape that he could recede from the purchase, in the event of its turning out to be true, as he felt unaccountably *certain* it would, that Mark Wylder was actually dead.

The position of the good Attorney, therefore, in a commercial point of view, was eminently healthy and convenient. For less than half of the value of Five Oaks alone, he was getting that estate, and a vastly greater one beside, to be succeeded to on Mark Wylder's death.

No wonder, then, that the good Attorney was more than usually bland and happy that day. He saw the pork-butcher in his back-parlour, and had a few words to say about the chapel-trust, and his looks and talk were quite edifying. He met two little children in the street, and stopped and smiled as he stooped down to pat them on the heads, and ask them whose children they were, and gave one of them a halfpenny. And he sat afterwards, for nearly ten minutes, with lean old Mrs. Mullock in her little shop, where taffey, toys, and penny-books for young people were sold, together with baskets, tea-cups, straw-mats, and other adult ware; and he was so friendly and talked so beautifully, and although, as he admitted in his lofty way, "there might be differences in fortune and position," yet were we not all members of one body? And he talked upon this theme till the good lady, marvelling how so great a man could be so humble, was called to the receipt of custom, on the subject of "paradise" and "lemon-drops," and the heavenly-minded Attorney, with a celestial condescension, recognised his two little acquaintances of the street, and actually adding another halfpenny to his bounty—*escaped*, with a hasty farewell and a smile, to the street, as eager to escape the thanks of the little people, and the admiration of Mrs. Mullock.

It is not to be supposed, that having got one momentous matter well off his mind, the good Attorney was to be long rid of anxieties. The human mind is fertile in that sort of growth. As well might the gentleman who shaves suppose, as his fingers glide, after the operation, over the polished surface of his chin—*factus ad unguem*—that he may fling his brush and strop into the fire, and bury his razor certain fathoms in the earth. No! One crop of cares will always succeed another—not very oppressive, nor in any wise grand perhaps—worries, simply, no more; but needing a modicum of lather, the looking-glass, the strop, the diligent razor, delicate manipulation, and stealing a portion of our precious time every day we live; and this must go on so long as the state of man is imperfect, and plenty of possible evil in futurity.

The Attorney must run up to London for a day or two. What if that mysterious, and almost illegible brute, James Dutton, should arrive while he was away. Very unpleasant, possibly! For the Attorney intended to keep that gentleman very quiet. Sufficient time must be allowed to intervene to disconnect the purchase of the Vicar's remainder from the news of Mark Wylder's demise. A year and a-half, maybe, or possibly a year might do. For if the good Attorney was cautious, he was also greedy, and would take possession as early as was safe. Therefore arrangements were carefully adjusted to detain that important person, in the event of his arriving; and a note, in the good Attorney's hand, inviting him to remain at The Lodge till his

return, and particularly requesting that "he would kindly abstain from mentioning to *any one*, during his absence, any matter he might intend to communicate to him in his professional capacity or otherwise."

This, of course, was a little critical, and made his to-morrow's journey to London a rather anxious prospect.

In the meantime our friend, Captain Lake, arrived in a hired fly, with his light baggage, at the door of stately Brandon. So soon as the dust and ashes of railway travel were removed, the pale Captain, in changed attire, snowy cambric, and with perfumed hair and handkerchief, presented himself before Dorcas.

"Now, Dorkie, darling, the poor soldier has come back, resolved to turn over a new leaf, and never more to reserve another semblance of a secret from you," said he, so soon as his first greeting was over. "I long to have a good talk with you, Dorkie. I have no one on earth to confide in but you. I think," he said, with a little sigh, "I would never have been so reserved with you, darling, if I had had anything pleasant to confide; but all I have to say is triste and tiresome—only a story of difficulties and petty vexations. I want to talk to you, Dorkie. Where shall it be?"

They were in the great drawing-room, where I had first seen Dorcas Brandon and Rachel Lake, on the evening on which my acquaintance with the princely Hail was renewed, after an interval of so many years.

"This room, Stanley, dear!"

"Yes, this room will answer very well," he said, looking round. "We can't be overheard, it is so large. Very well, darling, listen."

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINS WHY MARK WYLDER ABSCONDED.

"How delicious these violets are!" said Stanley, leaning for a moment over the fragrant purple dome that crowned a china stand on the marble table they were passing. "You love flowers, Dorkie. Every perfect woman is, I think, a sister of Flora's. You are looking pale—you have not been ill? No! I'm very glad you say so. Sit down for a moment and listen, darling. And first I'll tell you,

upon my honour, what Rachel has been worrying me about."

Dorcas sate beside him on the sofa, and he placed his slender arm affectionately round her waist.

"You must know, Dorkie, that before his sudden departure, Mark Wylder promised to lend William, his brother, a sum sufficient to relieve him of all his pressing debts."

"Debts! I never knew before that

he had any," exclaimed Dorcas. "Poor William! I am so sorry."

"Well, he has, like other fellows, only he can't get away as easily, and he has been very much pressed since Mark went, for he has not yet lent him a guinea, and in fact Rachel says she thinks he is in danger of being regularly sold out. She does not say she knows it, but only that she suspects they are in a great fix about money."

"Well, you must know that I was the sole cause of Mark Wylder's leaving the country."

"You, Stanley!"

"Yes, I, Dorkie. I believe I thought I was doing a duty; but really I was nearly mad with *jealousy*, and simply doing my utmost to drive a rival from your presence. And yet, without hope for myself, *desperately* in love."

Dorcas looked down and smiled oddly; it was a sad and bitter smile, and seemed to ask whither has that desperate love, in so short a time, flown?

"I know I was right. He was a stained man, and was liable at any moment to be branded. It was villainous in him to seek to marry you. I told him at last that, unless he withdrew, your friends should know all. I expected he would show fight, and that a meeting would follow; and I really did not much care whether I were killed or not. But he went, on the contrary, rather quietly, threatening to pay me off, however, though he did not say how. He's a cunning dog, and not very soft-hearted; and has no more conscience than that," and he touched his finger to the cold summit of a marble bust.

"He is palpably *machinating* something to my destruction with an influential attorney on whom I keep a watch, and he has got some fellow named Dutton into the conspiracy; and not knowing how they mean to act, and only knowing how utterly wicked, cunning, and bloody-minded he is, and that he hates me as he probably never hated any one before, I must be prepared to meet him, and, if possible, to blow up that satanic cabal, which without *money* I can't. It was partly a mystification about the election; of course, it will be expensive, but nothing like the other. Are you ill, Dorkie?"

He might well ask, for she appeared on the point of fainting.

Dorcas had read and heard stories of men seemingly no worse than their neighbours—nay, highly esteemed, and praised, and liked—who yet were haunted by evil men, who encountered them in lonely places, or by night, and controlled them by the knowledge of some dreadful crime. Was Stanley—her husband—whose character she had begun to discern, whose habitual mystery was, somehow, tinged in her mind with a shade of horror, one of this two-faced, diabolical order of heroes?

Why should he dread this cabal, as he called it, even though directed by the malignant energy of the absent and shadowy Mark Wylder? What could all the world do to harm him in free England, if he were innocent, if he were what he had seemed—no worse than his social peers?

Why should it be necessary to buy off the conspirators whom a guiltless man would defy and punish?

The doubt did not come in these defined shapes. As a halo surrounds a saint, a shadow rose suddenly, and enveloped pale, scented, smiling Stanley, with the yellow eyes. He stood in the centre of a dreadful medium, through which she saw him, ambiguous and awful; and she sickened.

"Are you ill, Dorkie, darling?" said the apparition, in accents of tenderness. "Yes, you *are* ill."

And he hastily threw open the window, close to which they were sitting, and she quickly revived in the cooling air.

She saw his yellow eyes fixed upon her features, and his face wearing an odd expression—was it interest, or tenderness, or only scrutiny; to her there seemed a light of insincerity and cruelty in its pallor.

"You are better, darling; thank heaven, you are better."

"Yes—yes—a great deal better; it is passing away."

Her colour was returning, and with a shivering sigh, she said—

"Oh! Stanley, you must speak truth; I am your wife. Do they know anything very bad—are you in their power?"

"Why, my dearest, what on earth could put such a wild fancy in your head?" said Lake, with a strange

laugh, and, as she fancied, growing still paler. "Do you suppose I am a highwayman in disguise, or a murderer, like—what's his name—Eugene Aram. I must have expressed myself very ill, if I suggested anything so tragical. I protest before heaven, my darling, there is not one word or act of mine I need fear to submit to any court of justice or of honour on earth."

He took her hand, and kissed it affectionately, and still fondling it gently between his, he resumed—

"I don't mean to say, of course, that I have always been better than other young fellows; I've been foolish, and wild, and—and—I've done wrong things, occasionally—as all young men will; but for high crimes and misdemeanors, or for melodramatic situations, I never had the slightest taste. There's no man on earth who can tell anything of me, or put me under any sort of pressure, thank heaven; and simply because I have never in the course of my life done a single act unworthy of a gentleman, or in the most trifling way compromised myself. I swear it, my darling, upon my honour and soul, and I will swear it in any terms—the most awful that can be prescribed—in order totally and for ever to remove from your mind so amazing a fancy."

And with a little laugh, and still holding her hand, he passed his arm round her waist, and kissed her affectionately.

"But you are perfectly right, Dorkie, in supposing that I am under very considerable apprehension from their machinations. Though they cannot slur our fair fame, it is quite possible they may very seriously affect our property. Mr. Larkin is in possession of all the family papers. I don't like it, but it is too late now. The estates have been back and forward so often between the Brandons and Wylders, I always fancy there may be a screw loose, or a frangible link somewhere, and he's deeply interested for Mark Wylder."

"You are better, darling; I think you are better," he said, looking in her face, after a little pause.

"Yes, dear Stanley, much better; but why should you suppose any plot against our title?"

"Mark Wylder is in constant correspondence with that fellow Larkin.

I wish we were quietly rid of him, he is such an unscrupulous dog. I assure you, I doubt very much if the deeds are safe in his possession; at all events, he ought to choose between us and Mark Wylder. It is monstrous his being solicitor for both. The Wylders and Brandons have always been contesting the right to these estates, and the same thing may arise again any day."

"But tell me, Stanley, how do you want to apply money? What particular good can it do us in this unpleasant uncertainty?"

"Well, Dorkie, believe me, I have a sure instinct in matters of this kind. Larkin is preparing treason against us. Wylder is inciting him, and will reap the benefit of it. Larkin hesitates to strike, but that won't last long. In the meantime, he has made a distinct offer to buy Five Oaks. His doing so places him in the same boat with us; and, although he does not offer its full value, still I should sleep sounder if it were concluded; and the fact is, I don't think we are safe until that sale is concluded."

Dorcas looked for a moment earnestly in his face, and then down, in thought.

"Now, Dorkie, I have told you all. Who is to advise you, if not your husband? Trust my sure conviction, and promise me, Dorcas, that you will not hesitate to join me in averting, by a sacrifice we shall hardly feel, a really stupendous blow."

He kissed her hand, and then her lips, and he said—

"You will, Dorkie, I know you will. Give me your promise."

"Stanley, tell me once more, are you really quite frank when you tell me that you apprehend no personal injury from these people—apart, I mean, from the possibility of Mr. Larkin's conspiring to impeach our rights in favour of Mr. Wylder?"

"Personal injury? None in life, my darling."

"And there is really no secret—nothing—tell your wife—nothing you fear coming to light?"

"I swear again, nothing. Won't you believe me, darling?"

"Then, if it be so, Stanley, I think we should hesitate long before selling any part of the estate upon a mere conjecture of danger. Y

may over-estimate that danger, being so nearly affected by it. We must take advice; and first, we must consult Chelford. Remember, Stanley, how long the estate has been preserved. Whatever may have been their crimes and follies, those who have gone before us never impaired the Brandon estate; and, without full consideration, without urgent cause, I, Stanley, will not begin."

"Why, it is only Five Oaks, and we shall have the money, you forget, said Stanley."

"Five Oaks is an estate in itself; and the idea of dismembering the Brandon inheritance seems to me like taking a plank from a ship—all will go down when that is done."

"But you *can't* dismember it; it is only a life estate."

"Well, perhaps so; but Chelford told me that one of the London people said he thought Five Oaks belonged to me absolutely."

"In that case the inheritance is dismembered already."

"I will have no share in selling the old estate, or any part of it, to strangers. Stanley, except in a case of necessity; and we must do nothing precipitately; and I must insist, Stanley, on consulting Chelford before taking any step. He will view the question more calmly than you or I can; and we owe him that respect, Stanley, he has been so very kind to us."

"Chelford is the very last man whom I would think of consulting," answered Stanley, with his malign and peevish look.

"And why?" asked Doreen.

"Because he is quite sure to advise against it," answered Stanley, sharply. "He is one of those Quixotic fellows who get on very well in fair weather, while living with a duke or duchess, but are sure to run you into mischief when they come to the inns and high-ways of common life. I know perfectly, he would protest against a compromise. Discharge Larkin—fight him—and see us valiantly stripped of our property by some cursed law-quibble; and think we ought to be much more comfortable so, than in this house, on the terms of a compromise with a traitor like Larkin. But I don't think so, nor any man of sense, nor anyone but a hair-brained, conceited, knight-errant."

"I think Chelford one of the most sensible as well as honorable men I know; and I will take no step in selling a part of our estate to that odious Mr. Larkin, without consulting him, and at least hearing what he thinks of it."

"Stanley's eyes were cast down—and he was nipping the straggling hairs of his light moustache between his lips—but he made no answer. Only suddenly he looked up, and said quietly,

"Very well. Good-bye for a little, Dorkie," and he leaned over her and kissed her cheek, and then passed into the hall, where he took his hat and cane.

Larcom presented him with a note, in a sealed envelope. As he took it from the salver he recognised Larkin's very clear and large hand. I suspect that grave Mr. Larcom had been making his observations and conjectures thereupon.

The Captain took it with a little nod, and a peevish side-glance. It said—

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN BRANDON LAKE,—Imperative business calls me to London by the early train to-morrow. Will you therefore favour me, if convenient, *by the bearer*, with the small note of consent, which must accompany the articles agreeing to sell.

"I remain, &c., &c., &c."

Larkin's groom was waiting for an answer.

"Tell him I shall probably see Mr. Larkin myself," said the Captain, snappishly; and so he walked down to pretty little Gylingden.

On the steps of the reading-room stood old Tom Ruddle, who acted as marker in the billiard-room, treasurer, and book-keeper beside, and swept out the premises every morning, and went to and fro at the proper hours, between that literary and sporting institution and the Post-office; and who, though seldom sober, was always well instructed in the news of the town.

"How do you do, old Ruddle—quite well!" asked the Captain, with a smile. "Who have you got in the rooms?"

Well, Jos Larkin was not there. Indeed he seldom showed in those premises, which he considered de-

and very abject he became, poor thing."

"How well the mountains look! I am afraid we shall have rain to-morrow."

Larkin uttered a short groan.

"So they sent him into the small card-room, next that we were playing in. I think we were about the last in the club—it was past three o'clock—and so the old boys deliberated on their sentence. To bring the matter before the Committee were utter ruin to Mark, and they let him off, on these conditions—he was to retire forthwith from the Club; he was never to play any game of cards again; and, lastly, he was never more to address any one of the gentlemen who were present at his detection. Poor, dear devil!—how he did jump at the conditions!—and provided they were each and all strictly observed, it was intimated that the occurrence should be kept secret. Well, you know, that was letting poor, dear Mark off in a coach; and I do assure you, though we had never liked one another, I really was very glad they did not move his expulsion—which would have involved his quitting the service—and I positively don't know how he could have lived if that had occurred."

"I do solemnly assure you, Captain Lake, what you have told me has beyond expression amazed, and I will say, horrified me," said the Attorney, with a slow and melancholy vehemence. "Better men might have suspected something of it—I do solemnly pledge my honour that nothing of the kind so much as crossed my mind—not naturally suspicious, I believe, but all the more shocked, Captain Lake, on that account."

"He was poor then, you see, and a few pounds were everything to him, and the temptation immense; but clumsy fellows ought not to try that sort of thing. There's the highway—Mark would have made a capital garrotter."

The Attorney groaned, and turned up his eyes. The band was playing "Pop goes the Weazel," and old Jackson, very well dressed and buckled up, with a splendid smile upon his waggish, military countenance, cried, as he passed, with a wave of his hand, "How do, Lake—how do, Mr. Larkin—beautiful day!"

"I've no wish to injure Mark; but it is better that you should know at once, than go about poking every where for information."

"I do assure you!"—

"And having really no wish to hurt him," pursued the Captain, "and also making it, as I do, a point that you shall repeat this conversation to no one, I don't choose to appear singular, as your sole informant, and I've given you here a line to Sir James Carter—he's member, you know, for Huddlesbury. I mention, that Mark, having broken his promise, and played for heavy stakes, too, both on board his ship, and at Plymouth and Naples, which I happen to know; and also by accosting me, whom, as one of the gentlemen agreeing to impose these conditions, he was never to address, I felt myself at liberty to mention it to you, holding the relation you do to me as well as to him, in consequence of the desirableness of placing you in possession of the true cause of his absconding, which was simply my telling him that I would not permit him, slurred as he was, to marry a lady who was totally ignorant of his actual position; and, in fact, that unless he withdrew, I must acquaint the young lady's guardian of the circumstances."

There was quite enough probability in this story to warrant Jos Larkin in turning up his eyes and groaning. But in the intervals, his shrewd eyes searched the face of the Captain, not knowing whether to believe one syllable of what he related.

I may as well mention here, that the Attorney did present the note to Sir J. Carter, with which Captain Lake had furnished him; indeed, he never lost an opportunity of making the acquaintance of a person of rank; and that the worthy baronet, so appealed to, and being a blunt sort of fellow, and an old acquaintance of Stanley's, did, in a short and testy sort of way, corroborate Captain Lake's story, having previously conditioned that he was not to be referred to as the authority from whom Mr. Larkin had learned it.

The Attorney and Captain Brandon Lake were now walking side by side, over the more sequestered part of the green.

"And, so," said the Captain, coming to a stand-still, "I'll bid you good-

bye, Larkin; what, stay, I forgot to ask, do you make in town?"

"Only a day or two."

"You'll not wait for the division on Trawler's motion?"

"Oh, dear, no. I calculate I'll be here again, certainly, in three days' time. And, I suppose, Captain Lake, you received my note?"

"You mean just now? Oh! yes; of course it is all right; but one day is as good as another; and you have got my agreement signed."

"Pardon me, Captain Brandon Lake; the fact is, one day, in this case, does *not* answer as well as another, for I must have drafts of the deeds prepared by my conveyancer in town, and the note is indispensable. Perhaps if there is any difficulty, you will be so good as to say so, and I shall then be in a position to consider the case in its new aspect."

"What the devil difficulty *can* there be, sir? I can't see it, any more than what *hurry* can possibly exist about it," said Lake, stung with a momentary fury. It seemed as though every one was conspiring to perplex and torment him; and he, like the poor Vicar, though for very different reasons, had grown intensely anxious to sell. He had grown to dread the Attorney, since the arrival of Dutton's letter. He suspected that his journey to London had for its object a meeting with that person. He could not tell what might be going on in the dark. But the possibility of such a conjunction might well dismay him.

On the other hand, the more Mr. Larkin relied upon the truth of Dutton's letter, the cooler he became respecting the purchase of Five Oaks. It was, of course, a very good thing; but not his first object. The Vicar's reversion in that case was everything, and of it he was now sure.

"There is no difficulty about the note, sir; it contains but four lines, and I've given you the form. No difficulty can exist but in the one quarter; and the fact is," he added, steadily, "unless I have that note before I leave to-morrow morning, I'll assume that you wish to be off, Captain Lake, and I will adapt myself to circumstances."

"You may have it *now*," said the Captain, with a fierce carelessness. "D—d nonsense! Who could have fancied any such stupid hurry? Send in the morning, and you shall

have it." And the Captain, rather savagely turned away, skirting the crowd who hovered about the band, in his leisurely and now solitary ramble.

The Captain was sullen that evening at home. He was very uncomfortable. His heart was failing him for the things that were coming to pass. One of his maniacal tempers, which had often before thrown him, as it were, "off the rails," was at the bottom of his immediate troubles. This proneness to sudden accessions of violence and fury, was the compensation which abated the effect of his ordinary craft and self-command.

He had done all he could to obviate the consequences of his folly in this case. He hoped the Attorney might not succeed in discovering Jim Dutton's whereabouts. At all events, he had been beforehand, and taken measures to quiet that person's dangerous resentment. But it was momentous in the critical state of things to give this dangerous Attorney a handsome share in his stake—to place him, as he had himself said, "in the same boat," and enlist all his unscrupulous astuteness in maintaining his title; and if he went to London disappointed, and that things turned out unluckily about Dutton, it might be a very awful business, indeed.

Dinner had been a very dull *tete-a-tete*. Dorcas sat stately and sad—looking from the window toward the distant sunset horizon, piled in dusky gold and crimson clouds, against the faded, green sky—a glory that is always melancholy and dreamy. Stanley sipped his claret, his eyes upon the cloth. He raised them, and looked out, too; and the ruddy light tinted his pale features.

A gleam of good humour seemed to come with it, and he said—

"I was just thinking, Dorkie, that for you and me, *alone*, these great rooms are a little dreary. Suppose we have tea in the tapestry room."

"The Dutch room, Stanley—I think so—I should like it very well. So, I am certain would Rachel. I've written to her to come. I hope she will. I expect her at nine. The brougham will be with her. She wrote such an odd note to-day, addressed to you; but I *opened* it. Here it is."

She did not watch his countenance, or look in his direction, as he read it.

She addressed herself, on the contrary, altogether to her lilliputian white lap-dog, Snow, and played with his silken ears; and chatted with him, as ladies will.

A sealed envelope broken. That scoundrel, Larcom, knew perfectly it was meant for *me*. He was on the point of speaking his mind, which

would hardly have been pleasant to hear, upon this piece of detective impertinence of his wife's. He could have smashed all the glass upon the table. But he looked serene, and leaned back with the corner of Rachel's note between two fingers. It was a case in which he clearly saw he must command himself.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

IN THE DUTCH ROOM.

HIS heart misgave him. He felt that a crisis was coming; and he read—

"I cannot tell you, my poor brother, how miserable I am. I have just learned that a very dangerous person has discovered more about that dreadful evening than we believed known to anybody in Gylingden. I am subjected to the most agonizing suspicions and *insults*. Would to heaven, I were dead! But living, I cannot endure my present state of mind longer. To-morrow morning I will see Dorcas—poor Dorcas!—and tell her all. I am weary of urging you, *in vain*, to do so. It would have been much better. But although, after that interview, I shall, perhaps, never see her more, I shall yet be happier, and, I think, relieved from suspense, and the torments of mystery. So will she. At all events, it is her *right* to know all—and she shall.

"YOUR OUTCAST AND MISERABLE SISTER."

On Stanley's lips his serene, unpleasant smile was gleaming, as he closed the note carelessly. He intended to speak, but his voice caught. He cleared it, and sipped a little claret.

"For a clever girl she certainly does write the most wonderful rubbish. Such an effusion! And she sends it tossing about, from hand to hand, among the servants. I've anticipated her, however, Dorkie. And he took her hand and kissed it. She does not know I've told you *all* myself."

Stanley went to the library, and Dorcas to the conservatory, neither very happy, each haunted by an evil augury, and a sense of coming danger. The deepening shadow warned Dorcas

that it was time to repair to the Dutch room, where she found lights and tea prepared.

In a few minutes more the library door opened and Stanley Lake peeped in.

"Radie not come yet?" said he, entering. "We certainly are much pleasanter in this room, Dorkie, more, in proportion, than we two should have been in the drawing-room."

He seated himself beside her, drawing his chair very close to hers, and taking her hand in his. He was more affectionate this evening than usual. What did it portend? she thought. She had already begun to acquiesce in Rachel's estimate of Stanley, and to fancy that whatever he did it was with an unacknowledged purpose.

"Does little Dorkie, love me?" said Lake, in a sweet undertone.

There was reproach, but love too, in the deep soft glance she threw upon him.

"You must promise me not to be frightened at what I am going to tell you," said Lake.

She heard him with sudden panic, and a sense of cold stole over her. He looked like a ghost—quite white—smiling. She knew something was coming—the secret she had invoked so long—and she was appalled.

"Don't be frightened, darling. It is necessary to tell you; but it is really not much when you hear me out. You'll say so when you have quite heard me. So you won't be frightened?"

She was gazing straight into his wild yellow eyes, fascinated, with a look of expecting terror.

"You are nervous, darling," he continued, laying his hand on hers. "Shall we put it off for a little? You are frightened."

"Not much frightened, Stanley," she whispered.

"Well, we had better wait. I see, Dorcas, you are frightened and nervous. Don't keep looking at me; look at something else. You make yourself nervous that way. I promise, upon my honour, I'll not say a word about it till you bid me."

"I know, Stanley—I know."

Then, why won't you look down, or look up, or look any way you please, only don't stare at me so."

"Yes—oh, yes," and she shut her eyes.

"I'm sorry I began," he said, pettishly. "You'll make a fuss. You've made yourself quite nervous; and I'll wait a little."

"Oh! no, Stanley, *now*—for Heaven's sake, *now*. I was only a little startled; but I am quite well again. Is it anything about marriage? Oh, Stanley, in mercy, tell me *was* there any other engagement?"

"Nothing, darling—nothing on earth of the sort;" and he spoke with an icy little laugh. "Your poor soldier is altogether yours, Dorkie," and he kissed her cheek.

"Thank God for that!" said Dorcas, hardly above her breath.

"What I have to say is quite different, and really nothing that need affect you; but Rachel has made such a row about it. Fifty fellows, I know, are in much worse fixes; and though it is not of so much consequence, still I think I should not have told you; only, without knowing it, you were thwarting me, and helping to get me into a serious difficulty by your obstinacy—or what you will—about Five Oaks."

Somehow trifling as the matter was, Stanley seemed to grow more and more unwilling to disclose it, and rather shrank from it now.

"Now, Dorcas, mind, there must be no trifling. You must not treat me as Rachel has. If you can't keep a secret—for it *is* a secret—say so. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, Stanley—yes. I'm your wife."

"Well, Dorcas, I told you something of it; but only a part, and some circumstances I *did* intentionally colour a little; but I could not help it, unless I had told everything; and no matter what you or Rachel

may say, it was kinder to withhold it as long as I could."

He glanced at the door, and spoke in a lower tone.

And so, with his eyes lowered to the table at which he sat, glancing ever and anon sideways at the door, and tracing little figures with the tip of his finger upon the shining rose-wood, he went on murmuring his strange and hateful story in the ear of his wife.

It was not until he had spoken some three or four minutes that Dorcas suddenly uttered a wild scream, and started to her feet. And Stanley also rose precipitately, and caught her in his arms, for she was falling.

As he supported her in her chair, the library door opened, and the sinister face of Uncle Lorne looked in, and returned the Captain's stare with one just as fixed and horrified.

"Hush!" whispered Uncle Lorne, and he limped softly into the room, and stopped about three yards away, "she is not dead, but sleepeth."

"Hallo! Larcom," shouted Lake.

"I tell you she's dreaming the same dream that I dreamt in the middle of the night."

"Hallo! Larcom."

"Mark's on leave to-night, in uniform; his face is flattened against the window. This is his lady, you know."

"Hallo! D—— you—are you there?" shouted the Captain, very angry.

"I saw Mark following you like an ape, on all-fours; grinning at your heels. But he can't bite yet—ha, ha, ha! Poor Mark!"

"Will you be so good, sir, as to touch the bell!" said Lake, changing his tone.

He was afraid to remove his arm from Dorcas, and he was splashing water from a glass upon her face and forehead.

"No—no. No bell yet—time enough—ding, dong. You say dead and gone."

Captain Lake cursed him and his absent keeper between his teeth; still, in a rather flurried way, prosecuting his conjugal affections.

"There was no bell for poor Mark; and he's always listening, and stares so. A cat may look, you know."

"Can't you touch the bell, sir? What are you standing there for?"

snarled Lake, with a glare at the old man. He looked as if he could have murdered him.

"Standing—ay, standing—between the living and the dead!"

"Here, Reuben, here; where the devil have you been—take him away. He has terrified her. By — he ought to be shot."

The keeper silently slid his arm into Uncle Lorne's, and, unresisting, the old man, talking to himself the while, drew him from the room.

Larcom, about to announce Miss Lake, and closely followed by that young lady, passed the grim old phantom on the lobby.

"Be quick, you are wanted there," said the attendant, as he passed.

Dorcas, pale as marble, sighing deeply again and again, her rich black hair drenched in water, which trickled over her cheeks, like the tears and moisture of agony, was recovering. There was water spilt on the table, and the fragments of a broken glass upon the floor.

The moment Rachel saw her, she divined what had happened, and, gliding over, she placed her arm round her.

"You're better, darling. Open the window, Stanley. Send her maid."

"Ay, send her maid," cried Captain Lake to Larcom. "This is your d—d work. A nice mess you have made of it among you!"

"Are you better, Dorcas?" said Rachel.

"Yes—much better. I'm glad, darling. I understand you now. Radie, kiss me."

Next morning, before early family prayers, while Mr. Jos Larkin was locking the despatch-box which was to accompany him to London, Mr. Larcom arrived at The Lodge.

He had a note for Mr. Larkin's hand, which he must himself deliver; and so he was shown into that gentleman's official cabinet, and received with the usual lofty kindness.

"Well, Mr. Larcom, pray sit down. And can I do anything for you, Mr. Larcom?" said the good Attorney, waving his long hand toward a vacant chair.

"A note."

"Oh, yes; very well." And the tall Attorney rose, and, facing the rural prospect at his window, with

his back to Mr. Larcom, he read, with a faint smile, the few lines, in a delicate hand, consenting to the sale of Five Oaks.

He had to look for a time at the distant prospect to allow his smile to subside, and to permit the conscious triumph which he knew beamed through his features to discharge itself and evaporate in the light and air before turning to Mr. Larcom, which he did with an air of sudden recollection.

"Ah—all right, I was forgetting. I must give you a line."

So he did, and hid away the note in his despatch-box, and said—

"The family all quite well, I hope!" whereat Larcom shook his head.

"My mistress"—he always called her so, and Lake, the Captive—"has been takin' on hoffle, last night, whatever come betwixt 'em. She was fainted outright in her chair in the Dutch room; and he said it was the old gentleman—Old Flannels we calls him, for shortness—but lor' bless you, she's too used to him to be frightened, and that's only a make-belief; and Miss Dipples, her maid, she says as how she was worse upstairs, and she's made up again with Miss Lake, which she was very glad, no doubt, of the making friends, I do suppose; but it's a bin a bad row, and I suspect amost he's used vilins."

"Compulsion, I suppose; you mean constraint?" suggested Larkin, very curious.

"Well, that may be, sir, but I amost suspect she's bin hurted some how. She got them cryin' fits upstairs, you know; and the Captive, he's hoffle bad-tempered this morning, and he never looked near her once, after his sister came; and he left them together, talking and crying, and he locked himself into the library, like one as knowed he'd done somethink to be ashamed on, half the night."

"It's not happy, Larcom, I'm much afraid; it's *not* happy," and the Attorney rose, shaking his tall, bald head, and his hands in his pockets, and looked down in meditation.

"In the Dutch room, after tea, I suppose?" said the Attorney.

"Before tea, sir, just as Miss Lake harrived in the brougham."

And so on. But there was no more

to be learned, and Mr. Larcom returned and attended the Captain very reverentially at his solitary breakfast.

Mr. Jos Larkin was away for London. And a very serene companion he was, if not very brilliant. Everything was going perfectly smoothly with him. A celestial gratitude glowed and expanded within his breast. His angling had been prosperous hitherto, but just now he had made a miraculous draught, and his nets and his heart were bursting. Delightful sentiment, the gratitude of a righteous man; a man who knows that his heart is not set upon the things of the world; who has, like King Solomon, made wisdom his first object, and who finds riches added thereto!

There was no shadow of self-reproach to slur the sunny landscape. He had made a splendid purchase from Captain Lake, it was true. He drew his despatch-box nearer to him affectionately, as he thought on the precious records it contained. But who in this wide-awake world was better able to take care of himself than the gallant Captain? If it were not the best thing for the Captain, surely it would not have been done. Whom have I defrauded? My hands are clean! He had made a still better purchase from the Vicar; but what would have become of the Vicar if he had not been raised up to purchase? And was it not speculation, and was it not possible that he should lose all that money, and was it not, on the whole, the wisest thing

that the Vicar, under his difficulties, could have been advised to do?

So reasoned the good Attorney, as with a languid smile and a sigh of content, his long hand laid across the cover of the despatch-box by his side, he looked forth through the plate-glass window upon the sunny fields and hedgerows that glided by him, and felt the blessed assurance, "look whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper," mingling in the hum of surrounding nature. And as his eyes rested on the flying diorama of trees, and farmsteads, and standing crops, and he felt already the pride of a great landed proprietor, his long fingers fiddled pleasantly with the rough tooling of his morocco leather box; and thinking of the signed articles within, it seemed as though an angelic hand had placed them there while he slept, so wondrous was it all; and he fancied under the red tape a label traced in the neatest scribener's hand, with a pencil of light containing such gratifying testimonials to his deserts, "as well done good and faithful servant," "the saints shall inherit the earth," and so following; and he sighed again in the delicious luxury of having secured both heaven and mammon. And in this happy state, and volunteering all manner of courtesies, opening and shutting windows, lending his railway guide and his newspapers whenever he had an opportunity, he at length reached the great London terminus, and was rattling over the metropolitan pavement, with his hand on his despatch-box, to his cheap hotel near the Strand.

THE OLD ITALIAN COMEDY: OR HARLEQUIN AND SCARAMOUCHE.

It would be to us as delightful a task as it was to indolent Jemmy Thomson to "rear the tender thought" and perform the kindred duties mentioned in his charming but forgotten poem—delightful, let us repeat, to preface this short and trifling paper with an essay, pilfered from Donaldson, on the origin of the drama, the ambulance of Thespis, the construction of the out-of-doors theatre of the Greeks, the institution of masks and choruses, and the peculiarities of genius and workmanship that distinguish the three great tragic writers of antiquity. Delightfully mechanical

would be this task; pleasant, but very wrong; something like setting up the porch of a Doric temple, behind which the bewildered wayfarer would find nothing better than a one-storied cottage, thatched with straw, or a Bartholomew Fair booth.

Our intention is to treat of the Italian comedy, as it was played from one to two hundred years since; and we observe at starting, that there were two varieties of it—one in which the dialogue was written and committed to memory by actors and actresses, and declaimed even as it now is in every country in Europe.

Of the other, the only part put on paper was the outline of the fable, the division of the action into scenes, and the peculiar business and termination of each scene. As to the dialogue, and the accompanying stage business and bye-play, full confidence was placed in the genius of the artists to bring them successfully to the end of every scene, each with a ready and habitual spontaneity, evoking, and retorting in turn, the fitting sentiments and comic outbursts which carried the piece, with spirit and applause, to its conclusion. It was not as among the speakers of the written play, where every one makes it his only business to commence his speech on hearing his cue, and when it is spoken, to wait, without feeling much real interest in the general action going on round him, and with as little expression in his face as he can afford, till his cue opens his mouth again.

The characters being, as it were, stereotyped, and every individual actor generally performing the same sort of part in every piece; and native Italians being, perhaps, of all people, the most quick of perception, and the readiest mimics, and the best actors, there was little danger that an expression or gesture should escape actor or actress unsuited to the part, or not conducive to the business of the moment. The scene of to-night might exhibit, perhaps, more comic power, or last a minute or two longer than it did the night before, but that was all. The same business was got through, though the dialogue and bye play of the performers might vary.

The Bologna doctor was always sure to be pedantic, disputations, and dogmatical. The important and generally amiable Merchant of Venice, Pantalone (*Pianto Leone* set up the Lion, found no trouble in acting consistently with his character whether he refused or granted the hand of his daughter Rosalba to her true lover. Columbine was the intriguing and pert *confidante* still to be met in many modern comedies. Beatrice resembled her namesake in "Much Ado about Nothing;" and, though essentially virtuous, frequently was found

in hazardous situations. Pasquariel was the unacceptable suitor on whom the lively rogue of the piece exercised his wit, and kept his roguish fingers in practice. Then there were the blundering and stupid oafs and knaves, the Pierrots and Scaramouches, and, of course, the interesting and sentimental Leander, striving for the hand of Isabella or Eulalia, and helped or thwarted by Arlecchino or Scaramuzza, according to circumstances. The French and Italian custom of looking after young ladies very carefully until they became wives, had its influence on the plots of the novels. The virtuous Isabella, who would not dream of marrying her Leander for worlds without the paternal blessing, received it at the end of the fifth act. Whatever coarse jokes might be whispered to the dishonour of such or such married man, no suspicion ever attached to the conduct of any unwedded lady of the piece. The cynical or inmodest sarcasms so numerous in our own plays, from Dryden to Cibber, were seldom heard in these Italian comedies of art, as they were called. Coarse images were as plentiful as blackberries,* but they were such as had not the slightest tendency to pruriency.

Modern comedy, as far as regards Italy, dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, the earliest specimens being translations of the plays of Terence, represented in the academies, or at the courts of dukes and princes. Lasca, the Florentine, was among the earliest who attempted to amuse an Italian audience with pieces reflecting modern life, and ridiculing the writers who insisted dogmatically upon classic canons. More than five thousand plays were printed in Italy between the years 1500 and 1736. It is supposed that the unwritten dramas, in which the marked characters of Pantalone, Columbine, Harlequin, and Doctor, figure, were first essayed on the stages of mountebanks, and served to attract customers for the medicines of those predecessors of our Holloways, and Locoeks, and Widow Welch. Some of

* E. g. Harlequin, extolling the fine colour of a lady's cheek, passionately assures her that it could not be excelled by the afflicted part of a fat child after it has experienced the tender mercies of the rod.

these performances are traced as far back as 1530. Goldoni, born in the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be said to be the founder of modern Italian comedy. Avoiding classic subjects, and proposing to himself to represent life in its ordinary phases, he took the personages of the "Comedy of Art," gave them more respectable names, and language more correct than they had been accustomed to, wrote their parts, and forbade all unnecessary buffoonery. *Columbine* alone retained her name along with her duties as *Cameriera* (chambermaid) to Signora Eleonora, and her smartness, flippancy, and intrigue. Harlequin exercised his stupid cunning and committed his blunders under other names. On his introduction to a Parisian audience, at the end of the seventeenth century, he appears to have acquired considerable pretensions to wit or something resembling it.

Modern critics may despise the apparent poverty of a piece restricted in machinery and situation, and depending for its interest on these few personages; but if you leave them out of any of our present acting comedies of ordinary life, what character of importance will remain?

A company of Italian comedians had established themselves at the Hotel de Bourgogne, in Paris, about the year 1682, under royal patronage. It was up-hill work with them to please the Parisians, though some of the characters were closely related to the Sganarelles, and Mascarilles, and Pierrots of Molière; and it ought to have been a relief to people who had sat out so many correctly classical, but not the less dreary, pieces in the Salle of the Palais Royal, to enjoy a hearty series of explosions at the irresistible drolleries of the versatile Italians. As quickly as they could they acquired some knowledge of French and delivered some of their fun in that language. Still, considerable portions continued to be uttered in the native tongue. The doctor was, however, obliged to give up his Bologna dialect, and harlequin that of Bergamo, his natal soil, their best educated auditors being supposed ignorant of the Italian spoken in those places.

We find no traces of their performances later than 1697; but one of the company, Evariste Gherardi by name, made a collection of some of the best performances, and of select scenes of others, and published them in six volumes in the year 1700. The male characters are dressed according to the tradition of the Italian stage—harlequin with his blackened visage and diamond motley; the doctor with a false nose, a skull-cap, and a large frill; Pierrot in a jerry hat, a belted frock, and modern trowsers; the ladies in long hanging sleeves, long-bodied gowns, and high ram-parts occupying the same position as the peaks of the spoon-bonnets of 1863.

Some extracts from this collection will give a better idea of the spirit and character of these whimsical productions than a laboured essay. The first shall be from the

MERCURE GALLANT.

Harlequin, with Mercury's caduceus, hat, and heel wings, is seen in the air, mounted on Jupiter's eagle. Spying his master in a shepherd's dress below him, he cries out, "Good day, Jupiter."

Jupiter.—How comes it that Mercury is using my eagle for his steed? Has he not wings at his heels?

Mercury.—Alas, Signor Jupiter, I can not make use of them. Coming along the street, a maid at an upper window emptied a basin upon me, and so wetted my wings that only I had the good luck to tumble on a dung heap, my neck would have been broken. So finding the eagle tied to the rack in the stable, I took the liberty to bestride him to go on my various messages.

Jupiter.—Come down, and tell me all the latest news from above.

Mercury.—Truly, Olympus is in an uproar since you left. Vulcan, who, as your lordship knows, is as spiteful as the devil, took it into his head to make snares for Mars and Venus; and so, under this pretence, he went to take a walk along the Zodiac. He drew near the sign of the Fishes, and took them in his net, and was off without delay to the *Halle*, to sell them to a fishmonger. Mars, seeing this piece of roguery, ran after him with his naked sword, but happening, unfortunately, to tread on the Scorpion, it stung him in the leg, and the swelling is now the size of your head. So he is afraid of the poison penetrating, and has sent me to buy a box of Orvietan.*

* A counter poison, named from Orvieto, in Italy, the native place of its discoverer.

Another commission. The moon is in terrible trouble. She is uttering a thousand nonsensical things, and I fear that it is not long till Luna herself becomes a lunatic. She is particularly wroth with the astronomers for saying she has got blotches on her face. She is proud of her beauty, and keenly feels the insult. She has begged me to get her a cure, and I intend to bring five or six of the best practitioners of Paris to her. Saturn has caught a cold, and I must fetch him some Sirop de Capillaire. Bacchus wants a box of onions to take after supper. But the worst of all is the visit of a comet with a tail two hundred leagues long. She asked me to be her trainbearer; but, said I, "Madame, I'm sorry I must decline. When you would be sitting to dinner in the salon, I should be two hundred leagues off, without a chance of a morsel."

Jupiter.—Now for your reports.

Mercury (reads).—The people of the Antipodes are impatient to know whether they or we have heads down and feet up.

The great Khan of Tartary has brought his wife before the courts, and condemned her to the galleys for mistaking his turban for a china vase.

The husbands of Paris are in great consternation. Government has ordered every man tired of his wife to be enlisted.

Jupiter.—It would be better to enrol the women. What a fine regiment of *Dragons* they would make!

Mercury.—Others say that all husbands may remarry, in consideration of a sum proportioned to the wickedness of his wife.

Jupiter.—Ah! this act will soon fill the exchequer.

Mercury (reads).—News from Spain. Some days since a man presented himself to combat a very furious bull. To every one's surprise, the bull knelt in submission to the man; but the wonder ceased when they recollected the character of his wife. The bull, seeing his forehead so strongly armed, knew he had no chance, and so yielded with a good grace.

Cinthio desires Eularia for wife. She returns his love, but Scaramouch, her father, prefers Pasquariel for son-in-law. Harlequin, Cinthio's valet, sets all manner of snares for Pasquariel, so that he may appear to his intended father as a gambler and debauchee. In

HARLEQUIN NURSE

he presents himself to the victim in the presence of those who will make no secret of it, dressed as a nurse, and attended by a man who has charge of an ass, bearing the cradle of the supposed infant Pasquariel.

Pasquariel, Doctor, Harlequin as nurse.

Harlequin.—Sir (to the Doctor), I am looking for a man named Pasquariel. I am nursing one of his infants; and for his love I have lost my fortune, my good monsieur.

Doctor.—How's this?

Harlequin.—Oh, when I think of it I'm quite beside myself. I, that might be nurse to the Republic of Ragusa's son! Oh, oh, oh! (screeps.)

Doctor.—Courage, madam! here is Monsieur Pasquariel.

Harlequin.—Ah, good day, Monsieur! Isn't it a pretty thing for you to have been three years without once inquiring for your child? Here is a neglect that cries for vengeance.

Pasquariel.—What do you say about a child? You are mad, young woman; I never had a child in my life.

Harlequin.—O, Heaven, what do I hear? Disown his son! Isn't this giving nature herself a slap in the face? My cap turns pale with horror; my milk goes the wrong way. The ass himself pricks up his ears at your want of nature. Cruel father, to disown the child that loves you since he was in the cradle! The poor little fellow! the moment he sees an ass, a pig, or a bullock, he runs to pet it, thinking it's his "little papa."

Pasquariel.—Monsieur the Doctor, this woman has lost her senses.

Harlequin.—Ever since he was two months old, he has all your pretty ways. He is never quiet unless he has his little hands full of carils. He'll have no toys except tobacco-pipes; and he won't take the breast unless it is first rubbed with wine.

Doctor.—This is wonderful.

Harlequin.—Indeed, sir, our collectors, who are learned men, say that the births of great people are always attended by prodigies.

Doctor.—True enough.

Harlequin.—When the little Pasquariel was born, the candle burned blue three times, the wine turned sour in the cask, and the little pot boiled over. And what can these foretell, but that he will be the glory of the tobacco-shops, the stay of the taverns, and the terror of the little pots?

Doctor.—But where is the child? Have you brought him with you?

Harlequin.—To be sure I have. (To the ass-leader) Take down little Pasquariel.

They bring down the cradle, and a child dressed like Pasquariel gets out, and rushes to him, crying, "O, papa, papa!" Pasquariel, turning from him, bestows a sound kick on Harlequin, who cries, "Oh! I'm dead; and so soon expecting to be confined! Murder, police, police!"

In the following extracts it will be

observed that the modern clown is indebted to the old-world Harlequin for many of his characteristic traits and habits.

HARLEQUIN PROTEUS

Neptune is seen, in his marine chariot, expelling Proteus and Glaucus from his damp domains; and when they are left high and dry on the beach, Harlequin thus vents his opinion on life in the ocean, in the presence of its lord.

Harlequin.—Little I care to remain in your devil of a salt-park, where there is none to converse with but cod-fish, with minds as flat as their sides. A nice country, indeed! where you never see a man, unless some fool that comes to bathe; and where you can get nothing to eat but fish, even on Shrove Tuesday. Well, perhaps, I would stand this, if I could get a moment's repose among these rolling hills, but there's no such thing to be had. If I wish to sleep, these pests of salmon smelt so loud, that I can't close an eye. If I turn to one side a lobster pricks me in the head. If I turn to the other, the sprats get into my nose and ears. The crabs seize me behind, and these cursed whales spirt a whole hog'shead of water into my face. No one but a fool would remain here longer.

Glaucus, even in the first exulting sense of liberty, recollects that they have not a sou; but Proteus reminds him of his own powers of shape-changing. Glaucus objecting that under any form they must find something to eat, Proteus expresses his determination to become a cutpurse, or pickpocket. Then a country is to be selected for their *debut*. Spain is too proud and too poor; they would scarcely get water to drink there. They would find good fruit and wine in Italy, but then the husbands are so very suspicious! They decide upon Paris; but *Proteus* and *Glaucus* are not names to be announced at a ball; they must assume others. Proteus suggests *Paillasse* for his companion, but he rejects it unless the other consents to be called *Bedstead*. Proteus then selects *Brazier* (the utensil, not the artizan).

Proteus.—There is a significant name for you. In my eyes you are the very model of a copper-smith at this moment, and as *Brazier*, and lover of good cheer, you will have the advantage of being present at all choice repasts.

Glaucus.—True enough; but I will be only like the fiddle that works, and sets others dancing. I heat the viands, and others feast on them.

Proteus.—By my faith you are hard to please. I give it up.

Glaucus.—I won't. I have found it. (*He laughs.*) Oh, what an exquisite name! it will delight every one.

Proteus.—Right, right. I'll take it; it will fit me to a T.

Glaucus.—Fit you, will it? And what is the name, if you please?

Proteus.—I have not found it out yet. &c., &c.

The names finally selected are Harlequin and Mezzetin. Harlequin, dressed grotesquely, a sugar-loaf hat on his head, and an enormous sword by his side, and passing for a foreign merchant, is accosted in the middle of the street by two rival hotel-keepers; and he insists on a small room for himself, and a large one for his sword. After much mutual abuse of each other, one pays Harlequin the compliment of calling him a great lord.

Harlequin.—Not at all; I am only a dealer in stones (*Marchand pierreux*, stone merchant).

Inn-keeper.—I understand; *Marchand Tailleur de pierres*, (Merchant Tailor in stone, or Merchant stone-cutter).

Harlequin.—No, no! Dealer in precious stones—diamonds, pearls, rubies, topazes, emeralds, roasted apples.

Inn-keeper.—And what do you charge for them by the yard?

Harlequin.—You dunce, they are not sold that way. Look here (*opens the box*). Is there anything in the world finer than these?

Inn-keeper (*pointing to a large diamond*).—What is that, monsieur?

Harlequin.—That stone I extracted from the inside of the Great Mogul. This other is a petrified tear of the King of Morocco.

While they are intent on the contents of the box, he steals the purse of one and the watch of the other. He then shuts the box, and the rivals, intent on securing him, call out to their boys, who proceed, one side to invest him with a night gown and night cap, and the other to pull off his boots. The fiddlers belonging to the establishments strike up a lively tune, and harlequin, seizing one of his ravished boots, thrashes and routs the innkeepers and their followers. Seeing the doctor's house-door ajar, he walks in, leaving his valise in the street. The Bonifaces, finding themselves robbed, re-enter, and fall on the

valise, expecting to find the precious stones inside, but they only light on rags and paving-stones. They rush off, crying out, "thieves, police, police!"

Mezzetin, re-appearing, spies Harlequin at the first-floor window, and receives a signal from him to be on the alert. Harlequin now proceeds to burglary upon a large scale, and pitches out into the open arms of Mezzetin, a mattress, a feather-bed, quilts, and hangings, and a young child. He flings him a mouse-trap, bidding him set it in his bed-chamber, to catch a mouse who has been nibbling a piece of a ten-year-old Milan cheese concealed in the paillasse. The doctor enters, and Harlequin makes good his retreat.

Scaramouch, now comes on, bending under a basket of plate, which, on his laying it down to rest himself, is carried off by Harlequin. Scaramouch, finding himself robbed, roars out his grief; the doctor, discovering his house gutted, joins in chorus; and the two inn-keepers returning, swell the clamour. All cry for help to the powers and terrors of the law, and the flat opening, discovers Harlequin as Commissaire, clad in robe and fur bonnet, and occupying the magisterial seat.

Second Inn-keeper.—Monsieur the Commissaire, they have stolen from me a purse containing thirty crowns.

Harlequin.—Had you counted them?

Second Inn-keeper.—Yes, sir.

Harlequin.—You were wrong. Counted sheep all go to the wolf.

First Inn-keeper.—Sir, I complain with a plaintive complaint.

Harlequin.—I seldom hear a joyous one.

First Inn-keeper.—Sir, they have stolen my watch that cost twelve pistoles; the best watch in the world it was.

Harlequin.—If it was so good, why did it not mark the hour it was to leave you? Do you know the thief?

First Inn-keeper.—No, sir; only that he's a stranger.

Harlequin.—Ah, there's the misfortune. Be very cautious what you do. Perhaps it's the custom of his province. What if he's a low-country Norman?

Scaramouch.—Sir, they have taken from me a basket of plate, which I was carrying home.

Harlequin.—And from whom did you take it?

Scaramouch.—From no one at all. I had just bought it.

Doctor.—While I was on a visit, some

one entered my house, and cleared away the furniture.

Harlequin.—You will have the less trouble in your next flitting. Now, observe how I do justice to you all.

Harlequin's chair of justice becomes at once a wicked-looking monster, and casts fire and smoke from its jaws and nostrils. The complainants make a hasty retreat, and the scene closes.

We find in this and other pieces, Harlequin acting in the spirit of the clown of our own times; and eschewing the blundering stupidity bestowed on him in the infancy of the Italian drama. Audiences would tire of seeing an actor, however popular, always personating the same character, though with some variety of dialogue. So later writers for this simple drama were obliged to vary his business and his humours; and this phase of mimic life served as transition to the comedy of real life, so successfully introduced by Goldoni.

Gherardi's company even undertook to present an imitation of our "Timon of Athens," under the title of

HARLEQUIN MISANTHROPE.

The first scene presents a wood, to which our hero has retired. At the rising of the curtain, he salutes the wild animals in this style:

"Good day, comrades! I am your obedient valet. No animal with more brutality or less humanity than man. I see about me none of these captious spirits who never agree to any thing asserted by another. I live according to my humour, and the lions—the high justiciaries and chief magistrates, do not require me to waste my time on their stairs, or weary myself to death in their ante-chambers. I am not spattered by a parvenu who wonders to find himself inside a carriage which his father formerly drove. I have not to endure the impertinences of the *Petits-Maitres*, nor to go into raptures at the five or six anecdotes of an *Ass of Quality*, which he has pillaged from the *Expérience*, or the *Tomb of Melancholy*, and relates a score times in the day. Complaisance does not oblige me to enjoy the infantine ways of a superannuated beauty, who forgets that she has not a tooth on which Carmeline (a dentist) does not hold a mortgage. I am freed from all the annoyances of Paris, and find that it is only among these animals one can get rid of the ferocity contracted among men. I detest men; and—women still more. If one presented herself here I would treat her with

the contempt she merits. I would—(*perceives Columbine*)—Oimé!”

Columbine.—Ah, sir, how happy I am to find a human being where I thought there were none but beasts.

Harlequin.—Human being! How handsome she is! I begin to distrust myself. Let me be firm!

Columbine.—He turns his back. How unlucky I am!

Harlequin.—Alas! woman was made to deceive us.

Columbine.—Alas, sir! do you dread a poor, unhappy creature, who implores your succour?

Harlequin.—I dread you more than all the beasts of the wood.

Columbine.—Will you have the goodness to listen, and advise me?

Harlequin.—Go on; it's useless to forbid a woman's talking.

Columbine.—It is eight days since I left Paris in search of a villain, a perjured wretch, a traitor!

Harlequin.—And you have left Paris for that! Ah, if I wanted such an individual, it's direct to Paris I'd go. Well, pretty child, what's the cause of your grief?

Columbine.—It is just four years since my mother was left a widow; and as my father had left but little property, she was obliged to keep furnished lodgings. Many people of quality came to her, several of them foreigners.

Harlequin.—That is as much as to say—*dupes*.

Columbine.—My mother having no child but myself, took good care of my education, particularly in giving me the air of a person of condition.

Harlequin.—A well-conditioned education, I'm sure.

Columbine.—To say truth, I have always felt a furious inclination to be a great lady.

Harlequin.—Poor little thing!

Columbine.—When I was twelve my horoscope was taken, and my palm was found nicely marked with a crown. Among the strangers was a German Prince, worthy to be painted, and handsome as the loves. We learned singing from the same master, and we read romances out of the same book.

Harlequin.—Prognostic partly accomplished—voyage to the Isle of Love. How did you embark?

Columbine.—One day when we were in the garden he made me a declaration of love out of the third volume of the *Grand Cyrus*.

Harlequin.—Ah, clever youth!

Columbine.—Faith, as my ideas were to the full as fresh as his, I gave him change for his money out of the same book.

Harlequin.—Delightful presence of mind!

This prince was only a comedian; and it will please our tender-hearted reader to know that the truant, who

really loves the romantic lady, is recovered, and makes amends for the sorrows he has inflicted.

The misanthrope's next visitors are a country doctor, and his son and daughter—a family of genius, coming up to Paris to make their fortunes. After several attempts at ceremony by the learned head of the party, all nipped in the bud by this new Timon, the Doctor explains the family plan.

Doctor.—Sir, as nothing is now done in the country in the literary way, and as Paris is the only place where a person of merit can appear to advantage, I am about to establish myself and family there, but could not think of passing the abode of a philosopher of your distinction without paying my respects.

Harlequin.—Please abridge your compliments; but what are you, that you venture to Paris with such confidence?

Doctor.—Sir, I am a man of letters, whose name has made some noise among the savans.

Harlequin.—You then expect to secure a high position?

Doctor.—I have no fear on that head. I have two or three fine works ready for the press, and I shall scarcely be settled in the city, when the publishers, who are all men of intelligence, rich, and honourable, will wait on me with most liberal offers for the copyrights.

Harlequin.—Ah, the intelligent, rich, and honourable publishers! How well he is acquainted with them!

Doctor.—And the generous young nobles of the court will be delighted to have me at their parties.

Harlequin.—He is just as well acquainted with the generous young nobles.

Doctor.—And as my information is vast, and your young magistrates all benevolent and eager for knowledge, you will be delighted to see how eagerly they'll seek my acquaintance.

Harlequin.—Young magistrates benevolent and eager for knowledge! He knows the gentlemen of the long robe as well as those of the sword! My friend, when you arrive at Paris, you'll not find realities answer your expectation. A life of literature is bright in perspective only. And pray, is your son about to make his fortune also?

Leander.—I hope so, sir.

Harlequin.—In what way?

Leander.—Sir, I flatter myself as being tolerably good-looking. I can manage a steed, I dance passably, I have some knowledge of languages.

Harlequin.—And thus gifted, you intend—

Leander.—To attach myself to some great

lord, who will advance me in the army, and take care of my fortunes.

Harlequin.—A dream! no more, my friend. Be content to be *valet de chambre* or lackey to some old lady.

Leander.—Oh, sir, I could never stoop to such duty.

Harlequin.—Is this tall young lady your sister? She's not ugly.

Leander.—Sir, she dances charmingly, and has a fine voice.

Doctor.—I have given her the very best education I could. I intend to settle her as companion with some lady of quality, who, after some time, will provide a suitable match for her.

Harlequin.—Don't be too sure of that. It is not so easy to procure husbands for girls that come out of great houses.

Doctor.—Why so?

Harlequin.—Tattlers will talk scandal, and tell you that handsome girls who pay attention to Madame, sometimes receive attention from Monsieur. But, as she sings, get her engaged at the opera as a supernumerary—that is, if there is a vacancy. Take my advice: spare yourself the expense of a journey to Paris, and go home.

Scaramouch (beginning to cry).—Ah, sir, if people of such genius and education cannot get on at Paris, what am I to do?

Harlequin.—What do you mean?

Scaramouch.—What am I to do, I say, that am good for nothing—who can do nothing but bagatelle—who know nothing but bagatelle—and am nothing but a bagatelle?

Harlequin.—You do bagatelle, you know bagatelle, and you are a bagatelle? Ah, my dear sir, let me embrace you. Go to Paris: your fortune is made. If I had a genius for bagatelle, it's not here among the beasts I should be. Will you allow me to go halves in your fortune?

Scaramouch.—Willingly. So, you really think that, with a good deal of bagatelle, I may make a little fortune. Is it the case?

Harlequin.—Ay, as large a one as you please. Utter a bagatelle with a good grace, and you espouse an old lady who will make you a great lord. A strong wrist and firm grip of the hand has advanced a man to be a high justiciary. Another has attained dignity because he had a handsome wife.

The Italian comedians did not omit to pay their respects to the gentlemen of the long robe in their drolleries. Some of their bitterest jibes are found in

THE DESCENT OF MEZZETIN INTO HELL.

Pluto, seated on his burning throne, with Proserpine by his side, thus harangues his court:

Pluto.—It is surprising, my phlegmatic

friends, to see the multitudes tumbling daily into our realm. We are full to the neck, and must refuse further entrance or build additional quarters; and for this purpose, we must levy an impost on all wood and charcoal consumed. I've seen such a miserable time here, that even a catchpole could not be nabbed without despatching a devil express to pin him; and now our difficulty is how to keep them out. The court clerks must now wait a whole year at the gate, for they dare not take precedence of the lawyers, who enter in shoals.

Proserpine.—We must refuse admittance for the future to the gentlemen of the robe. Hell is dismal enough without them.

Pluto.—Unfortunately, I have scarcely more right here than they. It is well if they don't drive me out some day. I lately had a violent quarrel with a devil of quality, for keeping bad company among attorneys, while he was up in Paris.

Proserpine.—You did right. Such society would set everything here topsy-turvy.

Pluto.—Tell Charon to bring the day-book. (Two familiars bring it in on their backs.)

Charon (reads).—Arrived, 17th, two thousand seven hundred and thirteen physicians.

Pluto.—These gentlemen will do our business much better above. Let them be sent back. Let no doctor be admitted for the future without a certificate from the grave-diggers that he has killed ten thousand persons.

Charon.—Same day, fourteen hundred apothecaries.

Pluto.—Admit the apothecaries. We are hot here, and have need of draughts and enemias.

Charon.—Same day, fifty-seven thousand two hundred and seventeen farmers of taxes, sub-farmers, clerks, and bailiffs. As for the farmers, I could not convey them. They were so stout and fat that my boat would have gone to the bottom.

Pluto.—We cannot refuse them: their heritage is here.

Charon.—Moreover, fifteen thousand attorneys and their clerks.

Pluto.—For them we must make provision. They are the sandal-wood of our furnaces. I never burn any other kind in my study.

Charon.—Fourteen thousand dozen females, large and small.

Pluto.—The very thing I dreaded. Why did you bring them over?

Charon.—Item, two symphonic ramrods, in flesh and spirit—*soi-disant* musicians, come to reclaim their wives.

Pluto.—Are they mad? Produce them at once. Their sight will be a novelty. (Orpheus and Mezzetin are presented, and pay ridiculous obedience to King and Queen.)

Pluto (pointing out Eurydice).—Is this

your wife? She is certainly worth the journey.

Eurydice.—If it is wonderful to see a man going as far as hell for his wife, it is no less wonderful to see her eager to return with him.

Mezzetin.—Stop her mouth. She preaches a totally new heresy.

Eurydice.—I know that my taste is not that of the present time, and that a woman of fashion looks on her husband only as a robe of gentility and a screen of reputation; but I prefer my husband's love and my duty to being thought in the fashion. At your feet, I implore you by all you hold most dear, to restore me to my dear husband; and, to the end of my life, I will offer up my earnest vows for the mutual happiness of your Majesties.

Pluto (hearing a noise).—What uproar is that?

Charon.—The churchwardens claiming precedence over the barristers.

Pluto.—Was not that matter decided above?

Charon.—But, your Majesty, they have appealed to you.

Considerable difficulty arises about the recovery of Colombine, Mezzetin's wife. He insists that she shall repay him the expenses of her funeral, keep no more tall footmen, and lower her forehead ornaments a foot, at least. At last the decree is pronounced.

Pluto.—After hearing the arguments *pro* and *con*, I, Pluto, Prince of Darkness, Sovereign of Styx and Phlegethon, Governor of the Low Countries, President of the Sabbat, and born Director of Arts, Trades, and Professions, permit you, Orpheus and Mezzetin to take away, not only your own wives, but every other wife in my kingdom, Proserpine not excepted.

The light-hearted Italian comedians were not without their own grievances, even in Paris, and basking in the favour of the *Grand Monarque*. A specimen is produced. Mezzetin asks Harlequin if the "Bankrupt" just brought out is a good play, and he answers:—

Harlequin.—By my faith, I can't tell you. I was so eager to criticise the separate parts, and pass for an eminent critic, that I could not pay attention to the piece.

Mezzetin.—And why then did you attend the representation?

Harlequin.—Why! I went to enter without expense, to act the superior critic—

to eat and drink without payment, and receive the change.

Mezzetin.—Ah, let me know your secret!

Harlequin.—This is how I did it. I met in the morning one of the company to whom I had never before spoken a word. I accosted him with great politeness. "Sir, I have the honour of speaking with the most accomplished actor of the day. I would be obliged for three tickets to gratify two ladies who are most anxious to see you in character." "With great pleasure," said he, "here they are." I presented myself alone at the entrance of the parterre.* The crowd was great, so I took two persons one side, and said to them: "I have two tickets, intended for friends of mine, who have not been able to attend. They are for the amphitheatre—thirty sous each; you shall have both for thirty sous." They gave me my demand, and we entered the amphitheatre together. I took the centre of the front seat, and as soon as the curtain rose, I cried out, "Oh, what a wretched scene! what dauber has rubbed his brush over it? I have seen much better at the puppet shows. The shades are not light enough, and the lights are not dark enough." "You are right," said a person near me, "that green is not the same you'd see in meadows." "Oh, I see you are an artist." "No, indeed, I am only a dyer." The play began with an actor and actress. "Ah!" cried I, "what a bad comedian! He has no grace, and he declaims detestably. An old crier of silver lace would do it as well." "It seems to me," said my neighbour, "that the lady acts well and naturally." "Perhaps," said I; "but she is too small—she does not fill the stage." "But," said he, "if she's small of size that's not her own fault." "Neither is it mine," was my answer. "When I pay at the door it is to see actresses of a good size and shape." Well, the Italians were performing the first scene in French, and a citizen sitting near me said in a tone of serious surprise, "I am astonished how people say they can't understand these Italians. I have not lost a single word since the play began." After I had heaped a good deal of abuse on the scenes, the actors, the piece, and all, I took a big whistle out of my pocket, and began to blow it like the devil. A woman sitting behind, cried out, "Sir, I can hear nothing." "Very sorry, indeed, Mademoiselle," said I, "but I am blowing as loud as I can." The first act being over, the lemonade man began to go about, crying, "Gentlemen, buy my lemonade, my biscuits, my macaroons."† "You rascal," said I, "have you no better comedy to sell us?" "I do not deal in plays," said he, "I sell lemonade." "Well,

* A place corresponding to our pit, but unfurnished with seats, between the orchestra and the amphitheatre, which last represents the centre of our dress-circle.

† Confectionary, the ingredients being sugar and almonds.

let us see if your lemonade is any better than your play." I drank five or six glasses of the liquor, and ate as many biscuits and macaroons. Then said I to him, "Go and bring me a couple of cups of chocolate, your lemonade has given me a pain in the stomach, it is so cold." During his absence I pretended to recognise an acquaintance in the parterre, and cried out, "He, Chevalier! I have something particular to say to you." I leaped from the amphitheatre into the parterre, and mixed in the press; and this is how I entered the theatre for nothing; how I did the *bel esprit*; how I ate and drank for less than nothing, and got thirty sous for change.

Raileries and accusations directed, each against the other, by the two sexes, abounded in the old Italian comedy. In

THE CHAMPION OF THE FAIR SEX

Columbine and Harlequin reverse the natural order of things—she calumniates her sisters, and he undertakes to vindicate them after a fashion of his own.

Columbine.—Do you wish to know what a woman is? Represent to yourself a handsome little monster who charms the eyes, and shocks the reason; who pleases and disgusts; an angel without and a harpy within. Put together a linnet's head, a serpent's tongue, a basilisk's eyes, a cat's temper, a monkey's cunning, an owl's love of darkness, the sun's brightness, the moon's changes, and envelope all in a soft white skin;—add arms, and legs, and the rest, and you have the woman complete.

Harlequin.—Illustrious magistrate, men, now-a-days, seem so much afraid of Hymen and his torch that I am obliged to undertake the defence of my ancient enemies, for fear that marriage should be abolished, the world come to an end, and the Hotel de Bourgogne become a waste. I will prove to these unreflecting men that they themselves are the cause of all the faults they lay to woman's account. The wish to please you is the main-spring of all their little armoury. Why, if you please, does that old coquette take so much care of her worn-out skeleton? Why does she keep up the price of pearl powder and rouge? Why does she eat by compass and measure for fear of disturbing her false teeth? Why, but that she has her eye on that young jackanapes that plays at cards with her and wins her money?

See this young beauty, whose whole time nearly is taken up in dressing, and undressing, and changing her ornaments. Peep into her heart, and you'll soon discover whether your sex or hers has the greater part in these affectations, and bridlings, and

airs, and graces. Does a woman ever adorn herself for the sake of other women? It is you, O Messieurs, the disgusted, who have to answer for the extravagance of fashions, the magnificence of dresses, and the ruin of families. It is to attract your expiring attention that they have invented those *gourmandines*, those *agaçantes*, and those *barrières*.

For proof that all female adornings are solely for the eyes of man, put a woman where none shall see her but persons of her own sex, and you'll soon detect symptoms of an alarming negligence—a simple cap on her head, a modest and loose corset, stout shoes, and a housekeeper's apron. There is your country beauty, who in the city wears a petticoat stiff with gold, and a head-dress of three stories to make her look tall, and who can hardly squeeze her feet into her high-heeled shoes. And why this country simplicity? Simply because she despises the admiration of the cocks in the poultry yard, or the Indian fowl of the Tuilleries. If men had not eyes, there would be no extravagance in dress. Let them submit to be blinded, if they wish for economy among my clients.

They say that women occupy themselves with a thousand bagatelles, that they lose their time fondling their lap-dogs, teaching their parrots tomfooleries, and all sorts of tricks to their monkeys. Alas! let us examine them, and consider what their answers will be—just these, that, "animal for animal, a man is much less amusing than a dog; that even in the malice of an ape there is something good; and that there are more than a hundred husbands in Paris who are not a whit more brilliant in conversation than a parrot." Let us enter one of the domestic circles, and what do we find, but a morose master, who speaks only in monosyllables, and who knows the art of expressing disagreeable things with six letters. Is not that a good reason why she should seek agreeable conversation elsewhere. Then, he is always watching her movements, and present at her parties—never lets her out of his sight, in fact. Meanwhile, he takes his meals, and sleeps away from her, and keeps her in ignorance of the society he frequents.

Columbine.—Woe to the husband who should see too much or too little of my movements!

Though the pieces, from some of which we have given these extracts, were called comedies, they were, in fact, no better than slight and extravagant farces, distinguished frequently by sallies of keen wit, inimitable pantomimic acting, and fine singing. Strengthening the interest till it came to a climax, or contriving those groupings which charm and surprise the audience for the moment, never seem to have occupied the attention of play-

wrights or actors. Buffoonery, in better or worse taste, accompanied the best acting; and in the outlines of the action, there were always points marked with the word *Lazzi*, implying that there the actors might introduce and repeat pantomimic drolleries. The actor most distinguished among the Paris-Italians for his exquisite drollery, was the personifier of Scaramouche. In one scene, after putting his room to rights, he began to play the guitar, and Pasquariel, coming behind him, beat the measure on his shoulders. He was seized with intense fright, and for a long quarter of an hour, kept the audience suspended between terror and the highest merriment, by the inimitable play of his features. A prince said of him, "Scara-

muccia never opens his mouth, though he says a great deal." We have said that the old comedy, such as it was, might have figured on the stages of mountebanks; but it is probable that the fescennine entertainments, derived by the old Romans from the Tuscans, were never entirely forgotten, and that the comedy of the sixteenth century owed some of its buffoonery and satiric licence to that source. Part of what we have quoted savours, of course, of the spirit of the people among whom Gherardi's players exhibited, and cannot be looked on as the pure Italian commodity; but we had no choice between presenting that and quoting mere outlines of plots, meagre in themselves to the last degree.

THE PULPIT AND ITS CRITICS.

It was never more generally felt by the rulers of the Church, by clergy and laity, than at present, that there is a special call for new appliances to meet the wants of the age, to keep pace with the progress of opinion, to promote self-reform, and the removal of those evils and hindrances which are acknowledged to encumber our Church system and machinery. We were ourselves the first to call serious and friendly attention to certain vital points of reform, so long back as our Number for September, 1858, in an article on "The Education and Pastorate of the Irish Clergy." On that occasion we pointed out some defects in the education and training of candidates for the ministry in the University of Dublin, suggested improvements, of which some of the most important have since, we are happy to say, been adopted, called attention to the character, matter, and manner of preaching in the University itself, which is the model young men under training would naturally look to, as also outside the University, in those churches where clergymen of popular talent minister to large and influential congregations; and recommended extempore, or rather spoken, sermons, in accordance with the practice in the senate, at the bar, and wherever men most desire to influence their

fellow-men: and as the natural, the effective, and the acceptable way of reaching the intelligence and engaging the attention of the people, in opposition to the novelty, laziness, and inefficiency of the senseless system of reading cold essays, which the common people neither understand nor profit by.

Whether it be a symptom of good or evil, a sign of earnest interest in the subject, or of antagonism, there can be no doubt that the Church, her position and ministrations, efficiency or inefficiency, her obligations and manner of discharging them, form the common theme of the press, religious and secular, magazines and newspapers alike, to an extent unprecedented in living memory. We cannot doubt, that all this complaining, suggesting, and discussing, will prove remedial and beneficial, and not destructive, and that it is really an evidence of the attachment of the nation to the institution itself, and an expression of confidence in its value and permanence.

It is in this spirit, and with this confidence, we proceed to offer such further suggestions as appear to us of value, and to point out certain other hindrances to the Church's usefulness and progress.

Friends and foes of the Church

alike are agreed, that there is something defective in the general character of our pulpit preaching. Considerable improvement is needed, in fact, if we are to meet the wants and expectations of the times. The *Saturday Review*, after its manner, deprecates the length of the services, and would, save in exceptional cases, prefer to dispense with the sermon—attributes the defects, which it denounces, to the practice of some bishops in ordaining literates and used-up schoolmasters—complains of the sentiment which considers it a breach of good manners to move towards the door as the clergyman moves to the pulpit—thinks it ought to become the recognised practice, that a portion of the congregation should leave, if so inclined, after the prayers—and even sighs for the first step towards the freedom as to hearing sermons which is generally practised in the Roman Catholic Church. This latter remedy, however, does not at present work so well among Roman Catholics. We remember last winter, when several murders had just occurred in Limerick and Tipperary, conversing with an intelligent Roman Catholic serjeant of police in the latter county, and on expressing our surprise that the priests did not in their sermons labour to turn the sympathy unhappily felt so generally for the criminal in favour of the law and the victims of these murderers, "What can they do?" was his reply. "In that chapel [pointing to the building], on Sunday, when the sermon commences, the bulk of the people walk out and lie down upon the grass, put on their hats, and sit on the walls, to talk and smoke their pipes, or walk away." Thus, it would appear, that the remedy of the *Saturday Review* is itself a serious source of evil, and is felt to be such by those who know most of its practical working.

The *North British Review*, too, though in a more healthy tone, gives expression to the general desire for a solution of the questions: "Whether the pulpit is falling behind the age?" "Whether those who used to be the pioneers are now to run in the rear of society?" "What has occasioned this cry?" "Whether it be the absence in the Church of the keen competition of civil life, by which, in other

professions, the weak are thrown down, and only the brave win the prizes?" "Whether it is the family living—the next presentation, rather than gifts or grace, as the source of success?"—"the crowd of cripples within the richest preserves of the Church," or "the essay read from the pulpit, without an attempt at awakening thought or stirring hearts?"

It would not be difficult to multiply these complaints, conjectures, and questions indefinitely. There must be something in them, and there is no doubt a good deal more than we can explain; but we offer our own contribution to the elucidation of the subject.

There is no supervision of the clergy in the matter of preaching to their people on Sundays. The public opinion of congregations, on whom they in nowise depend, is not sufficient. The people have no choice but to attend their parish churches; and however wearied of an inefficient ministry, decency and regard for the interests of their families will bring them there, even if they be without higher motives. To most people, it seems an unwarrantable interference (and it is sure to give offence) to complain or suggest, especially as it is, unhappily for themselves, true, that few of our Protestant people contribute anything towards the ministry or the Church, whose benefits and privileges they enjoy so gratuitously, that they are apt to undervalue them. The congregations come into a church on Sundays which has been built for them, but not at their expense; the minister is not paid by them; neither is the parish clerk, to whom they listen responding for them, and perhaps singing for them; the sexton is not paid; nor the brushes bought which are used to clean and dust the pews for the silks and muslins of their wives and daughters; the fire is supplied gratuitously, and they do not pay for the wine or light used in the divine ordinances and service. Probably, the minister supplies also the hymn books. How can they be expected to chide, even ever so gently, the minister's sermon, which costs them nothing, and which has helped, if it be usually cold, and dead, and uninteresting, to drag them into a drowsiness and indifference, which are, we fear, too general.

It ought to be the business of some one to superintend the ministrations which the nation endows. True enough, the nation does amply remunerate the episcopacy, though miserably the majority of the clergy; but it must not be concealed, that the bishops do not so much as aim at ascertaining in what way the clergy preach to the scattered congregations. There are few of the country parishes in Ireland in which the bishops ever set their foot (we speak advisedly). They send the rural dean—and our experience of rural deans happens to be, that they are the most inefficient and worthless of the clergy in their several localities themselves. Sometimes this official, instead of bringing his paper, with a series of questions to be answered, sends it through the post to be filled up by the incumbent. But if he comes, and sits down to fill it for five minutes in the rector's study, he asks, out of his printed paper:—"What is the gross income of your parish?" "What the net?" "Have you a school?" "Have you an evening service?" "Have you been resident?" "Is your house insured?" "What is your average congregation?" "Is your house in good repair?" "Your offices?" "Your church?" "Have you lodged a terrier of your gleebe in the registry office?" "How much is your tax to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners?" &c., &c.—these same questions, and none other, having been answered, year by year, in the same way as before. Then follows the visitation, *not of the bishop to the clergy*, the people, or the parishes, but of the clergy to the bishop, at some time and place, fixed without consulting their pockets or convenience, but his own; and after they have travelled far to see him, and paid his registrar pretty smartly for calling out their names, the majority of them are dismissed without one word, after bowing to his lordship, for the next twelve months. None of them is asked a single question bearing upon the real character, earnestness, assiduity, or spirituality of his work; much less is any effort made to ascertain it by personal inspection.

We believe it will be found, and, in fact, we are in a position to establish the proof—indeed, some of the best known ministers and of longest

standing in the Church of Ireland—have already testified publicly that, during the whole period of their ministry, they never saw a bishop in their parishes, and never had one question put to them at visitations bearing upon the spirituality of their office or their work. Surely, it is no wonder the public should have well-grounded complaints to make of a ministry without responsibility or supervision; and, in fact, it is to the immortal honour of the Church of Ireland that, notwithstanding all this, and much more, which we forbear to mention, she possesses a body of clergy who can, we verily believe, stand comparison with the ministers of any church of any time or place, for everything that constitutes energy, zeal, and efficiency.

One recently appointed, excellent bishop has really set about visiting the parishes of his diocese, to preach himself. The design is excellent, and, no doubt, great good will result; but we want, even more than this, that the bishop should drop in at the time of divine service, sit in the church, as Archbishop Magee used to do, worship with the people, listen to the sermon, and find out for himself, instead of employing others to report of their neighbours.

We want, besides, training in the exercise of teaching others what young men have learned in the University. The want of such training, in truth, is felt so much, that numbers of voluntary societies for composing, and debating, and declaiming, are being established by young men themselves, in and out of the University; and many thus obtain qualifications for teaching of which they would be otherwise utterly destitute. But this is a miserably inadequate preparation for their work. An Established Church, surely, should not trust to a chance training of her candidates for the ministry. The consequence of doing so is, that rectors requiring curates make unavoidable mistakes, when obliged to present men altogether untried for ordination, and untried till after ordination, as well as before. When some of these young men stand up in the pulpit, it becomes painfully evident that the God of nature never intended they should be teachers, having conferred no single gift or qualification on them

for instructing others. The misery of this is that whatever amount of conscientious effort such men bring to their pulpit duties ever after, they only continue preachers because those they are sent to teach have no voice in the matter.

We have before our mind one excellent man of this description, of whom a Protestant peasant, who once heard him preach, said, with great simplicity, "He is like a man that had chaff in his throat." Another such excellent and pious person we know, who disarms criticism by constantly asking the same question, "Do you not think it a good thing for one to know his own deficiencies?" to which a lady of our acquaintance, tired enough of the truism, at last replied, "Yes, indeed; but would it not be a miserable thing if one knew nothing else." Now, no distinction is more real than that between gift and grace. Without the latter, of course, the former would be of no value in a minister; but, certainly, the gifts, in some moderate degree, are indispensable in a public teacher; and the man who is so ignorant of himself, and so undiscerning, as to stand up without shame to teach others without the least qualification, should not be inflicted—albeit with parchments in his hands—upon a people, without one single effort having been made to find out whether he possesses the gift of teaching.

We consider it an additional disadvantage of the written sermon, that so long as it is permitted in the Church, it will open the door for incompetent ministers, and render nugatory the efforts which may be adopted to ascertain fitness. We heard an observation lately made by a highly-intellectual gentleman, a long time a parishioner of one of the class of ministers above mentioned. He said—"I have been for thirteen years listening to Mr. —. He preached, of course, from a great many texts, yet I heard from him but one sermon all the time." This was, no doubt, a strong way of expressing his sense of the sameness, the barrenness, the inefficiency, and, we fear we must say, the worthlessness of the preaching to which he had to listen. Such ministers, in general, lack common sense and tact; they know not that they

are destitute of all sympathy from the congregation. The man whose eyes are upon his paper cannot see the people's countenances to ascertain their feelings, and preaches all the doctrines from one text, with a deplorable complacency, like the old Scotch minister, who said—"I preach the hail body of divinity every Sabbath." Nor can they tell when to stop. It may be truly said of many of them, as a fox-hunting gentleman said once of a Connaught clergyman, who kept him above an hour at a lecture at family prayer before breakfast, when he wanted to get off and meet the hounds—"Well, I dare say, he is a very good man, and has a clear idea enough of eternity, but he has no notion at all of time."

Some good men, again, who would probably imagine that to think on their subject would be to repudiate inspiration, and that to read and store the mind with such good thoughts as they could not themselves originate, would be as bad as theft, when they are at a loss for ideas, make up for the want by continuous exhortation and very emphatic exclamations. They are empty of thought, but full of truisms. We happen to know one clergyman, who used the phrase—"My dear brethren" 235 times (as reported by one of his own parishioners), in one sermon, though we imagine that a clergyman who has anything else to say may not use it a second time. One frequently hears a clergyman (of a certain class), say, as if it was a matter not to be ashamed of—"I preached that sermon without any preparation whatever;" and it is to be feared they often confound a distaste for study and mere indolence of disposition with that holy trust which waits on God for given words. It appears to us that a preacher, who, in order to warn his congregation against the wiles of Satan, mentions the devil's name 109 times in one sermon, does not by this familiarity make his people the more afraid of the adversary. Nor, on the other hand, does the man who assumes a high tone of spirituality, by a copious use of devotional phrases, without thought, sentiment, exposition, or argument, inspire devotional feeling. Generally speaking, preachers who indulge in this rapid style of preaching, make the text a motto merely, instead of the subject

of discourse—a kind of *terminus a quo*—a point from which to dash off, and never return. A friend of ours lately amused himself and others at the expense of a young clergyman, who selected for his text—"Let it alone this year also," and seemed well enough satisfied with himself and his performance. "John," said his friend, "I never knew a man stick so close to his text as you did this evening." "I am glad you think so," was the gratified reply. "Well, I do think so," said the friend, "for your text was—'Let it alone;' and having read it, you did let it alone to the end of the sermon."

There are other kinds of extremes equally injurious to the influence of pulpit ministrations. For instance, an excessive and slavish following, not only of the matter, but the *manner*, of the old divines of the sixteenth century, of the pedantic erudition which smothered their genius and natural powers, of their perplexing divisions and subdivisions, which are not in the least in harmony with modern habits of thought, and are as far from the examples we have of apostolic preaching, as they are foreign to the method a minister of the Crown, for example, would take to expound his measures to Parliament, a judge to simplify a case to a jury, or any person in society to expound or enforce his views upon any question to any audience. We really wonder that simple and homely men, who talk after the manner of mankind in general for the rest of the week, do not feel how grotesque it is to adopt a style so ill-befitting them, so absurd and unnatural, for the half hour in the pulpit on Sundays. A Presbyterian friend amused us highly, by describing a sermon he once heard in one of the churches of that body. The preacher, a stranger, having occupied a full hour already, and having arrived at the stage of "*fifthly and lastly*," the wearied congregation, supposing he was about to close, manifested evident tokens of satisfaction, but after disposing of his "*fifthly and lastly*," to their utter dismay, he continued:—"And now, having answered the various objections that may be made preliminary, I pass to the body of the subject, which I propose to deal with in three leading particulars." However, in going into the body of the

subject, he emptied the body of the edifice, and was brought abruptly to a conclusion. We remember once hearing a sermon in the county of Waterford, on the harvest, from the text—"Thrust in the sickle," and we can never forget the threefold division—"We must all become ripe—how do we become ripe—and what shall be done to us when we are ripe." But the excellent old man who preached, was himself of a ripe age, and to say the truth, his sermon on the harvest was admirable.

Not only is the following of the quaint divisions and subdivisions of old theologians objectionable and injurious, but the adoption of their phraseology, of their technicalities, of their tedious amplification of metaphors, is wholly unsuitable, and to many most offensive. At this point in our observations we cannot refrain from referring to the Rev. John Foster's thoughtful, and still too little known Essay "On the Aversion of Men of taste to Evangelical Religion."

Among the causes of that *aversion* he notices the peculiarity of language adopted in religious discourse—the use of theological terms, barbarous to the uninitiated—although our language is competent to express all religious ideas without the aid of an uncouth phraseology. Technical terms there must ever be—"atone-ment, justification, mediation," and others—but the number that cannot be reverently and judiciously dispensed with are few. The Bible must be freely quoted, but need not be turgidly paraphrased in a discourse, or passages aimlessly repeated, merely to turn a sentence, or from mere habit. A compound phraseology of scripture and ordinary speech is also to be avoided. With respect also to the mischievous effects on religious teachers, and on minds of a highly intellectual order, of the great mass of bad *writing* that is generally in the hands of the public on subjects of an Evangelical kind, Foster says:—"A grand cause of displacency encountered by Evangelical religion among men of taste is, that the great school in which that taste is formed, that of polite literature, taken in the widest sense of the phrase, is hostile to that religion." The estimate of the depraved moral condition of

human nature is quite different in revelation and polite literature—consequently the redemption by Jesus Christ, which appears of such momentous importance in the one, is, in comparison, a trifle in the other. "Some of the higher order of our popular writers have aided the counteraction of literature to Evangelical religion by careless or malignant ridicule of things associated with it." But divines have not recommended their message by the elevation of style it might be expected to inspire: "I suppose it will be instantly allowed that the mode of expression of the greater number of Evangelical divines, and of those taught by them, is widely different from the standard of general language, not only by the necessary adoption of some peculiar terms, but by a continued and systematic cast of phraseology; insomuch that on reading or hearing five or six sentences of an Evangelical discourse, you ascertain the school by the mere turn of expression, independently of any attention to the quality of the ideas. If, in order to try what those ideas would appear in an altered form of words, you attempted to reduce a paragraph to the language employed by intellectual men in speaking or writing well on general subjects, you would find it must be absolutely a translation. You know how easily a vast mass of exemplification might be quoted; and the specimens would give the idea of an attempt to create, out of the general mass of the language, a dialect which should be intrinsically spiritual, and so exclusively appropriated to Christian doctrine as to be totally unserviceable for any other subject, and to become ludicrous when applied to it. And this being extracted, like the Sabbath, from the common course of time, the general range of diction is abandoned, with all its powers, diversities, and elegance, to secular subjects, and the use of the profane. It is a kind of popery of language, vilifying everything not marked with the sign of the holy church, and forbidding any one to minister religion except in consecrated speech."

"Does religion," the Essayist asks again, "affect to show and guard its importance by relinquishing the simple language of intelligence, and assuming a sinister dialect of its own?"

Some preachers would seem to have such an idea; but we agree with Foster that it would be an improvement if Christian truth were conveyed in that neutral vehicle of expression which is adapted indifferently to common serious subjects. The diction objected to "gives the Gospel too much the air of a professional thing, which must have its peculiar cast of phrases for the mutual recognition of its proficient, in the same manner as other professions, arts, crafts, and mysteries have theirs." "This is giving an uncouthness of mien to a beauty which should attract all hearts."

But the writer anticipates an objection that may be made. "It must be acknowledged that in some instances innovations of doctrine have been introduced partly by declining the use of the words that designated the doctrines which it was wished to render obsolete; but they have been still more frequently and successfully introduced under the advantage of retaining the terms while the principles were gradually subverted, and therefore I shall be pardoned for repeating this once more, that since the peculiar words can be kept in one invariable significance only by keeping that signification clearly in sight in another way than the bare use of those words themselves, it would be wise in Christian authors and speakers sometimes to express the ideas in common words, either in expletive and explanatory connexion with the peculiar terms, or, occasionally, instead of them." He says, once more, admirably,—"*If evangelical sentiments could be faithfully presented in an order of words of which so small a part should be of specific cast (as the necessary terms salvation, repentance, justification, sanctification, &c.), they could be presented in what should be substantially the diction of Addison or Pope. And if even Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Hume, could have become Christians by some mighty and sudden efficacy of conviction, and had determined to write thenceforth in the spirit of the Apostles, they would have found, if these observations be correct, no radical change necessary in the consistence of their language.*"

By the use of a more general

phraseology, hypocrisy would find it difficult to support its imposture. Hypocrisy, want of talent, neglect of study and preparation for a discourse, and absence of heart in the work, all find a cover from observation and discovery in the parrot use of stereotyped phrases. Men of taste are kept from sympathy with evangelical religion by pride of intellect, by a superficiality in their knowledge of the principles of Revelation, but mostly, perhaps, by finding that the preachers and teachers of the Gospel do not seem to occupy an intellectual level as high as their own—a conclusion partly produced by this very use of a “barbarous phraseology” in the pulpit, but principally by the infrequency among religious teachers of a comprehensive conception of the doctrines they are inculcating, as these affect the case of men of large intellectual powers, but of deficient veneration, and an imperfect sense of the Divine holiness and man’s responsibility.

In addition to the deformities so happily described above in language which is the more remarkable as coming from one who was himself a dissenting minister, we may notice the unsuitableness of the frequent introduction of old questions no longer important or interesting, old heresies nowhere now existing, and arguments in refutation of them suggesting for the first time the doubts they deal with. Critical sermons displaying scientific lore, the preacher’s learning, the brilliancy of his imagination—turning the discourse into what Cicero calls *evacuatio*—“a thing made up to be looked upon,” while the illiterate part of the congregation are totally forgotten, cannot be too plainly condemned. Objections are often answered which were never heard of by the simple souls to whom the refutations are addressed. Some of them are but half answered, so as to deposit a sediment of unbelief, where none before existed, and so as to offend thoughtful people. Complaints are urged against the English version of the Scriptures recklessly, by many who could scarcely translate the original, so as to shake the trustful confidence of those who understand no other language but their mother tongue; and *ad captandum* statements are rashly flung about, no-

where more unsuitable than where a whole congregation sit in silent attention to listen to the message of truth from the lips of the minister. Anecdotes are introduced on things in general offensive to good taste, and beneath the dignity of the place and the purpose. Flattering addresses to the Aquillas and Priscillas present, are mingled with a “discharging of the clergyman’s conscience” upon others, and the whole is wound up by an enumeration of the different sorts of sinners in the congregation, and a stereotyped peroration of denunciation, exhortation, and consolation, to the hardened, the impenitent, the halting, the backslider, the convinced, and the believing.

Frequently enough, too, preaching is heard which perhaps should not be blamed, inasmuch as it pleases, and no doubt profits many, yet appears anything but edifying to the discerning few—who are at the same time without any of that cynical spirit which is so apt to condemn only because others approve. We remember listening to passages which immense congregations appeared to consider the highest eloquence, that appeared wind and confusion on a careful consideration of their import, or rather want of import; such, for example, as the following, which we have heard almost in a buzz of approval:—

“Through the celestial paradise of God, runs the river of eternal life, and lo, that river rises higher and higher, until at last it bursts its banks, and rushes down in one cascade of mercy over the mighty precipice of eternity.”

We heard the same preacher, on another occasion, discourse of “the beautiful music from heavenly voices, such as never fell upon mortal ears,” and stopping suddenly short, ask in altered tone, the question, “Wouldn’t you like that?” When an old lady sitting near us, and evidently a lover of melody, having first looked round, in high excitement, to see if all others were as deeply moved as herself, unable any longer to suppress her emotions, exclaimed aloud—“Oh, glory be to God.”

Although it be quite true, and the observation is as old as Cicero, that “prudence in the hearers is the mea-

sure of the eloquence of the orator," that the bombast of American oratory, for instance, would scarcely suit an intelligent audience, and that if we could by any process elevate the taste and judgment of the mass of our people, it would soon and effectually correct extravagance in the teachers—though it thus appears that some of the fault lies elsewhere, this is no reason why the pulpit should not have, for one of its aims, the elevation of the public taste, which is in truth one of the valuable purposes it does serve. It should not certainly be the preacher's aim to be an orator but a herald. Neither is it his business to reform the grosser vices, to form the manners of his audience, or render them useful members of society, but to be an instrument in saving their souls; nevertheless all these will be the effects of his work if properly done, and they are effects honourable to the ministry, and acceptable to all wise and good men.

Some men, from want of manner and method in addressing their congregation, do all that utterance and awkwardness can do to hinder the effect of matter the most excellent, which is a great fault, since it requires such a strain and attention to follow and profit by them, as simple and illiterate people cannot give, and careless people will not. Others are in the worse extreme of studying every attitude and every intonation for theatrical effect. It is even worse when men of minor stamp are copyists of the infirmities of those whose strength they cannot imitate. They take the manner but not the matter, and well deserve the contempt which this mimicry brings upon them—"Oh, imitatores servum pecus!" The dogmatism, the overwrought imaginativeness, and the extravagance which in great men pass off, and are easily pardoned, when copied by their small imitators bring upon them the imputation of absurdity, or sometimes of heresy itself. We remember some years ago that a sermon preached and published by an honoured clergyman not long departed in a good old age—a man of distinguished ability, of brilliant, perhaps exuberant imagination—was copied and preached again by a less distinguished neighbour. The ser-

mon, as coming from the latter, was supposed to contain, and was formally accused to the Bishop of containing, rank heresy; and when the matter was investigated, and a perusal of the discourse demanded by the diocesan, the confession had to be made—"non hic meus sermo," and so the matter passed off, it is to be hoped conveying the lesson that it were wiser in future to copy sermons of men less remarkable for qualities so unlike the appropriator's own.

Without entering upon a consideration of the matter of sermons, which would not be suitable to the pages of a Magazine, we may be permitted to disapprove of discourses in which the preacher seems chained to some one system of doctrine, so that he seems afraid of every utterance, and must guard every phrase to see that it fits the narrow scheme to which he binds himself. This might become a Scotch Covenanter, who must first "come over the fundamentals" before he can have God-speed bid to him, but it is scarcely in place from pulpits so Christian and catholic as those of the Established Church of this country. There is another form of mistake akin to this, and arising from the same narrow spirit. It is the practice so general of preaching a considerable part of the sermon in language suited to, and intelligible only to the initiated. It were more consistent with common sense to adopt the ancient and Romish method of dismissing the rest of the congregation first, with the usual formula—"Ite missa est." Another fault amounts often to irreverence. It is the practice of cramming the sermon with texts. We happen to know a preacher of some ability who is so addicted to this practice, that, on a recent occasion, one of his parishioners counted fifty-six texts quoted in one sermon. What is worse, there is with him always a rush in hot haste in the repetition of these texts as if they were of light importance compared with his own matter, and so rapid is the utterance of them, that you could fancy him a barrel-organ out of which sounds in imitation of the human voice were ground by the organ-blower behind the scenes. There are men who make their sermons from Simeon's Skeletons, and they are skeletons still; and we imagine that an excess of concordance in

the composition of a sermon, instead of throwing light upon the subject, throws it into confusion; the man who expends all his diligence in collecting similar testimonies, may as well waste it in collecting similar sounds, and a mob of ideas in a sermon, however true each one separately, and valuable in its place, can scarcely be useful. When such a sermon is ended, it would be a pertinent question, and often perplexing—"What was it about?" and if it was to be published, "what title, or *how many titles* would it require?" If the preacher have a text (and poor preachers always select the most difficult), let him expound it; if a doctrine, let him establish and improve it; let there be the what, the why, and the what then; and let him, if he is wise, not load the memory of his hearers with words but with thoughts. Men should aim strenuously at good sense. That is the quality which everyone will appreciate; and with sound doctrine as the basis of all, they will not fail of that testimony to the excellence of their labour of which the effect produced is the best criterion.

It is often very painful and injurious to the use of the Holy Scriptures to simple people, when by the exercise of an exuberant fancy, some men turn plain historical facts into riddles, as if the Bible were a book of conundrums, and the business of the ministry their solution. Weak-minded persons may applaud, and it is their demand which creates the supply; but the serious and sensible will consider the preacher whipping the Word into froth, and his work to be vanity; and the irreligious, who are more numerous than preachers suppose, go away imagining that there is no reality in a Christianity arrayed thus in a fancy dress. In destroying the simplicity, the preacher destroys also the efficacy

of his subject. It should satisfy good and wise men to the uttermost, however richly endowed and gifted, to exercise themselves in the endless variety there is in the sacred writings themselves. Scope enough exists in the various truths which require to be illustrated and established, and in the great doctrines, consequences, and duties, in which all alike are concerned.

Finally, we will profess, once again, that, however plainly we deal with these blemishes, which hinder the influence we desire to see more and more extended, believing it beneficial, we bear nothing but the most hearty good will to the institution on which we have so freely expressed our opinion. We believe it is well that the press should keep its friendly eye upon the pulpit, and that its criticism, if it deals not with matters beyond its sphere, should be accepted as good and salutary. We presume not to suggest anything on matters of doctrine, discipline, or spirituality, in these pages, while we entreat, not all, but that part of the clergy who still need our suggestions, that they speak to us, not as a caste, but as men to men, that we and all of us may understand when they speak—that they exhibit the effects of the erudition for which so many are eminent, avoiding its display—that there be more naturalness and more exposition in their teaching—that there be not a jostling crowd of thoughts, but some one, two, or three leading principles propounded and enforced—that preparation be displayed, not in pedantry, but in simplicity, and continuity, and in dealing home and directly with time, place, and people: that, in fine, they come before the silent and expectant multitude with a story to tell, and so tell it that it may be carried away, remembered, and exert a practical effect.

SENSATION !

A SATIRE.

AH ! once the stream of English life would flow
 So humdrum, solemn, decent, and so slow !
 Such were the days of all our moral sires,
 The ancient race of heavy, honest squires.
 Top boots, nankeens, the uniform they wore ;
 They slept the sermon through, and sometimes swore.
 Their manners simple, and their speech so coarse
 (To them how strange *Rules nisi* and Divorce) !
 Now for this ancient type we look in vain,
 The sound old ale is turned to thin champagne.
 See how bursts forth the smoke—the flame—the crash !
 SENSATION comes ! the spasm and the flash !
 Who can endure the mild decorous flow
 Of old romance, so moral, and so slow,
 Where model youth his model maiden weds,
 And the *Père Noble* blesses both their heads !
 Poor virtue, trailed through many a sickly leaf—
 The first a dose—the last a sweet relief.
 Serve us not Gaskell, M'Intosh, or Ferrier,
 Such as may make us wise, but scarcely merrier.
 Insipid Burney—Edgeworth's placid tales—
 So stored with dowdy prudes and moral males ;
 Such charming men, who blend both love and prayer,
 Who sigh and die like Redclyffe's languid Heir.
 This diet *fade* can't suit the general wish ;
 Sensation finds Cayenne to spice the dish,
 Sprinkles some lunacy, fierce oaths, mistrust,
 And peppers high, with murder or with lust,
 A stately woman, with a cold clear air,
 In staring mauve, and waves of yellow hair ;
 Sweet fallen bigamists, in lonely rooms,
 Who murder poachers, and who marry grooms—
 Lest idle tongues the frightful secret tell,
 They hide their husbands in convenient well ;
 Are tracked by lawyers, who so skilful grow,
 They "lead their circuits" in a year or so !
 Lay on the flaming tints so thick and broadly,
 Paint in, with clumsy brush, a Lady Audley.
 Soon will the book through ten editions fly,
 Great Mudie smiles, and eager thousands buy.
 Melting such fierce ingredients in the pot—
 How feeble "Makepeace," Bulwer, Dickens, Scott !

The Satirist
 mourns over
 the good old Tory
 times.

He contrasts
 the slow-paced
 old Romanesque
 with the Novels
 of his own day.

With Miss
 Yonge's labours.

With Lady
 Audley.

The Satirist is
 scathing on the
 Plot of "Lady
 Audley's Secret."

He revells of
 Dumas the Elder.

Of William
 Harrison
 Ainsworth.

If we must mix these horrors, or must feast
 On nightmare dishes, mixed with goblin yeast,
 Turn we to Dumas, that romancer brave,
He has the art to blend the rope—the glaive.
 Magician skilful, who with happy knack,
 Compounds the shriek, the ambush, and the sack ;
 The hot pursuit, the fall from beetling rock,
Duel à mort, the torture, and the block.
 E'en welcome Ainsworth, with his poisoned bowls,
 His well-daubed horrors, and his plagues and Ghouls,
 Whose glistly spectres from the Church-yard stalk,
 Whose gallant thieves ride all the way to York ;

O'erdrawn and rude, too hot and strong and coarse,
 Yet worked with skilful hand and nervous force.
 Ah, clumsy workmen ! and most awkward Fry !
 Not ev'n with skill your stupid craft you ply !
 These stale ingredients, known to all the street,
 Were mixed before in many a penny sheet ;
 "Heralds" and "Journals," "Guides," that are no guide,
 This stale device *ad nauseam* have tried ;
 And the grim tale of Ada, the Betrayed,
 Has scared the heart of many a servant maid.

Down at that gaping Arch, along the Strand,
 See how the huddled crowds all sweltering stand !
 Flanked by a stalwart wife, the burly cit
 Pants through the press, and struggles for the pit.
 What female shrieks, what cries, and rended clothes,
 What British hustling, and what British oaths !
 A chilling notice scatters general gloom,
 The strugglers read there's only "Standing Room."
 Adelphi revels in a glorious run—
 They tremble lest the piece have just begun :
 O'erflowing boxes, pit, and galleries—
 Heads upon heads in human Alps arise !
 Ah, yea ! some garland fresh the lieges twine,
 New homage for their "Williams, the Divine."
 Our Avon Swan—the poet of all time !
 Dear to each British heart his tuneful chime :
 They battle fiercely with the Frenchman lean
 Who dares to whisper Corneille or Racine.
 The Nation's darling and its choice delight—
 Do they not rush to see him every night ?
 Alas ! he draws nor crowds, nor copious pelf,
 Immortal Williams pines upon his shelf !
 His solemn strains evoke the weary yawn,
 All London rushes to the Colleen Bawn.
 No marvel that a tale so true and old,
 Which gentle Griffin once so sweetly told,
 Should charm the crowd when dressed with scenic arts,
 And touch a chord in even Cockney hearts.
 Still though they hearken as the red cloaked Eily
 Bemoans her fate and pretty woes so shyly,
 And though they grin while Miles the Irish rogue
 Scatters his bulls, his blunders, and his brogue :
 Still, 'tis not wit or nature draws the town,
 They wait to see the luckless maiden drown !
 Ah, longed for moment ! mark, the Water Cave !
 See on the brink NaCoppaleen the brave.
 How poorly seem the feats our sire's have done—
 Once—thirty nights was talked of as a run ;
 But now three hundred nights they rush to see
 A lonely quarry and a bending tree !
 The bridge cut down—the heroine distraught,
 The villain near—escape is vainly sought !
 For heavenly help she prays—past human aid—
 Ah, die she must ! avert, avert, the spade !
 When, see ! the hero—light the darkness tinges—
 Descends the tree which bends by real hinges.

Now to the "Princess" and its gaudy scene !
 Hush ! hearken to the nasal chaunt of Kean :
 Glide o'er the stage, twin brothers in their shirts,
 With gory dabs—stage token of their hurts.

He describeth a
 theatrical "run"
 with a bitterness
 that is suspicious.

He breaks into a
 sarcastic rapture
 over the "Bard of
 Avon."

He girdeth at the
 "Colleen Bawn."

Also at the "Peep-
 o'-Day."

The Satirist deals
 sourly with the
 "Cornish
 Brothers."

But soon we weary of the shirted spectre,
 So welcome the Shakspearean Frenchman, Fechter ;
 We yawn for years at Hamlet, crazy fellow ;
 Ah, happy thought ! just dye his wig bright yellow !
 Fetch that new reading from the Frenchman's larder,
 Bid him say "dis" and "dat" and "my poor Fader."
 Then shall a hundred nights reward his pain,
 The boxes fill, and Shakspeare rules again !

Is severe upon the
 Hamlet of M.
 Fechter.

Now when the week is gone, with all its toya,
 Still has the Sabbath left some comic joys,
 When the frail saints and sinners of the age
 Devoutly hurry to their Sunday stage ;
 And, trembling lest the comic show they lose,
 Crowd to the holy stalls and cram the pews.
 The greasy man of God bewails their sins,
 Fits on his pious collar and then grins !
 Fills all the sacred place with laughter loud,
 Lays down his rug, and tumbles for the crowd.
 Ah, sad degrading show ! a white-tied clown—
 Joe Miller Priest—Paul Bedford in a gown ;
 Profanest jester that the world e'er saw—
 Engage him, Buckstone—he will surely draw.

He playeth Histo-
 rianastix with
 Spurgeon and his
 Tabernacle.

Now does the London world—the Cockney host,
 Run to the show to gape at Pepper's Ghost !
 What stupid wonder as the spectres pass—
 A feeble trick—an image on a glass !
 Such Christmas toys have boyish hearts beguiled,
 A Magic Lantern *must* delight the child !
 Nor must the Muse forget what sports allure—
 Their low and witless slang—their "Perfect Cure."
 Two dancing clowns, now panting o'er and o'er,
 And as they pant, the Britons louder roar !
 Yet is there found a feast, more piquant still,
 Ten thousand Cockneys rush to Gipsy Hill—
 Ten thousand join in one excited stare,
 Ten thousand mouths are gaping at the air.
 Filled with delicious fear and fluttering hope,
 They watch a Frenchman capering on a rope !
 A hungry gaze pursues his timid track,
 He fries an egg, or stumbles in a sack !
 Some jaded soul, all *blasé* with the town,
 Quite longs to see the Juggler spinning down—
 Dashed to the earth, in spite of boasted craft,
 Sensation ne'er supplied so spiced a draught.
 So at the sham Alhambra, where he sees
 The skillful gymnast spring from his trapéze,
 Fly through the air along the fearful track,
 At every swoop he risks his lithesome back.
 But soon it thins the trick begins to pall,
 'Tis known that skill has made the danger small.
 So in the circus, Roman mobs were brought,
 Who howled applause when gladiators fought ;
 And thus our English crowds look cold and shy,
 Unless their mountebanks prepare to die !
 Welcome this pleasing flutter and alarm,
 Who shall deny *'tis blood that gives the charm.*

The last extra-
 vagance—Pepper's
 Ghost.

The Blondin
 mania.

The Loretard
 phrensy

See in the park the flock of damsels fair,
 With monstrous skirts o'erflowing many a chair,
 Belles, who through ball-rooms sweep, in glittering cars—
 A throng of matrons, dandies, and mammas.

The "Anonymous" -
 curiosity.

Most charming fusion ! See the fool, the wit,
 The Cad, the Peer, the Countess, and the Cit.
 Hark ! from the walk a fluttering murmur steals,
 Quick tramp of hoof, the sound of whirling wheels ;
 See how the virgins fair and eager males
 Fly from their chairs, and boldly line the rails.
 "Sweet ponies ! darlings !" gentle voices cry—
 A flash—and see—Anonyma flits by !
 O prim Forefathers ! humdrum, and so staid,
 Most happy change ! we call a spade, a spade !
 Our fearless dames now touch the cheek with paint,
 Talk of all sins, and still forbear to faint ;
 Sing us their strange songs, and boldly preach
 Of "doves all soiled"—or name "a damaged Peach."
 Sweet innocents who fear no grim Avatar,
 Who mourn the sorrows of a Traviata.
 Restrain the cold reproof, the sneer, the scoff,
 Redeemed by such a voice and such a cough.
 The Basso Doctor comes in haste to see,
 First fetches a deep note—then takes his fee.
 A sweet republic, where 'tis all the same—
 Virtue and vice, or good, or doubtful fame.
 The frail one finds in shops a curious mate,
 And simpers slyly at the mitred Tait.
 Coarse "Skittles" hangs beside a Spurgeon "carte,"
 With stare, unblushing, makes the decent start.

The Traviata
 mania.

These are thy freaks, SENSATION ! where they tend
 No modest eye can see—nor mark the end !

SHAKSPEAREAN NOTES.

SHAKSPEARE'S PORTRAIT.

FROM the bust over his tomb in Stratford church, and the portrait attached to the first (1623) edition of his works, we gain doubtless the best idea of the face and head of Shakspeare. The head is extraordinarily high, its great dome gradually declining from the back to the forehead, which indicates a lofty and subtle distinctive power, in union with broad imaginative force ;—creative energy, and presiding principle—passionate susceptibility controlled by intellectual potency. The eyes are large—capacity for language; the nose penetrative and emotional; while the mouth indicates a power of what we may call sensationability—all which lineaments represent the outward and visible form of a nature, an imagination, and distinctive reason and judgment, constituted to give vitality and natural truth to the mental conceptions of personality. No other writer had so great a capacity for loving the themes which his imagi-

nation grasped. A great but tranquil pride constantly impelled him to attain perfection in his delineations; and symmetrical and incomparable as were his gifts, we believe that, instead of crediting the statements of Hemmige and Condé, "that he never blotted a line"—he frequently rewrote his scenes and reshaped his dramas, to satisfy the perfection he ambitioned. His business as an actor, too, advantaged him in the composition of his dramas, as it gave his mind the habit of entering into individualities. His excellence lies in his truth, not to real but imaginative nature. As an instance, take Macbeth's soliloquy before committing the murder, "When pity like a naked new-born babe," &c. The rude Scottish chieftain would never have had such ideas, it is Shakspeare himself, who has thrown himself into his position, and who, abandoning his nature to his imagination, speaks. Shakspeare's diction is as different from that of all other writers as his works are superior. Where in any literature do we find such a shaping

power of imagination displayed in the natural language of passion and poetry? Much as has been written on Shakspeare, his genius has not as yet received an adequate comment; Warburton, Stephens, Malone, are merely verbal; Pope, Guizot, Ulrici, didactic critics. Schlegel led the way for Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Lamb, and the latter three have, at least, entered sympathetically into the spirit of his genius; but, though they have irradiated it here and there in flashes, an æsthetical commentary, worthy of the greatest of poets, remains to be written. We are, indeed, only now getting into an atmosphere of true poetical criticism, illumined by the minds of Germany, who first thought it necessary to feel as well as see in adjudicating upon a creative work. Vast has been the progress made between Johnson and Hegel. The remarks of the former on Shakspeare's dramas are like the criticisms of an old crab-tree on a forest of cedars and oaks.

HAMLET.

THE best way to comprehend the transcendent dramatic and poetic creative power of Shakspeare is to contrast his dramas with the sources from which, as a basis, they were constructed. In all cases the materials—short narrative Italian novels, sparsely scattered with incident, and having no pretensions to the delineation of character—dry pages of chronicle, plain old ballads, Roman history, and such like, resembled the insignificant seed or acorn from which his genius, pregnant with the exhaustless powers of nature, developed some luxuriant and beautiful shrub or majestic tree. From each of such arid fragments a world of life has sprung into being, each of which may be truly said to be a miracle of mental power. Taken altogether, Shakspeare is the greatest of poets, uniting and surpassing the gifts of all his forerunners and successors. But powerful as is the interest which he has given to his dramas, as a dramatic artist—exquisite the poetry, and exhaustless the ideas which are lavished among them—it is the uniform truth to nature which they display, in the drawing and evolution of character, in scene and painting, which renders them unparalleled.

The characteristic equality of excellence and truth which his dramas exhibit has always appeared marvellous to the critics of Europe, contrasting them with the creations of other poets, ancient and modern, and will, perhaps, ever continue so. Though Shakspeare, however, undoubtedly possessed an understanding and imagination of wider reach and more perfect symmetry than any other mind which has appeared in literature, was gifted with, the surpassing greatness to which we allude, seems to have arisen from the predominance of an abnormal sensitive system acting in unison with an intelligence so potent, harmonious, and even in its action, and which by enabling him to sympathise with calm undisturbed intensity with all his ideas and conceptions, thus resulted in his giving unequalled *natural truth* to each. No other compositions of the human mind manifest so complete a balance between nature and spirit. Vain also is it to hope that any other poet, though equally gifted, could dare in the present state of civilization, to throw his imagination so thoroughly and nakedly into the depths of nature as Shakspeare has done.

Shakspeare found the story on which he shaped the tragedy of "Hamlet" in "Saxo-Græmmaticus," and while confining himself to such details as were consistent with the unity and directness of the action, has adhered closer to chronicle in this than other plays derived from similar sources. "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" belong to the same order of drama. The introduction of a supernatural element in the one of witches, in the other the ghost—while connected with, advance the plot, just as in the spiritual machinery the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Tempest" resemble each other. In "Hamlet," which abounds with incident more than any of Shakspeare's higher tragedies, the chief interest centres round the Prince, and arises from the peculiarity of his character, the influences which act upon him, and the position in which he is placed. In this being, who is altogether peculiar and unlike any other delineations in dramatic literature, the imaginative and reflective tendencies so predominate, that, though surrounded by circumstances

of the most complicated horror, and stimulated by supernatural influence, each progressive incident merely brings forth his reflective power and plunges him into a soliloquy on the problems of existence—until the last scene. Such retardations of the action as are thus dependent on the nature of "Hamlet" conform to the admission of that variety of scene which constitutes one of the great charms of the drama, next to the interest arising from the character of the hero. In one sense, "Hamlet" which was one of his earliest works, is Shakspeare; the poet having filled his mind with the peculiar position in which the ideal "Hamlet" was placed and acted on, let his nature and imagination flow together, and unconsciously conceived what he himself would have thought and done in such a situation. Hence the originality of the type of being which we find in the contemplative imaginative Dane. Other dramatists made their characters speak merely what illustrates the story and tends to its dramatic consummation; Shakspeare, on the contrary, in all his plays, but this especially, makes them natural creatures, consistent with the ideal of their nature as it arose in his conception. But though intervallling their discourse with those soliloquies in which he introduces the profoundest reflection and wisdom, he never loses sight of the perspective result of the incidents and action.

From the first scene to the last, an air of death hangs over this drama—cold, spectral—gloomy as a black Norwegian sky coldly illuminated by its icy crescent-moon. How dark, warlike, feudal and awful are the opening scenes on the midnight bastions of Elsinore when the sentinels are expecting the ghost, of whose appearance Horatio speaks:—

"When yon same star that nightward from
the pole
Had run its course to fill that point of
heaven
Where now it burns—Marcellus and
myself—
The bell then beating one"—

What fine accessory touches are interspersed in the discourse of the speakers: such as the remark of Horatio, which at once carries the imagination to the frozen Norland:—

"Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway com-
bated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry
parle,
He smote the sledded Pollack on the ice."

But in ghostly painting the address of Hamlet to the spectre is unrivalled in poetry:—

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete
steel,
Revisitest thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."

The assumed madness of Hamlet (an incident which Shakspeare found in Grammaticus), is admirably managed, to give variety of scene, alternately painful and humorous, to the play. The latter chiefly in bringing out the absurd side of Polonius, a figure who unites the maxim-wisdom of age with the buffoonery of the courtier, who is tolerated for his length of office. Congreve, who was a diligent student of Shakspeare, has introduced this dramatic *resumé* into his "Love for Love," and through its means has given a chief interest to this—the best of his dry, brilliant comedies. The character of Ophelia represents one of the purest and simplest types of woman-nature in Shakspeare. Hamlet loves her, but the horror of the scene in which he finds himself placed, the supernatural commands he has received involving imperatively a destiny to revenge his father's murder, acting upon his imagination, have made him careless of life; hence his coarseness to Ophelia in the scene where he is watching the effect of the play upon the King. The madness of Ophelia, consequent upon Hamlet's having killed her father, her songs, the Queen's account of her drowning, her burial, are wonderfully natural, woful, and beautiful. The famous scene in the church-yard, between the clowns who are digging her grave and Hamlet, in its powerful contrasts of vulgar badinage and elevated reflection, is the most perfect instance in Shakspeare, or any other poet, of the union of the grotesque and sublime. Never were death and life, dust and spirit, brought into such awful juxtaposition as in the soliloquy of Hamlet over the skull of the jester, Yorick—"Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?" In the scene

with Osric, the court fop, we have a character of manners, his style of speaking—the *ne plus ultra* of frivolity and affectation—is, doubtless, exaggerated for effect; but there is sometimes a sort of stiffness and stilted euphuism about the conversation of Shakspeare's gentlemen, as in the chat of Posthumus Iachino, &c., at Rome in *Cymbeline*. The others sketch-figures, introduced to assist the plot and action of the drama, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, are more developed, and are representations of scholarly gentlemanhood so beautifully represented by the amiable and faithful Horatio, the *fidus Achates* of the hero, who in his last moments resolves to die with him; "I am more of an antique Roman than a Dane," &c. The last scene is overwhelmingly tragic, a wrathful destiny dealing retributive death on the guilty, involves the noble and innocent in the like catastrophe, and the pall falls on all the principal personages of the drama—leaving but Horatio and a few side figures alive at the consummation.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" is a drama much less frequently acted, and more seldom read than many of Shakspeare's other tragic masterpieces, founded on Roman annal. But though it is without the powerful interest which attaches to several of the characters in "Julius Cæsar," and the scenes in which they appear, and lacks the noble symmetry and fine contrasts of "Coriolanus," it nevertheless contains several superb scenes of imaginative nature. No poet has ever read history with so penetrating a power of creative vision as Shakspeare—no one ever so thoroughly diagnosed the real nature of its figures under the drapery thrown around them; and thus, vitalized by his genius, we obtain a more complete conception of Julius and Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Octavius, &c., than we could derive from any amount of study of Dion or Plutarch. The latter, for instance, details the events in which Antony acted, and retails several of his sayings, but in Shakspeare only have we placed before us the character of the Triumvir, in its martial gloriousness, its weakness, its bursts and transitions of grandeur

and inconstancy; and in this drama alone do we find portrayed the real Octavius, with his cowardly nature and cold political intellect, who throughout offers so striking a contrast in his action and language to Antony—who in one of those accessory touches of reminiscence by which Shakspeare gives such completeness to his conceptions drawn from history, says—

"He at Philippi kept
His sword even as a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended."

The chief interest of this drama centres in the delineation of Cleopatra—a most original and true imagination—in which Shakspeare has painted the majesty of an eastern queen, in union with the voluptuousness of a crowned courtesan, with her *politike*, her ungovernable rages, and her fluctuations of passionate inconstancy, over which finally the love and majesty of her nature triumphs. The first lines which Antony and she utter, as is customary with Shakspeare, strike the key note of the drama:—

Cleo.—If this be love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant.—There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleo.—I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant.—Then must thou needs find out new heavens, new earth.

The scene between the Soothsayer and Charmian and Iras, while finely introduced as an accessory indication of the drift and destiny of the drama, is admirably true to nature, and is just such as might have occurred in the listless life of an Egyptian palace. One of the finest and most characteristic connected with Cleopatra, however, is that in which, during his absence in Rome, her mind reverts to Antony:—

"He's speaking now
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile,'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think of me
That am with Phœbus, amorous plumes
black,

And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Cæsar.

When thou wast here above the earth, I was

A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey

*Would stand and make his eyes grow in
my brow.
There would he anchor his aspect, and die,
With looking, on his life."*

Shakspeare here, indeed, is wrong as regards fact, it being the son of Pompey the Great who was enamoured of Cleopatra.

And after the messenger who has arrived from Antony fills her with joy, how womanish is her answer to Charmian, when she praises Cæsar—

Char.—Ah, the brave Cæsar.

Cleo.—Be choked with such another emphasis—

Say the brave Antony.

Char.—The valiant Cæsar.

Cleo.—By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

In another scene, what imaginative reality there is in the latter lines of the passage in which she is recalling the revel life they have led together—

Cleo.— That time—O times—

I laughed him out of patience, and
that night

I laughed him into patience, and
next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to
his bed,

Then put my tires and mantles on
him, while

I wore his sword Philippan.

And how appropriately illustrative of the queenly beauty her address to the messenger, whom she will hardly let speak, through impatience—

Cleo.—Antony dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou killest
thy mistress;

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold,
and here

My bluest veins to kiss.

The scene in which Antony finds her tampered with by Thyreus, the envoy of Octavius, is a powerful and appropriate piece of passion painting, in which rage on Antony's side, and finesse, founded on a knowledge of her influence over him, contend, until she restores him to himself and to love—

Ant.— Come

Let's have one other gaudy night.

Call to me

All my sad captains, fill our bowls
once more;

Let's mock the midnight bell!

Cleo.—It is my birth day;
I had thought to have held it poor,
but since my lord is
Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

In Troilus and Cressida there is a wonderful poetic passage, descriptive of expectant delight, which, however, is equalled as an utterance of rapture in the address of Antony to Cleopatra, when he is returning victorious from the battle—the gorgeous animated burst of joyous emotion beginning—

Ant.— Oh, thou day o' the world,
Chain mine armed neck, leap thou
attire, and all
Through proof of harness to this
heart, and there
Ride on the pants, triumphing, &c.

In the last scene, what melancholy queenly majesty is there in Cleopatra's address to Iras, when about to apply the asp to her bosom—to die a queen—

Cleo.—Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no
more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall
moist this lip.

Char.— Oh, eastern star!

Cleo.— Peace, peace,

Dost thou not see my baby at my
breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep.

The air of voluptuousness which pervades the drama, like an air of music, reaches its sweetest close in her death.

In the scene in which Octavius, Macænas, Antony, &c. are revelling on board the galley at Messina, we see illustrated the character of Lepidus—the cypher in the triumvirate—whom Antony fools to the top of his drunken bent in his reply to his queries about the Ptolemies, pyramids, and crocodiles of the Nile—

Lep.—What manner of thing is your crocodile?

Ant.—It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is
as broad as it hath breadth, &c.,
&c.

Lep.—What colour is it?

Ant.—Of its own colour too.

Lep.—'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant.—'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

The little song which is sung at this revel is a perfect bacchanalian catch. It seems appropriately to end in a reel.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH LITERATURE.

THE LAST SIGNS OF A CELTIC STORM.

WHEN shipwrecks occur, and the weighty and valuable portions of the cargo go down to the depths of the sea, the lighter and comparatively worthless articles float, and drift hither and thither till, perhaps, most of them reach land and are recovered. It is so with the literature of countries—at least, such literature as has not been committed to writing, and preserved in libraries. The knowledge of current events, and the recollection of what passed half a century before, and the information received from fathers and grandfathers, are lost by degrees, till what was once certainty, or next to certainty, becomes a tradition. The tradition, if attended with unusual circumstances, ends in a legend, in which state it is sure to possess a longer vitality. Very little would be known in our days of the last wars of our northern chiefs, nor even of the Jacobite battles and sieges, had not their memory been preserved in written accounts. Old people, now living, have some notion of the occurrences of '98, as heard from their fathers or their fathers' contemporaries. They may relate these to their children of 1863, but will fail, except in very few instances, to communicate any interest to the narrative; and these, in their turn, will be unable or unwilling to mention to the young folk of 1900 any more than a dim tradition of that terrible summer; and if any further curiosity be, for a wonder, evinced by some few model boys or girls, they will be referred to the faded and dry outlines to be found in the narratives of Edward Hay, or the Rev. J. Bentley Gordon, written soon after the event.

Very different is the fate of pure fiction, or some ancient fact, coloured and enlarged, and invested with unearthly properties. These retain their hold on the memory of generation after generation, especially if conveyed in a poetic shape, and such

changes as they undergo are seldom of an important or radical character. Many romantic fictions have had their little fireside audiences, and their duration for shorter or longer seasons, and are now no more known than if they never existed; but they were either imitations of others known to be in possession of the general ear, or they were destitute of a strong hold on human aspirations and sympathies, or else, devoid of fancy—such an exercise of fancy, at least, as is under the control of sound judgment. Such as these seldom outlived a generation. But see how buoyant the blithe and well appointed barques—"Puss in Boots," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Whittington and his Cat," and other everlasting household stories, have ridden unharmed over the rough waves, and through the storms of man's existence, since the infancy of time.*

It would be an interesting experiment, if some person with the requisite taste, and sufficient time and means, would traverse the length and breadth of England, in order to ascertain if the universal folk's stories have passed *altogether* away from the minds of the populace, or which of them are still preserved. Circumstances may occasion a dearth of these fireside recreations in this or that locality, but the telling and hearing of such creations of the imagination and intellect seem a want inherent in humanity; and if entirely forgotten or laid aside, something of a kindred nature would be sure to replace them.

Readers of the *UNIVERSITY* for the last two years cannot be supposed ignorant of the stories, common to all the Aryan nations, that are still to be heard at our Irish firesides, as well as those peculiar in some degree to people of Celtic blood, or using varieties of the Celtic language. Several of these latter have appeared, either

* It is probable that the inventors of our household stories had very little trouble in bringing them to completion; but, still, each man must have been a born poet or romancer. The most learned, and studious, and imaginative man of our own or any other time, taking the persons of these dramas in hand, would, probably, find it impossible to improve the narratives.

separately or in collections, the most comprehensive being the volumes of the Ossianic Society, now in course of publication. The antiquity of some of these Fenian stories has been contested. The poems and tales in the first and second volumes are published from a collection made at Portlaw, in Waterford, in 1780, by Laurence Foran, a schoolmaster. Those of the third volume, including the "Flight of Grainne and Diarmaidh," are from the same source, and a manuscript of Martin Griffin of Kilrush, in Clare, re-written, in 1842-3, from copies made in 1749. The fourth volume is made up from the same sources, and MSS. collected by Rev. Thomas Hill, of Cooreclure, in 1812. Mr. O'Curry, as anxious for the literary glory of his country as man could be, acknowledged that there were only eleven genuine Ossianic poems in manuscripts earlier than the fifteenth century. So, from these circumstances, it might appear that the mutual objurgations of the Scotch and Irish antiquaries, consequent on the *faux pas* of James MacPherson, had much of a pot-and-kettle character about them.

The Scottish literati not being able to number many ancient manuscripts in their branch of the Gaelic, and James MacPherson having taken the liberty to perpetrate a shameless forgery, some hot and ill-tempered scholars on our side of the water, forgetting the ties of blood and of kindred language, have nearly gone the length of saying that there were no ancient manuscript remains, or nearly none, to be found among the people speaking the Erse dialect of the Celtic, and, consequently, that the author of *Fingal* was altogether destitute of original materials from which to mould his two epics and his shorter prose poems. And now their literary antagonists beyond the Sea of Moyle* make the retort uncourteous. Referring to the dates of the manuscripts used by the Ossianic Society (given above), they say:—

"No information whatever is given as to the sources from whence these respectable collectors obtained their poems. They are

all posterior to the publication of 'Ossian's Poems,' by Macpherson, and so far as we are yet informed by the Irish editors, the Ossianic poems published by them, stand in no better position in regard to their antiquity or authenticity than those of Macpherson."†

Irish as we are, we can hardly pity the president and council of the Ossianic Society for any annoyance they may have experienced from this *tu quoque* buffet. They had at their disposal the *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, the queen of Celtic stories, existing in a manuscript written before 1106 (*The Leabhar na Uidhre*). They also had the *Agallamh na Seanorach*—(Dialogues of the Sages), in the book of Lismore—fourteenth century. Yet they neglected these subjects which would leave no door open for cavil to enter at, and selected others, probably as ancient, but only to be found in MSS. of yesterday. They say, and probably with reason, that these popular tales and poems already published, have been always in the people's minds, and on their tongues, and that the manuscripts to which they were in succession intrusted, being in continual requisition at the winter's hearth, at the smith's forge, or on summer evenings under theargetree overshadowing the bawnage, while read aloud to the crowd by schoolmaster or rustic Seanachy—could not, from constant turning over and thumbing, last as long as if carefully laid by on a library shelf. The consequence was, that they were worn out in succession, and frequent copies were made, mistakes creeping in, and ancient forms of spelling gradually modernized.

A still stronger argument for the remote antiquity of these inartificial legends, is afforded by the publication of the book quoted in the last note. James McGregor, whose ancestral home was Tullichmullin (Bald, broad mound), in the neighbourhood of Glenlyon, was Dean of Lismore (great earthen fort), an island in Loch Linnhé, in Argyle, from 1514 to 1551. He employed part of his leisure time in copying into a quarto volume of 311 pages, in the Roman current hand of

* The waters adjoining the N. E. of Ireland.

† "The Dean of Lismore's Book, a Collection of Gaelic Poetry of the 16th Century, edited and translated by Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan and Wm. F. Skene, Esq." Edmonston and Douglas: Edinburgh. Introduction, page lxii.

the time, a very motley collection—legends attributed to Oisín, dialogues between St. Patrick and himself, (the saint being here termed Patrick Mac Alpine, a corruption of Mac Calphurn); his laments over the dead chiefs of the Feinné (Fianna) Eiríann; eulogies on Irish kings and chiefs by Irish bards; ditto on Highland chiefs, by Highland bards; genealogies; moral and religious poems; a version of the ill-cut mantle of the Arthurian Cycle; and even a satire on women, by Gerald Fitzgerald, fourth Earl of Desmond. These subjects, all in the Gaelic dialect of the Highlands, are varied by measurements of Noah's Ark, Chronicles in Latin, the ages of the world, also in Latin; the blind bard O'Daly's advice to Chiefs; a dialogue between Dougal and his wether; aphorisms; remarks, in Scotch, on the three perilous days in each season; lists of the Scottish kings; astronomical notes; and lines on Alexander the Great.*

The uncial letters used in Irish manuscripts and printed books were, in the early ages of Christianity, general among the converted nations of Europe, and may be still met with in Anglo-Saxon works. They were a debased variety of the Roman type, introduced by St. Patrick and the other missionaries. The Dean did not make use of this peculiar letter. He filled his book with the ordinary cursive hand of his day, and used a phonetic variety of orthography. In the Gaelic language, the consonants at the beginning of words are subject to a change in pronunciation, occasioned by the termination of the preceding word, or used to distinguish the cases of nouns. This change in the sound is denoted by the prefixing of another consonant. And if the letter affected is not the first one of the word, a dot is placed over it, thus giving it the aspiration. Instead of this system, the Dean, in place of the eclipsed letter and its prefix, placed the one that expressed the sound really uttered, according to the pronunciation of his country at that day. Thus, for

"Innis duinn a Phadrug an onór is leinn;
Am bheil neamh co-h-aighear aig maithibh
Feinn Eiríann?"

as a careful and skilful scribe would have written his lines, he put down—

"Innis downe a phadrik onor a leyvin
A wil neewa gi hayre ag mathew fane
eyrin"

The sense being—

"Tell us, O Patrick, what honour is ours;
Do the Feinné of Ireland now dwell
in heaven?"

The editors of this curious and valuable work, however willing they may be to claim Fionn, and his warriors and bards, for the glens and hills of West Scotland, have faithfully given the sense of all the passages connecting their wild existence with Irish localities, and thus have confirmed the genuineness and antiquity of the tales and poems in the Dublin collection. In many cases the pieces of this gathering are only represented in a fragmentary form in the Dean's book, and in one instance, passages from four of the Irish poems are dove-tailed so as to form one of the Highland ones. Many of the pieces begin as in those preserved here, with a dialogue between St. Patrick and Oisín, in which the querulous bard sorely tries the patience of the saint. The third piece records a hunting on Sleeve-na-moa (*Sliabh na m-Bhan fian*, Hill of the fair women), in which the *bravery* of the chiefs is thus extolled—

"There was no Fian amongst us all
Without his fine, soft, faxen shirt—
Without his under-coat of soft substance,
Without his mail-coat of brightest steel."

At page 20,† there is a poem the same in substance as the *Battle of Kuc an Air*, in fourth volume of the Ossianic Transactions. The fall of Essaroe (Fall of Red Hugh), near Ballyshannon, being mentioned, the editor thinks it must refer to the Fall of Essaroy, in Lochaber, especially as the name was not given to the cascade on the Erne for many years after the death of Oisín, *circa* 300 A.D. But if ever that bard enjoyed exist—

* There being in existence such a volume as the "Book of Lismore" (mentioned in a former paper in the UNIVERSITY), discovered in the castle of that name in Waterford, and also an Irish dignity of the Church, deriving his title from the territory ruled by the same castle, many readers have been led into mistakes on the subject of the work now under notice.

† It would have been convenient to readers, if the learned editors had taken the trouble to furnish titles to the several poems.

once, and sang his extravagant songs, his successors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or earlier, would be careful to mention the waterfall near our western coast by the name it bore in their day. Mr. Skene himself has furnished an additional reason why the cascade of Red Hugh could not be the one in Lochaber, as it is fifteen miles from the sea, and in the poem its vicinity to the ocean is plainly implied.

The death of Diarmaidh the Brown, by the boar of Ben Gulbin, in Sligo, related in the third volume of the Ossianic Transactions, is given in the Dean's book as sung by Allan Mac Rorie, a Highland bard; the hill on which the *green-cropped pig* destroyed him bearing the same name, but lying in Perthshire. Mr. Skene concludes from this, and the circumstance of several hills, and glens, and streams in the Highlands being pointed out as the scenes of Fenian adventure, that "Scotland possessed Fenian legends and Ossianic poetry, derived from an independent source, and a Fenian topography equally genuine" with that of Ireland. We are sure that if our esteemed Seanachie considers the matter attentively, he will see the improbability of two neighbouring peoples, who used the same language and were originally of the same stock, inventing, independently of each other, legends of the same character, filled with heroes of the same names, and dispositions, and relationship to each other, and these same heroes furnished with two sets of scenery, bearing identical names in both countries. It would be a strictly analogous case if the Dublins, and Londons, and Richmonds, and Bostons of the New World, were named by the founders without memory of, or reference to, the lovingly remembered localities of the same names in England and Ireland. No; there was but one set of mythical heroes, which the Scots of Eirinn and Alba equally revered and cherished; and we, the little descendants of the brave old races, cannot afford to have them weakened and divided. In the half-English county of Wexford, near Mount Leinster, there is a hill called *Cullach Diarmaid* (Diarmaid's boar), yet no Wexfordian claims the hero with the beauty spot as a fellow-countryman, or pretends that he met his death on that

ridge. If the great Mac Callum Mohr, of Argyle, and Mac Dermot, Prince of Coolavin, in Sligo, contend for the honour of being the descendant of the Brown Diarmaid, they may do so with our entire consent.

The same Allan Mac Rorie follows with an account of the battle of Gavra, in Meath, and the death of Osgur, son of Oisín, in the same fight. He and the author of a poem on the same subject, in Vol. I. of Ossianic Transactions (see UNIVERSITY for November last), appear to have copied some older poem, as the images and expressions in many parts of the composition are identical.

One of the most interesting of the poems (some parts evidently defective), attributed to Caoilté Mac Ronan, relates his own adventures in an attempt to rescue his chief, Fionn, from the hands of Cormac, King of Ireland. To effect this, he was obliged to bring to Teamhor a couple of all the different animals in Ireland, *e.g.*,

"Two otters from the Boyne;
Two wild ducks from Lough Sheelin;
Two crows from Slieve Guillin;
Two gulls from the strand of Lough Lee;
Two cormorants from Dublin;
Two grey mice from Limerick."

But to see full justice done to this curious subject, embracing the Fauna of ancient Ireland, let the inquisitive refer to a paper in this Magazine for March, 1854, with notes by Dr. Wilde, and translation by the lamented Eugene Curry.

It is not easy to form a clear idea of the difficulties encountered by the Rev. Mr. M'Lauchlan, in his part of the joint work. The Dean, as we have explained, wrote down the pieces in a style as strange to the eyes of a Gaelic scholar, as a volume of the *Fontic Vuz* to a reader of Macaulay's England; and to make the matter worse he was not even consistent in his strange orthography.

Then the leaves were in many places much injured, the ink nearly obliterated, and the handwriting most difficult to decipher. He has given on the left-hand page an exact copy of the Dean's labours, in its wild spelling and no punctuation; on the right-hand page the subject in correct and pointed Gaelic orthography; and in another part of the volume a nearly literal translation; but we would have

preferred finding no attempt at all at rhythm in this department.

There was no attempt whatever on the part of the brave old Dean, who we hope (for reasons given in the introduction), was not in priest's orders, to remove the action of any legend from its natural place in the old country, or to disfigure the names of the localities. Almhain, Fionn's palace in Kildare, Ben Hedur (Howth), Dundalgin (Dundalk), figure in perfect freedom, and the translator and the editor act in the same honourable and scrupulous spirit.

However, Mr. Skene has not held the scales in which the literary merits of the two kindred families are weighed, as steadily as a good Christian scholar ought. He says that it is part of Irish history that, after the battle of Gavra, fought in the end of the third century, and in which Osgur and most of the Feinné were slain, Oisín and Caoilté survived to the middle of the fifth, and held conferences with St. Patrick. Now of all the Ossianic heroes, one only, Fionn Mac Cumhail, is mentioned by any Irish historian of credit; and, as respects him, the notice is restricted to his era, his rank, and the date of his death, 285. Oisín, Osgur, Caoilté, Diarmaid, and Goll, are in all likelihood, creatures of the imagination of Christian poets and romancers. In order to provide machinery for the commencement of their legends, they represented Oisín as having been carried to the Celtic Elysium under the Atlantic, immediately after the fatal flight of Gavra, and kept there till the arrival of St. Patrick in 432. And all this trouble was incurred, that the saint and he might be set a-talking, with the result of his losing his temper at finding the old heroes undervalued by the peaceful man of the Books and Psalter. Then the prudent saint, in order to restore him to good-humour, would request him to relate some exploits of the Fenians in such or such a locality. He would comply, and having worked himself into a state of fanatical ecstasy, and come to the end of his story, would all at

once become conscious of his present desolation, and end the conference with a wild burst of lamentation.

Tighernach, a monk of the twelfth century, who has left us a chronicle as trustworthy and as dry as an almanac, informs us that all accounts of Irish matters previous to the reign of Cinbaeth, in the seventh century (B.C.), were unworthy of credit. We certainly prefer his guidance in the examination of true and false chronicles of days comparatively near his time to that of Mr. Skene, when he observes that, "prior to the year 463, the Irish have, strictly speaking, no chronological history."

Let us return to our manuscript. Mr. Skene is unable to tell how it was preserved till some time in last century, when it came into the possession of the Highland Society of London. This body presented it to the Highland Society of Scotland, and it is now safe in the Advocate's library.

Consequent on the excitement caused by the publication of MacPherson's *Ossian*, in 1762 and 1763, collections began to be made of Erse poems and stories. Duncan Kennedy, a schoolmaster, made his gatherings in 1778, 1780, from oral recitation; and Dr. Smith published his *Sean Dana* (old poems) in 1787. Through Mr. Skene's exertions, several manuscripts in the possession of the Highland Society, and private persons, have been given up to the custody of the Advocates, whose library now guards them to the number of sixty-five.

We cannot better close this sketch than by referring to the causes of the close affinity between the Irish and Highlanders. Our early chroniclers relate that a party of Picts, under the command of Cathluan, (hence Caledonia), finding Erin in their way from Greece, thence migrated to Alban-land, taking several Irish (Scotic rather) ladies with them as wives, and entering into strict alliance with their new relations by marriage. This occurred several hundred years before the dawn of undoubted history in Europe, and may be true,

* In one of these unedifying discussions the saint declared (for a good purpose, no doubt), that the wing of the smallest midge could not buzz in Heaven without the knowledge of God. "Very different," said the crooked disciple, "was it in Almhain; a thousand men might enter in the day, eat, drink, and depart, and yet Fionn take not the slightest notice."

or the reverse; but it is as certain as most other historical facts that Donal and Fergus, two Irish princes, established a colony in the West Highlands, in the early part of the sixth century, which colony lived on good terms with their eastern and northern neighbours, the Picts or Cruithne, and that St. Colum Cille preached to these last-named people, and established his monks at Iona, in the middle of the same century. Soon after, the colony under the rule of Aidan, declared themselves independent of the Scotie king at Tara. Venerable Bede, in 731, found these Albanian Scots, and the Cruithne or Picts, separate, though friendly, peoples, using dialects of the Celtic tongue; but differences afterwards arose, and from the middle of the ninth century, no trace of the Picts or their speech was to be found north of the Cheviots. They were either diffused among their neighbours, or migrated through Cumberland into Wales and Cornwall.

Somarled, son of Gillabride, chief of Oriol (Louth, Armagh, and Monaghan), and son-in-law of Olave the Red, Norwegian King of Man, assumed the style and title of Lord of the Isles in the twelfth century, and

his successors held sway over the west of Scotland till the end of the fifteenth. This will account for the old bonds between Scotia major and Scotia minor being drawn still closer, and for the number of Irish bards—O'Dalys and others—entertained at Dunstaffnage, Inverary, and other western strongholds, during this long period, and the vitality of the old stories and poems that originated in the native country of these minstrels. It is to be hoped that the soreness which for a century has subsisted between the literati of Ireland and Scotland may be heard of no more, and that each will rather rejoice in the literary treasures brought into light by the other from time to time, than seek to deprive them of the honour which fairly belongs to the discovery.

We can devote but scant space, this month, to the subject, interesting as it is to the archæologists of the empire; but we hope to return to our pleasant task. If German philologists evince so deep an interest in everything connected with, probably, the earliest (living) language in Europe, we, among whom it is still partially spoken, should be very far from feeling or exhibiting indifference on the subject.

THE RING OF GYGES.

THE PLAIN OF SARDIS.

It is a splendid Asiatic summer noon. Goldenly from the deep azure zenith glows the sun over Lydia. To the north, dominating the plain, the city of Sardis, with its citadels, palace, and temples, glitters whitely on the crests of Mount Tmolus, whose declivities, draped in vineyards, descend in outlines of indolent majesty to the borders of the broad river Pactolus, which winds sinuous and bright across the plain to the south—at one turn mirroring the blue air, at another breaking into a hundred prismatic lights—like some mighty and superb serpent stretched in repose along the land, and reflecting its colours as it breathes in sleep. To the east extend a range of gray mountains, whose jagged peaks and pinnacles of silver and snow serrate the remote horizon; while here and there to the south appears some steep mountain town,

with long flights of steps cut in the ravines from base to summit, ranges of rock tombs honeycombing its granite sides, and benched amphitheatres fronting eastward. East and west of the river expands the rich plain—here undulating into dells, amid whose dark green groves of walnut and myrtle, white villages, with their wooden pillared houses and flat roofs (which formed the model of the Greek temple) gleam slumbrously in the affluent sunlight; here spreading away in leagues of pasture—in fields carpeted with cistus, crocus, and anemone, amid which many flocks feed, scattered in long drifts across the peaceful levels, dotted with their clustering pens, and intervalled at wide distances by some magnificent plane tree and large-leaved oak, whose patriarchal trunk and gnarled boughs have assumed gigantic proportions amid the suns and rains of centuries.

Scarce a sound breaks through the

sunny silence of this pastoral region—scarce a movement of life is seen during the drowsy noon-day hour; the lizards lie hid in the leaves,—the tortoise basks on the river sand, and it is only at long intervals that the ear of the lazy shepherd thrills with the notes of the woodpeckers in some cluster of wild pear or juniper trees; or that, gazing towards the misty northern distance, with its horizon of wooded and snowy hills, he sees some long trains of camels and caravans slowly threading the mountain road from Babylon or Persia, and winding through the heavy heat towards the turretted gates of Sardis.

Among the shepherds of the King's flocks there is a youth named Gyges—a gay Lydian, well known among his comrades for his daring and adventurous disposition, and amid the maidens of the hamlets for the art which he displays on the reed and flute during festal evenings, when many a group beat the ground in the joyous and voluptuous dances for which the region is celebrated. Like the rest, he has been slumbering during the noon—while the chameleon near changed in colour like a bubble, while the long lines of locusts crossed the sky—reposed in the hollow of a great plane tree near the river, in the cool shadow of its thick verdurous dome, through which as he sleeps the moving sun piercing in golden stars gleams on a dark face of strange beauty, on a high brow shaded with long curling locks, and a finely-moulded frame of great strength and activity. His costume differs from that of his fellows, rudely garbed in sheepskin; for it is made of the hide of a lion, which he had slain, tastefully formed, and bordered with cloth, red as blood. At times, as he sleeps, a dream passing through his mind evokes strange shades and expressions on his face, shadowed by the leaves of the great snake plant, which twines round the sides of the tree; and occasionally he extends his arm with an ambitious movement, as though grasping some invisible object of his imagination.

The meditative life led by this young shepherd had developed a tendency to thought; but though he was merely noted among the villagers for excelling in the simple accomplishments of a herd, he was himself conscious of possessing an

innate mysterious power, which gave intensity to an originally strong personality, and which as time passed and reflection deepened, had slowly shaped a character differing widely from that of his comrades—a character dominated by vague aspirations, and an instinctive love of power. The occasion on which he became conscious of this innate influence was as follows:—Once at a village festival in which he and the Lydian girl, his partner, had won the prize in a dancing contest, they had wandered into an adjoining wood; the girl was heated with the exercise, and Gyges, who was fanning her face with a fold of his lion-skin, was suddenly surprised at finding her drop into a deep sleep. At first, believing she was feigning, he paid little regard to the circumstance; but presently became alarmed, when he found that despite his calling on her to arouse herself, she still remained insensible. After a period, he bethought him of uttering a charm, which, according to custom, was accompanied with a waving of the hands before the face; and presently, when he had fanned her forehead with his robe, she awakened. It appeared to Gyges, however, that the trance into which the village maiden was thrown must have resulted in some invisible influence of his genius; and as subsequent trials were followed by the same consequences he became aware of possessing a mysterious power, the consequences of which strongly influenced his nature and mind. Some time after this an event occurred which marked him among his fellow-men to a peculiar destiny.

As the sun began to decline from its burning height a few figures were seen moving across the plain: women bearing to some shepherds their repast of bread and fruit, followed by girls with water vases on their heads; then the herds, who, having despatched their rural dinner under the trees, stretching in the flowery herbage, amid which the lambs were playing, began to wile the remaining day with their long flutes and reeds, evoking pastoral songs of love and traditional legends of the region, as customary on those long-drawn summer days.

At length, as evening came on, a singular change appeared in the sky. Although the sun was nearing the

western mountains, instead of the refreshing breeze which usually breathed from their summits, the heat of the air continued oppressive; a vapour, first red and then grown lurid, rising from the horizon, rapidly covered the sky, in which a dead calm reigned. Presently a tumult of black clouds rose in the west, deluging the orb of the sun in blackness, and advancing across the firmament, which, though grown sudden dark, was at moments pervaded by a strange and ominous light. The shepherds, struck with sudden consternation at those unaccustomed appearances, had already begun, some to collect their flocks, some to hurry to the neighbouring villages, when thunder at a great elevation rolled overhead,—at the same instant the earth trembled; and an unusual feeling of awe struck the hearts of all living things, as they recognised this sombre sympathy between the heights of the sky and the depths of the world; for it seemed as though the gods were signalling the hour of its destruction. Then a few great drops of rain fell, the prelude of thick darkness, and the plain began to heave like a storm-convulsed ocean.

Awed by the terrors with which he was surrounded, Gyges, like the other shepherds, had forsaken his flocks, and aided by a wild glare which began to pervade the sky, hurried as rapidly as he was able toward the village near which his cottage stood—a village which lay at the opposite side of the nearest mountain. Frequently the earth-shock caused him to pause, tottering and uncertain whether the next moment the ground might not open at his feet and engulf him. At length, after about an hour had passed, he reached the ravine through which his way lay. Here, however, the dangers thickened: masses of crumbling *debris* and stones began to descend the sides of the mountains, which, trembling to their foundation, seemed threatening ever and anon to topple over and bury him beneath their stupendous rocks and precipices. At every step death seemed present.

Already he had advanced half-way through the steep glen, and in an interval of calm, hurried with desperate haste forward in the light of a level streak of cloud which hung over the adjacent valley; when suddenly the ground heaved with a tremendous

convulsion, and as with a despairing shriek he looked upward, he saw the two sides of the ravine meeting overhead in an awesome roof, which shut out the sky. The next instant, stricken down and stunned, he sunk into unconsciousness.

How long he remained buried in this dread stupor, he knew not; when, however, his senses returned, he found himself in a vast cavern, as it seemed, and in utter darkness. Around him dead silence reigned; but as he sprang to his feet and listened, he presently became conscious of a distant sound, as that of a torrent rushing through some gloomy channel, and presently he began to feel his way with fearful and cautious steps toward the place from which the watery noise issued, animated by a hope that by following its course he could possibly find an exit into the world of day.

He had not advanced far when a gleam of hope broke on him; the sound of the water grew nearer, after a little he observed the reflection of a star on its surface, and looking up beheld—oh, joyful sight!—a blue space of sky glimmering through the distant cavern's mouth, and illuminating the rock-strewn path leading in that direction.

It was at this moment, while his heart thróbbéd tumultuously under the revulsion of feeling arising from the terrors he had passed and the certainty of safety and life, that advancing along the path which skirted the torrent, he came to a point where, turning to the right, another branch of the cavern extended. Pausing for a space at its entrance, and gazing into its gloomy arcade, he was surprised to perceive a distant light, which, as he approached, shed an illumination along the walls and floor, faint indeed, but sufficient to guide him securely to the point whence it emanated.

But a few moments elapsed before he found himself in a small chamber which appeared to have been hewn out of the rock; and a shudder passed through him as the light of a lamp, streaming from the low roof, fell on a gigantic figure, naked and white as snow, which lay on a colossal altar of black marble, reposed in an eternal sleep.

When the first sensation of superstitious awe and wonder inspired by this sight had passed, Gyges closely

examined this singular body, which seemed as indestructible as the rocks amid which it had been for ages entombed; and recollecting a tradition familiar in the country, of a race of giants who inhabited it before man, and whose kings—so said the legend—were buried in the midst of their treasures, he presently began to examine the chamber with an excited hope of discovering coffers of gold and caskets of jewels. Nothing of the sort, however, appeared, nor did the rude stone floor or the walls, which were excavated from the solid rock, exhibit any trace of concealed recess or lower opening; and struck with a sudden apprehension lest some earthquake shock might recur, and enclose him for ever in this gloomy penitentialia of the mountain, he was about to make a hasty departure, when glancing at the body, he perceived on the little finger of the right hand which covered the heart of the colossal corpse,—a ring. Inspecting this mortuary ornament, he found it was a simple circle of green stone, and when after a pause of hesitation, arising from the fear lest some supernatural event might occur should he touch the sleeping mystery, he approached and removed it from the hand, he found, as the light of the lamp fell upon it, that it neither contained any precious setting or any tracery, save one curious hieroglyphic on the seal. Valueless as it appeared, he nevertheless resolved to preserve it as a memento of an adventure so wonderful; and placing it on his finger, after a hurried glance at the motionless giant, he hastened back through the passage, and after clambering over the rocks along the torrent side, was finally fortunate enough to reach the cavern mouth, and emerge with beating heart once more beneath the sky, which was already brightening eastward with the level fires of the dawn clouds.

The earthquake of the preceding night had left little trace of its action, except in the mountain ravine, across which two great peaks had fallen. The adjoining plain appeared as heretofore, and even the village in which he dwelt, had suffered but slightly. Gyges reached his cottage, and after conversing with his neighbours on the common terrors they had experienced—for, strange to say,

some mysterious and irresistible impulse by which he felt himself controlled, prevented him narrating his marvellous adventure), he set out again toward the plain occupied by his flocks. On, however, reaching the part of the mountain from which he had escaped from the awful subterranean world within, another wonder awaited him, a vast mass of earth and rock had meanwhile become detached from the mountain side, covering some hundred feet deep the mouth of the cavern.

A moon had rounded and died after this dread event and singular adventure, and the terror created by the earthquake had well nigh subsided, when a Lydian festival took place in one of the neighbouring villages, at which Gyges, as usual, attended. The hamlet stood on the skirt of a rich aired woodland in a golden sunset valley, and here the gayest shepherd youths and loveliest maidens of the plain, crowned and garlanded, after passing some hours in jubilant dances—dances performed with wine cups in their hands, which were laughingly drained, now as a measure came to a termination and refilled as another commenced—the musicians seated under the trees accompanying them with lyre and flute; when the rising of the moon heralded the hour for feasting and song.

As usual the feast was held in the village temple, a small wooden-pillared building, which was decked with leaves and flowers for the occasion, and illuminated with pine torches. Ranged round the central board, the joyous folk had passed the hours with love-making, minstrelsy and story-telling; and it was already midnight, when a girl, into whose ear Gyges had been whispering some pastoral compliment, gaily gesticulating the while, suddenly caught his hand, and after inspecting the mysterious ring which he chanced to wear on that evening, inquired why he preferred an ornament of rude stone instead of gold, such as his comrades sported on festive occasions.

Gyges said he had carried it himself from a piece of stone he had found some time before on the mountain side; and the eyes of several of the revellers were bent toward them, as the girl turned it round his finger, examining the seal and the mark with

which it was traced,—when suddenly he was surprised to hear several persons exclaim in astonished voices—

"Where is Gyges?"

"Here," he answered, laughing.

"Where?" cried the feasters, in tones of greater wonder.

"What humour has taken you my friends?" he inquired, in grave amaze.

"Have you lost your reason?"

At this moment all rose.

"Did you see him depart?"

"No."

"Or you?—or you?"

"No."

Gyges.—"What madness has seized you?"

All.—"Whence comes that voice?"

Gyges.—"From me, Gyges. Surely you have lost your sight, or some magical influence possesses you. I, Gyges, am here—here where I sit."

All.—"This is miraculous; some demon has charmed him or us. Save us, great Pan, from the spells of genii and witches—save us,"—and they then threw themselves prostrate on the ground.

At this instant something caused Gyges to search for the ring on his finger, and in so doing he found the part which bore the hieroglyphic had been turned inward, and by an involuntary movement he turned it outward, as he had been accustomed heretofore to wear it.

Upon this, all gazing on him, cried, "Behold him! behold him! Alas, wretched Gyges, you are under the influence of magic."

Then, perceiving that this marvel resulted from change of position in the ring, he turned the seal inward and outward repeatedly, and as he did so found, from the faces of the assembly, that he became alternately invisible and visible to mortal eyes; and while the revellers fled terrified from the temple, filled with wondrous sensation, he also, finding himself alone, presently departed across the plain.

On reaching his cottage, Gyges threw himself on his couch, but for several hours sleep escaped him, while his mind, thronged with imaginations vast and various—of powers and pleasures, of good and evil;—and the first streak of dawn already divided earth and sky with a fringe of fire, when, intoxicated with his treasure, and fearful lest he should lose

it while unconscious, still grasping it tightly, he sunk into slumber.

ELEUSIS.

AFTER the event just described, Gyges became an object of the profoundest awe among the simple, superstitious rural folk, amid whom he lived, who regarding him as the victim of some magical spell, avoided encountering him, muttering counter-charms when such occasions occurred. Intelligence of the singular gift of enchantment which he was supposed to possess reaching the ears of Candules, King of Sardis, the latter demanded his presence in the palace, and though overwhelmed with amaze when Gyges displayed his power of becoming alternately visible and invisible, he presently bethought him, finding the shepherd a man of aspiring character and endowed with a keen intelligence, of rendering him instrumental in forwarding the policy of the throne. In a word, having bestowed upon him a considerable sum, and given him an appropriate train of attendants, he despatched him as an envoy to the King of Armenia, who was then meditating a descent upon Lydia, with instructions to inform himself of the monarch's designs, and communicate with his sovereign. This mission Gyges, so gifted, performed to perfection, having acquainted himself with the most secret projects of the hostile monarch. Upon his return to Sardis, Candules loaded him with wealth, and would have made him his chief minister, but that the adventurous, ambitious character which Gyges had gained for the possession of his miraculous ring rendered such offers, for the time, nugatory. Shortly after, therefore, being desirous of consulting the oracle at Delphi, with the king's permission Gyges set sail for Greece, where he arrived, as it happened, in the autumnal months, signalized by the opening ceremonies of initiation at the temple of Eleusis.

The thin crescent of the moon hung low in the solemn azure of the midnight sky, when Gyges entered the vast temple of Eleusis. Two days were passed in taking part in the processions of the goddess and the prefatory rites of initiation, and at length came the third, when the neophyte was to undergo the superior

trials of air, fire, and water, to be permitted to enter the mysterious chamber where the passions of life were imaged and its destiny unfolded; and, lastly, to be afforded a vision of the realms of Elysium and the gloomy regions of the dead.

The awful lights and darkness, the mysterious voices and music, which filled the air during his contemplation of the wondrously managed drama of existence and destiny, were indeed well calculated, by affecting the imagination, to prepare it for the culminating terrors and splendours of the final scenes of initiation; and, despite the profound insight which his magical power had given him into the motives and machinery of general life, it was not without a feeling of fear that he followed the hierophant to the chamber, from which he was to descend into the regions of subterranean darkness. Seated, as it seemed, in a winged chariot, he felt himself descending, for upwards of an hour, into the depths of the earth, in silence and profound gloom. Arrived at the bottom of the gulf, a long arcade, dimly illuminated, opened; and as he advanced he was joined by the hierophant, who, leading him through a gloomy cavern, to what seemed the summit of a precipice, shrouded in gloom, waved his wand and announced the vision of the Land of the Dead.

Advancing with cautious footsteps through the impenetrable gloom of this narrow subterranean path, the hierophant, who held his hand, caused him to pause at a certain point, a few feet in advance of which the mountain's side precipitously descended. Looking beneath, Gyges perceived an immense plain, which stretched away to a dark horizon, crossed by a level streak, dimly gleaming, like a distant sea. Across this vast region long trains of shadows were seen passing from a ravine between two remote, stupendous mountains, like drifts of dark clouds, towards a mighty city, whose huge black towers, palaces of judgment, and halls of atonement, piled in colossal majesty, dominated the region, while fires, fierce and cruel, glared from the inner chambers and pinnacles, which ascended until they were lost in, and mingled with, the firmamental dome of impenetrable shadow. From the gigantic portal of one great structure in the centre of

this city, through which an awful Figure was seen, seated on a throne, a glare of level light fell on a black river flowing round the walls and far across the plain; and as it illuminated the faces of the endless army of shadows advancing, Gyges perceived, that, although they bore an unusual aspect of terror and regret, their countenances as they approached nearer the burning throne of the judgment hall, bore amid endless variety, an expression of all the varied passions of humanity.

As one mighty multitude swept across the river and gathered in silent and gloomy circles beneath the throne, occupied by the presiding figure, a sound, as of thunder, which had ceaselessly muttered through the dark cavernous clouds of the upper firmament, suddenly broke above the city, terroring in peals of such concentrated wrath and vengeance, that for the time its deep foundations shook and the infernal heaven seemed threatening its overthrow and ruin. Then Gyges saw the shadows, one by one, called to judgment; as each passed, the lightning eyes of the potent minister becoming fixed on their hearts, — read in a swift and single glance the history of their lives on earth, and adjudicated their destiny. On either side of the throne the hosts of the blessed and the doomed were seen to form, and as the judge signalled his attending powers each were hurried away, — the one heralded by a music whose happy strains seemed to pass in vibrations of joy, towards a bright region beyond the shining sea; — the other by soul-terrifying thunders, which, raging over and following the dark hosts of despair, seemed to roll to some remote realm in the depths of the subterranean infinite, where, beyond the fiery cataracts of Phlegethon, darkened the land of eternal punishment, of everlasting sorrow, and despair.

Suddenly, a thick cloud possessing the region terminated the vision. Presently a light, as that of day, broke upon a new world, and series of new scenes, and Gyges beheld, passing in succession before him, the history of the gods and the mighty heroes, their offspring. First, from the chaotic tumult of the yet commingled heaven and earth, a group of giant forms, rude as the rock, yet crowned with a celestial brightness, were seen to

arise, and preside over the prospect of mountains and seas, assuming distinctness, and of a clearing firmament, with its glittering stars; then a vision of a green and fruitful region, inhabited by a happy race, who dwelt in plains filled with flocks and yellow with corn, and in remote cities on the mountain summits, where Saturn reigned. Then the age of peace and plenty gave way to a scene of war and devastation; armies of giants were seen advancing under a flaming sun, from the wild fastnesses of the earth, and contending with heaven itself, until overwhelmed with the thunders of a warlike king. These, and many other scenes, from time to time, arose before the vision of the neophyte, and hours passed while he gazed attentively on the history of the world from the age of the gods until that of the war of Troy.

When, after the above series of visions had passed, the hierophant left Gyges alone, as customary, to permit the impression of the awful world of death to work upon the imagination, the latter rendering himself invisible began, having procured a torch, to examine the place in which he was. It was not without laughter he discovered, that he had been gazing through a series of magnifying glasses on a number of puppets moved by machinery in an underground chamber, and that the awful drama which had so affected his fancy and emotions was the result of a toy.

After visiting Eleusis, and consulting several of the most famous oracles, whose mysteries, like those of the holy town, vanished under his examination, Gyges passed several years in travelling from city to city, and through the various nations of the earth, Greek and barbarian. Immense, during this interval, was the experience which he gained of the nature of races and humanity in its manifold phases, from the palace of the monarch to the hut of the savage. Gifted with invisibility, all varieties of life, the inmost secrets of the heart became known to him, and he alternately drained the cup of pleasure and revelled in the exercise of almost unlimited power. Unharméd, he escaped every danger; recklessly he revelled in every delight; and while his nature, moulded by the exercise of supreme dominion over mortal souls

wherever he wandered, assumed a demoniacal cast, he already conceived himself to have attained to the being of a god.

After ranging the earth from the regions of civilization to those still enveloped in the cloud of fable—from the flaming skies of the tropic to the snows of Scythia—from the gardens of the Hesperides, in the shadow of Atlas, whose terrors and beauties sunk into commonplace, disenchanted by observation, to the fabled realm of phantoms in the ignorant, deserted realms of cloud and snow—now hurrying through the seas, and along the western shores, amid races scarcely less savage than the wild animals with whom they lived in common—through the lairs of monstrous forms in the remote fastnesses of creation giants of the ocean, the earth, the air—and now revelling among the most luxuriant of the world, in the cedared halls of Nineveh and Babylon—Gyges eventually returned to Lydia. Then, as laden with riches, and attended by a numerous train of slaves, he entered the gates of Sardis, sated with pleasure and experience, one desire only remained in his haughty and arrogant soul—that of reigning.

Received with the highest honours and the supremest pomp by King Candules, who, rejoicing at his return, and conceiving that he could utilize in the furtherance of his policy the mysterious gift possessed by his guest, Gyges, already began to entertain the most ambitious dreams of empire. He took up his residence in a palace allotted him, and by lavishing largess and gifts amid the nobles of the court and the people, well-nigh outshone the monarch in magnificence.

Among other gifts bestowed by Gyges on the king was a beautiful slave, named Paipha, whom he had purchased for a vast sum in one of the Ionian cities, where, on her arrival from those northern mountains lying between the great inland seas, where her race—said to be the handsomest among the people of the earth—had their habitation, she had been educated by the cunningest masters and mistresses in music, dancing, and such like arts, as ministered to the luxury of Asiatic palaces. Suddenly, enchanted with the charms and graces of this lovely odalisque, Candules appeared to forget his projects

of power; he passed days and nights in revel, and, for the time, the festal garland, the cithara, and wine-cup, rather than the sceptre, became the symbol of his majesty. From this dream, however, he might have shortly reawakened, but for the jealousy with which his Queen, Nyssea—who was a daughter of the oldest and most potent line of Persian kings—regarded the changed demeanour of the monarch, the loss of his heart which she had won by her beauty, while she added possessions to his throne, and the degrading indolence in which Candules, once renowned as a warrior—now turned out an effeminate sybarite,—was plunged. Presently, however, as time rolled on, and increased the King's indifference to his consort, who never entered his presence—indeed seldom beheld him, except when accompanied by Paipha, he descended to the gilded barge, for moonlit revel on the bosom of the bright river—the jealousy with which Queen Nyssea had been smitten became inflamed into revengful rage, and this passion soon led to events whose thread was woven in the darkest and most tragic loom of destiny.

Simultaneously with the success of the plans which Gyges had thus laid for the attainment of sovereignty, his intimacy with the Queen (who at first regarded him with fear and antipathy, as the chief cause of the alteration of conduct manifested towards her by Candules) increased; nor during the now frequent interviews which occurred between them in a palace plunged in riot, did he lose the opportunity of working on the darker passions of her being, and seeking, by attracting her confidence, to establish himself in her heart, thus unworthily abandoned by the King. Nyssea, however, whose tact equalled her beauty, possessed a character, strong, ambitious, revengful. The furies of outraged affection and dignity, reigning sleeplessly in her soul, sternly guarded its doors against the admission of a second passion, except under such conditions as would render its inspirer the instrument of her designs. A number of feelings, some fixed, some fluctuating, agitated her breast—hatred of Paipha, hatred and contempt of the king, antipathy of Gyges, alternating with a softer emotion; but the latter, despite his attractive

person and even supernatural gifts, found that neither could he touch the heart of the Queen or accomplish his ambitious purposes without acquiescence in the demands of her imperious will, whose direction he was at little loss to discover.

THE PALACE TERRACE.

It is evening: a magnificent sunset flaming along the west, and tingeing with fire the palace of Sardis, glows goldenly on the fountains and arbours scattered along its lofty-terraced gardens, from which, for many a league, the rich surrounding country can be seen, with its plains, mountains, rivers, and woods, mingling in a superb panorama. The only figures which appear in this luxurious resort are Gyges and the Queen; and as they pace to-and-fro, wrapped in converse, the light flames on her angry forehead and on the strong, dark, mysterious eyes and daring face of her companion. Presently a train of horsemen are seen approaching the palace gate, surrounding a chariot in which a female figure reclines, under a silken canopy. The queen averts her face, on which centres an expression of mingled rage and disdain.

As suddenly they pause beneath the colossal statue of a giant king, which throws its shadow along the terrace, a dark cloud crossing the sun swiftly broods over the sky,—a peal of thunder, startles the echoes of the mountains,—a gloom falls on the gardens and palace.

Gyges.—The King returns from hunting. How passes he the night?

Nyssea.—As usual, in sottish revel with this wretched slave. Ah, Gyges, hadst thou ambition, thou mightest be king.

Gyges.—And share thy throne?

Nyssea.—Ay.

[A pause.]

Gyges.—Thou knowest the passage leading from my palace to the private chambers of the king; of late the entrance door from that side I have ever found locked. You understand?

Nyssea.—At midnight, when he is asleep, I will open the southern portal; then, invisibly, thou canst enter, and—the morning finds thee on the Lydian throne.

Gyges.—So; let's pass the interval

with feast and music; beautiful Queen, thy word wields my will.

[*Thunder. They enter the palace.*]

THE KING'S CHAMBER.

It is midnight, and the clear full moon looks from the blue Asian sky upon the palace of King Candules, all whose inmates are at rest—all whose splendid halls are wrapped in breathless silence. The King, wearied with the hunt, in which he had passed the day, and lulled by the wine of the banquet, which had crowned the night, and who has been for some hours buried in repose, reclines on his couch, in a chamber through whose open marble casement the warm moonlight streams, illuming his dark bearded countenance and bare breast, from which, in a movement of slumber, the purple coverlid has been thrown back. His pillow is sprinkled with opiate blossoms, several of which lie strewn on the rich tessellated floor, which is scattered with flowers, and silken robes, and golden ornaments, wine vases, and weapons. On one side of the still bright window lies a great heap of roses, whose perfume mingles with that of the odoriferous trees embowering the garden terraces beneath, as the gentle air breathes into the still room, bearing the almost inaudible sound of a fountain, whose drizzly sprays seem languishing to rest, as though they, too, were influenced by the pervading presence of the midnight spirit of repose. So perfect is the bright calm in the royal chamber, that even the flutter of a rose-leaf can be heard; and the only object therein which gives evidence of movement and life is a beautiful tame snake, which, stretched in an indolent emerald coil along the snowy marble, gorged with feasting on a heap of fruit, now and then sidles its crested head playfully among the perfumed clusters of nectarines, grapes, and melons.

The midnight star has just dipped beneath the silvered roof of the western woods, and a single breath of awaking wind has for an instant modulated the silken tapestries, when a female figure, with dark hair floating over her disarrayed robe, and wild and earnest watchful eyes, steals stealthily with bare feet along a passage, and reaching the open portal, pauses a moment; then glancing, as

she holds her breath, at the royal sleeper, crosses towards a door at the opposite side of the chamber, and withdrawing a key from her bosom, and inserting it into the wards with fearful caution, opens it noiselessly. A little, and with another glance at the couch, she crosses the chamber, silent as a cloud, and hastily vanishes. It is the Queen.

There is a pause of some minutes; and, lo! at the same door through which the royal lady entered, beautiful Paipha appearing, silently advances, with upraised arms wound languidly over her head, and half-closed eyes, as though just awakened from slumber. Approaching the couch, she bends for a space over the king, in an attitude partly expressive of awe and of voluptuous indolence, the clear beams lighting in an amorous hallow the graces of her white-robed form, whose flood of ebon tresses, half veiling the nude bosom, descend almost to the small, bare, blue-veined feet. Presently, scarce breathing, lest she should disturb the sleeper, she advances to the open casement, and throwing herself on the heap of roses, gazes dreamily, now at the tranquil moonlight scene without—the languid leaved trees, which, bending, seem to embrace like lovers—the long, bright river breaking into diamond dances, as it curves round some promontory of woodland or verdure, and floating in its radiant sleep towards the mountains and the dawn;—and now turning, gazes with careless curiosity on the splendid-hued viper, which, rolling aside the fruit, and nearing her with stealthy stillness, erects its bright-eyed head, eager to be petted, and rests its shining scales in her hand.

Thus occupied, but a short space had elapsed when Paipha is suddenly aroused by a low noise, like that of footsteps entering the door beside her, and a sound of some one breathing deeply, passing her. Startled, she listens acutely, glancing round the chamber, and unable to perceive any figure, or to recognise any cause for the mysterious sounds she had just heard, has already satisfied herself that it was but a fancy or the wind—when, turning her eyes in the direction of the King's couch, her amazement is re-awakened at beholding a light, which, glimmering keenly as a prism

of steel in the moonbeam, seems hovering round the royal sleeper. Scarcely a moment has elapsed, when, still gazing towards it with wonder and fearful earnestness, she sees it raised for a second—then swiftly descending; then, just as excited by superstitious fear, she is about to utter a cry, she hears a smothered groan swooning dolorously from the couch, and rushing in terror towards the King, beholds—oh, horror! that stabbed to the heart, and weltering in his blood, he is dying.

Suddenly, her shrieks ringing through the palace, arouse its sleeping inmates, and presently a throng of men and women hurry into the chamber, followed by the Queen, who, first throwing herself on the body of the expiring monarch, and uttering exclamations of well-simulated distraction and sorrow, suddenly points to Paipha, whom several have already seized, denouncing her as the assassin. Pale, and shuddering with terror, the concubine, in broken sobs, narrates the mysterious and terrible appearance which she had witnessed; but incredulity is stamped upon every face; and, overwhelmed with a sense that she is regarded as the murderer of her royal paramour, losing consciousness, she sinks into the arms of her furious guards. "Wretch," cries the Queen, seizing her by the hair, "what torture can be adequate to thy crime?" then, flinging her from her, with furious gesture—"Away!" she cries, "hurry her to prison—would she could die a thousand deaths—away!"

BATTLE.

HAVING thus gained possession of the throne, Gyges inaugurated his reign by giving the inhabitants of Sardis and the other Lydian cities a series of banquets, unparalleled in magnificence; and while the people, dazzled by the treasures he scattered among them with lavish hand, occupied with never-ending games and amusements, and intoxicated with ceaseless revel, appeared to lose for the time the feeling of superstitious awe and terror with which they had long regarded him—for the rumour of the mysterious power he possessed had flown to the furthest limits of the land—a terror gloomily augmented by the strange death of Candulea, and the sudden ascent of Gyges to the throne—de-

claring war against the King of Babylon, he assembled his armics, and surrounded by his cavalry, headed by his satraps, marched in martial array eastward towards the great Mesopotamian plain.

After a triumphal progress through the neighbouring states, his army were already approaching the frontier of Armenia, then a dependency of the great Babylonian empire, when its king advanced to give the usurper battle. It was a bright, but tempestuous morning when the combat took place—on a level plain, beneath a range of steep mountains, and skirted by the sunny stormy sea. Long hours the combat raged, during which the earth trembled beneath the furious shocks of phalanxed horsemen, contending with sword and spear—of solid squares of footmen, struggling hand to hand—while from the heights the bowmen on either side darkened the air with clouds of arrows. Overhead throughout the day the thunder pealed along the mountain crests, and the convulsed sea, heaving its mighty billows, roared in sympathetic unison with the war. Yet louder than the thunder or ocean rose the noise of battle, the shock of armour, the ringing of weapons, the hissing of missiles, the cries of the captains, and clamour of the hosts encountering. Gyges at early dawn had been seen accoutring in his tent, where his armourers had been bidden to close the rivets of a mighty suit of Chalybean steel which he had carried with him from a foreign land; but after the fight commenced he had disappeared, and was believed to be watching the combat from an eminence. About the time his warriors had lost sight of him; however, an unaccountable panic took place in the region of the plain where the war raged most furiously, where the Armenian monarch, encompassed by his bravest, and mounted on a moving throne, surveyed the war. From time to time one of his captains fell, pierced with a deadly wound, cries of treachery ever and anon rose from the lines of his body guard, amid which a thrill of mysterious awe passed at finding the hand of an invisible death among them, when suddenly they heard the king, who sat alone and supreme in his royal chair, utter a piercing shriek, and saw him next

moment topple, an ensanguined corpse, on the earth.

When the intelligence of this event sped, rumour-winged, through the battle, the army of Gyges seemed to have acquired a new courage, and advancing with a mighty shout, they began to drive the Armenian hosts before them and into the sea; but at this moment a storm of trumpets sounded in the rear, and glancing in that direction, they beheld the army of Babylon, battalion on battalion, horse and foot, advancing innumerable from the plain, which they covered with their glittering lines, even to the remote horizon. The sun was beginning to descend, like a globe of blood, into the wild sea, as sudden consternation seized them at finding themselves—a fiery, but forlorn column of war—closed in by the outnumbering enemy. In swift and furious never-ending masses the Babylonians advanced, impreguably multitudinous, annihilating resistance; like a forest uprooted and overwhelmed by a tempest, the army of Gyges, now collecting for a moment in despairing companies, now flying from one raging wall of spears to another, fell swift and hopelessly—death swallowed phalanx after phalanx; and as the sun, reddening the shadowing waters, cast its last ray on the blood-deluged battle-plain, a cry of victory echoing from the conquering hosts across the plain, and mingling with that which rung triumphing through the mountain ravines, already dark with night, proclaimed that the power of the Lydians was no more.

It was already midnight, as the moon, rounding toward the south, cast its beam into the mouth of a mountain cavern, some miles from the plain of battle; while the light, peering into its gloomy penetralia, fell on a heap of leaves, amid which something like a brand glittered—a stony stillness pervaded the place.

Suddenly, a figure, like a shadow, appeared at the entrance, looming indistinctly against the low, round moon—one hand was pointed to its heart; on its awful brow rested something like the phantom of a diadem; and a voice, low and awful as the wind that breathes from *hades*, murmured, “Arise, Gyges, and listen to thy doom!”

As these accents swooned away, the leaves rustled with a sound as

though some one had moved them, turning in dreamful slumber. Then, though no figure appeared, a Voice, imperious-toned, exclaimed, “Candules! why troublest thou my rest? What infernal god has sent thee, phantom, to mock at my overthrow—to reproach me with thy death?” Then, as though its invisible figure advancing confronted the spectre, the same voice cried in louder accents, “Away, shadow! mortal though I be, I fear thee not; while I live on earth the destinies have gifted me with superhuman power; and should death, which I doubt, be my lot, the spirit to which, when here, thou hast succumbed shall fear nor thee nor any phantom presence in *hades*!”

There was a pause, during which the dead silence of the cavern was broken by a faint, sullen sound, as of that of drops of blood falling on the stone.

Then the voice of the immovable shadow resumed, in tones so deep and awful that the dark air trembled—

“Thy power, audacious mortal, shall depart from thee. Where love has reigned, hatred shall hold dominion. Already thy armies are overthrown—already thy people are in revolt; hopeless, and grown weaker than a child, despair shall swiftly claim thee, and hurry thee, amid the flames of Sardis, to thy doom!”

After an interval, the voice of Gyges murmured—“It is gone; this phantom of Candules—yet am I awake! And may not what seemed a moment since have been but a dream—a vision shaped by this disaster-stricken mind? Yes, it must be so. The land is silent; the night is clear; already dawn streaks the east. I will again to sleep, for with the day I must journey to Lydia. Avaunt, phantasms of the darkness! Why should I fear the voice of a dream, prophesying horror—of a dream—the wandering thought of a battle-shook brain? No more! Courage, Gyges! thou shalt live and reign.

DE-TINY.

THE rumour of the overthrow and extinction of the army of Gyges had passed rapid as the wind across the countries between Armenia and Lydia; and, as on his way thither, entering unseen the palaces of the

different powers, he found that his defeat had not only broken the alliances which they heretofore maintained with his kingdom, but that, influenced by Babylonian emissaries, they were already assuming an attitude of menace toward his throne. He hastened, fast as the fleetest steeds could bear him, to Sardis.

It was noon when he approached the city; and, quitting his horse in an adjacent wood, entered the gates invisibly, and hurried to the palace. Then it was, as he passed from street to street, that, for the first time, his daring soul, hitherto inaccessible to fear, became a prey to gloomy apprehensions; and that, recalling the doomful announcement of Candule's murdered ghost, his haughty reliance in his power and destiny began to waver, for it was evident that the entire population had grown disaffected to his authority: clamour filled the streets; the faces of each group that he passed were dashed with discontent and darkened by hatred; and on all sides angered voices were heard raging against the usurper and tyrant, and demanding—some his banishment, many his death.

As he approached the Queen's apartments, a Persian satrap, whose fierce face was illuminated with an expression of triumph, passed him, and was presently heard giving orders to a body of soldiers drawn up in a courtyard beneath, to guard the gates of the city, and seize Gyges, should he attempt to enter. It was clear that treason was already busy in the heart of the palace. Forthwith rendering himself visible, Gyges advanced into the chamber of the Queen, who no sooner beheld him, than in a burst of well-simulated sorrow, she flung herself into his arms, and alternately rejoiced at his arrival and bedewed the ground with tears, while she lamented the disaster which had befallen his army, and the spirit of revolt which the people had exhibited in his absence. Penetrating her thoughts, and finding treachery at work, Gyges, while affecting to soothe her, presently inquired by what right an emissary of Persia assumed authority in his palace. Nyseia replied that her father, the King, had sent his minister to the court with offers of warlike assistance, should such be needed. Undeceived, however, Gyges

calling a council, summoned the satrap to attend, and despite the assurances of the Persian, was at no loss, from what he had already heard, to perceive that the father of the Queen was conspiring his dethronement. Preserving his usual gracious demeanour however, Gyges adopted rapid measures for overcoming the crisis in which he found himself. Collecting his still numerous adherents, he issued secret orders to his ministers and army; all foreign emissaries were forthwith seized and imprisoned, and while his troops, animated by his presence, occupied the city and repressed the revolt, the people to whom he had ever been an object of terror, stunned at his mysterious return, quickly assumed their usual pacific attitude. In short, in a few hours after his arrival, Gyges had restored tranquillity in the city, and paralysed the intrigues of his enemies, and already resuming his confidence and daring, forgot the defeat of his army, laughed to scorn the efforts of hostility, and began once more to expand his soul with dreams of power and conquest.

That night a great banquet was given by the King to his ministers and confidants. For hours the revel lasted; the wines flowed, and music and song resounded through the gilded domes of the festal chambers. The midnight star already shone through the casement, near which stood the purple couch of the King and Queen, when Nyseia, scattering a cup of wine with rose-leaves, and touching it with her lips, presented it to Gyges, whose watchful eyes, penetrating every heart, had contrasted with the gaiety of his speech, and who that night had hardly tasted of the cup in which his company so lavishly indulged. The King drained it laughingly, and the revel for a while proceeded, when a slow sensation of weariness stealing over him—a result, as he supposed, of his having passed several nights with but little rest, and his exertions throughout the past day—he finally gave the signal for his guests to retire, and presently sank into a deep sleep.

For a space all was silence in the chamber in which the lights were becoming gradually extinguished, when the Queen who, motionless and awake, had reclined beside Gyges,

arose, and gently removing the mysterious ring from his finger, hurried softly out of the chamber, and disappeared in the already hushed palace.

When, at early dawn, Gyges awoke, and instinctively searching, as was his wont, for his magic ring, found that it was gone, struck with despair, he hurried to the chamber of the Queen. Nyseia, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Summoning his attendants, he inquired whether the Queen had been seen leaving the palace. They answered they had not beheld her since the previous night, and that the doors were still locked as then. Upon this he immediately ordered the keys to be brought him.

"Spectre of Candules, thou hast spoken true," he cried, as alone, his mind filled with tempestuous emotions, he paced hither and thither throughout the chamber. The entire consequence of his loss rushing upon his soul filled him with despair; he reflected that he was wholly in the power of the Queen, who, having the means of becoming invisible, could at any moment destroy him and escape his vengeance. While thus deprived of his charm, he found himself wholly abandoned to the mercy of his numerous enemies. Dismissing his attendants, who seemed to have become instinctively conscious that his reign was drawing to a close, and whose countenances indicated indifference and hatred, Gyges remained for many hours throughout the day, occupied but unseen, in the central chamber of the palace; and evening had already fallen, when a breathless scout, hurrying from his horse, knocked at the portal of the suite of apartments within which the King was secreted. Presently unlocking the door,

"What is thy message?" he cried. "What intelligence bringest thou so hastily?"

"The army of the Babylonians, sire, has entered Lydia, and even now is approaching Sardis."

"At what distance, slave, may they now be from the city?"

"Some ten leagues," replied the envoy. Then the King dismissing him, closed the palace doors.

Night was already advanced, and a

great wind which had risen at sunset, and which rapidly increased in violence, made the walls of the strongest structures tremble to the foundations, when a sudden cry of "The palace is on fire!" burst from the citizens, who, in consternating groups, had suddenly rushed into the streets. So sudden and fierce, indeed, had the flames already become, fed and fanned by this mighty tempest, that none among any of the townfolk could be found sufficiently intrepid or desperate to approach the blazing pile, through whose casements, doors, and roofs the flames burst and sprang, and around whose towers and pinnacles they already careered in fierce wreaths, until the great structure glowed from base to summit, one vast volume of raging fire.

At first a few faces appeared despairing on the walls and battlements in the tyrannous light of ruin, and a few despairing shrieks thrilled through the reddened dome of the night heaven; but they quickly disappeared, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, the falling of great columns, walls, and roofs, and the ever increasing roar of the conflagration.

Hours passed; the inner walls of the palace, already glowed like red hot iron, when as the affrighted population gazed upward through the sky, then bright as day, at the great central tower, which had hitherto resisted the ruining fury of the consuming element—lo! a figure appeared, mounted on its summit—his face like a flame, pale with eastern frankincense—solitary, and calmly surveying the magnificent scene of ruin and desolation.

In an instant a thousand voices cried, "It is Gyges!" Then hardly had the echoes died away through the air when the mighty structure shook, toppled, sunk, with a sound like loudest thunder, scattering fiery fragments of danger on all sides; and as the wild raging flames which succeeded mounted to heaven—aloft, upon a burning cloud, a shadowy phantom, with fixed and calm smile, appeared, surveying the final scene of destruction.

"It is the spectre of Candules!" cried the people, and the multitude fell prostrate to the earth.

AMERICAN SCENES AND PORTRAITS.

THE American war and the American question, whatever else may come of them, have given authors, printers, publishers—and, may we not add critics!—much active employment. The books, of considerable pretension, that have appeared on this momentous subject, are already legion. So rapid, too, has been their production that, ere these lines see the light, some half-dozen more may, perhaps, be found interspersed among the gilt gift-books for the new year, on the booksellers' counters, soliciting in vain the attention of a public tired of the topic, and only anxious that a desolating and iniquitous war should be terminated *somehow*. There is this peculiarity about those American books, moreover—that they have mostly dealt with the political controversies antecedent to the war, which are abstruse to the English reader, and devoid, besides, of practical interest. It is really of small concern now whether the American Constitution, which exists no longer, was, as Lord Brougham interpreted it, a mere treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, leaving the States which were parties to the league sovereign and independent; or a bond indissoluble, except, perhaps, by the vote of a great national convention. The time when that controversy had an actual, operative interest, is long past, and those who recur to it waste time and strength to little profit. We do not know, either, that a conclusion on the point is attainable. It is as difficult a task to interpret the principles and limits of the American compact, as it would seem to be to get at the true meaning of our own Foreign Enlistment Act. To say the truth, however, American writers, both Northern and Southern, are passing away at last from the foolish wrangle over

the moral right or wrong of Secession; and the only author who has, during the last few weeks—for the volumes placed at the head of this article, upon which our observations are to be based, have issued from the press within the past month) addressed the European world on the old "Union for ever" side of the discussion, is an Englishman; and his book is a mere *re-chauffée* of the arguments employed by the Federal press above two years ago, and reiterated at that time *usque ad nauseam*. Baptist Noel has no rival as a compiler. His "Rebellion in America" is as closely printed, and as tame and unsatisfactory a book as ever scissors and paste put together. The basis of all his conclusions is, of course, the sinfulness of the Rebellion. With such a foundation the reader can fancy how the author addresses himself to the slavery question—with what a light and easy step he trips over the other great problems involved in a gigantic revolution, and where, finally, he lands himself, under the complacent idea that he has vanquished all "sympathizers with the South," and justified Abraham Lincoln's claim to be considered almost an angel for virtue, and more than a Solomon for wisdom. The work has a certain value from containing a number of documents of historical interest, in connexion with the political struggle which culminated with the election of the Republican President, but as a commentator upon these Mr. Noel has no claim to regard. He is a partizan of the most self-satisfied order. His chapter on "Emancipation" is Mrs. Kemble's "Residence on a Georgian Plantation" without the pathos—much of it being doubtless harrowing to the feelings, but having little, practically, to do with the relations of the

"The Rise and Fall of 'The Model Republic.'" By James Williams, late American Minister to Turkey. London: Richard Bentley. 1863.

"The Cotton Trade: its Bearing upon the Prosperity of Great Britain and Commerce of the American Republics, considered in Connexion with the System of Negro Slavery in the Confederate States." By George M. Henry. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1863.

"The Rebellion in America." By Baptist Wriethesley Noel, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1863.

"Three Months in the Southern States: April—June, 1863." By Lieut-Colonel Fremantle, Coldstream Guards. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1863.

"My Imprisonment, and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington." By Mrs. Greenhow. London: Richard Bentley. 1863.

two races inhabiting the country above and below the once famous border. Of the horrors of slavery no one needs to be informed. Those who have the hardihood to defend the "institution" are a miserably small section of any community; but no evidence has yet been given that the Northern parties are agreed on the policy of Emancipation, or that the dominant section is able to act in the matter against the opposition of the other, or even that the extreme Republicans are honest emancipators; and certainly they have propounded no feasible or just plan for accomplishing the slave's release, without producing a disorganization of society, which would cause horrors worse tenfold than the worst resulting from slavery itself. Mr. Noel, and the small and busy party of Federalists in England, have, indeed, found a stimulus in the recent successes of the Northern arms; but, according to their own professions, the conquest of the South would be nothing without the complete destruction of slavery; and the victorious Northerners seem less demonstrative about that grand, moral exploit, as their triumphs multiply, and the difficulty of carrying out Mr. Lincoln's proclamation presses. It has been stated, that the President has spoken of that document as the great blunder of his career; and without taking for true every assertion in the public press respecting one in his position, it is impossible not to see that, should Mr. Lincoln overrun the South, his pledge to confiscate the property of the Southern people in their negro slaves, and to set those slaves at liberty, will involve him in serious troubles.

When the Constitution of the Confederate States is quoted, in order to create a sympathy for the North, on the ground of the former being an avowed Slave Power, the practical position of the Northern parties towards slavery is forgotten, as well as the enmity of the Northern population towards the negro. There is at least one great section of the Northern community still in favour of upholding Southern slavery, and it is by no means clear that they will not be found in the ascendant at the next presidential election, although, at present, certain casual successes of the Federal arms have given their opponents a popular advantage. The

powerful state of New York is unchangeably Democratic; and the free black man is more hardly treated there than the slave black man in Richmond or Charleston. The Northern partisans cannot drive from the public remembrance the dreadful scenes enacted in the Empire City, when it was thought necessary by the Democrats of New York State to intimidate the Government from pursuing the emancipation theory beyond the point necessary to effect the hypocritical purpose of creating a feeling in favour of the Union in foreign countries. The writer of these observations fell into conversation, a short time since, with an intelligent American, who had travelled all over the continent, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Florida, and who, moreover, was as little of a party-man as can be supposed possible in an American. He professed himself to be neither a Republican nor a Democrat, though he yielded to no man in abhorrence of slavery; and it was his opinion that the war would end in a compromise with the South (including guarantees to the Confederates against molestation in the matter of slavery) as soon as Mr. Lincoln's term was completed. This result, he supposed, would occur whether the next President was as an avowed Democrat or the reverse; and, whatever may be thought of his statement as a prophecy, it shows that the Americans are not inclined to choose Separation in preference to Union, with Slavery, should the alternative be put to them in that shape. And if slavery is to be re-established with fresh guarantees, to which the whole power of the North will be pledged, the last state of the slave will be worse than the first. Far better for his prospects of immediate fair treatment, and of ultimate emancipation, that the Southern States were wholly independent, in which event the unanimous public opinion of the North would exert an influence upon the Slave Power to produce modifications; the very proportion of the numbers of blacks and whites in the South, which must increasingly incline to the advantage of the former, would press for a permanent solution of the slave question. Looking forward in this way to what, apparently, must happen, and that soon,

however the Southerners may legislate, the thoughtful inquirer is not turned aside by those "fundamental laws" of the Confederacy which Federal writers, like Mr. Noel, are so fond of parading. The three principal are these—and we state them lest it should be supposed that we wished to hide any portion of the case:—"No law denying or impairing the right of property in negro slaves shall be passed.—The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in such slaves shall not be thereby impaired.—In all such territory (all new territory), the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognised and protected by Congress and by the territorial governments, and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and territories shall have the right to take to such territory any slaves lawfully held by them in any of the States or territories of the Confederate States." But, persons who claim for Mr. Lincoln's proclamation the merit of having practically annulled the proslavery portions of the old Union Constitution, unfairly deny to the South the credit of the changes wrought by events, and sure to follow upon the attempt to govern the Confederate States as a separate nation in time of peace. If Mr. Lincoln issued his emancipation edict to surround himself with popularity and promote enlistment, the Southern President stated thus broadly the principles we have quoted, in order to rally the white population of the South the more enthusiastically round the palmetto flag; and he, too, as the war has made progress, has been obliged to shift his ground. He has accepted the services of negroes in semi-military employments, necessity forcing him so far in the direction of emancipation. Nor do we see the least reason for doubting that, rather than yield to the "hated Yankee," the Southerners would declare all their slaves free, either to secure assistance in the field, or to procure the intervention of foreign powers in their favour. Enough has been said, therefore, to show that

even as a slavery question, the problem is not so simple of solution as the Noels and Beechers imagine.

There is that in the title of Mr. Williams's book which carries us beyond the superficiality and feebleness of the work on which our previous observations have proceeded. "The Rise and Fall of the Model Republic" is a fair subject now for the thoughtful essayist, since "fall" it certainly has done, whatever the irate Mr. Cobden, and the only less querulous Mr. Bright, may have to say on the matter. Into whatever form of government the residual States ultimately sink, *the Republic* is gone, the "model" is broken, and Europe can no longer be desired to look westward for the perfection of political institutions. Mr. Williams is the author of a previous work published during 1863, entitled "The South Vindicated." It was not a very satisfactory book. It had too many of the faults of Mr. Noel's "Rebellion in America." It seemed to have been, to use a builder's phrase, run up in a hurry. The writer, besides, bore himself less as a judge than as a retained advocate. The volume before us, however, is better worthy of his pen. Mr. Williams served the old American Government as its minister to Turkey, and though removed to a distance so immense from local strifes and hatreds, seems to have imbibed as thorough a dislike to the Yankee as any resident in the Carolinas. He sets out certain propositions, however, as the points he hopes to prove, which show him still true to Republicanism. He does not think the Union broke down in consequence of the internal difficulties caused by slavery. Slavery, as he supposes, rather tended to preserve it. Nor can he think that the "free institutions" of the country had any thing to do with the catastrophe. One of the titles of his second chapter is, "The fact of the rupture of the Union does not prove the inefficiency of Republican Government." But, strangely enough, Mr. Williams proceeds to show that to this very cause, and to none other, the failure was owing. The Presidential election, he says, was "the Pandora's box, which attracted and collected within itself the various elements of ill, only to expand, develop, and then scatter them broadcast through the land."

The plan to be followed in providing a chief executive head for the government was long a subject of discussion with the "fathers of the American Union." Much diversity of opinion prevailed regarding it, and the method finally adopted, of electing the President by a popular vote, was much objected to by the sagest of those great men. It is remarkable, at the same time, that the evil which they feared would arise from such a mode of choice has not resulted, while a worse has arisen in place of it. They apprehended that the President might become corrupted by the possession of power, and endeavour to secure himself permanently in the office of which the Constitution gave him but a brief tenure. No American President, however, has attempted a Napoleonic *coup d'état*. On the other hand, what the "fathers" never dreamt of happened. The struggles for the presidential chair contaminated the whole body of political aspirants, and affected injuriously the character of all public men. In course of time, obscurity and insignificance "became a surer passport to the presidency than the highest abilities of statesmanship." "Many feared that the President might perpetuate his power by the employment of the appliances of office; yet none of the wise men who framed the Constitution had any apprehension that, before the lapse of half a century, the re-election of an executive chief, after one term of service, would be rendered impossible by the determined opposition of previously disappointed or expectant office-seekers." But, however the members of the Constitutional Convention may have thought, the election of the President by a direct vote of the people was the essential principle of Republicanism, and would be contended for as such to-morrow. So that the author cannot admit the evils resulting from thence, and at the same time allege that Republicanism has not failed.

It is true, that the original plan contemplated an Electoral College; but it became a nullity, because it was simply inconsistent with the Republican idea. In very few years, the choice fell into the hands of the people directly, and has so continued. Nothing could be stronger, in fact,

than Mr. Williams's language with regard to the demoralizing influence of the quadrennial *plebiscite*.

"Greater even than the material injuries inflicted was the moral influence of these elections upon the popular mind. A majority, without reference to qualifications or integrity, or honesty, was endowed with the prerogative of conferring supreme power. The people were taught to accept the expression of the will of the majority as the will of Omnipotence. The voice of the people, thus announced, was the voice of God. Constitutional limitations were considered as unwise and unjust restrictions upon the prevailing popular sentiment; and politicians and place-seekers, more or less boldly or covertly, announced the doctrine, that the will of the people, as expressed by a majority, or even scruples of conscience, in regard to certain constitutional obligations, justified a violation of the oaths of office which the elected official was required to take on entering upon the discharge of his duties."

This expresses in brief what all observers of American politics have seen illustrated in the party conflicts of that country during the last quarter of a century at least, but it also effectually overturns the writer's Republican position, and warns him, as a Southern, to guard against similar evils by a political organization in the Confederate States tending more towards the old monarchical institutions, which reject the perilous novelty of universal suffrage. Mr. Williams's description of the Party Conventions, and of the manner in which they choose their presidential candidate, is graphic and even amusing. He reports or composes a typical congratulatory address (spoken by the friend of the nominee after everything has been arranged), in which the direction of the references is easily understood. The speaker dwells upon a characteristic incident of the early life of the embryo President, amid peals of cheering: "He was distinguished among all the stalwart youths of his native country as an unrivalled rail-splitter,"—

"Our next President (loud cheers)—he who, in the providence of Heaven, and by the fiat of the American people, will be shortly called to fill the most exalted station ever occupied by man on the green surface of God's footstool (tumultuous and long-continued applause), having been informed that a poor widow, residing in his neighbourhood, had met with the heavy

misfortune of having had her place burned to the ground, shouldered his axe, and marching straight into the forest, set to work, and scarcely paused to take a long breath, until he had actually split two hundred rails, which he forthwith caused to be conveyed to the afflicted lady (immense sensation). I will not attempt, added the orator, to describe the joy and gratitude which penetrated the bosom of that bereaved and almost heart-broken lady, when the generous and noble action was made known to her. But the monarch, who vainly seeks beneath his golden canopy a feverish rest, to fit him for the joyless pageantry of the morrow, might well envy the peaceful chamber and the happy dreams which we may suppose welcomed our future President to his humble couch upon the night of that memorable day.

What a sensation will it create among the monarchs and their courtiers, as well as among the downtrodden millions of the Old World, when they receive the momentous intelligence, that he, who will soon be the greatest and the loftiest of all earthly rulers, has been selected from amongst the sturdy, hard-fisted wood-choppers of the backwoods of the Far West! (great applause)."

This extract from a demagogue's eulogy of the four years' sovereign that now is, constitutes an instructive episode in the complete proof given by the late American Minister at the Court of the Sultan, that the Model Republic contained, from the first, the seeds of a mortal disease. Would it not, then, be the merest fanaticism to impute the dissolution to slavery alone, forgetting the enormous abuses of presidential power, the corrupt dispensation of patronage, and the demoralization produced by the changing of officials, down even to the minor grades, when the chair passed from the occupancy of one party's favourite to the nominee of another? The truth is, to use a Scriptural figure, the whole heart was sick; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, in American society, there was an universal putrescence, when the crisis arose. Had there been virtue, ability, and experience among the public men of the country, her trial might have been surmounted without bloodshed or disorganization; but in the working of republican institutions, weakness had been generated and not strength. Things had been getting worse year by year, and there is really less of cynicism than may be supposed in the summary description

that has been given of the conflict, as merely the "burning of the dirtiest chimney that was ever set on fire."

Before taking leave of Mr. Williams, it is right to mention that he has a plan for reconciling democratic institutions with stability and purity of administration. It may be expressed in a sort of apothegm—"Always a President, but never an election." He would fix the presidential term at eight, "or better, ten years," and provide that the Senate should supply the Presidents according to the seniority of their service in that body, the oldest to be President, when a vacancy occurred, by virtue of his position, and the next oldest Vice-President. The United States' Senate has certainly been the single relieving feature of the Republican system; but as the adoption of Mr. Williams's suggestion would be an abridgment of the popular power, and in fact the introduction, so far, of the principles of a monarchical constitution, the proposal would not be listened to for a moment—at all events, in the Northern States. The public virtue which would lead a people to amend their political arrangements, by curtailing the influence of the mob, and depriving demagogues of the opportunity of using their party organizations for personal advantage, does not exist in America. The writer with whom we are dealing is not unaware, indeed, of the strength of the influences in favour of what would be called a "free and popular election," as contrasted with his reactionary old-world project.

"The irritations," he says, "engendered by the distribution of the offices upon the commencement of every new presidential term were the natural and inevitable results of the system of President-making, which during the later years of the existence of the Union became the general practice. The same cause created the necessity for the expulsion from office of all those who held over by appointment of the preceding President. These were deplorable evils; but under the operation of such a system there was no remedy. The rigid rules of party warfare, which announced as leading ideas 'rotation in office,' and 'to the victors belong the spoils,' were popular just in the proportion which the 'outs' bore to the 'ins,' that being something like a thousand to one—silenced every murmur of opposition. The 'ins' were in fact obliged to be silent witnesses of all the preparations

for their own execution. They had obtained their own places by the application of the party guillotine to those who had preceded them, and after all, there was an appearance of fairness in the arrangement which satisfied the consciences, while it kept open the avenues of hope to multitudes who were looking with longing eyes to the enjoyment of perquisites which had been long sought for, but which, somehow or other, had always eluded their grasp."

We are not entirely unfamiliar in these countries with the depraving effect of "place-hunting" upon party politicians; but let any one consider what would be the result to the public morals, and the honour and safety of the nation, if, when the Liberals went out, and the Conservatives came in, or *vice versa*, every petty official were changed, down to the tide-waiter, or subordinate clerk, the country being governed in periods of four years alternately, by these and by those, each set of plunderers anxious only to make the most of his tenure of spoliation. Those who hope to profit by this system are not likely to seek to change it; so we may take it as certain that the plan of choosing a President by seniority from the Senate will never be adopted, unless the Americans become more convinced of the failure of the Republican system than we have any reason to believe even the most thoughtful among them are. The history of their presidential campaigns has many ludicrous and painful episodes, the issue turning commonly upon no political or social principle, and the victory being not unfrequently won by an artful calumny against the opposing party, circulated in the nick of time through every journal in the country, often by the free employment of money.

At the best of times the considerations presented to the popular mind were most successful when most exciting, and fanaticism and violent passions became the instruments of presidential ambition. But the people loved to have it so. They even delighted in the turmoil: and at this moment a large section of them are keeping up their hearts with the consolatory thought that Abraham Lincoln's term is coming to an end, and that it may be their turn next to riot and grow fat in Washington.

Mr. M'Henry's book on the Cotton Trade is too large a subject for such

discussion as there is an opportunity of entering upon in this paper. It is, however, worthy of the closest attention. The facts and figures stated by him—we are bound to say with impartiality—dissipate a number of current fallacies, among which we have no hesitation in classing the dream of a cotton supply from the East Indies sufficient to render Lancashire independent of the Southern States of America. The writer reminds the English public that India, unlike the Southern Confederacy, is a manufacturing as well as a producing country, and that a considerable proportion of our supplies from thence have been a lessening of the stocks on hand, under the operation of high prices. In 1861, out of 6,000,000 bales of cotton said to have been produced in India (the statement is very doubtful, and two million bales would, probably, be a more correct estimate), we got under 1,000,000 bales, the rest having been manufactured, notwithstanding the large importation into India of British manufactured goods.

"To the minds of many persons (says Mr. M'Henry) it is quite clear that the people of England must consent to abandon the cotton trade, or again turn their eyes westward for supplies. An argument has recently been brought forward, however, that Great Britain might be better off without the industrial pursuits of Lancashire, and other districts having similar occupations, or, at least, that their advantage to the country has been greatly exaggerated; and this theory its advocates attempt to substantiate by referring to the large Governmental returns since the trade became diminished. They omit to take into consideration that the people of this country held three years' supply of American cotton, and goods and yarns made therefrom, at home and abroad, which had been 'laid in' at a rate of under sevenpence per pound, and that, for the last two years, that accumulation has been 'dealt out' to meet the demand at unprecedented profits—thus constituting an equivalent to a most gigantic monopoly. It will be remembered that, in April, May, and June, 1861, many of the exporters of Manchester goods were compelled to suspend payment by reason of their inability to dispose of their shipments, except at ruinous sacrifices, while others were on the verge of bankruptcy. The 'time' granted by the creditors of the houses that had failed gave them an opportunity to take advantage of the rise in prices, and they sold out at handsome profits. They thereby were not only able to

resume payment, but found themselves in possession of a large surplus; whereas, had the Southern crop of 1861—3,500,000 bales—been let loose, such a further reduction in the value of their merchandise would have ensued as to have caused their hopeless downfall, and an universal distress, of a different character from that which is existing, would have prevailed in all the manufacturing districts, sensibly affecting the whole commercial and financial interests of the kingdom."

In 1860, the consumption of cotton in machine goods, throughout the world, was estimated at 2,400,000,000 lbs., and of this, the raw material was contributed by the Southern States of America to the extent of 1,650,000,000 lbs. These figures, though only an approximation, are sufficient proof that India cannot be expected to supply to England the loss of the Southern fields—a fact which has an important bearing, both upon the political and the labour question in America.

We are glad to turn from these discussions on the drier order of facts and questions, cursory as they are, to dip into two other books, just published, in one of which, at least, much interesting matter is to be found. Our reference is not to Mrs. Greenhow's narrative of her imprisonment at Washington during the "the first year of abolition rule," but to Colonel Fremantle's sketches and pleasing story of his "Three Months' Tour in the Southern States." Mrs. Greenhow may be dismissed with little more than the statement that she is rather a strongminded lady, of the most violent Southern sympathies, who, at the period of the origin of the war, resided at Washington, and employed herself in obtaining, by all the means within her power, information, military and otherwise, calculated to be of use to the Southern leaders. She appears to have been successful to such a degree as to make herself an object of special dislike to the Republican Government. She helped to spoil the Northern plan for conducting the first battle of Bull's Run by communicating it to General Beauregard, and seems to have found no difficulty in inducing Federal officers to betray to her the most important secrets. Her book is of the most "sensational" description throughout, and if the author be a fair speci-

men of any large class of the Southern ladies, they are only less formidable enemies than their lords. After reading the vitriolic sentences of Mrs. Greenhow, when she is in her highest vein of angry denunciation of the Yankees, we can easily see our way to endorse the statement that "the Confederacy owes as much to its female as to its male population." Among other passages in the book that we may perhaps venture to say are particularly feminine, there is one in which Mrs. Lincoln is "photographed." According to the Southern limner, she is a "short, broad, flat figure," with sallow, mottled complexion, light gray eyes, scant eyelashes, and thin pinched lips. She wears a "scornful expression," it appears, since she became Presidentess—for Madame Lincoln does really exercise, according to Mrs. Greenhow, considerable power in the State. Among the lively pencillings of the Southern censor there is also a very womanish and waspish account of the same lady's personal appearance on the occasion of the presentation which took place when "Old Abe" came into office. The ladies of the foreign ministers having arrived *en grand tenue* at the White House, were ushered rather unceremoniously into one of the reception rooms, where, when speculation had wellnigh exhausted itself, the wife of the first citizen appeared—"a small, dowdy-looking woman, with artificial flowers in her hair." The lady who writes thus tartly of her Yankee sister has given us her own portrait as a frontispiece, and we may be allowed, probably, so far to imitate her style as to add, that her own beauty is not by any means of a character to astound us. Here is a story we think we saw something of before, but it loses nothing, of course, as told by Mrs. Greenhow:—

"Mrs. Lincoln asserts with great energy her right to a share of the distribution of the executive patronage. She had received as a present, from a man named Lammon, a magnificent carriage and horses, promising him in return the marshalship of the district of Columbia, one of the most lucrative offices in the gift of the Executive. Mr. Lincoln had, however, determined to bestow it upon another applicant, who had also paid his *douceur* [it is but just to say, that the writer offers no proof of these assertions, which

are to be taken for what they are worth], and who was in attendance, waiting to receive the commission, which was then being made out. Mrs. Lincoln came into the President's office, asked what commission it was that he was signing, and, on being told, seized it from his hands, and tore it in pieces, saying that she had promised it to 'Lammon,' and he should have it, else her name was not 'Mary Lincoln.'

When the Federal agents entered the residence of Mrs. Greenhow, in Washington, to place her under arrest, and search her premises and person, she had very important papers, which she contrived artfully to keep from them, eating one of them. Respecting these exploits, she makes, herself, the masculine comment, "that the devil is no match for a clever woman." It is a curious illustration of the excitement that prevails in American society, to find that this shrewd person believes an attempt to have been made by the Abolitionists to poison President Buchanan. To carry out their diabolical scheme, it appears that they purchased thirty pounds of arsenic! It is coolly added, "between fifty and sixty persons fell victims to this wholesale poisoning experiment." Mrs. Greenhow makes light of McClellan as a soldier. Brigadier-General Butler, of New Orleans celebrity, is naturally her abhorrence. Mr. Secretary Seward does not escape well from her hands. Jove nods at times, and Mr. Seward, who is as reticent as Talleyrand in the morning, is, after supper, genial and confidential. Fremont is a "peculator," and Fremont père was a French dancing-master. Stanton is arrogant and servile. In fact, Mrs. Greenhow has a good word for none of her country's enemies. They had in her an exceedingly troublesome prisoner, and, despite all their precautions, she seems to have continued to assist her countrymen, by sending them timely information. Her book, however, will do the Southern Confederacy no service in this country. It is written in too angry a spirit, and, in fact, is chiefly remarkable as proving how determined the Southerners are to fight, as their foes say, "to the bitter end," and how entirely impossible it is that these two peoples can ever again be reconciled, so as to live peaceably together under a joint rule.

We are anxious to pass to Colonel

Fremantle's work, which will be found full of interest, as a plain, straightforward account of what befell the tourist, and of what he saw, during his three months of travel through the South. The style is clear and correct; sometimes, indeed, it verges on the picturesque. In the first place, the author bears the most willing and hearty testimony to the hospitality of the Southerners. Wherever he went with Confederate officers, whether they had much or little, there was a part for the English military man, although towards the conclusion of his tour, the Southerners were beginning to feel annoyed at the conduct of England towards them. He found among them the manners of gentlemen. They had gone into the war in no reckless spirit, but with a resolve to secure independence for their country, and their patriotic ardour was increasing with their sacrifices and difficulties. Their soldiery were often put to sore shifts, long and harassing marches, scantiness of food and clothing, the necessity to fight battle after battle with the shortest intervals for rest and reorganization. Still the practised eye of the traveller detected no indiscipline, no fatal irregularities, no excesses. In great part this satisfactory condition of the Southern troops is due to their extreme respect for their generals. Lee, Beauregard, Longstreet, Johnstone, Jackson, Polk, Hardee, Ripley—these are all names deeply rooted in the affections of the Southern people, and almost worshipped by the rank and file. The principal title of these leaders to respect is their personal courage. The Confederates have shown that they do not underrate strategic talent—their commanders have lately made some of the ablest dispositions, and worked out some of the most masterly plots ever known in warfare; but before their men placed confidence in them they were obliged to prove that they deserved it, by exposing themselves to real and visible perils. The Southern troops seem to have a theory that no one can be an able general who is not a notably brave man.

The author of this work adds greatly to its interest by supplying portraits of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and of Generals Lee, Longstreet, Polk, and Beauregard, the heads of the Con-

federacy. Mr. Davis is a tall, lank, sallow man, with rather a "Yankee" face, but not ungentelemanlike in appearance. He has a good head, prominent cheek-bones and chin, and a firm mouth. His aspect is that of a self-possessed, sagacious, conscientious person, who might, one would say, be entrusted with the most important responsibilities, and relied on to discharge his duties at all times to the utmost of his powers. Although reared a soldier, he is the statesman of the South. His face bears traces of hard work; and, since the war began, he must have undergone an almost superhuman amount of labour. Next to him, the most remarkable Southern is General Lee, the great Virginian commander. He is an exceedingly handsome man, courteous, dignified, brave as a lion, yet gentle withal, and cheerful. He has none of the small American vices. He does not drink, or gamble, or smoke, or chew, or swear. On the most arduous marches he looks smart and clean. He generally rides a handsome horse, and in that respect alone is "particular." He is fifty-six years of age, tall, well-proportioned, and vigorous. He roughs it with his men, and is their idol. He has the reputation of being a religious man, and is a member of the Church of England. "Stonewall" Jackson had the highest confidence in his military judgment. He is, in short, the main reliance of the Confederate Government, and has done more for its cause than any other man, hardly excepting Mr. Jefferson Davis himself. After Lee, the most prominent figure is that of Longstreet. He is a native of Alabama, and forty-three years of age, stout, well-built, resolute, the special admirer and trusted lieutenant of Lee, who has been co-operating with him of late with great adroitness. Longstreet is considered the "best fighter in the whole army." He is a rigid disciplinarian, and has frequently restrained his soldiers when they manifested a desire to plunder the Northerns and devastate their soil. He is particularly taciturn, but when once induced to throw off his reserve, his observations prove him to be an intelligent man and competent soldier. Colonel Fremantle

found his staff, as well as those of the other Southern generals, to be composed of thorough gentlemen. Beauregard and Longstreet are nearly of an age, the former, perhaps, being a couple of years older, though he looks younger. His hair has become much more gray, some affirm, "from the cares and anxieties of the last two years." "The real and less romantic reason," says the author, "is to be found in the rigidity of the Yankee blockade, which interrupts the arrival of articles of toilette." He is rather a handsome man, and speaks French fluently. Beauregard is a New Orleans creole. He has not only served the Southern Government well as an engineer officer, but has a special organizing talent; the Virginian and Tennessean armies were brought to their present efficiency by his efforts. He conceives a war between the Northern States and England to be inevitable, and thinks our best policy would be to form an alliance with the South, so that, whenever an attempt was made on Canada, they might assist us by marching into the Federal territory.

This does not seem the place to enter upon a discussion of the general prospects of the Confederacy, or the relations of the European Powers towards it. Nor would it serve any purpose to speculate upon the military situation—whether Washington is likely to be entered by Lee, or Richmond by Meade; whether Charleston, like the impregnable Sebastopol, will succumb at last, and Tennessee be cleared of Confederates; or whether Bragg, reinforced by Johnston, will recover the character he lost at Chickamauga, and, in conjunction with Longstreet, inflict decisive defeats on Grant and Burnside. These are topics for the daily journalists, who deal with them competently. It is enough for us, in this paper, to have indicated briefly the character of the books published on America during the past month, which, certainly, do not give us reason for despairing of the Confederate cause, but tend, rather, to strengthen the views of those who think that the shortest and surest way, even to negro emancipation, will be found through the independence of the Southern States.

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LORD LYNDHURST.

THE great statesman, lawyer, and orator, who has recently departed from among us, has already been weighed in the balance by a multitude of critics, and carefully described by skilful and well-informed biographers. To the facts of his life which are recorded on these literary tablets we have nothing to add; nor with the verdicts returned upon his character have we, upon the whole, much fault to find. The points in his career susceptible of a malicious construction have not been more maliciously construed than is usual with political opponents. All that his enemies have ventured to call in question is his honesty; and, as that question is the one which a pre-eminently able man has always to expect from those to whom his principles are obnoxious, we cannot say that Lord Lyndhurst has been harshly treated. The time, perhaps, has not even yet arrived when the whole constitutional import of those great struggles which ushered in the present generation can be clearly apprehended.

"Majus ab hâc acie quam quod sua sæcula
ferrent
Vulnus habent populi"

may yet be the final verdict, and it may not be, perhaps, till another century has passed away that due allowance will be made for the conflicting obligations and perplexing problems of that stormy crisis. It is likewise and collaterally to be observ-

VOL. LXIII.—NO. CCCLXXIV.

ed that a much longer time is required for the subsidence of personal prejudices which spring from political contentions than for the decline of any other class of prepossessions. The reason is, that so much longer a period must elapse before it can be finally decided which of two parties was in the right. The victorious party for the time cannot well afford to be generous, for it dare not bate one inch of its vantage ground. The vanquished are afraid to acknowledge that they may, after all, have been mistaken, while it is yet possible that posterity should reverse the verdict.

As the leading facts in the career of the deceased chancellor must be, by this time, tolerably familiar to our readers, we shall content ourselves with a very brief recapitulation of them, premising that we are indebted for our knowledge to the same source as was *The Times*, namely, a memoir of his lordship, which was published in the *The Law Magazine*, of London, almost exactly eight years ago. Lord Lyndhurst, then, was born at Boston, in America, on the 21st of May, 1772, where his father also was born, in 1737. His grandfather emigrated from the county of Limerick, carrying with him, as his wife, Sarah, the youngest daughter of John Singleton, esq., whose family are now represented by the Singletons of Quinville Abbey, county Clare. The father of Lord Lyndhurst, who married a Miss Clarke, of Boston, settled in England,

as a portrait painter, in 1775 or '76, and soon became distinguished as an artist. He died in September, 1819, his widow, Lord Lyndhurst's mother, surviving him some twenty years. The son was educated at Cambridge, where, in 1794, he came out as Smith's prizeman and second wrangler. He was a good scholar as well as a mathematician, and acquired, at the same time, some knowledge of chemistry and mechanics. It is said that at this time he had designs of entering the Church; but, if so, they were probably nipped in the bud by the visit which he paid to America, immediately after taking his degree, where he became imbued with republican ideas not exactly in harmony with the tone of the English Church under Pitt. On his return to England he was chosen a Fellow of Trinity, and adopted the bar as his profession. He was called by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, in 1804, rather late in life, it is to be observed, as he had then just entered upon his thirty-third year. He joined the Midland Circuit. But the first ten years of his professional career have supplied no materials to any of the memoirs we have seen. In 1813 he became Mr. Sergeant Copley; and, in either 1816 or 1817, he so distinguished himself by the conduct of a case at Nottingham, that he rose into the ranks of those whom attorneys are eager to retain. As a consequence, partly of his new won reputation, partly, perhaps, of the political opinions which he was supposed to entertain, he was about this time entrusted with the defence of James Watson, indicted for high treason; though, as his coadjutor in the case was the tough old Tory, Sir Charles Wetherell, it is quite possible that his political opinions had nothing whatever to do with it. His speech on this occasion enhanced his reputation still further; and one story is, that it was in consequence of this logical and eloquent performance that Lord Castlereagh, who heard it delivered, first conceived the design of enlisting him in the service of Government. Some say that the speech which impressed the foreign minister was in the cause of Thorpe v. the Governor of Upper Canada. A third story is, that it was during the trial of a prosecution against the publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, for an alleg-

ed libel on Colonel Maccaroni, that Copley first fixed the attention of the Tory leaders as a desirable auxiliary. He conducted the defence; and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, and other ministers of Government, having been subpoenaed as witnesses, were seated on the bench. Immediately the trial was over, they made him an offer of a seat in Parliament. The offer, unfettered by any conditions or pledges of any sort whatever, was at once accepted, and in the year 1818 he was returned to the House of Commons for the Government borough of Yarmouth, and was soon afterwards appointed Justice of Chester. He was now, therefore, fairly mounted, and the pace at which he rode was rapid. In May, 1818, he made his maiden speech upon the Alien Bill, which showed at once that Sergeant Copley was not one of those whom the forum had spoiled for the senate. In 1819 he was made Solicitor-General. In 1820 he convicted Thistlewood and his gang of high treason, and appeared as counsel against Queen Caroline. In 1824 he was Attorney-General. In 1826 he was returned for Cambridge University. In September of the same year he became Master of the Rolls; and in April of the year following, Mr. Canning appointed him Lord Chancellor. He retained the seals, after Mr. Canning's death, under Lord Goderich; and, after him, under the Duke of Wellington, retiring, with the rest of the ministry, to make way for Lord Grey, in November, 1830, having sat upon the wool-sack rather more than three years and a-half.

From Lord Grey he accepted the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer. In November, 1834, when Sir Robert Peel was entrusted with the formation of a new ministry, his lordship again became Chancellor, and continued so till Sir Robert's resignation in April, 1835. He had, however, retained his office of Chief Baron all the time, a post which he did not resign till the following December, when, it would appear, that he was required to devote himself more exclusively to his political friends. From this time to 1841 he was out of office. From 1841 to 1846 he was Sir Robert Peel's Chancellor; he resigned with him in that year; and

from 1846 to the year of his death he never again resumed official harness. When Lord Derby came into power, in 1852, Lord Lyndhurst was eighty years of age, and had ceased to covet the laborious honours of the woolsack. But till quite lately he took an active, and even commanding, part in the debates of the House of Lords; and for his noble constitutional stand against life peerages in 1856 a deep debt of gratitude is owing to him. The present writer had the good fortune to hear him speak on that occasion, when his upright and defiant figure, his low but still clear and harmonious accents, and the profound respect with which he was treated by the house, made an impression never to be effaced.

The last occasion of all upon which Lord Lyndhurst addressed that great assembly, where for nearly thirty years he had exercised a sway second only, if second, to that of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon, was on the amendment moved by Lord Monteagle to that part of Mr. Gladstone's budget which involved the repeal of the paper duty. Lord Lyndhurst rose before Lord Monteagle to argue the point of privilege, and to show the distinction which not only existed in theory, but had frequently been observed in practice, between the origination or amendment of a money bill, and the absolute rejection of it. By a curious coincidence, the debate took place upon the 21st of May, Lord Lyndhurst's eighty-eighth birth-day. His hale and vigorous appearance was generally remarked by the peers present; and though his voice and gesture were slightly marked by the infirmities of extreme old age, none of those remarkable powers for which he had been always famous seemed the least abated. The lucid exposition, the cogent inference, the weighty exhortation, the finished diction, were all there as of old; lighted up at intervals by touches of that gay satire which is not felt the less because it is perfectly good-humoured. Concluding a speech of some length with a parting lunge at Mr. Gladstone, who reminded him, he said, that "*the utis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum was not an irreconcilable combination*," the veteran retired from the house, and went home comfortably to dinner

with a large family circle assembled to celebrate the day.

On the 21st of last May, he was still well enough to take part in the family festivity, but towards the autumn he began to sink; though so much had he been withdrawn from the public eye during the last year or two, that until we heard he was dead, few knew that he was ailing. He died in London, on the 13th of October last, the sole survivor of a brilliant circle of contemporaries, who, very little older than himself, had almost passed into history, when Lyndhurst was still vigorous. He was eight years younger than Lord Grey. He was only three years younger than the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, and he was only two years younger than Mr. Canning.

It is known to even the most cursory of political students that the Whig party which had been shattered into fragments by the secession of 1793, and had remained in a state of insignificance as long as the terrors of Jacobinism still hung black and bloody before the eyes of the British nation, began to recruit its strength, and regain some of its popularity, with the suppression of anarchy in France, and the conviction that Napoleon was not, after all, so vile, if he would only not invade England. The heavy expenditure of the Peninsular war was a topic for Parliamentary declamation which never failed the Whigs; while the final refusal of the King to hear any thing more about the Catholics, secured them often the support, and sometimes the permanent alliance, of the old Liberal Tory party. The leadership of this party was disputed for by Canning and Lord Grenville. And Lord Grenville, as is well known, went over bodily to the Whigs, carrying the whole influence and interest of the house of Buckingham to the side of Fox and Grey. Thus fortified, the Whigs became a powerful opposition; and, backed up by the favour of the Prince of Wales, no doubt, promised themselves a speedy restoration to that good land from which they had so long been evicted. But two unforeseen events marred their calculations. The King again lost his reason, and this time without hope of recovery. The Prince suddenly discovered that the Whig idea of the

British constitution, however convenient to the Heir, was by no means so agreeable to the Regent. He retained a Tory ministry in office, and the Whigs were naturally driven into more ardent opposition than before. A year or two passed by, and, owing to causes which no legislation could have wholly prevented or removed, a revival of popular discontent, scarcely less alarming than the events of '93 and '94, spread throughout the length and breadth of England. Arms were taken by violence from the gunsmith's shops. Tumultuous meetings of 50,000 or 100,000 men assembled together, with a visible attempt at something like military organization. Treasonable and seditious pamphlets were published and dispersed, and, as has since been admitted by an eminent Whig authority, the country was in as dangerous a state as Ireland in 1844. The Government introduced a series of coercive measures. And at this test the bond which had united the Whig party with the Liberals from 1806 downwards, snapped in two, and the whole body fell away into two different divisions. The Whigs who remained in opposition became more violent than ever, and denounced the measures of the ministry as cruel, unconstitutional, and intolerable. The "Liberals" who drew off on the other side re-united their forces with the Government, convinced that times were changed, and that the part taken by the Whigs was as discreditable to them, as it was dangerous to the public peace. Lord Grenville and the Marquis of Buckingham were the acknowledged political chiefs of this party; and they numbered a good following in the House of Commons under Mr. Wynn, Mr. Freemantle, and Mr. Sturges Bourne. But as Parliament is always more or less the index of the public mind, we may be sure that a corresponding change of feeling had also taken place in the country; and that many men who had nourished dreams of political improvement would begin to see that it was no time to set about it while ricks were burning, democrats arming, and conspiracies in progress from one end of the United Kingdom to the other. "Order is Heaven's first law," and it is man's first necessity. A great mass of the Liberal opinion of that day began to side with Gov-

ernment. And among others who felt the force of this reaction was the leader of the Midland Circuit, Mr. Sergeant Copley. He had been, perhaps, a speculative republican. But that such views as these, even had he entertained them, should have compelled him to feel any sympathy with the English Radical of the year 1820, is one of those convenient hypotheses which may serve the purpose of a political rival in debate, but will not stand the test of calm investigation for a moment.

The charges of insincerity, therefore, which have been brought against Lord Lyndhurst, and based upon his alleged conversion to Toryism, in obedience to his professional interests, we hold to be utterly worthless. The truth we take to be, that his political principles were as undefined as those of the majority of professional men who have never been obliged to act upon them; and that his political morality was neither above nor below the average standard of the day.

The second ground upon which Lord Lyndhurst's political morality has been questioned is his conduct on Roman Catholic emancipation. This charge is not merely unjust, like the last one—it is absurd. The former had some show of plausibility on its side; the latter is transparently untrue. Let us see then how the matter stands. Sir John Copley, when Master of the Rolls, spoke against Roman Catholic emancipation; the year following he accepted the Great Seal from Mr. Canning, who was in favour of emancipation. He continued to hold it under the Duke of Wellington, while the Duke was still anti-Catholic; and in 1828 he again spoke in opposition to the Relief Bill. When the Duke changed his opinion, Lord Lyndhurst also changed his; and in 1829, in his place in the House of Lords, contradicted what he had said in 1828. Now it must strike every one who understands the history of that period, that the only inconsistency of which his Lordship was really guilty took place *after* he had become Lord Chancellor, and not before. Had he been ever so uncompromising an opponent of the Romish claims, there would have been no inconsistency in his joining Mr. Canning's Government, in which, as in Lord Liverpool's, the question was

expressly left an open one. Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington did not refuse to act with Canning because he was in favour of emancipation, but for other reasons well known to political students. Mr. Peel had privately told Lord Liverpool, as early as 1825, that the Catholic claims must be conceded; and the Duke of Wellington resumed his old place under Lord Goderich, an equally Catholic Prime Minister, from which he had retired under Canning. It was quite possible, therefore, for Lord Lyndhurst to have served under Canning without any change of opinion whatever upon the question of emancipation. He was not, moreover, a violent opponent of that measure. He had always adopted that more moderate view of the subject, according to which emancipation was only to be resisted till adequate securities could be agreed upon for the safety of the Anglo-Irish church. It seems to us, therefore, that Lord Lyndhurst's change of mind must stand upon exactly the same footing as Peel's and the Duke of Wellington's. He was not bribed to it by the promise of the Great Seal, for there is no evidence to show that any change in his mind took place till two years after the Great Seal had been conferred on him. In 1829, when it was a question of conversion or resignation, he acted as Wellington and Peel acted; and that is the worst that can be said of him. He could not have given up his opinions in order to be made Lord Chancellor, for he was Lord Chancellor before he was asked to give them up. And a good proof that no peculiar baseness was supposed by contemporaries to attach to him is the admission, by his most hostile critic, that the reputation of Peel suffered far more than that of Lyndhurst from the share which they both took in these memorable transactions.

These are the only two passages of Lord Lyndhurst's career which his enemies in general have deemed sufficient to sustain those accusations. But some there are who still think it possible to extract matter for censure from his acceptance of the Chief Baronship. "He," says *The Law Magazine*, "probably asked, and certainly accepted, judicial office at the hands of that political chief, whose principles of Government he had

throughout many years condemned, and whose measures of reform he was prepared to resist." The insinuation conveyed by this last sentence is wholly unjustifiable. An analogous case would be the appointment of the present Lord Chelmsford to succeed Sir Frederick Pollock at the Exchequer. But, though the probability of such an appointment has frequently been discussed in legal circles, nobody ever imagined that Lord Chelmsford would have had to turn Whig.

The only other charge which has ever been made against Lord Lyndhurst was one of corruption in the distribution of his political patronage. This was in the year 1829, when a libel was circulated in the *Morning Journal*, accusing the Lord Chancellor of having obtained a loan of £30,000 from Sir Edward Sugden, on condition of recommending him for the situation of Solicitor-General.

The defendant, upon trial, was found guilty. It is needless to add that not even Lord Lyndhurst's most bitter foes have ever treated this report as anything but a scandalous and ridiculous figment, hatched in the heat of party warfare, and published by a reckless radical scribbler.

Having thus wiped off the various little scraps of mud which either prejudice or malignity have stuck upon the memory of the great Tory leader, we may proceed to consider the nature of the part which he played, and the degree of genius which he exhibited, in the various political transactions with which his name is associated. There are some half dozen public questions which supply us with fair tests of the character of his political genius. These are:—The Alien Bill, the Religious Relief Bills of 1818–19, the Reform Bill, the Municipal Reform Bill, Life Peerages, and our Foreign Policy in the East. We cannot undertake to examine each of these at length. We merely mean that these are the sources to which we should direct any man who professed an intention of writing the life of Lord Lyndhurst.

The circumstances under which the Alien Bill was first introduced, and afterwards renewed, can scarcely fail of being familiar to all our readers who take any interest in politics. The peace of 1815 had by no means tranquillized the continent of Europe. In

Italy, in Spain, and in Portugal, the revolutionary spirit had, after a momentary lull, broken out again. Political refugees were flocking to this country, and here, in turn, they were met by a wave of still fretting discontent, which required very little encouragement from abroad to swell into a fresh storm. That this danger was very properly encountered by the defensive measures of Government, seems now to be generally admitted. The writer in *The Law Magazine*, actuated, as he is, by the bitterest spirit towards Lord Lyndhurst, is obliged to allow that "the measures proposed, from time to time, by the Government of the day, with a view to its having some control over the stream of foreigners which was pouring into this country, and permeating every county, were neither unnecessary nor inexpedient." Under these circumstances Mr. Sergeant Copley delivered his maiden speech, on the 19th of May, 1818. Among the other speeches of the night, it shines like a gem. He had then, as ever, the happy art of going straight to the point of seeing exactly where the gist of the matter lay without being so unduly curt as to appear dictatorial, or so nakedly logical as to rob his language of all rhetorical embellishment.

In a few words he exposed that most astounding, because most prevailing, fallacy, that preventive measures ought never to be adopted because they have often been successful; and that the tranquillity by which they have been followed is sufficient evidence to prove that they never were required! Sergeant Copley was followed on this occasion by Sir James Macintosh; but we cannot discover in his speech anything like an answer to the pertinent arguments of the Sergeant.

The Roman Catholic question had, by 1820, been exhaustively discussed, as far as principles were concerned; the fact being, that the real issue had been fought and lost in 1828, on the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

According to some reasons, Church and State were one and indivisible; spiritually the State was contained within the Church, and politically the Church within the State. Such has been the view of many men who

differed very widely upon doctrine — of Coleridge, of Arnold, of Mr. Gladstone. According to these, a National State and a National Church should be co-extensive. The fact that many of the inhabitants of the country do not belong to the one does not affect its nationality, if they take no part in the other; for, as the Legislature is supposed to be the embodiment of the national will, and, so to speak, the condensed essence of the nation, those who stand outside of it are, as it were, extra-national. Such were the relative positions of the *populus* and the *pplis* in old Rome; and such, down to 1828, was the position maintained towards Dissenters of every denomination by the United Church of England and Ireland. This was, at all events, a compact and intelligible theory. It was the one accepted by Lord Eldon as the theory of the British Constitution. And we can see more clearly now than our fathers could then, that the formal recognition of Dissenters, as entitled to all the privileges of citizens, was quite incompatible with this theory of Church and State. It is perfectly clear, we repeat, that the above theory was given up with the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; but in order to understand the views adopted upon the whole of this great question, we must recur to the earlier debates upon the subject of Romish Emancipation, in which the principle at stake had been exhaustively discussed before the first of the two great Relief Acts was completed.

On these two questions, then, Lord Lyndhurst seems to have contented himself with adopting a purely practical line of argument, and not to have concerned himself so much with the principles which were really at stake, as Lord Eldon did. Indeed, we are bound to say, that throughout all the debates on both branches of this great subject, we are struck with the limited range of argument, and the something like poverty of thought which are discernible on both sides. Lord Eldon, it has always seemed to us, took the most truly philosophic and constitutional views of these questions. His idea was that the legislation which followed the Civil wars, merely fixed what had hitherto been floating. Before that time there was no such thing as a Dissenter. The Puritan

members of the House of Commons were all professedly Churchmen, while any Roman Catholics who sat in Parliament before the Revolution were exceptions and merely tolerated until it was seen whether the breach between the two Churches was finally irreparable. When the essential tendencies of Puritanism on the one hand, and the finality of the breach between Rome and Canterbury on the other, had been fully demonstrated, then, and not till then, were both classes of malcontents cast out as no longer members of the "Church." But Lord Lyndhurst, and Wellington, and Peel, just as much as Lord Holland or Lord Grey, confined themselves entirely to the supposition that Papists and Presbyterians had been excluded from all share in the State, solely because they were disloyal, and not at all because they were apostate. If they had ceased to be dangerous they might now cease to be proscribed. Above this view of the question, Lord Lyndhurst, we imagine, did not rise. And it is unfair to tax any man with inconsistency who changes his views on such a mere matter of detail as this. As far, however, as the practical sagacity and foresight of the promoters of Emancipation were concerned, Lord Lyndhurst was as wrong as the rest. He predicted that Ireland would be tranquil; that the priesthood would be loyal; that no more attempts against the Established Church of the empire would have to be expected. He lived to see Ireland more turbulent than she had been for half a century; the priesthood heading a crusade against the law of the land and the lives and properties of individuals; and Romish members of the House of Commons assiduously promoting and supporting every conceivable device for the destruction of the United Church. In 1851 he confessed as much with his own lips.

We gladly pass from the contemplation of this subject to another great struggle, wherein Lord Lyndhurst's powers shone forth with unclouded lustre in the advocacy of a cause, the foundations of which lay deep in logic, in philosophy, and in history.

On the question of Parliamentary Reform, so disastrously completed by the Whigs when, with unskilled

hands and dizzy heads, they mounted the chariot of the State, Lord Lyndhurst spoke twice, and twice succeeded in arresting that headlong race. It is, in some sense, unfortunate for his fame, that he had been preceded by such a statesman as Mr. Canning, who, in his various speeches on the subject, had exhausted both reason and rhetoric. But still Mr. Canning had been dead four years when Lord Lyndhurst "rose to his height" in that memorable debate which tore in two the second Reform Bill. The arguments of that illustrious man, to whom Sir Robert Peel so beautifully applied the words in which Ulysses deploras the chance which had made any contest possible for the possession of the arms of Achilles, would well bear repetition from the lips of his ablest disciple. And certainly, we may, in turn, apply to Lord Lyndhurst the classical quotation which Lord Palmerston so generously and justly used in praise of *that* statesman's pupil. If the Constitution could have been saved, Lord Lyndhurst's speeches would have saved it. Clearly the two main points to be argued, as far as the principle was concerned, were these:—First, what was the intention of the Constitution, and had that intention been defeated by the changes which time had made in the distribution of wealth and population? Secondly, if this were not so, was the working of the existing system so bad as to make a Reform Bill indispensable, even though it went the length of giving a new Constitution? The style in which Lord Lyndhurst argued both of these points was masterly; and the force with which he turned against themselves certain previous admissions of the Whig leaders would have caused any set of men to pause who were not obstinately bent upon arriving at a given goal through sense and through nonsense.

The second reading of the second Reform Bill was thrown out in the Lords by a majority of forty-one. The division took place early in the morning of the 8th of October; and Parliament was prorogued soon afterwards. In less than six weeks, however, Parliament reassembled; and a third Reform Bill was carried through the House of Commons. During the interval it appears that the Tory

Italy, in Spain, and in Portugal, the revolutionary spirit had, after a momentary lull, broken out again. Political refugees were flocking to this country, and here, in turn, they were met by a wave of still fretting discontent, which required very little encouragement from abroad to swell into a fresh storm. That this danger was very properly encountered by the defensive measures of Government, seems now to be generally admitted. The writer in *The Law Magazine*, actuated, as he is, by the bitterest spirit towards Lord Lyndhurst, is obliged to allow that "the measures proposed, from time to time, by the Government of the day, with a view to its having some control over the stream of foreigners which was pouring into this country, and permeating every county, were neither unnecessary nor inexpedient." Under these circumstances Mr. Sergeant Copley delivered his maiden speech, on the 19th of May, 1818. Among the other speeches of the night, it shines like a gem. He had then, as ever, the happy art of going straight to the point—of seeing exactly where the gist of the matter lay without being so unduly curt as to appear dictatorial, or so nakedly logical as to rob his language of all rhetorical embellishment.

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party had begun to lose hope ; and when Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke mustered their forces against the second reading of this Bill they found themselves left in a minority: the numbers being 184 for, and 175 against. All that it was then possible for Lord Lyndhurst to do, he did. He rallied his party in committee, and brought back a good many of those who, in his own words, "had not *deserted*, but *departed*, from its ranks." The result was, that when he made his motion for postponing the disfranchising clauses of the Bill to the enfranchising ones, he obtained a majority against Ministers of thirty-five. Had Ministers accepted this decision they would have endangered those provisions of the Bill which they, doubtless, deemed the most important. When Manchester and Birmingham had gained all they wanted, the honour and emolument, namely, of two representatives in Parliament, they might, perhaps, become less zealous for disfranchising Ludgershall and Bedwin. That would never do, and Ministers at once resigned. It is clear, that at this moment the hopes of both the King and the Tories were centred on Lord Lyndhurst. He was closetted with his Majesty, and declared his willingness to make one of a Cabinet that should fight out the battle with the Commons. How far the Duke himself, with his well-known terror of civil contests, supported or shared in this resolve is not exactly known. But whatever might have been his Grace's sentiments, the bolder section of the Tory party was not sufficiently numerous to justify so daring an experiment. Sir Robert Peel declined to share in any such deep responsibility. Like all men who have spent their early life in resistance, and then suddenly give way, now that he had begun to yield, he never knew when to stop. The result was, that the formation of a Tory Ministry was found to be impossible. The Chief Baron, who had been driving backwards and forwards between the Palace, Downing-street, and Apsley House, amid the execration of the London mob, went back to his Law Court. Lord Grey returned to office ; and the Reform Bill became law.

The next occasion upon which Lord Lyndhurst took a decided lead was

the passage of the Municipal Reform Bill. Here, again, Lord Lyndhurst was willing to have stood boldly in the breach, and to have thrown out the Bill on the second reading, instead of confining his exertions to the amendment of its details. The secret history of this particular period—the spring and summer of 1835—has lately been revealed in the *Times*, to the no small astonishment of the public ; though we ourselves see no reason to doubt that the story is substantially correct. But still the whole train of events is to some degree obscure. Abandoning the design of resisting the second reading of the Bill, which, owing to the timidity or lukewarmness of the Peelites, might not have been successful, Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke of Wellington threw their whole strength into the advocacy of a series of amendments which it was thought, with justice, would cleanse it of its worst features. The amendments were triumphantly carried ; and so sensible were Ministers of the sweeping nature of the changes thus engrafted on it, that when, on the 28th of August, the Bill was read a third time, they retired to the foot of the throne, and declined to sanction by their votes a measure which reversed their own intentions. Then came the tug of war. Lord John Russell, the representative of Government in the House of Commons, positively refused to agree to the majority of the amendments. This, of course, had been foreseen by the Tory leaders in the House of Lords, and they were prepared to stand firm ; but Sir Robert Peel declined the onus of supporting the amendment in the House of Commons ; and it would seem that it was at this particular juncture, when the Ministry, disgusted with their defeat in the House of Lords, might daily be expected to resign, that, in contemplation of this event, those arrangements were begun, which *The Times* has been the first to make public. The feeble resistance offered by Sir Robert Peel to the Corporation Bill, in its original progress through the Lower House, had completed the estrangement which his faintheartedness in the Reform struggle had begun ; and a powerful section of the Tory party was eager to hail Lyndhurst as its chief. Still the only chance of carrying out this scheme

successfully depended, of course, upon keeping the party together, so as to show a united front in both Houses in every conflict that ensued. But this degree of unanimity was soon discovered to be unattainable. Peel had a considerable following in both Houses. The last effort of the old Constitutional party was now, therefore, abandoned; and the Conservative cause tacitly relinquished to a leader who has done more to undermine the public faith in it than any man who ever lived.

At the same time, it is but just to Sir Robert Peel to consider that the support which he was asked to give to the amendments on the Municipal Corporations Bill was part of a general scheme for depriving him of the leadership of his party; and, secondly, that many firm Tories agreed with him in thinking that all that it was possible to effect, in the way of Conservative principles, after the Reform Bill, must be the result of a compromise, and that it was absolutely necessary to sacrifice both the English and the Irish Corporations on the altar of the Irish Church. How the Conservative party made use of the Irish Corporation Bill as a lever to extort the suppression of the odious "appropriation clause" is well known. And it may be that Sir Robert Peel feared, if he offered any further opposition to the English Corporation Bill, he would preclude himself from using the Irish one as a means of making terms with the enemy. Lord Lyndhurst believed that there was no necessity for making terms. Which was right it were mere waste of time to speculate.

Twenty years had passed over the head of Lord Lyndhurst before he again, and for the last time, stood forward in defence of our ancient Constitution. But a lapse of time, which reduces other men from old age to senility, had wrought no such change in him. In 1856 he declaimed against the introduction of life peers into the House of Lords, not only with as much logic and as much learning, but with as much courage and as much vehemence as he had ever displayed when at his best. After an elaborate argument, embracing the whole Constitutional bearings of the question, he did not hesitate to contrast the dependence and inefficiency

of the Senate of France with the vigour, patriotism, and spirit of the British House of Lords.

This, it must be owned, was certainly going to the point; and, indeed, it is one of the very few occasions on which Lord Lyndhurst permitted himself to appeal to any great general principles or the broad lessons of history. Indeed, the whole debate was afterwards described by Lord Granville, as the greatest at which he had ever been present in their Lordship's House.

The last transaction affecting the constitution of Parliament with which the name of Lord Lyndhurst is associated is the admission of the Jews to Parliament. The means by which this measure was finally accomplished, in the session of 1858, is probably still fresh in the reader's memory. A Bill was sent down from the House of Lords for empowering either House to resolve, upon any particular occasion, that certain words in the oath might be dispensed with. This measure was proposed by Lord Lucan, and received, after some hesitation, the support of Lord Derby, who held that it would terminate the discussion between the two Houses, while saving, at the same time, their lordships' consciences and honour. Lord Lyndhurst, who had moved the second reading of the Oath Bill, saw the practical object of that measure which he had advocated for so many years taken out of his own hands, and accomplished in another way, with his usual serene indifference to all considerations of mere vanity. He must have seen, we imagine, from the very first, that this Bill was an inevitable corollary of the legislation of '28 and '29. But, as on the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, so with regard to Jewish Disabilities, he argued the question on its own particular merits, contending that the restrictive clauses of the oath had never been directed against the Jews, and not rising to the contemplation of that general principle by which all persons not members of the National Church were held *de jure* to be excluded from participation in the national State.

The moral and intellectual endowments of this great man were of the highest order. Undaunted courage, in the face of most perilous enter-

prises, and in the teeth of the most determined opposition; a spirit as indifferent to mere general clamour as it was prompt to resent and to punish particular imputations; fidelity to his friends and calm disdain of his enemies, were the most prominent of his ethical characteristics. They are, we think, all in turn discernible, even in the brief sketch of his career which we have already given. Both in 1832 and in 1835 he gave signal proofs that neither difficulty, danger, nor abuse was capable of reducing him to despair, nor of dissuading him from another battle with an enemy flushed with conquest and superior in numbers, for the sake of the ancient Constitution. That he cared little for popular reproaches is demonstrable from the same evidence. But that he would allow no man living to use injurious expressions towards himself without an instantaneous check is likewise placed beyond a doubt, not only by the curt and defiant tone with which he was accustomed to rebut the charges which were brought against himself, but more especially by his behaviour to Lord Melbourne

on one particular occasion, that will long be memorable.*

The moral defects visible in Lord Lyndhurst's character were few. He was certainly an ambitious man; and, as far as that can be called a fault in one who, conscious of great powers, has his own way to make in the world, it must be conceded to his accusers. He is said, likewise, to have lacked warmth of temperament, and that it was owing rather to this defect than to native magnanimity that he cherished so few antipathies, and forgave almost as soon as he was angered. It is for those who knew him intimately in private life to say if this view of him be just. If it is so, it comprises, at all events, the worst that can be said of him; nor does either of the infirmities implied in it militate against his possession of the other moral virtues we have assigned to him.

His intellectual powers were immense; nor have his friends thought it necessary to prove, or his enemies possible to deny, them. In the statement of a case Lord Lyndhurst was unequalled. The speeches which he delivered on

* Lord Melbourne had characterised some statement of Lord Lyndhurst's as "artful." Lord Lyndhurst replied in words which so enraged the Prime Minister that he quite forgot himself:—"I wish," exclaimed he, in a paroxysm of rage, "that the noble duke (Wellington) had been here;" then, turning towards Lord Lyndhurst, he continued—"the noble duke would have sooner cut his right hand off, than have taken such a course as that taken by the noble and learned lord: the noble duke is a gentleman; the noble duke is a man of honour." Suddenly a cloud settled over the features of the insulted peer: the compression of the lips, and the gleam of the eyes, revealed the thunder which was sleeping within. A dead stillness reigned throughout the house. Lord Lyndhurst rose from his seat, and spoke in a calm, firm tone:—"The noble viscount says he wishes the noble duke had been here, because the noble duke is a gentleman, and a man of honour. That observation, which is true of the noble duke, was applied by the noble viscount in such a manner as to bear a different construction when applied to others: I beg an explanation." Lord Melbourne would have shrunk from grappling with his strong antagonist. "When I said that the noble duke," remarked he, "was a gentleman and a man of honour, I did not say that anybody else was not a gentleman and a man of honour." This saltry subterfuge was of no avail. "The words," rejoined Lord Lyndhurst, "are capable of a particular construction: again I ask the noble viscount what he meant by them." The Premier not having risen to answer the question, Lord Lyndhurst quitted his seat, and was in the act of leaving the house, when Lord Brougham started to his feet, and entreated his friend to remain. The latter resumed his seat. A few remarks then dropped from Lord Brougham. Lord Lyndhurst once more rose, and with a look and tone which could not be misinterpreted, demanded an explanation. "I must insist on knowing," said he, "from the noble viscount, whether he meant to convey an imputation on my character; whether he meant to say that I am not a man of honour." Lord Melbourne's better feelings had speedily prevailed. He admitted that he had allowed himself to be carried away by passion. "I do not recollect," such was his confession—"what I said: I do not know what were the words I used in the excitement of the moment; but I do not try to state that if I said anything in reference to the noble and learned lord, to the effect that he had acted unlike a man of honour, or in any way unbecoming a gentleman, I most fully retract the words." Lord Lyndhurst immediately declared that he was satisfied. And well he might. The *non solum sed etiam* attitude which he desired to preserve, but been most successfully vindicated; and the Wing Prime Minister made to be as nearly as small as it is possible for a man to look.

those occasions when the exercise of this particular talent was all that was required, remain as models for all time. Among these, of course, are to be ranked his famous "Summaries," which are already political classics, and one of the very few examples of parliamentary eloquence which has exerted an immediate influence upon public opinion, and brought Whig ministries to the dust by blows of which the marks, so to speak, were visible to the naked eye. After every one of these attacks it was felt throughout the kingdom—in the market-place and on the Stock Exchange, in Pall Mall and in May Fair—that the ministry was so much the weaker, and had lost so much more of its small remaining stock of credit.

The range of Lord Lyndhurst's acquisitions, we believe, was wide; but it was not wider than his imperial intellect could sway. His memory was surprising; and lawyers tell us that he showed, while on the bench, a capacity equal to the reputation which the greatest English lawyer has attained. It is not, therefore, to any natural inaptitude for the apprehension of first principles that we are to assign the neglect of them which, in certain parts of his career, we fancy we detect. We should rather attribute it to the fact that he was forty-six years of age before he embarked in politics, and that nearly twenty of these had been passed in the study and practice of the common law. By that time of life a man's intellectual habits are formed. Sir John Copley had never had any inducement to study politics from a scientific point of view, nor to make himself master of the great questions

which then agitated parliament. He was not likely to do so when he found himself Solicitor-General at fifty years of age, and overwhelmed with practical work. When he had to speak on the Roman Catholic question in parliament he got it up hurriedly, as he might have done a case on circuit; and, of course, it was quite natural, under such circumstances, that he should adopt the views of the majority of the party to which he had attached himself. He has told us himself that fresh inquiry into the question made him acquainted with many circumstances that materially altered his opinions. Even on the subject of parliamentary reform nobody can say how much or how little he was indebted to Mr. Canning, or to the debates in the House of Commons in the summer of 1831. If, therefore, on neither of these important subjects he displayed much original thought nor elevation of view, we do not, on that account, assume that his intellect was inadequate to the occasion. That would indeed be absurd. All we think is, that he came too late into politics to do himself full justice as a statesman, as he was afterwards too much absorbed by statesmanship to do himself full justice as a lawyer. Between these conflicting claims his genius had scarcely fair play; and his fame, we think, will rest hereafter on a lower basis than he might otherwise have succeeded in securing. He might have eclipsed Lord Mansfield, or he might have equalled Mr. Pitt. But both politics and law are mistresses who permit no rivals; nor was any exceptional indulgence extended to the late Lord Lyndhurst.

SOUL IN SPACE.

WHEN night unveils infinity, we gaze
From earth's dim shore upon the starry vast,
Where 'mid innumerate universes' rays,
Existence Deitific, present—past—
Develops for futurity. What end,
'Mid yonder unimagined spheres of powers,
Can destiny allot this soul of ours;
Or whither will its ray, enfranchised, tend?
Soul and surrondment are inscrutable.
If life shall live, 'tis well; if perish, well.
What know we, save that one fixed hour we'll lie
Careless of life, in nature's sacred rest;
While myriad April moons shall round and die,
While thousand autumns golden to the west.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. MEIKLAM.

THE avenue was about half a mile in length; and when the young people reached the house, Bessie's spirits had regained somewhat of their usual buoyancy; she was able to skip lightly up the great stone steps, while Dillon pulled the bell. It was a quaint, old-fashioned mansion, large and intricate, with wide staircases and lobbies, but rather small rooms. Let us look well at Mrs. Meiklam, as she comes down herself to open the hall-door for her young friends; for she has seen their approach from an upper window. She is now about seventy-three years old, of a figure that had once been perfect, and which still retains much to command admiration, in its noble carriage and erect comportment; her hair, though still thick and of fine texture, is of the whitest shade of white, and banded smoothly on a placid forehead; her dress, of quaker-like simplicity, is scrupulously neat—the muslin of cuffs and collars rivalling the outward snow in purity and whiteness. An expression of much sweetness beams in her eye, indicating that she lives in peace and with good will towards all men. She laughs when she admits the new comers.

"My dear children, how could you walk on such a day?"

"Oh, very well," replied Bessie, flinging her arms round her. "We had a delightful trip. Very pleasant indeed," she added, lowering her voice, as the recollection of the encounter with the dreadful Jenny Black crossed her mind.

The children followed their hostess to the room used principally as chief sitting-room at the Rect. It was a comfortable apartment, furnished in red, with a large fire burning in the ample grate, and many portraits adorning the walls. Bessie ensconced herself at once in a large, old-fashioned arm-chair, and having forgotten to take off her over shoes in the hall, now coolly requested Dillon to pull them off, and leave them outside the

door. He did so instantly; while Mrs. Meiklam watched the proceeding somewhat in surprise.

"Do you always ask Dillon to attend you in this way?" she asked, with the slightest possible contraction of eye.

"Oh, he always does what I want; and then, I do things now and then for him."

"Then neither is in debt to the other?"

"I don't know that. I think Dillon does more for me than I do for him; but that is only because I ask and want more than he does. If he asked me to do anything I am sure I would not refuse. Would I, Dillon?"

"I don't think you would; you never do," said Dillon.

As the evening shadows deepened, and the fire blazed brighter, Mrs. Meiklam's old gray cat came walking in, followed by an aged spaniel, both intimate acquaintances of the young people, and each sat down composedly on the hearth-rug.

"And now, Dillon," said Mrs. Meiklam. "I want to hear about your tutor, Mr. Stutzer. Doctor Ryder told me this morning he had been very ill last night."

"Yes, very ill," replied Dillon, a flash of interest coming into his eye.

"Poor man! how I pity him, and his poor little girl, who always looks so pale, and thin, and grave in church on Sundays. Don't you think her a sweet-looking child, Bessie?"

"Well, I really cannot say that I ever remarked her," replied Bessie, truthfully; "but I have often seen Mr. Stutzer himself—a queer-looking little man that always looks as if he was going to cry about something."

"And if he does look so—you may feel sure he has enough to cry about," said Mrs. Meiklam, but not sharply—rather sadly and gravely.

"I think he is very poor," said Dillon.

"He must be so, if what Doctor Ryder told me is true," returned Mrs.

Meiklam. "You were at his house, I believe, when he became ill last night."

"Yes—it was I who ran for Doctor Ryder to attend him."

"I should very much like to assist him," continued Mrs. Meiklam, "but I scarcely know how to do so; he does not ask for aid, and it would be a delicate thing to offer him money. Doctor Ryder wished me to head a subscription list for him, and I certainly would do it with pleasure, if I thought such a thing would be agreeable to him."

Dillon did not think such a proceeding would be at all agreeable to his poor tutor.

"It wouldn't be well to offend him," he suggested, in his truthful way.

"In one way I could assist him, by taking his little girl and keeping her here while he is ill; I am sure that would gratify him, without letting him think he was under an obligation of a weighty kind."

"But if he is starving," remarked Bessie, "I think he ought to be glad to get any sort of assistance from you."

"You don't know, my dear, what ideas people have upon that point," returned Mrs. Meiklam; "there are many who would rather die than receive charity. It is a mistaken pride—but not the less hard to give up. However, I shall certainly offer to take Mr. Stutzer's little daughter, as I feel assured he would like her to be taken care of—in his present weak state. You can tell him so to-morrow, Dillon."

"I shall tell him to-night," said the boy, eagerly.

"To-night! Surely you don't intend seeing him this evening?"

"Oh, yes; I said I would—and I'll come back here for Bessie."

"No—do not return; I shall send Bingham home with her."

"Oh, he must come back, Mrs. Meiklam," interrupted Bessie; "I had rather walk with Dillon—even if Bingham came too."

"But it will give Dillon a great deal of useless trouble."

"Oh, it isn't any trouble," said Dillon; "I'd rather come back than not."

So the point was settled.

The dinners at Meiklam's Rest were

always most dainty meals—not as grand as the dinners at Mr. Pilmer's house—but far more suited to the tastes of children. The chicken fricassee so delicately flavoured—the little apple-pie so exquisite—and the pancakes and custards so delicious! Bessie always liked dining with her old friend.

When they were all again in the red-room after dinner—the old-fashioned lamp was lighted—and Mrs. Meiklam drew out her work—not fancy-work—but some very coarse aprons which she was making for the poor.

"I would like to be always here," said Bessie, leaning back in her chair and looking very lovely.

"Not *always*," corrected Mrs. Meiklam; "you would not like to leave papa and mamma."

"No—but all is so quiet here."

"Then you like quietness."

"Yes, very much. Just now I feel as if I could die here in peace."

"But are you not very quiet at home, too? And surely you are allowed to do nearly as you like."

"Oh, yes, I have always my own way," replied Bessie, a little proudly.

"Not quite *always*, I hope."

"Pretty nearly always," observed Dillon, smiling over at his cousin.

"It is well to be able to enjoy peace in this world," said Mrs. Meiklam, thoughtfully; "and still better if we can hope for the 'Peace that passeth understanding,' in the next."

Now, the "Peace that passeth understanding" was familiar enough, as far as the words were concerned, to the ears of Dillon and Bessie, and they were generally pretty glad when they heard them—especially in church, from the lips of Mr. Hilbert, the Vicar of Yaxley—for they knew, then, the Service and sermon were all over, and that they were about to be emancipated from confinement in the house of prayer; but beyond that, the Peace which passeth understanding conveyed no particular meaning to their minds. Their idea of religion was very vague and misty, and as of something inexpressibly sombre and dreary. They respected religious people—and looked upon them as extraordinary creatures—but no more dreamed of being religious themselves than of being burnt at the stake as martyrs. Their notions of piety

were somehow mixed up with disagreeable things—thunders, lightnings, plagues—comets likely to burn up the earth—and other mysterious, awe-striking matters. Are there not some amongst us who, alas! recollect similar feelings, with regard to religion, in youthful days? Some who can remember how the thick darkness of the thunder-storm, rather than the perfumed scent of flowers, or the sweet summer breeze—brought up thoughts of the Creator?

The terrible and avenging God of the Old Testament is still worshipped in terror by the multitude—while the Prince of Peace—founder of the new dispensation—is too often disregarded. The fear rather than the love of God reigns yet in the hearts of thousands. Are there not some preachers of the Gospel who seem to delight in sending away their hearers trembling in every fibre at the thoughts of God's wrath and God's judgments—dreading this awful Being so much, that they feel inclined to wish there was no God—no after life—instead of departing from the house of worship feeling a glow of gratitude and thankfulness that an all merciful Father is watching over them—protecting them—willing to pardon and bless them; and with a kindly feeling of love towards their fellow-creatures filling their hearts? Mrs. Meiklam herself was one who had been brought up in an atmosphere of piety since early infancy; she could scarcely comprehend what it was to be ignorant of the vital truths of Christianity—especially with respect to the children of educated parents; and though she often lectured Dillon and Bessie on religious topics, she failed to go deep enough in her instructions.

Dillon soon left the Rest to return to Yaxley; when he was gone, Bessie went down to amuse herself in the housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Copley, the housekeeper, was making vinegar. To her surprise this was a very simple process—merely boiling sugar and water together for a little while in a large kettle, and then pouring it to cool in a wide pan.

"And will that really grow sour?" asked Bessie.

"Indeed it will, Miss; most things get sour with age, no matter how sweet they may be when young."

"You mean people's tempers, Mrs.

Copley," said Bessie, who was very quick-witted.

"Yes, Miss—that's just it. Yet there are some people that have a great deal of sweetness in their natures, and they don't get sour—they only turn strong and fine, like wine for you know, Miss Bessie, that if I would put plenty of honey in that water, and cork it up from the air, it wouldn't grow sour, but become nice wine. So you see it's only half sweet tempers, after all, that turn sour with age."

"Then you would have people cork their tempers up, Mrs. Copley," said Bessie, looking merry.

"Ay, and keep them down as best they can, and not let the air and sharp wind of the world get at them."

"But does not the sunshine turn vinegar sour too?"

"Yes; and in like manner, the prosperity and sunshine of the world spoil the tempers of many."

"But I don't think our tempers and honey and water are at all to be compared, Mrs. Copley," said Bessie.

"Well, I think they are, Miss; and if you want yours not to grow sour when you're old, just make it as sweet as you can now, and keep it under your own control, corked up, as you say, as tight as possible, and it'll be a fine, wholesome, pleasant temper like the mistress's, when you're an aged lady."

"But vinegar is very wholesome sometimes," said Bessie, archly.

"And if it is, it's cheap, Miss Bessie; you'll get it anywhere—so you needn't want to lay in a stock of it yourself."

Bessie was amused—but not at all convinced that her temper was to be regarded as bearing any affinity to sugar, or honey and water, or vinegar. Mrs. Copley and she had many disputes on different subjects—disagreeing, especially with reference to cooking. It was Miss Pilmer's particular amusement to go down to the kitchen at Meiklam's Rest, occasionally, and make tiny puddings and pies from receipts of her own invention—which very much scandalized Mrs. Copley, who felt it an insult to her understanding to see the young lady mixing up flour, oatmeal, and arrow-root for the paste of a pie—or mashed potatoes, rice, and jam for a

new-fashioned description of cakes, which Bessie insisted on making herself—with her sleeves tucked up, and wearing a large apron, borrowed from the housemaid, Peggy Wolfe, which was fastened round her neck instead of her waist, owing to its voluminous dimensions. Yet, notwithstanding their quarrels, there was no one whose approaching step could so move Mrs. Copley's grim face into a bright smile as that of the wayward young lady, who would break into the dairy for cream for the cats, and fling lumps of meat, intended for soup, to the dogs. Bingham, the butler, also had to bear, with exemplary patience, Miss Pilmer's devastations in his pantry. Sometimes the silver forks, instead of being at hand for dinner at the hour of laying the cloth, would be discovered, after much searching, in the garden or green-houses, where they were employed to stir the earth in flower-pots; while the spoons were generally acting the part of spades and shovels. The gardener at the

Rest also had his trials; when he beheld his most precious plants in the hot-houses displaced from their rightful position on the bark-bed, to make way for sundry pots of wild flowers, which Bessie considered might be brought to a high state of perfection by due attention to their culture—he merely had to re-arrange the pine-apples and aloes with an air of resignation, taking care not to damage the wild flowers or cast them out, till the young lady grew weary of seeing them either decaying, or flowering no better for all the advantages given them. Nothing but experience in such matters would ever teach Bessie anything. She had implicit faith in her own opinions and judgment, and regarded all old people's advice as an infliction of a hostile nature—only to be treated like the other numerous evils of this lower existence. Yet nearly everybody at the Rest loved her—from the lowest servant to the very pompous steward, Luke Bagley, who liked very few people indeed.

CHAPTER VIII.

DILLON RECEIVES A PRESENT.

DILLON'S walk to Yaxley was a swift one, in spite of the snow. Placidly the great moon shone upon outward things, casting ghastly beams abroad. All was still and quiet. A certain degree of solemnity stole over the boy's mind, as he went on, guided by that pale light. Here and there lights were shining in humble homes; but the cottages of the very poor were shut up for the night. To save fire and candle, the inmates had gone early to bed. Taking a short cut to the town, young Crosbie struck through the old woods of the Rest, and followed a path whose windings he was acquainted with. He soon reached Mr. Stutzer's cottage, and found him sitting up in his room, beside a bright fire; for the poor five pounds, so long treasured up, had, at last, been changed, and Dillon was agreeably surprised to see a small tea-pot on the little table beside him, and cups and saucers, as if some comfortable refreshment was being prepared. Missy was there, too, looking very grave, and with eyes that seemed twice their usual size, owing to the dark shadows under them. She was holding her father's hand—clinging

to it, with a sort of determination not to be parted from him on any account. Very tight was the grasp of the tiny fingers.

In answer to his young friend's inquiry as to how he felt, Mr. Stutzer did not say he was better.

Dillon saw that his hand shook very much as he poured out tea for him.

"I tried to write a letter this evening," he said, "and curiously enough, I found it impossible to guide the pen. To-morrow, perhaps, I may be able to do so. Have you brought your books?"

"No, sir; I went up to Meiklam's Rest, and have only run down to know how you are."

"And how is Mrs. Meiklam?"

"Very well, sir. She sent you a message."

"What was it?"

"About your little girl. She would like her to stay at the Rest till you are quite well again."

What a bright flush passed over the father's pale face; but the child's countenance assumed a terrified, anxious expression.

"I am very much obliged to Mrs.

Meiklam—very much, indeed—and Missy will be delighted to accept the kind invitation. Won't you be glad to go to the good lady, Lizette?"

"No," whispered the child, and the little fingers strengthened their grasp.

"Oh, Missy, why not?"

The child was silent.

"And there are dogs, and cats, and birds, and every thing that's nice there," said Dillon, holding out inducements of a rare description; "and big apples, too."

Lizette shook her head, as she replied—

"I don't want them."

"And what shall I say to the good lady?" asked the father.

"Tell her I won't leave you."

"But why won't you leave me?"

"Because I'm afraid of somebody coming here."

"But there is nobody coming that I know of. Is it a man or a woman?"

"I don't know. It's somebody."

"That is a silly answer, Missy. I shall have to think that you are a foolish little baby, if you will not tell what you mean. Who is this bogie that you are afraid is coming?"

"*The messer that cam for mamma*," replied the child, slowly and solemnly.

Mr. Stutzer turned paler than before; and even Dillon's colour changed. A long pause ensued, during which no one spoke.

"Tell Mrs. Meiklam that I am deeply grateful to her," said the sick man, at last, "and that I am about to write to a friend about my little girl; but, in the meantime, should I become worse, I will feel much obliged if she will take charge of Lizette, till an answer arrives from my friend in the north of England."

"Very well, sir," replied Dillon. And there was another pause, broken again by Mr. Stutzer—

"You will sometimes think of your old German teacher, Dillon," he said, smiling, as he drew from his finger a ring, "when you are a man out in the world, perhaps many years hence. Here is a little token of remembrance, which I wish you to accept from me. You have been very kind to me, and I thank you deeply."

Scarcely able to refrain from tears, the boy took the ring silently, and, perhaps, awkwardly, but feeling the compliment paid him warmly. He

merely murmured a faint "Thank you, sir," and tried the ring upon two or three different fingers, finally putting it into his waistcoat pocket.

"The world is all before you, Dillon, as it is very nearly all behind me," continued Mr. Stutzer; "and I trust your onward course may be fortunate. Yet, whatever will befall you, of this you may be certain, that when you reach the hour that will be to you as this hour is to me, you will find yourself only looking back with satisfaction, to whatever you have done of good towards your fellow-men—of sacrifice of your own selfish or vicious pleasures; of work carried out in the fear of a just Providence. What is it to me now that I studied hard, and gained honors for learning? What have all my dreams of ambition—for I *have* had dreams—turned to? Do I not rather thank God in this hour, for every kind word that I may have spoken to the poverty stricken or distressed; for every mite that I may have added to charities; for every moment spent in soothing the dying, or giving comfort to the sick; than for all the enjoyments and amusements of my past life; all its moments of triumph and of happiness? Many, indeed, have been my shortcomings; but I have a merciful Judge. I am not afraid. Have you fixed upon any profession, Dillon?"

"No, sir; I don't know yet what my uncle may choose for me."

"It is time that you were thinking of some future course of life."

"My father was in the army, sir," said Dillon, flushing a little, "and I would like to follow his profession."

"A noble calling, too," said Mr. Stutzer, "though some people consider that it leads to vice, and wickedness, and temptation; but that is not my opinion. I believe that some of our noblest Christians have been military men."

Lizette felt much relief when she beheld Master Crosbie taking leave of her father, without insisting on bringing her with him.

"Come again to-morrow, as early as you leave school, Dillon," were Mr. Stutzer's last words, as the boy left the room.

And now Dillon was out once more in the still, white night, passing through the busy part of the town, and by the lonely churchyard, where the tomb-

stones were all covered with snow, and he paused for a minute or two at the quaint gate of the burial ground, looking in, and regarding its chill aspect with solemn feelings. He was very red, and a good deal tired, when he arrived at Meiklam's Rest; and Bessie ran down stairs to meet him in the hall, expressing much pleasure that he had not neglected his promise of returning for her, as his long absence had made her fear she would have to go home with Bingham, whose escort she particularly disliked. "It was such a lonely thing," she said, "to go on walking, tramp, tramp, saying nothing; and he, carrying a lantern, looking like a machine wound up to move on in silence." And then Mrs. Copley, and the housemaid, Peggy Wolfe, came up to see that Miss Pilmer was sufficiently muffled, and to offer sundry pieces of weather-proof garments, likely to be useful to her; all of which Bessie rejected, unhesitatingly; declining also to have her shawl tied behind her back, in the undignified fashion that young ladies of ten always scorn bitterly. Mrs. Meiklam received Mr. Stutzer's message about his little girl with great good-will, and was sorry to hear he was so weak. She said she would either drive to see him next day herself, or send Bingham with a present of preserves to him. Bessie was at length equipped for her homeward walk, and the objectionable Bingham, whose lantern was quite thrown in the shade by the clearer moonlight, followed the young people at a respectful distance, allowing them to converse together, in their own low tones, of blackbirds likely to be caught now, when the snow was so severe; and of a wonderful cage which one of Mrs. Meiklam's workmen had promised to make for them, while he was meditating upon sundry glasses

and tea-cups, cracked that day by the pantry-boy, and a particular varnish likely to beautify the furniture at the Rest. Mrs. Pilmer was relieved of considerable anxiety upon finding her daughter alive and merry after such a walk on such a night. She thought Mrs. Meiklam might have sent her home in the phaeton, but forebore to utter such ideas in the hearing of Bingham, for Mrs. Meiklam was a lady not to be offended for various substantial reasons. She was much concerned to hear that the good mistress of Meiklam's Rest had offered to receive Mr. Stutzer's "nasty, little, ugly girl," under her roof; and blamed Dillon for having put the notion in her head; but when Dillon declared it was not he, but Doctor Ryder, who had spoken of his tutor's miserable condition, Mrs. Pilmer's wrath fell upon the physician, whom she termed "a great big, ridiculous, meddling man," till at length she subsided into murmurings against Mrs. Meiklam's absurd love of every little beggar-child in the neighbourhood, complaining so bitterly, that Bessie stole out of the room and went to bed, but Dillon stayed up till his aunt had exhausted herself, scolding about everything.

More than once in her sleep, Bessie Pilmer started that night, as the wild appearance of Jenny Black came before her in dreams of fantastic kind; and again, in fancy, she heard repeated the terrible words—"I curse you here this winter day: I pray that you may feel more grief and hardship than I ever have felt, in all my life of woe and sorrow!"

Oh, dark malediction! How often, in waking hours of the now unknown future, did your burden weigh upon the spirit of her who seemed, indeed, as one blighted by the wrath of Providence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MESSENGER COMES.

MR. PILMER was a man who neither had, nor wanted to have, any voice in the management of his domestic affairs—indeed his voice was seldom heard about anything. He liked a good dinner and a good old bottle of wine; and, as he was generally sup-

plied with these things, his good-humour seldom flagged. His wife was a woman of low connexions and unrefined mind; and having married him because he was wealthy, she did not now choose to consider that he had any right to interfere in the

smallest matter of his household. Like many men who have tyrannical spouses, he thought she was the cleverest, most sensible of women. And in many respects she *was* clever; but her energies were chiefly directed to the one grand aim of accumulating money. She endeavoured to increase her fortune by speculating in the funds and other securities; and she carried on a weighty correspondence with her stockbroker in London, to whom she wrote all her letters in her husband's name, merely requiring him to sign deeds of transfer and other papers, which he cared little to understand. He had implicit confidence in her judgment; and indeed she was most successful in her speculations, which amounted to gambling, always buying and selling shares to advantage, and very rarely failing. Mr. Pilmer passed a very dreamy existence. The *Times* occupied him every day from breakfast till a short time before dinner, when, perhaps, he would take a little walk. After dinner he generally fell asleep, unless his daughter felt inclined to keep him awake by pulling his hair and shaking him, that he might listen to various accounts of her own adventures. He took it for granted that every thing at home was going on in the most clock-like manner. He heard his wife striking out her orders in a sharp, clear voice, with the greatest regularity. She was always upholding the necessity of economy, though she was shrewd enough never to display stinginess in dinners, or in any comforts prized by her husband, and consequently he felt convinced that none of his money was spent unadvisedly. Never was an indolent man so blessed with an active, bee-like wife: he saw the industry without being wounded by the sting, though the industry and the sting went together. The honey appearing in the form of excellent dinners, well cooked, and always on the table at the exact moment of expectancy.

When Mrs. Pilmer mentioned to him that Mrs. Meiklam intended getting that indigent Mr. Stutzer's pious little girl to stay with her at the Rest, she was very much irritated by observing that he was able to eat his breakfast with the utmost composure, merely saying—

"Well, my dear, that is really very kind of Mrs. Meiklam."

"Kind! It is all a piece of folly. What good can it possibly do a child like that to be brought to a gentleman's house, unless she is left with the housekeeper or inferiors? But you may be certain Mrs. Meiklam won't allow that. She will have the mean little thing in the drawing-room, and treat her as if she were a gentleman's child."

"I don't know, really. Perhaps she may."

"Perhaps she may! And do you not foresee that it is likely she will spend large sums of money on her and her father, and in the end maybe get no thanks?"

"It is very likely."

"Of course it is. And it worries me out of all patience to think of that old woman's simplicity. What she does with all her money I cannot imagine. It will be all frittered away before she dies; and no person will be in the least benefited by it."

"No person, indeed," said Mr. Pilmer, taking up his newspaper, which he unfolded slowly. "You agree to every thing I say, and yet look so apathetic and stupid that I cannot bear it!" said Mrs. Pilmer, provoked beyond endurance. "Every thing is left upon my shoulders—you give me no help. You do not even assist me to manage that headstrong boy, Dillon, who is running into every mischief. There was Luke Bagley here to-day, complaining of him for encouraging people to break all the trees at Meiklam's Rest, and saying how badly behaved he was yesterday."

Mr. Pilmer, no doubt, feeling the impossibility of assuming a brighter expression of face than nature had designed for him, now drew his chair round to the fire, and, with his feet on the fender, commenced reading over the long array of advertisements in the *Times*' supplement.

"I am afraid Dillon will go to the bad altogether, if he is kept at Yaxley, and permitted to run wild," said Mrs. Pilmer, looking ominously prophetic of evil. "I wonder that you would not correct him, if it was only for the sake of your sister in her grave."

"What has the lad been doing?"

"Oh, every thing wrong. Running at all hours down to Mr. Stutzer's cottage, and persuading me to send him expensive presents; and then doing mischief at Meiklam's Rest, annoying the steward, and very likely doing worse things than anybody knows of."

"I wouldn't mind what Luke Bagley says," observed Mr. Pilmer, turning to the great body of his newspaper. "He's a cross-grained fellow; he has no right to come here with his complaints."

"Ah, that's always the way. You never think Dillon does wrong; but I will not be made miserable thinking of the responsibility of watching over such a headstrong boy. He must just be sent off somewhere abroad, where he'll learn humility and obedience."

"Dillon's a good lad," murmured Mr. Pilmer, with the most provoking calmness, which rendered his wife's features sharper looking than ever. The sugar-dish and tea-caddy were removed from the breakfast table with a jerk, the sideboard cupboards locked spasmodically, and the bell rung so violently that Foster, the butler, flew from the kitchen with all imaginable speed to answer it.

Bessie had breakfasted in her room that morning, having felt too much fatigued after her walk the day before to get up. Dillon had gone to school some hours ago. Being Saturday, it was a half holiday, and the boys at Mr. Benson's were released from prison rather earlier than upon ordinary days. As soon as he was free, Dillon hastened to learn how Mr. Stutzer was. He found him lying in bed, altered even for the worse since the previous night. An expression of acute mental suffering overspread his face.

"My hand is just as powerless as it was yesterday, Dillon," he said, holding up his right hand with a hopeless look. "I have been trying to write, and cannot make a stroke with the pen."

An open writing-desk, bearing a sheet of paper, lay on the little table beside the bed.

"Perhaps you had better not exert yourself for some days, sir," suggested Dillon, sorrowfully.

"My dear boy, my letter must be written to-day or never!" replied the

sick man, emphatically. "And never, I fear, it must be!"

"Do you think I could write it for you, sir?" asked the boy timidly, and getting rather red at the thoughts of his presumption.

"I am sure you could. That is a good idea; and I will tell you what to say."

Dillon sat down before the desk, and, pen in hand, awaited orders.

"Shall I write in your name, sir?"

"Yes; but you may say at the end of the letter that I was obliged to get a friend to write for me."

The lad tried the pen on a scrap of paper lying near, and then commenced the letter in his school-boy hand, Mr. Stutzer dictating each word. He wrote as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—After all that has occurred to render us strangers to each other, I would not permit myself to address you, were it not for my child, Lizette, who, surely, must be regarded as innocent of any fault, whatever her parents may have done to offend. Soon—very soon—she will be an orphan, bereft of father and mother, and perfectly friendless in the world, unless you take pity on her. All I ask for her is your protection. Do with her as you will—let her position under your roof be ever so humble—but I beseech of you not to leave her to the care of strangers in some public institution for the relief of the poor. She is delicate and fragile—a child of tender feeling—and I tremble lest she may fall into rough, unkind hands. I have no worldly riches to leave to my child—not a sovereign to bequeath to her. You know how darkly the misfortunes of my life enveloped me. It has pleased Providence to afflict me heavily; but I shall soon suffer no more. Were my little daughter in safe hands I should thankfully resign life. An estimable lady in this neighbourhood, Mrs. Meiklam, of Meiklam's Rest, has promised to take charge of Lizette, at her own house"—

Dillon having got thus far with the letter, held his pen suspended over the paper, waiting in vain for Mr. Stutzer to finish his sentence. At last he looked up in some surprise. Mr. Stutzer was lying back on his pillow, with his eyes wide open, but making no movement of lip, or hand, or foot, though the boy saw, by the faint

heaving of the coverlid, that his breath had not forsaken him. To seize his cap, and run off quickly to Doctor Ryder's house, was the work of a few moments, for he knew old Margaret, in the kitchen, would be a very tardy messenger indeed. Fortunately the physician was at home; his gig stood at the door, just returned from a long drive. Any one who knew Doctor Ryder by sight would think he was the last man in the world that a boy would think of running confidentially to, on behalf of a very poor, sick man. His features were coarse and stern-looking. Something like a frown was ever on his brow; his hair was abundant and shaggy; his frame terribly large and awe-inspiring. He was in the hall when Dillon entered, his hat not yet removed from his upright locks.

"Well, how is your friend?" he asked, looking sharply at the boy's frightened face.

"I don't know how he is. I think he is in a very queer way—something like a trance."

"When did that happen?"

"Just this moment. He fell off quite suddenly, when he was speaking to me."

"He shouldn't have been speaking to you. He's too fond of talking. Come on; we'll see what can be done for him."

And, with great strides, the doctor marched out of the house and up the street, looking as if about to wreak summary vengeance on somebody. He found Mr. Stutzer as Dillon had said, in a very strange way—quite paralyzed from head to foot. Yet it was not a common stroke of paralysis: it was a total prostration of all strength. He could neither speak nor move; and for some time no one could tell whether consciousness had not fled too. But the intelligence of the eye soon put that question beyond doubt. His gaze was now fixed upon the half-written letter on the desk now upon the faces of Dillon and the doctor, with an intense anxiety. When his little girl appeared at the bedside, the eyes turned upon her; and if ever eyes could be said to speak, they were surely speaking then. But no one comprehended the language. The child looked for an explanation of this extraordinary silence of her father into the coun-

tenances of those around her. Doctor Ryder was puzzled; he went to procure some remedies in a hopeless, gloomy way. While Dillon stood spell-bound beside the bed, old Margaret came up from the kitchen to look at her master, and shook her head ominously. Lizette's cheeks became blanched to the whitest shade of paleness; and still the dark eyes of the tongue-tied man beamed and burned with a meaning that none could understand. Frightful anguish of those moments! Much to say, and no speech at command; perfectly conscious, yet powerless as one already dead! At length the fire of the eye died out; a calmer light shone forth, and the gaze was lifted upwards. No one thought of saying anything to him; yet if words had been addressed to him he would have comprehended them as clearly as ever. At this time Mrs. Meiklam's phæton stopped at the cottage door. According to her promise, she had called to make inquiries for the sick man. Dillon ran out immediately and described his state to her, while Doctor Ryder followed, and spoke to the lady in low, grave tones.

"I will get out and go in," said Mrs. Meiklam, who was not unskilled in the knowledge of many diseases, having gained much experience by attending the sick beds of the poor and the unfortunate. The physician assisted her to alight, and, leaning on his arm, she entered the humble cottage, her dignified presence, though unaccompanied by the least *souffçon* of *hauteur*, evidently producing much impression on old Margaret Spurs, who dropped continual courtesies when she addressed her, pretending to be very much more interested in her master than she really was. The very placid expression of the lady's face gave a sure proof, to the old woman's mind, that she was a "born gentlewoman." In a short time Mrs. Meiklam stood beside the dying man's bed. For some time he did not see her, but at length his eyes turned upon her face. It might have been only a fancy of Mrs. Meiklam's, but it seemed to her that a bright light shone in them, as he moved them from her, and fixed them on his child. She felt that she comprehended the meaning of the look, and, stooping, took the little hand of Lizette in her

own, as she said, in a low voice, modulated so that it might not startle the invalid, though he could hear the words—

"I will take care of your little daughter, until she is safely placed with some one else."

The only evidence he gave of having heard the sentence, was the closing of his eyes, as though he could now rest peacefully. But bodily peace had not yet come. The last enemy had still to do his work. Mrs. Meiklam did not remain very long at the cottage. She would have taken Lizette away with her at once; but the child clung to the bed-post without speaking, when asked if she would go home with her. So Doctor Ryder said—

"Let her stay as long as she can," and the lady took her departure alone.

Dillon remained till it was time to go home to dinner, leaving himself only sufficient time to run quickly all the way, as fast as he could, to his uncle's house, and arriving there just as the soup was over. He got a scolding as usual, but was determined that he would ask permission to return to the cottage as soon as dinner was over. Doctor Ryder went home also, for he knew his presence in the sick chamber could now avail nothing. And now the dying man and the child were alone, in that quiet room, with the first shadows of the long winter night casting themselves over bed and chair and table; and still Lizette clung to the bed with a nervous grasp. But she dared not speak or cry; her very breath came and went so softly, that no one could have heard it. For a long while she stood there as motionless as her father, while old Margaret, now and then, came in and out, each time stooping, and listening with her head bent low over the sick man's pillow, and then going silently away again. At last a candle was lit, and when the moonbeams came playing with a cold light, through the window, the old woman closed the shutters.

When Dillon asked permission to go back that evening to the cottage, his Aunt declared he might go if he liked; for that the sooner he caught cold by sitting up in a nasty, damp, unwholesome house, the better he would learn that her advice was not to be despised, and she hoped he *would*

catch cold, &c., &c. Without stinting or staying on the way, the boy sped on, till he reached once more his tutor's humble home. He felt very sad, for the many evenings he had arrived at the cottage with his books under his arm, to receive instruction from the peculiarly interesting man who was now lying speechless before him, came back to his memory, and the pleasant little stories and German legends he had often been told by the lips that might never utter words again—all rushed upon his mind, bringing wave upon wave of sorrow, till there was quite a sea of grief over his heart. Lizette's eyes were alternately fixed upon his face and her father's. She knew very well that something awful was near at hand, and within her child's heart, she was trying to summon a faith that would enable her to part quietly from her father when God's messenger came for him. Was he coming soon?—was the rustling of his wings already stealing upon the air?

Dillon softly mended the fire, and, ever and anon, snuffed the long candle-wick. It was all he could do. Lizette and he exchanged no words. The child would not go to bed when Margaret came to carry her away. She firmly stood her ground, clinging to the bed-post with all her might, but uttering no cry. "Let her stay here," urged Dillon, coming to the rescue, as the old woman and she carried on a voiceless struggle, "there's no use teasing her;" and Margaret went away muttering, "Oh, Lord, Lord, this night, how I'm tortured!"

The night wore on; the last of the dreary winter nights that Paul Stutzer would ever feel pain, or grief, or hunger, or cold, in this weary world. Hour after hour passed. Silence in the chamber still. At last, just as the midnight hour was near at hand, and while Dillon was adding coals to the fire, he heard a noise, he ran to the bed, Mr. Stutzer had started up, his hands were clasped, his eyes fixed with an unearthly look, and murmuring distinctly the words, "Frances, I come!" he fell heavily back to speak no more on earth. The old servant was summoned; some struggling between the spirit and the flesh ensued, and then the spirit's victory was won. Death claimed the body: Life caught up the soul.

CHAPTER X.

LIZETTE LEAVES THE COTTAGE.

"So old Stutzer's dead," was the observation of Master Tom Ryder, as he and Dillon Crosbie stood out in the playground, after school, next day. "Pa's going to pay for the funeral, and Mrs. Meiklam is to get up a subscription for the young one."

"Yes, Mr. Stutzer is dead," said Dillon, gravely. "I had no idea he would have gone off so soon."

Schoolboy vanity might have prompted the lad to display the ring his tutor had given him as a keepsake so short a time before, but he felt that the gift was sacred now, he would not profane it, by showing it out among a lot of careless, unthinking boys, who were inclined to make merry even about death and burial.

"Some people say Stutzer was a humbug," continued Tom Ryder, who was aiming a small stone at the top of a flagstaff, "and I wouldn't doubt that he was."

"He was not," said Crosbie, positively. "I know Mr. Stutzer was a good man; I wouldn't believe anybody that he wasn't."

"Don't be too certain, old fellow," returned Ryder; "nobody here knows anything of him."

"Then they shouldn't judge of him," said Dillon, indignantly. "Mr. Stutzer often told me of his past life, and of his school in the North of England; and then, Mrs. Meiklam knows a great deal about him."

"Does she know that he once flogged a boy to death in his school?" asked Tom, looking unpleasantly jocular.

"No; who says it?"

"An old fellow that carries messages for our grocer; he knows something of the neighbourhood where Stutzer lived before he came here; and he says he had to run away for fear he'd be taken up and hung."

"Don't believe it," said Dillon, looking puzzled, nevertheless, "it's all an invention; why didn't the old fellow ever say so before?"

"Because he didn't like to turn people against him; but, now, that he's dead it doesn't signify what's said of him."

"Yes, it does signify," said Dillon,

colouring slightly. "A man's reputation is always of consequence."

"Pah! not such a man as Stutzer; who'd care for the reputation of a schoolmaster? Do you think I'd care a jack-straw about Benson's character if he was to die to-morrow?"

"I am sure you are not in earnest, Tom," said Crosbie, gravely.

"But I'm sure I am, though."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, that's all," observed Dillon, coolly.

"Do you want to get up a fight, I say?" demanded Ryder, throwing himself at once into boxing attitude, and assuming a threatening expression of countenance.

"No, not in the least."

"Then you wouldn't fight for old Paul, greatly as you valued him?"

"No, I wouldn't box about him."

"You think yourself a tremendous fellow."

"No, I don't. Let me pass out, I'm going home."

"Fight him, Crosbie," urged three or four lads, gathering round Dillon, eagerly.

"Not to-day."

"What day then?" asked Tom.

"No day, perhaps. Here get out of the way of the gate."

"Not till you fix an hour for giving me satisfaction," said Ryder, planting his feet firmly under him.

"Won't you though?" said Dillon, catching him by the shoulder, and whisking his great form out of the way with a strength that gained him the admiration of the surrounding boys. A cheer burst upon the air as Dillon walked away, while Ryder, looking very red and angry, vowed he would thresh all the fellows round if they didn't disperse instantly.

The character of Paul Stutzer was talked of at Yaxley by more than the boys at Mr. Benson's school; but no one would have cared to mention the dead man, had not Doctor Ryder gone about, at Mrs. Meiklam's request, to seek for aid among the respectable townspeople for his orphan child. Scarcely any one would contribute a farthing towards the subscription for her, the great point of difficulty with

every body being that "they didn't know anything," about the poor teacher. In vain Doctor Ryder, in his rough way, said it didn't signify what he might have been, when they all knew he died of want, and that his child—who, at least, could have committed no crime as yet—was destitute of the common necessities of life. The people shrewdly shook their heads; and though some of them, out of compliment to the physician and Mrs. Meiklam, gave, here and there, a half-crown, a five-shilling piece, or half-sovereign, the whole collection did not amount to ten pounds. We fear Doctor Ryder bestowed some warm and not very flattering epithets upon the Yaxley people, when he told of his ill-success to the mistress of Meiklam's Rest.

"Never mind them," said the lady. "We will return their donations to them; and I will look after the orphan myself." But the doctor declared he had no notion of "gratifying the niggardly wretches" by giving them back their money. He would put it in the poor-box, if Mrs. Meiklam would not accept it for the child.

It was difficult for Mrs. Meiklam to know how to proceed with respect to the little girl. From the letter which Dillon Crosbie had half-written for Mr. Stutzer on the evening before his death, she concluded that there was some person in existence who might come forward to claim her, if this person could be found out. But the letter was unfinished, and bore no address; it was impossible to discover a clue to her. The lady thought of writing to her friend, the curate of Climsley, who had first mentioned Mr. Stutzer to her; and she did write, requesting him to say if he knew of any friend of the poor teacher of languages who could be expected to take charge of his orphan daughter; but the clergyman knew of no such individual. Mr. Stutzer had not confided to him any of his family history, beyond the fact that his wife had high connexions who took no notice of her. Indeed, it was his opinion that Mr. Stutzer, being of foreign extraction, had no relatives in this country. So, Paul Stutzer was buried in the churchyard at Yaxley, and his effects were searched, and his papers read; but all his let-

ters had been burnt months before, and nothing remained but a few manuscripts containing historical notes and philosophical extracts, that were of no value to any mortal, conveying no information as to his past life or his prospects for his child. It was Mrs. Pilmer's belief (at least she said so) that Mr. Stutzer had been, all along, an impostor—that the letter he pretended to write to the mysterious lady unknown was all a "got up" thing, intended to excite people's pity and wonder. There was, certainly, in her opinion, no such person as that lady; and as to his wife having had high connexions, that was all a "made up story." Notwithstanding these private thoughts, expressed only at home, Mrs. Pilmer was obliged to appear very much interested in the orphan child, so completely thrown upon the charity of the wide world, when in the presence of her friend, Mrs. Meiklam; and to her great chagrin, she listened to her scheme of taking her to the Rest, and keeping her there till something else turned up for her, as soon as her father's funeral was over.

"And I will be glad, my dear," continued Mrs. Meiklam, "if you will send Dillon for her to the cottage, and let her stay at your house till I send the little phaeton for her in the course of the evening."

Mrs. Pilmer smiled, and rubbed her hands together, and said "Certainly, I will," though her heart was full of bitterness all the while. It was not, however, till the day was far spent that she allowed Dillon to go for the little girl, though Bessie was full of curiosity to see her. The evening shadows were falling thickly, as the youth walked for the last time to the humble cottage in the suburbs of the town. The funeral was over, and now Paul Stutzer's earthly remains lay in the damp burial ground. Oh, never more would worldly cares and griefs vex his soul! So thought Dillon, as he passed through wet streets and by dim houses, faintly illuminated by the gas lamps, already lighted. It had been a raw day; the last of the snow had melted away, and now the earth was wet and black; everything looked dreary. He found Lizette sitting by herself, in the room where her father

had died. Her bonnet and pelisse were on; and she knew she was to leave the cottage, for ever, that night.

"I have come to take you to my uncle's," said Dillon, as he approached her. "Do you think you will be able to walk through the wet streets?"

"Yes, I can walk very far, and I don't mind the rain."

"It isn't far, but your shoes will be covered with mud; if you like, I'll carry you."

"No, thank you," replied the young lady, colouring slightly; "I'll walk, if you please."

"Oh, very well," said Dillon, smiling.

"You're not vexed," she said, as she took the hand he extended to her.

"No, not in the least."

Old Margaret now came to receive the simple adieux of the child, whom she had never particularly liked; and, hand in hand, she and Dillon left the house.

"Do you live where I am going," asked Lizette, as they were out upon the road.

"I do not live at Meiklam's Rest, but I am very often there."

"I wish you did," whispered the little voice, softly.

Dillon made no reply; and they went on silently, with the drizzling rain falling upon them, their feet splashing on the pavement. When they arrived at Mr. Pilmer's villa, Bessie ran to receive them in the hall. The servant who opened the door looked curiously at the child, who felt too much bewildered by the glare of light to take note of anything round her. Bessie's pleasant voice, and the kiss she kindly imprinted on her cheek, first roused her from a sort of trance, and made a direct impression on her. Those pretty curls, those dancing eyes, those light, silvery tones, could not be withstood. Lizette surrendered her hand to her with confidence; and now they walked up stairs that looked very wide and grand to the stranger child; her feet were treading on carpets, bright and soft as in a dream of palaces. Lights, too, were everywhere; such bright, dazzling lights. Bessie led her into the drawing-room, and up to her mother, who sat at her work-table. Mrs. Pilmer scarcely seemed to look

at her, but, nevertheless, she saw her quite well.

"How do you do?" she asked in a cold, dry tone, nodding her head, and still apparently intent upon her needle-work--the square-featured Berlin-wool man, who was still unfinished. Lizette's reply was inaudible.

"She is very well, but very cold," replied Dillon.

"Let her warm herself, then," said Mrs. Pilmer.

"Come to the fire," said Bessie, putting her arm round her.

What a blazing fire it was! The grate so large and polished! the red coals burning so brilliantly! and what a sleepy, large gentleman was sitting before it, with his eyes shut and his mouth open! Bessie gave her father a shake, and requested him to look at Miss Stutzer. "Hah! how d'y'e do, Miss!" asked Mr. Pilmer, suddenly starting up. "Fine weather, isn't it?" and then he dozed off again. Lizette stood upon the wide, handsome rug, with the glow of fire-heat spreading itself over her. Bessie removed her bonnet, and stroked her hair, speaking many kind words; but the child only replied by monosyllables, and looked vacantly at the fire.

"Is she very stupid?" asked Bessie of Dillon, in a whisper.

"No, not a bit; she used to be very merry."

"Well, I suppose the poor little thing is sorry now. What a queer little image she looks there, without moving or even seeming to breathe! I am afraid she will torment Mrs. Meiklam, if she is always so odd and silent."

All this was spoken *sotto voce* to Dillon, in another part of the room. Mrs. Pilmer glanced, over her work, ever and anon, at the still, little figure on the rug. At length the sound of wheels was heard, and the phaeton from Meiklam's Rest stopped at the door. Bessie ran to put her bonnet on, as it had been arranged that she and Dillon were to accompany Lizette to the Rest. Dillon approached the child with her bonnet which he had brought from the sofa.

"Am I going away again from this?" she asked, when desired to put it on.

"Yes."

"Then that is not the good lady that papa said I was to go to?" she observed, looking over at Mrs. Pilmer. Dillon could not repress a smile of amusement, as he replied.

"No; you are to go to a lady a great deal older than that one."

The child drew a long breath, and tied her bonnet strings. A vision of the white haired lady who had stood beside her father's death-bed, and clasped her own hand kindly, came before her mental eyes. Bessie soon came down, equipped for the evening drive, and all were ready to sally forth. Mrs. Pilmer now got up, and came towards Lizette with a large shawl, which she wrapped round her, desiring her to tell Mrs. Meiklam she had put it on her to keep her warm, and then she gave her a cold kiss. The three young people all went down stairs and entered the little pheton. The rain had cleared off and the stars were shining brightly. Dillon drove the pony very skillfully—feeling now and then an inclination to make the animal perform strange equestrian feats, but combatting it, in consideration of the young stranger's fears. Lizette seemed rather enlivened by the drive, and when the vehicle stopped before the old-fashioned house of Meiklam's Rest, with its dark walls covered here and there with ivy, she looked at it with some degree of interest. Mrs. Meiklam met the young people in the hall, and all received kisses and kind words of welcome. She had dined early herself that day, and now a meal, partaking of the character of luncheon and supper, was in readiness for the new comers, in the red-room. There were preserves and red-cheeked apples, and cakes, and snowy bread-custards, and cold apple-pie, together with fowl, ham, and tea. Right well did the orphan child comprehend that she was really welcome under that hospitable roof; she almost felt happy in that cheerful room with the old, gray cat on the hearth-rug, and Gypsy the Spaniel, beside it. She liked it better than the large room at Mrs. Pilmer's house. Bessie was all attention to her, and Dillon cracked nuts and peeled apples for her, with great good-will. When supper was over, and the table cleared, Mrs. Meiklam disappeared for a little time, and then

came back with a large box, which she placed on the table, desiring Lizette to open it. The child obeyed, her hands trembling with timidity and excitement, and to her surprise found it filled with pretty chairs and tables, tiny plates and dishes, candlesticks, jugs, cups and saucers, and lastly, dolls of fairy size, to suit the fairy furniture. A smile broke over her countenance, as Mrs. Meiklam told her to place them, one by one, on the table; and even Bessie, who had relinquished toys on her own account, was delighted with the pretty things displayed.

"I believe these are nicer than my pictures of lions and tigers, missy," said Dillon.

"They are not the same," replied Lizette, fixing her dark eyes on his face; "but I liked the pictures too."

"Now these are all for yourself," said Mrs. Meiklam, stroking her hair; "to-morrow you will have to furnish a nice house for these ladies and gentlemen."

The child smiled again—a dreamy, melancholy smile that soon faded away. When the time came for Bessie and Dillon to go home, she felt sorry and surprised.

"Ah, if you lived here too!" she murmured, burying her face on Bessie's shoulder.

"She will be here nearly every day," said Mrs. Meiklam, drawing her kindly to herself; "and you will yet have great fun together, playing about the place."

Soon after the departure of Dillon and Bessie, Lizette went to bed. The housemaid, Peggy Wolfe, a good-natured woman, was her attendant; and she was to sleep in a little bed in Mrs. Copley's room. But, although Peggy kissed her two or three times, and apostrophized her as "a sweet pet; Lord love her!" and "a little pigeon of the world," the poor orphan could not help feeling her lonely and strange position. Reader, have you ever felt what it was in childhood to be left without father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or any friend that you have ever known before? If you have, you know well there is nothing on the earth so dreary as the grief of a little heart thus bereft of old acquaintances. It was long ere Mrs. Copley retired to rest; and for hours

the child lay awake in the dark room, with strange faces floating through her brain, and a bitter remembrance in her heart that the hands she had so often clasped in confidence were now passing their first night in a

damp grave in the bosom of the earth, where worms were crawling. She tried to think of the spirit above; but the flesh mourned for the flesh, and she cried herself to sleep, worn out at last.

DRAOIDEACHTA : THE MAGIC OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

THE practice of magic being resorted to for the acquisition of supernatural power, its form and nature must depend on the religion, true or false, which is supposed to influence the practitioner. The subject of this paper being the practice of magic in the heathen days of Ireland, some introductory remarks would seem necessary on the peculiar mythology of our Celtic grandsires. And here we must take occasion to remark in what a satisfactory state our knowledge is, with regard to the Teutonic; and how comparatively trifling and conjectural is our acquaintance with the Celtic forms of belief before the light of Christianity dawned on the people, in the early part of the twelfth century. Soon after the Scandinavians became Christians, their Pantheon was epitomized in verse by Saemund, a priest; and about a hundred years later, the prose "*Edda*," furnishing the adventures of the gods, the heroes, and the giants, was compiled by the turbulent and talented Snorro Sturleson.

Now, the great change among the Celtic peoples had taken place by the fifth century, and it happened that no Saemund or Sturleson was vouchsafed to them; or if vouchsafed, the writings left by him were early lost in the confusion attending the determined struggles between themselves and their dogged, troublesome neighbours of the Teuton stock.

Owing to this unfavourable state of things, our knowledge of the nature of religious usages among our ancestors is necessarily limited. It has been obtained from casual allusions in early Christian writers on serious subjects, and to a greater extent, from

ancient poems and romances, and the relics of their festivals still celebrated, but changed in object, and devoted to honour events in the life of our Lord, or the memory of saints. In late numbers of the *UNIVERSITY*, we have gone over this ground; naming the Sun and Moon; Mananan Lir, the sea deity, and peculiar patron of the Isle of Man; Dagda, the Danaan chief; Morrighu, his spouse, the Celtic Bellona; Crom; and the spirits of the hills, streams, and forests, as receiving worship from the heathen Scots. Their Elysiums were delightful islands in the Atlantic—alas! no longer visible—meadows of asphodel, sun-enlightened, below its waves, and the placid lakes of Erin; and grottoes under the sepulchral mounds of old Danaan kings and sages. When cruelty, inhospitality, and treachery, developed themselves to a monstrous extent in any individual, his thin, shivering ghost* suffered in the winds, and rains, and cold rigours of upper air, after its separation from the body. Besides the worship given to the divinities mentioned, it is conjectured by some sound Celtic scholars that a fetich reverence was paid to some traditional bulls, cows, bears, and cats; even upright stones (*Dallans*) were not without reverence of some kind.

Everything of a magical character connected with the history or social state of the early inhabitants of Ireland, is traceable to the people called the Danaans, of whom we subjoin a brief sketch, claiming the same belief for its certainty as we would for the exploits of Romulus or Theseus.

Nemeliu, a wanderer from the East, and his thousand men, reached

* James McPherson was only imperfectly acquainted with even the oral literature of the Highland Gael. The ghosts of his good characters look complacently from their bright clouds of rest on the actions of their former friends or their own brave descendants.

Erinn from Thule (Jutland, or the Belgian Peninsula), in thirty skin-covered corachs. He employed four Phœnician or African architects to raise four palaces for him in different parts of the island; and to prevent their doing as much for any other chief or prince, and thus detracting from his own greatness, he had each skilful artist pitched from the battlements as soon as his work was achieved. But there was such a principle as poetical justice extant in Erinn, even so early as the days of Abraham. The Fomorians from Africa—all cousins-germain to Rog, Robog, Rodin, and Rooney, the murdered men—assailed Nemidh from the bleak northern Isle of Torry, deprived the four castles of their master, by sending him to Tir-na-n-oge, and scattered his people to east, south, and north. Some under the leader Jarvan, sailed to the Danish Isles, and the south of Sweden; and their descendants established themselves in four cities—Falias, Gorias, Finias, and Murias—and taught the simple Scandinavians magic rites, and the other branches of the polite literature of the day. After a few hundred years, their descendants took the resolution of seeking out the pleasant isle of their forefathers, and set sail, bringing from city No. 1 a magic glaive, from No. 2 a magic spear, from No. 3 an enchanted cauldron, and from No. 4 the *Lia Fáil*, or "Stone of Destiny," at present resting in the lower part of St. Edward's Chair, in Westminster Abbey.*

At the time of their approach to the island, it was held by a kindred race, the Firbolgs, lately returned from Greece, to which country they had fled when routed by the Fomorians. The newcomers, landing somewhere in the north-west, enwrapped themselves in a *druidical*† fog, and were never seen by mortal till they had attained the plain of southern Moy-tuir (plain of the tower), near Cong. The Firbolg King, Achy (*Eochaidh*, Chevalier), sent a herald to demand their business. They said they merely wanted possession of the country, and would allow their cousins

in the tenth degree—the Firbolgs—to retire to the islands of Arran, Inis-bofine, &c.; moreover, that it was useless to brandish sword, or fling spear at them, as their Druids, on the morrow after a battle, would pass through the slain, and by their spells of power, recall every dead warrior to his pristine life and strength. "We defy your Druids," said the Firbolg spokesman. "Every one of our knights (*curaidh*, companion) shall be attended by a kern bearing twenty sharpened stakes of the rowan-tree; and as every Danaan warrior falls in fight, his body shall be pinned to the sod by one of these charmed staves."

The threat had its effect; and the succeeding battles were fought without the aid of *draoidheacht* (magic) on either side. The Firbolgs being defeated, were allowed to people the islands off the western coast; and it is supposed that Dun Aengus in Arran, and other stupendous caisíols, are the architectural remains of this brave but unsuccessful people. The ancient martial games and marriage-fairs held at Tailtean, now Telltown, in Meath, were instituted in honour of Tailte, wife of the brave Firbolg King slain at Moy-tuir.

THE CHILDREN OF TUIREANN.

WHILE the Danaan kings held sway, the Fomorians made another attempt to gain possession of the country, but were bravely opposed by Luacha of the Long Hand. This hero being much straitened on one occasion by the foreign intruders, despatched his father, Kian MacKeinte, and his two brothers, to different parts of the island, to summon aid. Kian, passing over the plains of Louth, saw approaching him the Firbolg brothers—Bran, Ur, and Urchorba, three of his deadliest foes. Knowing himself to be no match for them all, and espying some pigs on the plain near him, he struck himself with a druidic wand, and became one with the highest of the animals. Bran, the most acute of the brothers, alone saw what had occurred, and revealed it to the other two; but

* Dr. Petrie insists that the Stone of Destiny is the Dallen still to be seen on Tara Hill. He may be right; but we are determined not to believe him while treating the present subject.

† In all the old Irish tales, the words *druidical* and *magical* are synonymous.

they considered the capture of their foe-man very problematical, owing to the number of the swine. He, however, striking them with his druidic wand, they became dogs on the instant, and instinctively found out the disguised warrior, and gave chase. Bran launched a javelin, which pierced the outward disguise of Kian, and so, being rendered incapable of flight, he asked for life. Meeting a stern refusal, he begged permission to resume his human shape. This being granted, he exultingly enlarged on the much greater eric they would have to pay to his redoubted son of the long arm, for slaying him in his own form rather than that of the swine. This did not stay their hands: they killed him on the spot, and buried him where he fell; but on going forward for some distance, and looking back, they saw the body above ground. They had to return; but on the third occasion, after the grave had been made exceeding deep, he troubled them no more.

After Luacha had settled the business of the Fomorians, he became uneasy at not hearing from his father; and returning to the spot where he last parted with him, he traced his steps like a sleuth-dog till he stood over his deep grave. He disinterred him with a heavy heart, and paid him the usual Celtic honours, raising a mound above his remains, and inscribing his name and virtues in Ogham on a pillar-stone. He then took his way to the Midehuarta at Tara, where he knew the murderers had taken refuge, and in the Ard-Righ's presence he demanded from them the eric of his father. They inquired the amount, and he modestly claimed but a few, easily obtained articles, such as a spit, a pig-skin, a chariot, a bunch of apples, a spear, three "hill-shouts," and two or three other trifles. The king allowed that his demands were reasonable, and decreed the eric to be collected forthwith. Alas! when the vengeful son revealed the localities and the circumstances of the delinquent prizes, the guilty brothers gave themselves up

for lost. They consulted Tuirean, their father, who told them to ask of Luacha the magic horse, *Tuadhra*, given to him by his tutor, the great Mananan, son of Lir. "He will refuse you," said he; "so he will be obliged by law of geasa to grant you your next request, which must be, the magic boat of the same mighty sage." By aid of this boat they secured, but with a world of trouble, all the articles except the spit and the three "hill-shouts," which, through Luacha's magic influence, had escaped their memory. They went on their way again, recovered the spit in an island in the great western sea, and gave the three shouts on a hill in Fomor Land, after having all been nearly wounded to death. A spear having been driven through Bran's body, he had the shaft cut off at the two points where it projected from his sides, and thus returned, fearing to withdraw it, lest his life should issue forth at the same time. Even in this plight he bore his weaker brothers along. On their return, with all the commissions fulfilled, Luacha, who had the power, was besought by King and Court to stretch forth his hand and prolong their lives. He remembered his murdered father, refused, and they fell lifeless on the hall floor.

THIS SA MUSIC.*

THE fated children of Gael Glas sailed from Egypt into the Black Sea, and thence through the waters which filled the Riphean Valley,† and made a temporary lodgement in the southern part of Scandinavia. Their next voyage was to Spain; and at last, the great-grandchildren of those who had quitted Egypt (*temp. Phor.*) determined to make their permanent abode in the green island, which Breogan, their chief, had discovered from a watch-tower on Cape Ortegal. The brave old historians occasionally omitted details: they have left no account of the construction of the telescope used in the operation.

The Danaan Princes, either through negligence or design, allowed the in-

* Island of the Pig.

† The name used by Homer, and the romantic annalists of Ireland, exhibited a sea (part of the great Ocean Stream), covering the sites now occupied by South Russia, Poland, and North Germany, thus connecting the Euxine with the Baltic.

vaders to land without opposition, and then a parley ensued. They demanded of the new comers their objects and conditions, and received an answer similar to that given by themselves to the poor Firbolgs some generations back. They rejoined that it was a most unhandsome thing to take people by surprise in that fashion; but if they only re-embarked, and withdrew nine waves from the land, they would then receive them in a manner meet for warlike visitors, and their own relations in the twentieth degree. The simple Milesians consented; and by the time that the nine waves were passed, a druidic fog had fallen between them and the shore. Occasionally a luminous rift was made in this dark curtain, and the island was seen in the guise of the back of a black swine, weltering on the waters, and shooting up huge spear like bristles. A mighty storm next swept the vessels round the rocky shores. Some effected a landing in Kerry, others in Louth, and the rest on the bleak western coast. The wise and valiant Danaans at last found their spells and their arms too weak before the resistless might of the Milesians, and a new dynasty began.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

LIR, though the father of a demi-god, was not able to secure domestic comfort. Having lost his beloved wife, he sought relief in travel; and being on a visit with Bogha Derg, King of Conacht, he was induced to enter on the married state again, taking the beautiful and virtuous Princess *Lebh* (Eve) as his new partner. She bore him twins, *Fionula* (Fair-shoulder), and *Aodh* (Hugh), and at a second birth, *Fiachra* and *Conn*. This was followed by her death; and after some time the bereaved widower again sought the Court of his father-in-law. He was there tempted to commit matrimony again, hoping that the sister of his lamented wife, the Princess *Aoife*, would do the duty of an aunt, at least, to his orphans. For a year there was nothing to be complained of, but then she began to be jealous of the tenderness and attention ever exhibited by Lir to the Princess *Fionula*, and her brothers. From mere despotism she took to her bed, and there remained a year. At last a skilful but wicked Druid

visited her, extracted her heart's secret, and tendered his advice. Rising from her bed, she arrayed herself in her best, and taking the children with her, got up into her chariot, and set out for her father's court, near *Loch Derg*, on the *Shannon*. On the route she urged her charioteer to destroy the children; but he was deaf to her entreaties, and she was obliged to enact the part of executioner herself. *Fionula*, with a girl's acuteness, sorely distrusted her stepmother; and when they arrived at the edge of a lake, and she and her brothers were commanded to get down and bathe, she refused in the most decided manner for them and herself. However, *Aoife*, with assistance from her retinue, forced them into the water, and then and there, by a stroke on the head of each with a wand, the wicked Druid's gift, she changed them into four beautiful swans.

On arriving at her father's palace, he made inquiry about his grandchildren, and suspecting that her representation of their being in health at home, was not true, he cast her into a druidic sleep, and made her reveal her wickedness. Restoring her to her ordinary state, he bitterly reproached her in the presence of the Court, changed her into a grey vulture by a stroke of his wand of power, and doomed her to live in the cold, and windy, and sleety air, while time was to endure.

All repaired to the lake where the enchantment was effected, and were kept in a state of delight listening to the magic songs of the birds. The chariots stood by the shore, and the steeds consumed their provender, and the knights and ladies still listened entranced, night and day, until by the power of *Aoife's* words, they were obliged to rise in the air, and direct their flight to *Loch Derg*. There through the mildness of summer, and the harsh winds and ice of winter, they abode three hundred years. *Fionula* pressing her dejected and shivering brothers to her side, covering them with her wings, and cheering them with her grandfather's prophecy—that when men with shaved heads came over the sea, set up their tables in the east ends of their houses, and rung their bells, the first sound would again restore their human form.

Three hundred years being gone,

they once more were obliged to take their flight to the sea of Moyle, between Errinn and Alba, and there for three hundred years more, endured unspeakable sufferings. In their flight they passed over the pleasant rath where their childhood had been spent, and now it was but a grass-covered mound, with a slimy ditch at its base. The last three hundred years of their sad pilgrimage were passed on the wild waves of the great western sea near *Irras Domuain* (Erris). The bell that rung in the first Mass celebrated on *Luis na Gluaise* (Isle of Glory), restored them to their human shapes; but they were now emaciated and decrepit, and only waited for baptism, to flee away to rest eternal.*

Before we lose sight of the Danaans we must notice the *Glas Gaibhné*, the grey cow of the smith, *Lon Mac Liomtha*, the Danaan, the first who forged iron swords in Ireland.† She supplied him and his family and servants with abundance of milk and butter, and was well guarded during the day. At night she retired to the neighbouring rocks; and as her hoofs were set on her feet with the hollow in front, the stupid cow-stealers who wished to make a prize of her, never could find out her byre. However, the Pomerian chief of Torry Island, Balor Bale, got possession of her at last. She lived for centuries, for we find her affording nourishment to Fion Mac Cumhail and his warriors in the latter part of the third century.

Fogs and magic wands were the favourite instruments used by the Druids. Frequently, when a Christian and pagan army were on the point of meeting in "battle and conflict," the Druid enveloped his party in mist, and they would have their own way with their foes, only that the other side were equally provident, and the chaunt of hymns and the ringing of bells converted the thick fog into the thinnest possible air.

The Druids of Conaght at the instigation of their dark master, would occasionally bring the curse of drunkenness on all the fighting men of Ulster; and adding insult to injury, send the pangs of women on them when particularly enraged. Indeed, as Gaul looked across to Britain for the perverse knowledge of occult mysteries, and as on the continent of Britain they, too, kept an eye on the little islet of Anglesea, perhaps these islanders paid reverence to their next neighbours in Erin, among whom the deepest dyed in the black art were the sages west of the Sionan.

The *claidhim* (glaive) of the Celtic curaidh was held by its master in as much esteem as the enchanted weapons of the Scandinavian warriors by them. When exhibiting his trophies on occasions of triumph, he sat with his naked blade laid across his thighs; and if any spurious specimen was produced, the sword was expected to make a motion as if it designed to cut him across.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

THIS guardian hound of Ulster was once bewitched by a pair of women of the *Sálha*. They had appeared on a lake adjoining his palace in the plain of Louth, as two beautiful swans yoked to each other by a golden chain; and he was so ill advised as to direct his charioteer, *Lae*, to assail them with sling and spear. They could not be struck, and the disappointed champion went away sadly, set his back against a rock, and a magnetic or druidic sleep fell on him. While under its influence, two women—one with a green, and the other with a red cloak—approached, treacherously smiled on him, and then chastised him with horse-switches till he was nearly dead.

So the warrior lay on his bed in a state of lethargy for a long year; and at its close, as Fergus was sitting be-

* The "children of Tuirrean," the "children of Lir," and the "children of Uisneach," form the "Three Sorrows of Story" so lovingly quoted by admirers of Celtic literature. It is a grief to us to have spoiled two of them by inevitable contraction. There being nothing of a magical character about the last-named one, it has no place in this article; but a charming version furnished by Samuel Ferguson may be found in the *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments* in an early volume of the UNIVERSITY.

† As a good blade of modern times would be called an Andrew Ferrara or a Toledo, so the trenchant weapon of an early Irish knight was appropriately named *Mac an Lois*, Lon's son.

tween him and the wall, Conal Kearnach between him and the door, Luacha holding him up (in the original "between him and the pillow"), a person appeared before the company and ordered the sick man to go to the same rock where he had been enchanted, and it would be all well with him. On arriving there he was accosted by one of his fair executioners, who explained that all had been done in love and kindness; that the beautiful princess Fand, who had been deserted by Mananan Mac Lir, had conceived a violent affection for him, and would have him come to her in the beautiful island of the Sidhé.

So to this fairy island, Inis Labraidh, Cuchullain was borne, and there he lived forgetful of his chaste and loyal wife, the fair Eimer. However, this last-named lady was not resigned to her bereavement. She heard that the Fairy princess and her infatuated mortal lover were entertaining themselves over their wine-cups and chess-board at *Ibar Kian Trachta* (Newry), and thither she came with fifty of her ladies, each provided with a deadly skean, to slay Fand, or send her back alone to Inis Labraidh (pr. *Larray*). Before using the weapons, however, she appealed to the good feelings of the woman in power; and, strange to tell, so wrought on her that she renounced the faithless husband, and was in some degree recompensed by the sight of her deathless lover, Mananan coming invisible to the mortal eyes present, to bear her away in his resplendent chariot.

Cuchullain was as furious at his loss as ever Achilles when he lay in his galley and bewailed Briseis. The poets and Druids of Connor's Court, surrounded him, and after some attempts on his part to kill a few of them, they strengthened their spells and laid hold on his arms and legs. This appeared to be the essential portion of the charm: he became powerless and asked for a drink. They reached him the goblet of oblivion, and when he took it from his mouth, he had no more recollection of Fand than if he had never seen or heard of her. Eimer then put the chalice to

her lips, and all memory of Cuchullain's falsehood disappeared from her mind.

From the above story, translated and edited by the late Eugene Curry, we extract the magic process of divination used in the choice of a king when ordinary means were found insufficient:—

"Thus was that bull-feast prepared, namely, a white bull was killed, and one man ate enough of his flesh and of his broth, and he slept under that meal; and a charm of truth was pronounced on him by four Druids; and he saw in a dream the shape of the man who should be made king there; and his form, and his description, and the sort of work that he was engaged in. The man screamed out of his sleep, and described what he saw to the kings, namely, a young, noble, strong man, with two red streaks round him, and he sitting over the pillow of a sick man in Emania (royal fortress near Armagh)."

The terrible superstition of the Lianan Shia (*Sidhe* or *Sighe*) dates, as we here find, from an early period. King Connor and his noble "Dog* of Ulster," lived in the very commencement of the Christian era. It was the fate of those mortals who loved, and were beloved by women of the Sidhe, or hill-people—fairies, that they could not be freed from the connexion unless with the entire consent of their wayward mistresses. In further illustration of the system, we subjoin the very old legend of

IOLLANN EACHTACH AND THE LIANAN.

IOLLANN was a friend of Fion, and was willing to become more intimately connected with him by marrying his aunt Tuirreann. It had come to Fion's ears that Iollann was already provided with a sighe-love, so he secured the fate of his aunt in this wise. He put her hand into that of Oisín, who intrusted her to Caoilte, who intrusted her to Mac Luacha, &c.; and thus she passed under the guardianship of Diarmaid the Brown, Goll Mac Morna, another Luacha, and so into the arms of Iollann. Her married life was happy for a while, but it did not please the Sighe, *Uchtdealbha* (Fair Bosom), that

* Mac Pherson with his usual recklessness or ignorance, makes Cuchullain a faithful ally of Fingal (Fion Mac Cumhail) who flourished in the end of the third century.

her mortal lover should be happy in any society but her own. So she paid her a visit in the absence of her husband, and invited her out as she wished to give her an important message from Fion, relative to a feast he wanted to have prepared. Being safe from the eyes of the household, she muttered some words, and drawing a druidic wand from under her mantle, she struck her with it, and changed her into the most beautiful stag hound that eyes ever beheld. She then took her to the house of Feargus Fionnliath, on the shore of the bay of Galway. Iollann, hearing on his return that his wife had gone out with a strange woman, and had not since been seen, guessed that Fair-Bosom had disposed of her in some way, and began to tremble for the result. It was not long arriving. Fion missing his aunt, demanded her safe in life and limb at the hands of Oisín, who demanded her from Caoilté, who demanded her from Mac Luacha, &c., till Luacha the second demanded from Iollann, the person of his wife in good health, or his own head. Iollann acknowledged the justice of the request, and merely demanded a few days' grace.

He at once set forward to the palace-cavern of his sighe, and obtained his wish, but on the pure condition of being faithful to her till his death, and never more seeking mortal mistress or wife. She then sought out Tuirrois, and bringing her to some distance from Fergus's rath, restored her to her pristine shape, and then delivered her over to her nephew. Luacha the second, the last of the sureties, represented to the great chief, that the least recompense he could make him for the terror he had experienced, was the hand of the restored beauty, and Fion gave his gracious consent to this second espousal of his aunt.

Some circumstances of a strange character, which want of room and other considerations prevent us quoting from the original, mark this tale, in its plot and circumstances, as the work of a genuine Pagan inventor.

In a late paper we quoted at full length a receipt for obtaining a spirit of poetic prophecy. The clairvoyance, if it can be so called, obtained by a heavy meal of bull's flesh and broth, will be found a few pages back. The

hill, river, and wood spirits, of course, helped their worshippers to a foreknowledge of future events, and animals revered in particular localities gave oracular answers; the cat of Cruachan is an instance. Mananan Mac Lir, so often mentioned, delighted in mystifying his mortal adorers, subjecting them to trials, and then rewarding their virtuous acts. One legend connected with his beneficent character strikingly resembles the story in "Zadig," and the subject of Parnell's "Hermit."

The ancient, as well as the modern Irish were very disagreeably affected by severe weather. They disliked the east wind so much as to call it the Druidic Red Wind, and gave it fetish worship. Here is a quatrain on the subject from an old poem:—

"The murmuring of the Red Wind from
the East,
Is heard in its course by the strong as
well as the weak.
A wind that blasts the bottom of the
trees,
And withers man, is that Red Wind."

But we hear much less of the baneful than the benign influences among our Pagan forefathers. The beneficent Danaan sage, Dagdae, had for son Aongus, who, long after his mortal career, dwelt in the mound by the Boyne, and showered his benefits on good, kind people. It was in this subterraneous fort that the father of Diarmaid, having accidentally killed the son of a Druid, the enraged and sorrowful father struck the body of his child just as life was departing, and changed him into the fatal "green-cropped boar," which afterwards caused the death of the peerless hero—the paragon of all the warriors of Fionn's Court.

Mananan was so revered in Man, to which island he gave his name, that the extinction of the worship paid to him there was the greatest difficulty experienced by St. Patrick and his successors.

In a parting glance at ancient divination, we cannot pass over the peculiar privilege enjoyed by Fionn.

Finn Eges, the Druid, remained seven years at a ford on the Boyne, watching for the Salmon of Knowledge, which whoever ate would be gifted with the most ample prescience. Among his many pupils was Fionn,

then a young man, and their chief business was to watch for this salmon. At last it was taken, fried by Fion, and carried to his master. "Hast thou tasted of this fish?" "No, but a blister having arisen on its side, I pressed my thumb on it, and feeling a burning smart, I clapped it in my mouth." "You may take all away, and feed on it. You have got the gift which I have watched for these seven years past. When you wish to know what is passing in any part of Erin, or to be acquainted with any future event, apply your thumb to your tongue."

In the Northern Volsung tale, the great original of the "Nibelungen Lied," Regin employs Sigurd to roast the dragon's heart, and bring it to him. During the operation he applies his finger to the article to try if it be done. The same thing takes place as in the Irish tale, and Sigurd gets all knowledge, and understands the language of birds. It is our inten-

tion to make our readers acquainted with such other particulars of the magic rites of the Irish Druids as have been preserved by our old writers.

It would be interesting to trace the resemblances between the superstitions and legends of the Celts of Ireland and the West Highlands, with those of the old Bretons, and Germans, and Scandinavians. As all are offshoots of the great Aryan family, they must possess modifications of the same primitive beliefs and usages, varied by the influence of climate and the natural features of the land occupied by each people, and the remarkable circumstances in their separate histories. In time, novelties to some extent would be introduced; but still many of the long-cherished myths, and superstitions, and practices would be found to claim a common origin. We intend to devote a future paper to the elucidation of this subject.

THEIR MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Few persons who have not essayed in their day to collect the lives of actors, and of those whose career has been essentially connected with the stage, have any adequate notion of the vastness of the contribution which English literature owes to this department of biography and narrative. Unequal, desultory, and often not altogether reliable, as such memoirs are, they are yet, on the whole, the most fascinating, and by no means the least instructive reading in which an idle man can engage. The Gipsy life, the wandering habits, the gaiety and privations, the deeply tragic and sometimes splendid vicissitudes of the actor's life, give to the story something of the interest of the desultory and satiric old Spanish romance; and its connexion with literature and men of letters, and sometimes, in the char-

acter of patrons, with men of public celebrity, of a different kind, and, above all, their unconsciously minute and spirited painting of contemporary manners, give to these generally careless and often brilliant records, a very special and permanent value. Nothing can be more capricious than the selection of the subjects of this kind of biography: while such men as Betterton and Sheridan are undistinguished by a memoir, we have an almost illimitable harvest of minor biographies. To these we are far from objecting—quite the reverse; but the omissions cause bleak and awful chasms in the series, such as no after industry and enthusiasm can supply.

But when this immense collection of biographical lore has been scanned and sifted, the labour of a writer in Doctor Doran's track is but begun;

"*Their Majesty's Servants: Annals of the English Stage, from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean.*" By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. In two volumes. London: Wm. H. Allen and Co.

and a new and still wider field opens in the contemporary essays, diaries, letters, and even newspapers and magazines. Such a work, then, as Doctor Doran's, grasping this scattered and voluminous literature, extracting and fixing its essence with a discriminating and vigorous chemistry, and so bringing all that is most instructive, diverting, and curious in his charming theme, within reasonable compass, and in the form of connected and highly agreeable narrative, under the eye of the careless reader, is no mean monument of zeal, diligence, and judgment.

He has given us here a work which, possessing all the charm of lively and romantic fiction, is still, in the most rigorous sense, a history; comprehensive, complete, and pregnant with valuable social illustration, as well as with matter for profound and sad meditation.

Doctor Doran's plan is strictly and simply chronological. And the book expands and warms into actual life with the stage of the Restoration, of which we have so many lively and invaluable contemporary pictures.

Of course we have a good deal of pretty Nell Gwyn; not so detailed as Mr. Cunningham's pleasant monogram, but written with appropriate spirit, grace and lightness. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe altogether in the story of her very low origin. Though Mistress Nelly could be a little coarse at times, there seems to have been an essential elegance and a bright and delicate wit which bespeak early and habitual intimacy with gentle manners. The selling of herrings in her case, as in that of beautiful Peg Woffington in aftertimes, is, we suspect, wholly a myth. There has always been a tendency to exaggeration of this kind in the early and conjectural biography of actresses. Mistress Nelly was, we all know, a good-natured and fascinating scamp. The circumstances of her departure from the parental roof were probably not very creditable. Her London life commenced as that of an outcast, and she was forced to live by her wits, which luckily were bright and shifty. Such people do not care to describe cat yowls and adventures too minutely. And conjecture and satire flourish in the vacant canvas

with a coarse extravagance. Poor Nelly! Good nature, gaiety, beauty, and intelligence, are always so engaging; a certain sentimental tenderness still lingers about her memory—the shadow of her living popularity. There is a very pretty engraving of Nell Gwyn in the collection of prologues and epilogues. From what portrait is it taken? An original, full-length picture, fair, animated, and so pretty, is in the possession of the Earl of Dunraven. No doubt Nelly was a frequent sitter; and many scattered portraits remain as yet unsuspected by the public. Pepys, that delightful gossip and indefatigable frequenter of the playhouses, is full of her. Nell, as we all know, was the maternal origin of the dual house of St. Allans, a second time infused with theatrical blood in its matrimonial alliance with Mrs. Coutts—the famous and beautiful Miss Mellon—whose amusing memoirs many of our readers are, no doubt, well acquainted with.

Dr. Doran is severe upon poor Nelly. Notwithstanding his rigorous impeachment, however, we still cling to the old tradition of her kindness and popularity. There are abundant evidences in her short career, so sad and brilliant, of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins. Instances of her good-natured munificence are not wanting, and her contemporary reputation for benevolence is undoubted. "For such a person," says Doctor Doran, indignantly, "the pious and pious Bishop Kenn was once called upon to yield up an apartment in which he lodged." In the cause of historic truth, however, and as throwing, we think, a side-light upon the character of poor Nelly, we must complete the story. Kenn was no bishop, but a poor Churchman, at the time. He owed his bishoprick, however, to his refusal. "Where is the little man who refused to let Nelly lie in his lodgings?" as nearly as we remember, were the words in which Charles sought out Kenn for the vacant mitre. Charles was not a man to enrage his mistress for a caprice of conscience. Nelly and he must often have talked over the incident together; and we think it must rest upon the mind of any person tolerably acquainted with human nature, and that phase of it which is termed "the world," as an

irresistible, though indirect, evidence of the sweet and forgiving nature of wayward and pleasant Nelly, that his scruple was remembered to his honour, and the man who refused to open his door to her, with a sad reverence sought out for the vacant dignity.

Of the stage from the Restoration to the Revolution, our principal authorities are the invaluable Pepys, and the retrospective and graphic portraits preserved to us in old Colley Cibber's masterly "Apology"—one of the pleasantest and finest combinations of biography and criticism extant in English literature.

Betterton's long reign of fifty years, connecting the seventeenth with the eighteenth century, furnishes some of the finest and most interesting pages in Dr. Doran's work. We are acquainted with no biography of that great actor and gentleman, except the miserable sham published shortly after his death, in 1710. This book—the merest catch-penny—contains, when sifted, scarcely more than the registry of his birth and death, the name of his wife, and a list of his principal characters. Here, then, our author has been thrown altogether upon the resources of his devious and extensive reading; and to make up the sum of his biography in minute and desultory contributions, collected with laudable industry and judgment from the wide range of scattered contemporary records. He has given us a portrait distinct in outline, clear in colour, and altogether so noble and life-like, that, considering alike his difficulties and the result, we are disposed to accept it as, perhaps, his finest sketch. He first presents young Betterton on the boards of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1661.

"On a December night, 1661, there is a crowded house at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The play is 'Hamlet,' with young Mr. Betterton, who has been two years on the stage, in the part of the Dane. The Ophelia is the real object of the young fellow's love, charming Mistress Saunderson. Old ladies and gentlemen, repairing in capacious coaches to this representation, remind one another of the lumbering and crushing of carriages about the old play-house in the Blackfriars, causing noisy tumults which drew indignant appeals from the Puritan housekeepers, whose privacy was sadly disturbed.

"At length the audience are all safely housed, and eager. Indifferent enough, however, they are, during the opening scenes. The fine gentlemen laugh loudly, and comb their periwigs in the "best rooms." The fops stand erect in the boxes, to show how folly looks in clean linen; and the orange nymphs, with their costly entertainment of fruit from Seville, giggle and chatter, as they stand on the benches below, with old and young admirers, proud of being recognised in the boxes. The whole Court of Denmark is before them; but not till the words, 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,' fall from the lips of Betterton, is the general ear charmed, or the general tongue arrested. Then, indeed, the vainest fops and pertest orange-girls look round and listen too. The voice is so low, and sad and sweet; the modulation so tender, the dignity so natural, the grace so consummate, that all yield themselves silently to the delicious enchantment. 'It's beyond imagination,' whispers Mr. Pepys to his neighbour, who only answers with a long and low-drawn 'Hush!'"

The picture of the old days of the illustrious and faithful couple is too pretty to be passed by:—

"Fifty years after these early triumphs, an aged couple resided in one of the best houses in Russell-street, Covent Garden, the walls of which were covered with pictures, prints, and drawings, selected with taste and judgment. They were still a handsome pair. The venerable lady, indeed, looks pale and somewhat saddened. The gleam of April sun-shine which penetrates the apartment cannot win her from the fire. She is Mrs. Betterton; and ever and anon she looks with a sort of proud sorrow on her aged husband. His fortune, nobly earned, has been diminished by "speculation," but the means whereby he achieved it are his still; and Thomas Betterton, in the latter years of Queen Anne, is the chief glory of the stage, even as he was in the last year of King Charles. The lofty column, however, is a little shaken. It is not a ruin, but is beautiful in its decay. Yet, that it should decay at all is a source of so much tender anxiety to the actor's wife, that her senses suffer disturbance, and there may be seen in her features something of the distraught Ophelia of half a century ago."

We come now to his last meeting with that judicious and affectionate audience, who, to the close, were so proud of their Roscius:—

"It is the 13th of April, 1710—his benefit night; and the tears are in the lady's eyes, and a painful sort of smile on her trembling lips, for Betterton misses her as he goes

forth that afternoon to take leave, as it proved, of the stage for ever. He is in such pain from gout that he can scarcely walk to his carriage; and how is he to enact the noble and fiery Melantius in that ill-named drama of horror, 'The Maid's Tragedy'? Hoping for the best, the old player is conveyed to the theatre, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, in the Haymarket, the site of which is now occupied by the 'Opera-house.' Through the stage-door he is carried in loving arms to his dressing-room. At the end of an hour Wilkes is there, and Pinkethman, and Mrs. Barry, all dressed for their parts; an agreeably disappointed find the Melantius of the night robed, armoured, and besworded, with one foot in a buskin and the other in a slipper. To enable him even to wear the latter, he had first thrust his inflamed foot into water; but stout as he seemed, trying his strength to-and-fro in the room, the hand of Death was at that moment descending on the grandest of English actors."

The annals of the theatre abound in many instances of such histrionic heroism. Having gone so far let us see him on the stage, and wait till the curtain descends for the last time upon that famous actor.

"The house rose to receive him who had delighted themselves, their sires, and their grandsires. The audience were packed 'like Norfolk bidins.' The edifice itself was only five years old, and when it was a building, people laughed at the folly which reared a new theatre in the country, instead of in London; for in 1705, all beyond the rural Haymarket was open field, straight away westward and northward. That such a house could ever be filled, was set down as an impossibility; but the achievement was accomplished on this eventual benefit night; when the popular favourite was about to utter his last words, and to belong thenceforward only to the history of the stage he had a home."

"There was a shout which shook him, as Lysippus uttered the words, 'Noble Melantius!' which heralded his coming. Every word which could be applied to himself was marked by a storm of applause, and when Melantius said of Amintor—

'His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.'

a murmuring comment ran round the house, that this had been effected by Betterton himself. Again, when he bids Amintor, 'Hear thy friend, who has more years than thou,' there were probably few who did not wish that Betterton were as young as Wilkes; but when he subsequently threatened forth

the famous passage, 'My heart will never fail me,' there was a very tempest of excitement, which was carried to its utmost height, in thundering peal on peal of unbridled approbation, as the great Rhodion gazed full on the house, exclaiming:—

'My heart
And limbs are still the same: my will as erst
To do you service!'

No one doubted more than a fractional part of this assertion; and Betterton, acting to the end under a continued fire of '*Buccas*,' may have thrown more than the original meaning into the phrase—

'That little word was worth all sound
That ever I shall hear again!'

"Few were the words he was destined ever to hear again; and the subsequent prophecy of his own certain and proximate death, on which the curtain slowly descended, was fulfilled eight-and-forty hours after they were uttered."

We have a great deal of pleasant gossip about the poets, their works, fortunes, and quarrels. The field of dramatic, even more than of histrionic criticism, has been travelled over so often and in such good company, that little remains for new discovery or remark. Doctor Doran, however, gives us a great deal of just as well as amusing criticism and analysis, pointed by anecdote, and illustrated with parallels and side-lights supplied by his own large reading. As an average sample of his manner, we quote the sentence in which he takes leave of half-a-dozen of our old-world dramatic celebrities.

"Davenant achieved a good estate, and was buried in Westminster Abbey like a gentleman. Dryden, with less to bequeath, was interred in the same place, without organ or ceremony, two choristers walking before the body, candle in hand, and singing an ode of Horace—like a poet. His victim, Tom Shadwell, acquired wealth fairly; he lies in Chelsea Church, but his son raised a monument to his memory in the Abbey, that he might be in thus much as great a man as his satirist. Congreve, too, is there, after enjoying a greater fortune than the others together had ever built up, and leaving £100,000 of it to Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who so valued the 'honour and pleasure of his company' when living, that, as the next best thing, she sat of an evening with his 'wax figure' after he was dead. Among the dead there, also, rest Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Rowe, of

whom the first, too careless of his money affairs, died the poorest man."

The young Duchess, however, had written "the honour and happiness of his company." It was wicked old Sarah who misread the sentence for the sake of a sneer; and said she could not perceive the honour, whatever pleasure there might have been in it. Doctor Doran, no doubt, remembered the true reading; but concurring in the justice of the old lady's sarcasm, he has suffered her sly interpretation to stand unchallenged in his pages.

In his usual agreeable and rapid way he describes the mystification practised on the theatrical world of Paris, respecting Vanbrugh's "Relapse."

"Of Vanbrugh's ten or eleven plays, that which has longest kept the stage is the 'Relapse,' still acted, in its altered form, by Sheridan, as the 'Trip to Scarborough.' This piece was produced at the Theatre de l'Odéon, in Paris, in the Spring of 1862, as a posthumous comedy of Voltaire's! It was called the 'Comte de Boursoufle,' and had a 'run.' The story ran with it that Voltaire had composed it in his younger days for private representation; that he had then touched it up, and that the manuscript had only recently been discovered by the lucky individual who persuaded the manager of the Odéon to produce it on his stage! The bait took. All the French theatrical world in the capital flocked to the Faubourg St Germain to witness a new play by Voltaire. Critics examined the plot, philosophized on its humour, applauded its absurdities, enjoyed its wit, and congratulated themselves on the circumstance that the Voltairean wit especially was as enjoyable then as in the preceding century! Of the authorship they had no doubt whatever; for, said they, if Voltaire did not write this piece, who *could* have written it? The reply was given at once from this country; but when the mystification was exposed, the French critics gave no sign of awarding honour where honour was due; and probably this translation of the 'Relapse,' may figure in future French editions as an undoubted work by Voltaire."

We have here a collection of obituary notes very striking in their collective moral.

"Better men than either of the last sleep in humbler graves. Poor Nat Lee, tottering homeward from the Bull and Harrow, on a winter's night, and with more punch under his belt than his brain could bear,

falls down in the snow, near Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is dead when he is picked up. Lee is shuffled away to St. Clement's Danes. If Lee died tipsy outside a public-house, Otway died half-starved within one, at the Bull, on Tower-hill. The merits of Lee and Otway might have carried them to Westminster, but their misfortunes barred the way thither. Almost as unfortunate, Settle died, after hissing in a dragon at Bartholomew Fair, a recipient of the charity of the Charter-house. Crowne died in distress, just as he hoped his 'Sir Courtly Nice,' would have placed him at his ease. Wicherley, with less excuse, died more embarrassed than Crowne, or would have done so, had he not robbed his young wife of her portion, made it over with his creditors, and left her little wherewith to bury him in the churchyard in Covent Garden. Two other poets, who passed away unencumbered by a single splendid shilling, rest in St. James's, Westminster—Tom Durfley and Bankes. Careless, easy, free, and fuddling Tate died in the sanctuary of the Mint, and St. George's, Southwark, gave him a few feet of earth; while Brady pushed his way at court to preferment, and died a comfortable pluralist and chaplain to Caroline, Princess of Wales. Farquhar, with all his wit, died a broken-hearted beggar, at the age of thirty-seven; and Dennis, who struggled forty years longer with fortune, came to the same end, utterly destitute of all but the contemptuous pity of his foes, and the insulting charity of Pope."

A word or two of lively sketching—a note of the expressive province of the tailor and valet, as cultivated by some of the notables—should we say "immortals"—of the drama of the seventeenth century, will amuse our readers—

"In his bag-wig, his black velvet dress, his sword, powder, brilliant buckles, and self-possession, Southerne charmed his company, wherever he visited, even at four-score. He kept the even tenor of his way, owing no man anything; never allowing his nights to be the marrer of his mornings; and at six-and-eighty carrying a bright eye, a steady hand, a clear head and a warm heart, wherewith to calmly meet and make surrender of all to the Inevitable Angel.

"Southerne was not more famous for the nicety of his costume than 'little starched Johnny Crowne' was for his stiff, long cravat; or Dryden for his Norwich druggist suit, or his gayer dress in later days, when, with sword and Châtrieux wig, he paraded the Mulberry Garden with his mistress, Reeves,—one of that marvellous company of 1672, which writers with long memories

used to subsequently say could never be got together again. Otway's thoughtful eye redeemed his slovenly dress and his fatness, and seemed to warrant the story of his repenting after his carousing. Lee dressed as ill as Otway, but lacked his contemplative eye, yet excelled him in fair looks, and in a peculiar luxuriance of hair."

We have long wished for such a work as Dr. Doran has just produced. So lively in style; so sparkling with anecdote; so sound in ethics; and so scholarlike in criticism. Here, indeed, we have a more perfect history than we believed practicable, of so vast and varied a progress, and so multitudinous a community, within two volumes, even of so imposing a compass as his. He has made a very delightful and masterly contribution to that store of literature which combines biography and history; and he treats it with that lively sympathy with the romantic and humorous, and that quick and true appreciation of character, which will fascinate the idle no less than the thoughtful. It would be injustice to omit mentioning in passing, how very striking and brilliant is the sketch of Edmund Kean, with which the work closes. In this Doctor Doran has given, occasionally, his own impressions of the great actor, as he declaimed "before the floater." The few analytic sentences which he thus gives us, are detailed, new, and vivid, and tantalize, moreover, by their infrequency. Doctor Doran's work closes just where his personal recollections as a playgoer begin. We are glad to learn, from a passing allusion, that he has kept a diary of his impressions. Doctor Doran has, therefore, material in the stores of his own memory, as well as in the living recollections which surround him, which qualify him to give to his own and future times a work upon the same plan as "Davies' Miscellanies," but illimit-

ably superior. The theatric criticism of each generation owes that legacy to posterity. Without such a record, how much of the individuality of the actor's impersonation is lost. If it had not been for Davies, what a portrait of Colley Cibber, in *Shallow*, for instance, would have been wanting; and how, merely a reputation and a name some of those who now stand out in such minute handling and bright tints, even in the imperfect pages of the actor-bibliophile. Doctor Doran has a kindred field of immense variety and fertility. He has shown himself, both in apprehension and in art, well qualified for the production of such portraits as must ultimately become the authorities on which future times will form their estimate of our Glovers, Vestrises, C. Kemps, W. Farrens, Mathewses, Southernes, and the rest. The criticisms of the newspaper press are, as a general rule, too hurried, and consciously too much addressed to the impression of the hour; and too multitudinous, beside, and desultory, to stand in lieu of such a work, conceived in a historic spirit, after the subsidence of stage faction, and of public enthusiasm, with the advantages alike of personal recollection and of calm judgment; with, moreover, a feeling of judicial responsibility, and a proper reverence for the marvellous art of which it must become a text-book.

Such a work we should see, with confidence, committed to the diligence, sympathy, and taste of the writer of these charming annals of "Their Majesty's Servants."

Doctor Doran's is in every sense a good and adequate book. More voluminous works may hereafter be written upon the same theme, but none, we venture to predict, which, within similar limits, will supersede, or even disturb it.

WYLDER'S HAND.

PART IX.

CHAPTER LXIX.

I REVISIT BRANDON HALL.

RACHEL LAKE was courageous and energetic; and, when once she had taken a clear view of her duty, wonderfully persistent and impracticable. Her dreadful interview with Jos Larkin was always in her mind. The bleached face, so meek, so cruel, of that shabby spectre, in the small, low parlour of Redman's Farm, was always before her. There he had spoken the sentences which made the earth tremble, and showed her distinctly the cracking line beneath her feet, which would gape at his word, into the fathomless chasm that was to swallow her. But, come what might she would not abandon the Vicar and his little boy, and good Dolly, to the arts of that abominable magician.

The more she thought, the clearer was her conviction. She had no one to consult with; she knew the risk of exasperating that tall man of God, who lived at the Lodge. But, determined to brave all, she went down to see Dolly and the Vicar at home.

Poor Dolly was tired; she had been sitting up all night with sick little Fairy. He was better to-day; but last night he had frightened them so, poor little man! he began to rave about eleven o'clock; and more or less his little mind continued wandering until near six, when he fell into a sound sleep, and seemed better for it; and it was such a blessing there certainly was neither scarlatina nor small-pox, both which enemies had appeared on the northern frontier of Gylingden, and were picking down their two or three cases each in that quarter.

So Rachel first made her visit to little man, sitting up in his bed, very pale and thin, and looking at her, not with his pretty smile, but a languid, earnest, wonder, and not speaking. How quickly and strikingly sickness tells upon children. Little man's frugal store of toys, chiefly the gifts of pleasant Rachel, wild beasts, Noah

and his sons, and part of a regiment of foot soldiers, with the usual return of broken legs and missing arms, stood peacefully mingled upon the board across his bed which served as a platform.

But little man was leaning back; his fingers, once so busy, lay motionless on the coverlet, and his tired eyes rested on the toys with a joyless, earnest apathy.

"Didn't play with them a minute," said the maid.

"I'll bring him a new box, I'm going into the town; wout that be pretty?" said Rachel, parting his golden locks over the young forehead, and kissing him; and she took his little hand in her's - it was hot and dry.

"He looks better—a little better, don't you think; just a little better?" whispered his mamma, looking at all the rest were, on that wan, sad little face.

But he really looked worse.

"Well, he can't look better, you know, dear, till there's a decided change. What does Doctor Buddle say?"

"He saw him yesterday morning. He thinks it is all from his stomach, and he's feverish; no meat; indeed he won't eat anything, and you see the light hurts his eyes."

There was only a chink of the shutter open.

"But it is always so when he is ever so little ill, my precious little man; and I know if he thought it anything the least serious, Doctor Buddle would have looked in before now, he's so very kind."

"I wish my darling could get a little sleep. He's very tired nurse," said Rachel.

"Yes'm, very tired'm; would he like his precious head lower a bit? No, very well, darling, we'll leave it so."

"Dolly, darling, you and nurse must be so tired sitting up: I have a little wine at Redman's Farm; I

got it, you remember, more than a year ago, when Stanley said he was coming to pay me a visit. I never take any, and a little would be so good for you and poor nurse. I'll send some to you."

So coming down stairs Rachel said, "is the Vicar at home?" Yes, he was in the study, and there they found him brushing his seedy hat, and making ready for his country calls in the neighbourhood of the town. The hour was dull without little Fairy; but he would soon be up and out again, and he would steal up now and see him. He could not go out without his little farewell at the bed-side, and he would bring him in some pretty flowers.

"You've seen little Fairy?" asked the good Vicar, with a very anxious smile, "and you think him better, dear Miss Lake, don't you?"

"Why, I can't say that, because you know, so soon as he's better, he'll be quite well; they make their recoveries all in a moment."

"But he does not look worse?" said the Vicar, lifting his eyes eagerly from his book which he was buttoning on the chair.

"Well, he *does* look more tired, but that must be till his recovery begins, which will be, please heaven, immediately."

"Oh, yes, my little man has had two or three attacks *much* more serious than this, and always shook them off so easily. I was reminding Dolly, always, and good Doctor Buldell assures us, it is none of those horrid complaints."

And so they talked over the case of the little man, who with Noah, and his sons, and the battered soldiers and animals before him, was fighting, though they only dimly knew it, silently in his little bed, the great battle of life or death.

"Mr. Larkin came to me the evening before last," said Rachel, "and told me that the little sum I mentioned—now don't say a word till you have heard me—was not sufficient; so I want to tell you what I have quite resolved on. I have been long intending some time or other to change my place of residence, perhaps I shall go to Switzerland, and I have made up my mind to sell my real-estate on the Dulchester estate. It will produce, Mr. Young says, a very large

sum, and I wish to lend it to you, either *all* or as much as will make you *quite* comfortable—you must not refuse. I had intended leaving it to my dear little man up stairs; and you must promise me solemnly that you will not listen to the advice of that bad, cruel man, Mr. Larkin."

"My dear Miss Lake, you misunderstood him—what can I say, how can I thank you?" said the Vicar, clasping her hand.

"A wicked and merciless man, I say," repeated Miss Lake, "from my observation of him, I am certain of two things—I am sure that he has some reason for believing that your brother, Mark Wylder is dead; and secondly, that he is himself deeply interested in the purchase of your reversion; I'm ill: Dolly, open the window."

There was a silence for a little while, and Rachel resumed.

"Now William Wylder, I am convinced, that you and your wife (and she kissed Dolly), and your dear little boy, are marked out for plunder: the objects of a conspiracy; and I'll lose my life, but I'll prevent it."

"Now, maybe Willie, upon my word, perhaps, she's quite right: for, you know, if poor Mark is dead, *then* would not *he* have the estate *now*; is not that it, Miss Lake, and—and, you know, that would be dreadful, to sell it all for next to nothing, is not that what you mean, Miss Lake—Rachel dear, I mean."

"Yes, Dolly, stripping yourselves of a splendid inheritance, and robbing your poor little boy; I protest, in the name of heaven, against it, and you have no excuse now William, with my offer before you; and, Dolly, it will be inexcusable *wickedness* in you, if you allow it."

"Now, Willie dear, do you hear that—do you hear what she says?"

"But Dolly darling—dear Miss Lake there is no reason whatever to suppose that poor Mark is dead," said the Vicar, very pale.

"I tell you again, I am convinced the Attorney *knows* it. He did not say so, indeed; but, cunning as he is, I think I've quite seen through his plot; and even in what he said to me, there was something that half betrayed him every moment. And, Dolly, if you allow this sale, you deserve the ruin you are inviting, and the re-

morse that will follow you to your grave."

"Do you hear that, Willie?" said Dolly, with her hand on his arm.

"But, dear, it is too late—I have signed this, this instrument—and it is too late. I hope—God bless me—I have not done wrong. Indeed, whatever happens, dear Miss Lake, may Heaven for ever bless you. But respecting good Mr. Larkin, you are in error; I am sure you have quite misunderstood him. You don't know how kind—how *disinterestedly* good he has been; and now, my dear Miss Lake, it is too late—*quite* too late."

"No; it is *not* too late. Such wickedness as that cannot be lawful—I won't believe the law allows it," cried Rachel Lake. "It is all a fraud—even if you have signed—all a fraud. You must procure able advice at once. Your enemy is that dreadful Mr. Larkin. Write to some good attorney in London. I'll pay everything."

"But, dear Miss Lake, I can't," said the Vicar, dejectedly; "I am bound in honour and conscience not to disturb it—I have written to Messrs. Burlington and Smith to that effect. I assure you, dear Miss Lake, we have not acted inconsiderately—nothing has been done without careful and deep consideration."

"You *must* employ an able attorney immediately. You have been duped. Your little boy must not be ruined."

"But—but I do assure you, I have so pledged myself by the letter I have mentioned, that I *could* not—no, it is *quite impossible*," he added, as he recollected the strong and pointed terms in which he had pledged his honour and conscience to the London firm, to guarantee them against any such disturbance as Miss Lake was urging him to.

"I am going into the town, Dolly, and so are you," said Rachel, after a little pause. "Let us go together."

And to this Dolly readily assented; and the Vicar, evidently much troubled in mind, having run up to the nursery to see his little man, the two ladies set out together. Rachel saw that she had made an impression upon Dolly, and was resolved to carry her point. So, in earnest terms, again she conjured her, at least, to lay the whole matter before some friend on whom she could rely; and Dolly, alarmed and eager, quite agreed with

Rachel, that the sale must be stopped, and she would do whatever dear Rachel bid her.

"But do you think Mr. Larkin really thinks that poor Mark is dead?"

"I do, dear—I suspect he knows it."

"And what makes you think that, Rachel, darling?"

"I can't define—I've no proofs to give you. One knows things, sometimes. I perceived it—and I think I can't be mistaken; and now I've said all, and pray ask me no more upon that point."

Rachel spoke with a hurried and fierce impatience, that rather startled her companion.

It is wonderful that she showed her state of mind so little. There was, indeed, something feverish, and at times even fierce, in her looks and words. But few would have guessed her agony, as she pleaded with the Vicar and his wife; or the awful sense of impending consequences that closed over her like the shadow of night, the moment the excitement of her pleading was over—"Rachel, are you mad!—Fly, fly, fly!" was always sounding in her ears. The little street of Gylingden, through which they were passing, looked strange and dream-like. And as she listened to Mrs. Crinkle's babble over the counter, and choose his toys for poor little "Fairy," she felt like one trifling on the way to execution.

But her warnings and entreaties, I have said, were not quite thrown away; for, although the Vicar was inflexible, she had prevailed with his wife, who, at parting, again promised Rachel, that if she could do it, the sale should be stopped.

When I returned to Brandon, a few mornings later, Captain Lake received me joyfully at his solitary breakfast. He was in an intense electioneering excitement. The evening papers for the day before lay on the breakfast table.

"A move of some sort suspected—the opposition prints all hinting at tricks and ambushes. They are whipping their men up awfully. Old Wattles, not half recovered, going by the early train to-day, Weakdon tells me. It will probably kill him. Stower went up yesterday. Lee says he saw him at Charteris. He never speaks—only a vote and a fellow that never appears till the last minute."

"Brittle, the member for Stony-Muckford, was in the next carriage to me this morning; and he's a slow coach, too," I threw in. "It does look as if the division was nearer than they pretend."

"Just so. I heard from Gybes last evening—what a hand that fellow writes—only a dozen words: 'look out for squalls,' and 'keep your men in hand.' I've sent for Wealdon. I wish the morning papers were come. I'm a quarter past eleven—what are you?—The post's in at Dollington fifty minutes before we get our letters here. D—d nonsense—it's all that heavy 'bus of Driver's—I'll change that. They leave London at five, and get to Dollington at half-past ten, and Driver never has them in sooner than twenty minutes past eleven! d—d humbug! I'd undertake to take a dog-cart over the ground in twenty minutes."

"Is Larkin here?" I asked.

"Oh, no—run up to town. I'm so glad he's away—the clumsiest dog in England—nothing clever—no invention—only a bully—the people hate him. Wealdon's my man. I wish he'd give up that town-clerkship—it

can't be worth much, and it's in his way—I'd make it up to him somehow. Will you just look at that—it's the *Globe*—only six lines, and tell me what *you* make of it!"

"It does look like it, certainly."

"Wealdon and I have jotted down a few names here," said Lake, sliding a list of names before me; "you know some of them, I think—rather a strong committee; don't you think so? These fellows with the red cross before have promised."

"Yes; it's very strong—capital!" I said, crunching my toast. "Is it thought the writ will follow the dissolution unusually quickly?"

"They must, unless they wait a very late session. But it is quite possible the Government may win—a week ago they reckoned upon eleven."

And as we were talking the post arrived.

"Here they are!" cried Lake, and grasping the first morning paper he could seize on, he tore it open with a greater display of energy than I had seen that languid gentleman exhibit on any former occasion.

CHAPTER LXX.

LADY MAURETH.

"HERE it is," said the Captain. "Beaten" then came an oath—"three votes—how the devil was that!—there it is, by Jove—no mistake—majority against ministers, three! Is that the *Times*? What does it say?"

"A long leader—no resignation—immediate dissolution. That is what I collect from it."

"How on earth could they have miscalculated so. Swivell, I see, voted in the majority; that's very odd; and, by Jove, there's Surplice, too, and he's good for seven votes. Why, his own paper was backing the ministers! What a fellow that is! That accounts for it all. A difference of fourteen votes."

And thus we went on, discussing this unexpected turn of luck, and reading to one another snatches of the leading articles in different interests upon the subject.

Then Lake, recollecting his letters,

opened a large-sealed envelope, with S. C. G. in the corner.

"This is from Gybes—let us see. Oh! *before* the division. 'It looks a little fishy,' he says—well, so it does. 'We may take the division to-night. Should it prove adverse, you are to expect an immediate dissolution; this *on the best authority*.' I write to mention this, as I may be too much hurried to-morrow."

We were discussing this note when Wealdon arrived.

"Well, Captain; great news, sir. The best thing, I take it, could have happened ministers, ha, ha, ha! A rotten house—down with it—blow it up—three votes only—but as good as three hundred for the purpose—of the three hundred, grant but three, you know—of course, they don't think of resigning."

"Oh, dear, no—an immediate dissolution. Read that," said Lake, tossing Gybe's note to him.

"Ho, then, we'll have the writs down hot and heavy. We must be sharp. The sheriff's all right; that's a point. You must not lose an hour in getting your committee together, and printing your address."

"Who's on the other side?"

"You'll have Jennings, of course; but they are talking of four different men, already, to take Sir Harry Twisden's place. *He'll* resign; that's past a doubt now. He has his retiring address written; Lord Edward Mordun read it; and he told FitzStephen on Sunday, after Church, that he'd never sit again."

"Here, by Jove, is a letter from Mowbray," said Lake, opening it. "All about his brother George. Hears I'm up for the county. Lord George ready to join and go halves. What shall I say?"

"Could not have a better man. Tell him you'd desire no better, and will bring it at once before your committee; and let him know the moment they meet; and tell him *I* say he knows Wealdon pretty well—he may look on it as settled. That will be a spoke in Sir Harry's wheel."

"Sir Harry who?" said Lake.

"Bracton. I think it's only to spoil your game, you see," answered Wealdon.

"Abundance of malice; but I don't think he's countenanced!"

"He'll try to get the start of you; and if he does, one or other must go to the wall; for Lord George is too strong to be shook out. Do *you* get forward at once; that's your plan, Captain."

Then the Captain recurred to his letters, which were a larger pack than usual this morning, chatting all the time with Wealdon and me on the tremendous topic, and tossing aside every letter that did not bear on the coming struggle.

"Who can this be," said Lake, looking at the address of one of these. "Very like my hand," and he examined the seal. It was only a large wafer-stamp, so he broke it open, and drew out a shabby, very ill-written scroll. He turned suddenly away, talking the while, but with his eyes upon the note, and then he folded, or rather crumpled it up, and stuffed it into his pocket, and continued his talk; but it was now plain to me there was something more on his mind, and

he was thinking of the shabby letter he had just received.

But, no matter; the election was the pressing topic, and Lake was soon engaged in it again.

There was now a grand *coup* under discussion—the forestalling of all the horses and vehicles along the line of railway, and in all the principal posting establishments throughout the county.

"They'll want to keep it open for a bid from the other side. It is a heavy item any way; and if you want to engage them now, you'll have to give double what they got last time."

But Lake was not to be daunted. He wanted the seat, and would stick at nothing to secure it; and so, Wealdon got instructions, in his own phrase, "to go the whole animal."

As I could be of no possible use in local details, I left the council of war sitting, intending a stroll in the grounds.

In the hall, I met the mistress of the house, looking very handsome, but with a certain witch-like beauty, deadly pale, something a little haggard in her great, dark eyes, and a strange, listening look. Was it watchfulness? was it suspicion? She was dressed gravely but richly, and received me kindly—and, strange to say, with a smile that, yet, was not joyful.

"I hope she is happy. Lake is such a beast; I hope he does not bully her."

In truth, there were in her exquisite features the traces of that mysterious misery and fear, which seemed to fall wherever Stanley Lake's ill-omened confidences were given.

I walked down one of the long alleys, with tall, close hedges of beech, as impenetrable as cloister walls to sight, and watched the tench basking and flickering in the clear pond, and the dazzling swans sailing majestically along.

What a strange passion is ambition, I thought. Is it really the passion of great minds, or of little. Here is Lake, with a noble old place, inexhaustible in variety; with a beautiful, and I was by this time satisfied, a very singular and interesting woman for his wife, who must have married him for love, pure and simple; a handsome fortune; the power to bring his friends—those whom he liked, or who

amused him—about him, and to indulge luxuriously every reasonable fancy, willing to forsake all, and follow the beck of that phantom. Had he knowledge, public talents, training? Nothing of the sort. Had he patriotism, any one noble motive or fine instinct to prompt him to public life? The mere suggestion was a sneer. It seemed to me, simply, that Stanley Lake was a lively, amusing, and even intelligent man, without any internal resource; vacant, peevish, with an unmeaning passion for corruption and intrigue, and the sort of egotism which craves distinction. So I supposed. Yet, with all its weakness, there was a dangerous force in the character which, on the whole, inspired an odd mixture of fear and contempt. I was bitten, however, already, by the interest of the coming contest. It is very hard to escape that subtle and intoxicating poison. I wondered what figure Stanley would make as a hustings orator, and what impression in his canvass. The better, I was pretty confident about. Altogether, curiosity, if no deeper sentiment was highly piqued; and I was glad I happened to drop in at the moment of action, and wished to see the play out.

At the door of her boudoir, Rachel Lake met Dorcas.

"I am so glad, Radie dear, you are come. You must take off your things, and stay. You must not leave me to-night. We'll send home for whatever you want; and you won't leave me, Radie, I'm certain."

"I'll stay, dear, as you wish it," said Rachel, kissing her.

"Did you see Stanley? I have not seen him to-day," said Dorcas.

"No, dear; I peeped into the library, but he was not there; and there are two men writing in the Dutch Room, very busily."

"It must be about the election."

"What election, dear? ask I Rachel."

"There is going to be an election for the county, and I only think Benjamin is coming forward. I sometimes think he is mad, Radie."

"I could not have supposed such a thing. If I were he, I think I should fly to the Antipodes. I should change my name, scar my features with vitæ, and learn another language; I should obliterate my past self alto-

gether; but men are so different, so audacious—some men, at least—and Stanley, ever since his ill-omened arrival at Redman's Farm, last autumn, has amazed and terrified me."

"I think Radie, we have both courage—you have certainly; you have shown it, darling, and you must cease to blame yourself; I think you a *heroine*, Radie; but you know *I see* with the wild eyes of the Brandons."

"I am grateful Dorcas that you don't hate me. Most women I am sure would abhor me—yes Dorcas *abhor* me."

"You and I against the world, Radie," said Dorcas, with a wild smile and a dark admiration in her look, and kissing Rachel again. "I used to think myself brave; it belongs to women of our blood; but this is no common strain upon courage, Radie; I've grown to fear Stanley somehow like a ghost; I'm sure it is worse than he says," and she looked with a horrible inquiry into Rachel's eyes.

"So do I, Dorcas," said Rachel, in a firm low whisper, returning her look as darkly.

"What's done cannot be undone," said Rachel, sadly, after a little pause, unconsciously quoting from a terrible soliloquy of Shakespeare. "I know what you mean, Radie; and you warned me, with a strange second-sight, before the evil was known to either of us. It was an irrevocable step, and I took it, not seeing all that has happened it is true; but forewarned, and this I will say, Radie, if I *had* known the worst, I think even that would not have deterred me. It was madness—it *is* madness, for I love him still, Rachel, though I know him and his wickedness, and am filled with horror, I love him desperately."

"I am very glad, Rachel, that you do know everything. It is so good a relief to have companionship. I often thought I must go mad in my solitude."

"Poor Rachel!" I think you wonderful. I think you a heroine. I do, Radie; you and I are made for one another—the same blood—something of the same wild nature; I can admire you, and understand you, and will always love you."

"I've been with William Wylder and Dolly. That wicked attorney,

Mr. Larkin, is resolved on robbing them. William is very obstinate, and says he is bound to sell all his rights, and that without a law suit he cannot now help selling, and that he has pledged his honour, in a letter, to give them no trouble. But Dolly has some sense, and has promised me to consult some friend capable of advising. It must not be permitted, Dorcas: they have done it under difficulties; I have offered them all I possess; I wish they had anyone able to advise them; Stanley I am sure could save them; but he does not choose to do it, he was always so angry when I urged him to help them, that I knew it would be useless asking him; I don't think he knows what Mr. Larkin has been doing; but, Dorcas, I am afraid the very same thought has been in his mind."

"I hope not, Radie," and Dorcas sighed deeply. "Everything is so wonderful and awful in the light that has been disclosed."

That morning, poor William Wylder had received a letter from Jos Larkin, Esq., mentioning that he had found Messrs. Burlington and Smith anything but satisfied with him, the Vicar. What exactly he had done to disoblige them he could not bring to mind. But Jos Larkin told him that he had done all in his power "to satisfy them of the *bona fide* character" of his reverend client's dealings from the first. But "they still express themselves dissatisfied upon the point, and appear to suspect a disposition to shilly-shally." I have said "all I could to disabuse them of the unpleasant prejudice; but I think I should hardly be doing my duty if I were not to warn you that you will do wisely to exhibit no hesitation in the arrangements by which your agreement is to be carried out, and that in the event of your showing the slightest disposition to qualify the spirit of your strange note to them, or in anywise disappointing their client, you must be prepared, from what I know of the firm, for very sharp practice indeed."

What could they do to him, or why should they hurt him, or what had he done to excite either the suspicion or the temper of the former? They expected their client,

the purchaser, in a day or two. He was already grumbling at the price, and certainly would stand no trifling. Neither would Messrs. Burlington and Smith, who, he must admit, had gone to very great expense in investigating title, preparing deeds, &c., and who were noted as a very expensive house. He was aware that they were in a position to issue an execution on the guarantee for the entire amount of their costs; but he thought so extreme a measure would hardly be contemplated notwithstanding their threats, unless the purchaser were to withdraw or the vendor to exhibit symptoms of—he would not repeat their phrase—irresolution in his dealing. He had, however, placed the Vicar's letter in their hands, and had accompanied it with his own testimony to the honour and character of the Rev. William Wylder, which he was happy to say seemed to have considerable weight with Messrs. Burlington and Smith. There was also this passage. "Feeling acutely the anxiety into which the withdrawal of the purchaser must throw me—though I trust nothing of the kind may occur—I told them that I would rather have you thrown upon your own ends by such an occurrence, I would myself step in and purchase on the terms agreed on. This will, I trust, quiet them on the subject of their costs, and also prevent any low *dolging* on the part of the purchaser."

This letter would almost seem to have been written with a supernatural knowledge of what was passing in Gylngden, and was certainly well contrived to prevent the Vicar from wavering.

But all this time the ladies are conversing in Dorcas's boudoir.

"This election frightens me, Radie—everything frightens me now—but this is so audacious. If there be powers either in heaven or hell, it seems like a defiance and an invocation. I am glad you are here, Radie—I have grown so nervous. So superstitious, I believe, watching always for signs and omens. Oh, darling, the world's ghastly for me now."

"I wish, Dorcas, we were away—as you used to say—in some wild and solitary retreat, living together—two recluses—but all that is visionary—quite visionary now."

Doreas sighed.

"You know, Rachel, the world must not see this—we will carry our heads high. Wicked men and brave and suffering women—that is the history of our family—and men and women always quite unlike the rest of the world—unlike the human race; and somehow they interest me unspeakably. I wish I knew more about those proud, forlorn beauties, whose portraits are fading on the walls. Their spirit, I am sure, is in us, Rachel; and their pictures and tradition have always supported me. In my lonely childhood I used to look at them, with a feeling of melancholy and mystery. They were in my eyes reserved prophetesses, who could speak, if they would, of my own future."

"A poor support, Doreas,—a broken reed. I wish we could find another—the true one, in the present, and in futurity."

Doreas smiled faintly, and I think there was a little gleam of a ghastly satire in it. I am afraid that part of her education which deals with futurity, had been neglected.

"I am more likely to turn *into* a Lady Macbeth than a *double*," said she, coldly, with the same painful smile. "I found myself last night sitting up in my bed, talking in the dark about it."

There was a silence for a time, and Rachel said—

"It is growing late, Doreas."

"But you must not go, Rachel—

you *must* stay and keep me company—you must, *indeed*, Radie," said Doreas.

"So I will," she answered; "but I must send a line to old Tamar; and I promised Dolly to go down to her to-night. If that darling little boy should be worse—I am very unhappy about him."

"And is he in danger, the handsome little fellow?" said Doreas.

"Very great danger, I fear," said Rachel. "Doctor Buddle has been very kind—but he is, I am afraid, more desponding than poor William or Dolly imagine—Heaven help them!"

"But children recover wonderfully. What is his ailment?"

"Gastric fever, the Doctor says. I had a foreboding of evil the moment I saw him—before the poor little man was put to his bed."

Doreas rang the bell.

"Now, Radie, if you wish to write, sit down here—or if you prefer a message, Thomas can take one very accurately; and he shall call at the Vicar's, and see Dolly, and bring us word how the dear little boy is. And don't fancy, darling, I have forgotten what you said to me about duty:—though I would call it differently—only I feel so wild, I can think of nothing clearly yet. But I am making up my mind to a great and bold step, and when I am better able, I will talk it over with you—my only friend, Rachel."

And she kissed her.

CHAPTER LXXI.

MR. LARKIN IS VIS A VIS WITH A CONCEALED COMPANION.

THE time had now arrived when our friend Jos Larkin was to refresh the village of Gylingden with his presence. He had pushed matters forward with wonderful despatch. The deeds, with their blue and silver stamps, were handsomely engrossed, having been approved in draft by Chompton S. Kewes, the eminent Queen's Counsel on a case furnished by Jos Larkin, Esq., The Lodge, Brandon Manor, Gylingden, on behalf of his client, the Reverend William Wylder; and in like manner on behalf of Stanley Williams Brandon Lake, of Brandon Hall, in the county of — Esq.

In neither draft did Jos Larkin figure as the purchaser by name. He did not care for advice on any difficulty depending on his special relations to the vendors in both these cases. He wished, as was his custom, everything above-board, and such "an opinion" as might be published by either client in the *Times* next day if he pleased it. Besides these matters of Wylder and of Lake, he had also a clause to insert in a private Act, on behalf of the trustees of the Baptist Chapel, at Nauntton Friars; a short deed to be consulted upon on behalf of his client, Pudder Swynfen.

Esq., of Swynfen Grange, in the same county ; and a deed to be executed at Shillingsworth, which he would take *en route* for Gylingden, stopping there for that night, and going on by next morning's train.

Those little trips to town paid very fairly.

In this particular case his entire expenses reached exactly £53s., and what do you suppose was the good man's profit upon that small item ? Precisely £62 7s. ! The process is simple. Jos Larkin made his own handsome estimate of his expenses, and the value of his time to and from London, and then he charged this in its entirety—shall we say integrity—to each client separately. In these little excursions he was concerned for no less than *five*.

His expenses, I say, reached exactly £53s. But he had a right to go to Dondale's if he pleased, instead of that cheap hostelry near Covent Garden. He had a right to a handsome lunch and a handsome dinner, instead of that economical fusion of both meals into one, at a cheap eating-house, in an out of the way quarter. He had a right to his pint of high-priced wine, and to accomplish his wanderings in a cab, instead of, as the Italians say, "partly on foot, and partly walking." Therefore, and on this principle, Mr. Jos Larkin had "no difficulty" in acting. His savings, if the good man chose to practise self-denial, were his own—and it was a sort of problem while he stayed, and interested him curiously—keeping down his bill in matters which he would not have dreamed of denying himself at home.

The only client among his wealthy supporters who ever went in a grudging spirit into one of these little bills of Jos Larkin's, was old Sir Mulgrave Bracton—the defunct parent of the Sir Harry, with whom we are acquainted.

"Don't you think, Mr. Larkin, you could perhaps reduce *this*, just a little."

"Ah, the expenses?"

"Well, yes."

Mr. Jos Larkin smiled—the smile said plainly, "what would he have me live upon, and where?" We do meet persons of this sort, who would fain "fill our bellies with the husks" that swine digest; what of that

—we must remember who we are—*gentlemen*—and answer this sort of shabbiness, and every other endurable annoyance, as Lord Chesterfield did—with a bow and a smile.

"I think so," said the Baronet, in a bluff, firm way.

"Well, the fact is, when I represent a client, Sir Mulgrave Bracton, of a certain rank and position, I make it a principle—and, as a man of business, I find it tells—to present myself in a style that is suitably handsome.

"Oh; an expensive house—*where* was this, now?"

"Oh, Sir Mulgrave, pray don't think of it—I'm only too happy—pray, draw your pen across the entire thing."

"I think so," said the Baronet unexpectedly. "Don't you think if we said a pound a-day, and your travelling expenses?"

"Certainly—*any* thing—*whatever* you please, sir."

And the Attorney waved his long hand a little, and smiled almost compassionately; and the little alteration was made, and henceforward he spoke of Sir Mulgrave as not quite a pleasant man to deal with in money matters; and his confidential friends knew that in a transaction in which he had paid money out of his own pocket for Sir Mulgrave he had never got back more than seven and sixpence in the pound; and, what made it worse, it was a matter connected with the death of poor Lady Bracton! And he never lost an opportunity of conveying his opinion of Sir Mulgrave, sometimes in distinct and confidential sentences, and sometimes only by a sad shake of his hand, or by awfully declining to speak upon the subject.

In the present instance Jos Larkin was returning in a heavenly frame of mind to The Lodge, Brandon Manor, Gylingden. Whenever he was away he interpolated "Brandon Manor," and stuck it on his valise and hat-case; and liked to call aloud to the porters tumbling among the luggage—"Jos Larkin, Esquire, *Brandon Manor*, if you please;" and to see the people read the inscription in the hall of his dingy hostelry. Well might the good man glow with a happy consciousness of a blessing. In small things as in great he was prosperous.

This little excursion to London would cost him, as I said, exactly

£5 3s. It might have cost him £13 10s., and at that sum his expenses figured in his ledger; and as he had five clients on this occasion, the total reached £67 10s., leaving a clear profit, as I have mentioned, of £62 7s. on this item.

But what was this little tip from fortune, compared with the splendid pieces of scribener's in his despatch box. The white parchment - the blue and silver stamps in the corner - the German text and flourishes at top, and those broad, horizontal lines of recital, "habendum," and so forth - marshalled like an army in procession behind his march of triumph into Five Oaks, to take the place of its deposed prince! From the Captain's deed to the Vicar's his mind glanced fondly.

He would yet stand the highest man in his county. He had found time for a visit to the King-at-Arms and the Herald's Office. He would have his pictures and his pedigree. His grandmother had been a Howard. Her branch, indeed, was a little under a cloud, keeping a small provision-shop in the town of Dwiddeston. But this circumstance need not be in prominence. She was a Howard - that was the fact he relied on - no mortal could gainsay it; and he would be, first, J. Howard Larkin, then Howard Larkin, simply; then Howard Larkin Howard, and the Five Oaks' Howards would come to be very great people, indeed. And the Brandons had intermarried with other Howards, and Five Oaks would naturally, therefore, go to Howards; and so he and his, with clever management, would be anything but *novi homines* in the county.

"He shall be like a tree planted by the water side, that will bring forth his fruit in due season. His leaf also shall not wither." So thought this good man complacently. He liked these fine consolations of the Jewish dispensation - actual milk and honey, and a land of promise on which he could set his foot.

Jos Larkin, Esq., was as punctual as the clock at the terminus. He did not come a minute too soon or too late, but precisely at the moment which enabled him, without fuss, and without a tiresome wait, to proceed to the details of ticket, luggage, selection of place, and ultimate ascension thereto.

So now having taken all measures, gliding among the portmanteaus, hand-barrows, and porters, and the clangorous bell ringing, he mounted, lithe and lank, into his place.

There was a pleasant evening light still, and the gas-lamps made a purplish glow against it. The little butter-cooler of a glass lamp glimmered from the roof. Mr. Larkin established himself, and adjusted his rug and mufflers about him, for, notwithstanding the season, there had been some cold, rainy weather, and the evening was sharp; and he set his two newspapers, his shilling book, and other triumphs of cheap literature in sundry shapes, in the vacant seat at his left hand, and made everything handsome about him. He glanced to the other end of the carriage, where sat his solitary fellow-passenger. This gentleman was simply a mass of cloaks and capes, culminating in a fur cap; his shoulders were nestled into the corner, and his face buried among his loose mufflers. They sat at corners diagonally opposed, and were, therefore, as far apart as was practicable - an arrangement, not sociable, to be sure, but, on the whole, very comfortable, and which neither seemed disposed to disturb.

Mr. Larkin had a word to say to the porter from the window, and bought one more newspaper; and then looked out on the lamp-lit platform, and saw the officials loitering off to the clang of the carriage doors; then the whistle, and then the clank and jerk of the start. And so the brick walls and lamps began to glide backward, and the mail train was off.

Jos Larkin tried his newspaper, and read for ten minutes, or so, pretty diligently; and then looked for a while from the window, upon receding hedge rows and farmsteads, and the level and spacious landscape; and then he leaned back luxuriously, his newspaper listlessly on his knees, and began to read, instead, at his ease, the shapeless, wrapt-up figure diagonally opposite.

The quietude of the gentleman in the far corner was quite singular. He produced neither tract, nor newspaper, nor volume - not even a pocket-book or a letter. He brought forth no cigar-case, with the stereotyped, "Have you any objection to my smoking a cigar?" He did not even change his

attitude ever so little. A burly roll of cloaks, rugs, capes, and loose wrappers, placed in the corner, and *tanquam cadaver*, passive and motionless.

I have sometimes in my travels lighted on a strangely shaped mountain, whose huge curves, and sombre colouring have interested me indefinitely. In the rude mass at the far angle, Mr. Jos Larkin, I fancy, found some such subject of contemplation. And the more he looked, the more he felt disposed to look.

As they got on there was more night fog, and the little lamp at top shone through a halo. The fellow-passenger at the opposite angle lay back, all cloaks and mufflers, with nothing distinct emerging but the fur cap at top, and the tip—it was only the tip now—of the shining shoe on the floor.

The gentleman was absolutely motionless and silent. And Mr. Larkin, though his mind was pretty universally of the inquisitive order, began in this particular case to feel a special curiosity. It was partly the monotony and their occupying the carriage all to themselves— as the two uncommunicative scamen did the Edystone Light-house—but there was, beside, an indistinct feeling, that, in spite of all these wrappers and swathings, he knew the outlines of that figure; and yet the likeness must have been of the rudest possible sort.

He could not say that he recognized anything distinctly—only he fancied that some one he knew was sitting there, unrevealed, inside that mass of clothing. And he felt, moreover, as if he ought to be able to guess who he was.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE DUMB COMPANION DISCLOSES HIMSELF.

BUT this sort of musing and wonderment leads to nothing; and Mr. Jos Larkin being an active-minded man, and practical withal, in a little while shook it off, and from his breast-pocket took a little treasure of a pocket-book, in which were some bank-notes, precious memoranda in pencil, and half-a-dozen notes and letters, bearing upon cases and negotiations on which, at this juncture, he was working.

Into these he got, and now and then brought out a letter bearing on some point or speculation, and read it through, and then closed his eyes for three minutes at a time, and thought. But he had not his tin boxes there; and, with a man of his stamp, speculation, which goes upon guess as to dates and quantities, which are all ascertainable by reference to black and white, soon loses its interest. And the evidence in his pocket being pretty soon exhausted, he glanced again at his companion over the way.

He had not moved all this while. He had a high stand-up collar to the cape he wore, which covered his cheeks and nose, and outside was loosely swathed a large, cream-coloured, cashmere handkerchief. A helmet-shaped fur cap covered his forehead and eyebrows, and left, in fact, but a narrow streak of separation between.

Through this however for the first time Jos Larkin now saw the glitter of a pair of eyes gazing at him, he fancied. At all events there was the glitter, and the gentleman was awake.

Jos returned the gentleman's gaze. It was his lofty aristocratic stare; and he expected to see the glittering lights that peeped through the dark chink between fur and collar, shut up under its rebuke. But nothing of the kind took place, and the ocular exercises of the Attorney were totally ineffectual.

If the fellow knew that his fixed stare was observed through his narrow embrasure—and Larkin thought he could hardly be insensible to the reproof of his return fire—he must be a particularly impertinent person. It would be ridiculous, however, to continue a contest of this kind; so the Attorney lowered the window and looked out. Then he pulled it up, and took to his newspaper again, and read the police cases, and a very curious letter from a poor-house doctor, describing a boy who was quite blind in daylight, but could see very fairly by gas or candle light; and then he lighted upon a very odd story, and said to be undergoing special sifting at the hands of Sir Samuel Squailes, of a policeman on a certain beat, in Fleet-street, not far from Temple-lar, who every night saw at or about the

got it, you remember, more than a year ago, when Stanley said he was coming to pay me a visit. I never take any, and a little would be so good for you and poor nurse. I'll send some to you."

So coming down stairs Rachel said, "is the Vicar at home?" Yes, he was in the study, and there they found him brushing his seedy hat, and making ready for his country calls in the neighbourhood of the town. The hour was dull without little Fairy; but he would soon be up and out again, and he would steal up now and see him. He could not go out without his little farewell at the bed-side, and he would bring him in some pretty flowers.

"You've seen little Fairy?" asked the good Vicar, with a very anxious smile, "and you think him better, dear Miss Lake, don't you?"

"Why, I can't say that, because you know, so soon as he's better, he'll be quite well; they make their recoveries all in a moment."

"But he does not look worse?" said the Vicar, lifting his eyes eagerly from his book which he was buttoning on the chair.

"Well, he *does* look more tired, but that must be till his recovery begins, which will be, please heaven, immediately."

"Oh, yes, my little man has had two or three attacks much more serious than this, and always shook them off so easily. I was reminding Dolly, always, and good Doctor Budle assures us, it is none of those horrid complaints."

And so they talked over the case of the little man, who with Noah, and his sons, and the battered soldiers and animals before him, was fighting, though they only dimly knew it, silently in his little bed, the great battle of life or death.

"Mr. Larkin came to me the evening before last," said Rachel, "and told me that the little sum I mentioned—now don't say a word till you have heard me—was not sufficient; so I want to tell you what I have quite resolved on. I have been long intending some time or other to change my place of residence, perhaps I shall go to Switzerland, and I have made up my mind to sell my rent charge on the Dulchester estate. It will produce, Mr. Young says, a very large

sum, and I wish to lend it to you, either *all* or as much as will make you *quite* comfortable—you must not refuse. I had intended leaving it to my dear little man up stairs; and you must promise me solemnly that you will not listen to the advice of that bad, cruel man, Mr. Larkin."

"My dear Miss Lake, you misunderstood him—what can I say—how can I thank you?" said the Vicar, clasping her hand.

"A wicked and merciless man, I say," repeated Miss Lake, "from my observation of him, I am certain of two things—I am sure that he has some reason for believing that your brother, Mark Wylder is dead; and secondly, that he is himself deeply interested in the purchase of your reversion; I'm ill: Dolly, open the window."

There was a silence for a little while, and Rachel resumed.

"Now William Wylder, I am convinced, that you and your wife (and she kissed Dolly), and your dear little boy, are marked out for plunder; the objects of a conspiracy; and I'll lose my life, but I'll prevent it."

"Now, maybe Willie, upon my word, perhaps, she's quite right: for, you know, if poor Mark *is* dead, *then* would not *he* have the estate *now*; is not that it, Miss Lake, and—and, you know, that would be dreadful, to sell it all for next to nothing, is not that what you mean, Miss Lake—Rachel dear, I mean."

"Yes, Dolly, stripping yourselves of a splendid inheritance, and robbing your poor little boy; I protest, in the name of heaven, against it, and you have no excuse now William, with my offer before you; and, Dolly, it will be inexcusable *wickedness* in you, if you allow it."

"Now, Willie dear, do you hear that—do you hear what she says?"

"But Dolly darling—dear Miss Lake there is no reason whatever to suppose that poor Mark *is* dead," said the Vicar, very pale.

"I tell you again, I am convinced the Attorney *knows* it. He did not say so, indeed; but, cunning as he is, I think I've quite seen through his plot; and even in what he said to me, there was something that half betrayed him every moment. And, Dolly, if you allow this sale, you deserve the ruin you are inviting, and the re-

morse that will follow you to your grave."

"Do you hear that, Willie?" said Dolly, with her hand on his arm.

"But, dear, it is too late—I have signed this, this instrument—and it is too late. I hope—God bless me—I have not done wrong. Indeed, whatever happens, dear Miss Lake, may Heaven for ever bless you. But respecting good Mr. Larkin, you are in error; I am sure you have quite misunderstood him. You don't know how kind—how *disinterestedly* good he has been; and now, my dear Miss Lake, it is too late—*quite* too late."

"No; it is *not* too late. Such wickedness as that cannot be lawful—I won't believe the law allows it," cried Rachel Lake. "It is all a fraud—even if you have signed—all a fraud. You must procure able advice at once. Your enemy is that dreadful Mr. Larkin. Write to some good attorney in London. I'll pay everything."

"But, dear Miss Lake, I can't," said the Vicar, dejectedly; "I am bound in honour and conscience not to disturb it—I have written to Messrs. Burlington and Smith to that effect. I assure you, dear Miss Lake, we have not acted inconsiderately—nothing has been done without careful and deep consideration."

"You *must* employ an able attorney immediately. You have been duped. Your little boy must not be ruined."

"But—but I do assure you, I have so pledged myself by the letter I have mentioned, that I *could* not—no, it is *quite impossible*," he added, as he recollected the strong and pointed terms in which he had pledged his honour and conscience to the London firm, to guarantee them against any such disturbance as Miss Lake was urging him to.

"I am going into the town, Dolly, and so are you," said Rachel, after a little pause. "Let us go together."

And to this Dolly readily assented; and the Vicar, evidently much troubled in mind, having run up to the nursery to see his little man, the two ladies set out together. Rachel saw that she had made an impression upon Dolly, and was resolved to carry her point. So, in earnest terms, again she conjured her, at least, to lay the whole matter before some friend on whom she could rely; and Dolly, alarmed and eager, quite agreed with

Rachel, that the sale must be stopped, and she would do whatever dear Rachel bid her.

"But do you think Mr. Larkin really thinks that poor Mark is dead?"

"I do, dear—I suspect he knows it."

"And what makes you think that, Rachel, darling?"

"I can't define—I've no proofs to give you. One knows things, sometimes. I perceived it—and I think I can't be mistaken; and now I've said all, and pray ask me no more upon that point."

Rachel spoke with a hurried and fierce impatience, that rather startled her companion.

It is wonderful that she showed her state of mind so little. There was, indeed, something feverish, and at times even fierce, in her looks and words. But few would have guessed her agony, as she pleaded with the Vicar and his wife; or the awful sense of impending consequences that closed over her like the shadow of night, the moment the excitement of her pleading was over—"Rachel, are you mad?—Fly, fly, fly!" was always sounding in her ears. The little street of Gylingden, through which they were passing, looked strange and dream-like. And as she listened to Mrs. Crinkle's babble over the counter, and choose his toys for poor little "Fairy," she felt like one trifling on the way to execution.

But her warnings and entreaties, I have said, were not quite thrown away; for, although the Vicar was inflexible, she had prevailed with his wife, who, at parting, again promised Rachel, that if she could do it, the sale should be stopped.

When I returned to Brandon, a few mornings later, Captain Lake received me joyfully at his solitary breakfast. He was in an intense electioneering excitement. The evening papers for the day before lay on the breakfast table.

"A move of some sort suspected—the opposition prints all hinting at tricks and ambuscades. They are whipping their men up awfully. Old Wattles, not half recovered, going by the early train to-day, Wealdon tells me. It will probably kill him. Stower went up yesterday. Leo says he saw him at Charteris. He never speaks—only a vote—and a fellow that never appears till the last minute."

"Brittle, the member for Stony-Muckford, was in the next carriage to me this morning; and he's a slow coach, too," I threw in. "It does look as if the division was nearer than they pretend."

"Just so. I heard from Gybes last evening—what a hand that fellow writes—only a dozen words: 'look out for squalls,' and 'keep your men in hand.' I've sent for Wealdon. I wish the morning papers were come. I'm a quarter past eleven—what are you?—The post's in at Dollington fifty minutes before we get our letters here. D—d nonsense—it's all that heavy 'bus of Driver's—I'll change that. They leave London at five, and get to Dollington at half past ten, and Driver never has them in sooner than twenty minutes past eleven! d—d humbug! I'd undertake to take a dog-cart over the ground in twenty minutes."

"Is Larkin here?" I asked.

"Oh, no—run up to town. I'm so glad he's away—the clumsiest dog in England—nothing clever—no invention—only a bully—the people hate him. Wealdon's my man. I wish he'd give up that town-clerkship—it

can't be worth much, and it's in his way. I'd make it up to him somehow. Will you just look at that—it's the *Globe*—only six lines, and tell me what *you* make of it!"

"It does look like it, certainly."

"Wealdon and I have jotted down a few names here," said Lake, sliding a list of names before me: "you know some of them, I think—rather a strong committee; don't you think so? Those fellows with the red cross before have promised."

"Yes; it's very strong capital!" I said, crunching my toast. "Is it thought the writ will follow the dissolution unusually quickly?"

"They must, unless they want a very late session. But it is quite possible the Government may win—a week ago they reckoned upon eleven."

And as we were talking the post arrived.

"Here they are!" cried Lake, and grasping the first morning paper he could seize on, he tore it open with a greater display of energy than I had seen that languid gentleman exhibit on any former occasion.

CHAPTER LXX.

LADY MACRETH.

"HERE it is," said the Captain. "Beaten"—then came an oath—"three votes—how the devil was that!—there it is, by Jove—no mistake—majority against ministers, three! Is that the *Times*? What does it say?"

"A long leader—no resignation—immediate dissolution. That is what I collect from it."

"How on earth could they have miscalculated so. Swivell, I see, voted in the majority; that's very odd; and, by Jove, there's Surplice, too, and he's good for seven votes. Why, his own paper was backing the ministers! What a fellow that is! That accounts for it all. A difference of fourteen votes."

And thus we went on, discussing this unexpected turn of luck, and reading to one another snatches of the leading articles in different interests upon the subject.

Then Lake, recollecting his letters,

opened a large-sealed envelope, with S. C. G. in the corner.

"This is from Gybes—let us see. Oh! *before* the division. 'It looks a little fishy,' he says—well, so it does. 'We may take the division to-night. Should it prove adverse, you are to expect an immediate dissolution; this *on the best authority*. I write to mention this, as I may be too much hurried to-morrow.'"

We were discussing this note when Wealdon arrived.

"Well, Captain; great news, sir. The best thing, I take it, could have happened ministers, ha, ha, ha! A rotten house—down with it—blow it up—three votes only—but as good as three hundred for the purpose—of the three hundred, grant but three, you know—of course, they don't think of resigning."

"Oh, dear, no—an immediate dissolution. Read that," said Lake, tossing Gybe's note to him.

"Ho, then, we'll have the writs down hot and heavy. We must be sharp. The sheriff's all right; that's a point. You must not lose an hour in getting your committee together, and printing your address."

"Who's on the other side?"

"You'll have Jennings, of course; but they are talking of four different men, already, to take Sir Harry Twisden's place. *He'll* resign; that's past a doubt now. He has his retiring address written; Lord Edward Mordun read it; and he told FitzStephen on Sunday, after Church, that he'd never sit again."

"Here, by Jove, is a letter from Mowbray," said Lake, opening it. "All about his brother George. Hears I'm up for the county. Lord George ready to join and go halves. What shall I say?"

"Could not have a better man. Tell him you'd desire no better, and will bring it at once before your committee; and let him know the moment they meet; and tell him *I* say he knows Wealdon pretty well—he may look on it as settled. That will be a spoke in Sir Harry's wheel."

"Sir Harry who?" said Lake.

"Bracton. I think it's only to spoil your game, you see," answered Wealdon.

"Abundance of malice; but I don't think he's countenanced!"

"He'll try to get the start of you; and if he does, one or other must go to the wall; for Lord George is too strong to be shook out. Do *you* get forward at once; that's your plan, Captain."

Then the Captain recurred to his letters, which were a larger pack than usual this morning, chatting all the time with Wealdon and me on the tremendous topic, and tossing aside every letter that did not bear on the coming struggle.

"Who can this be," said Lake, looking at the address of one of these. "Very like my hand," and he examined the seal. It was only a large water-stamp, so he broke it open, and drew out a shabby, very ill-written scroll. He turned suddenly away, talking the while, but with his eyes upon the note, and then he folded, or rather crumpled it up, and stuffed it into his pocket, and continued his talk; but it was now plain to me there was something more on his mind, and

he was thinking of the shabby letter he had just received.

But, no matter; the election was the pressing topic, and Lake was soon engaged in it again.

There was now a grand *coup* under discussion—the forestalling of all the horses and vehicles along the line of railway, and in all the principal posting establishments throughout the county.

"They'll want to keep it open for a bid from the other side. It is a heavy item any way; and if you want to engage them now, you'll have to give double what they got last time."

But Lake was not to be daunted. He wanted the seat, and would stick at nothing to secure it; and so, Wealdon got instructions, in his own phrase, "to go the whole animal."

As I could be of no possible use in local details, I left the council of war sitting, intending a stroll in the grounds.

In the hall, I met the mistress of the house, looking very handsome, but with a certain witch-like beauty, deadly pale, something a little haggard in her great, dark eyes, and a strange, listening look. Was it watchfulness? was it suspicion? She was dressed gravely but richly, and received me kindly—and, strange to say, with a smile that, yet, was not joyful.

"I hope she is happy. Lake is such a beast; I hope he does not bully her."

In truth, there were in her exquisite features the traces of that mysterious misery and fear, which seemed to fall wherever Stanley Lake's ill-omened confidences were given.

I walked down one of the long alleys, with tall, close hedges of beech, as impenetrable as cloister walls to sight, and watched the tench basking and flickering in the clear pond, and the dazzling swans sailing majestically along.

What a strange passion is ambition, I thought. Is it really the passion of great minds, or of little. Here is Lake, with a noble old place, inexhaustible in variety; with a beautiful, and I was by this time satisfied, a very singular and interesting woman for his wife, who must have married him for love, pure and simple; a handsome fortune; the power to bring his friends—those whom he liked, or who

amused him—about him, and to indulge luxuriously every reasonable fancy, willing to forsake all, and follow the beck of that phantom. Had he knowledge, public talents, training? Nothing of the sort. Had he patriotism, any one noble motive or fine instinct to prompt him to public life? The mere suggestion was a sneer. It seemed to me, simply, that Stanley Lake was a lively, amusing, and even intelligent man, without any internal resource; vacant, peevish, with an unmeaning passion for corruption and intrigue, and the sort of egotism which craves distinction. So I supposed. Yet, with all its weakness, there was a dangerous force in the character which, on the whole, inspired an odd mixture of fear and contempt. I was bitten, however, already, by the interest of the coming contest. It is very hard to escape that subtle and intoxicating poison. I wondered what figure Stanley would make as a hustings orator, and what impression in his canvass. The latter, I was pretty confident about. Altogether, curiosity, if no deeper sentiment was highly piqued; and I was glad it happened to drop in at the moment of action, and wished to see the play out.

At the door of her boudoir, Rachel Lake met Dorcas.

"I am so glad, Radie dear, you are come. You must take off your things, and stay. You must not leave me to-night. We'll send home for whatever you want; and you won't leave me, Radie, I'm certain."

"I'll stay, dear, as you wish it," said Rachel, kissing her.

"Did you see Stanley? I have not seen him to-day," said Dorcas.

"No, dear; I peeped into the library, but he was not there; and there are two men writing in the Dutch Room, very busily."

"It must be about the election."

"What election, dear?" asked Rachel.

"There is going to be an election for the next year, and only think how intense coming forward. I sometimes think he is mad, Radie."

"I could not have supposed such a thing. If I were he, I think I should fly to the Antipodes; I should change my name, scar my features with vitriol, and learn another language; I should obliterate my past self alto-

gether; but men are so different, so audacious—some men, at least—and Stanley, ever since his ill-omened arrival at Redman's Farm, last autumn, has amazed and terrified me."

"I think Radie, we have both courage—you have certainly; you have shown it, darling, and you must cease to blame yourself; I think you a heroine, Radie; but you know I see with the wild eyes of the Brandons."

"I am grateful Dorcas that you don't hate me. Most women I am sure would abhor me—yes Dorcas abhor me."

"You and I against the world, Radie," said Dorcas, with a wild smile and a dark admiration in her look, and kissing Rachel again. "I used to think myself brave; it belongs to women of our blood; but this is no common strain upon courage, Radie; I've grown to fear Stanley somehow like a ghost; I'm sure it is worse than he says," and she looked with a horrible inquiry into Rachel's eyes.

"So do I, Dorcas," said Rachel, in a firm low whisper, returning her look as darkly.

"What's done cannot be undone," said Rachel, sadly, after a little pause, unconsciously quoting from a terrible soliloquy of Shakespeare. "I know what you mean, Radie; and you warned me, with a strange second-sight, before the evil was known to either of us. It was an irrevocable step, and I took it, not seeing all that has happened it is true; but forewarned, and this I will say, Radie, if I had known the worst, I think even that would not have deterred me. It was madness—it is madness, for I love him still, Rachel, though I know him and his wickedness, and am filled with horror, I love him desperately."

"I am very glad, Rachel, that you do know everything. It is so great a relief to have companionship. I often to-night I must go mad in my solitude."

"Poor Rachel!" I think you wonderful—I think you a heroine—I do, Radie; you and I are made for one another—the same blood, something of the same wild nature; I can admire you, and understand you, and will always love you."

"I've been with William Wylder and Dolly. That wicked attorney,

Mr. Larkin, is resolved on robbing them. William is very obstinate, and says he is bound to sell all his rights, and that without a law suit he cannot now help selling, and that he has pledged his honour, in a letter, to give them no trouble. But Dolly has some sense, and has promised me to consult some friend capable of advising. It must not be permitted, Dorcas: they have done it under difficulties; I have offered them all I possess; I wish they had anyone able to advise them; Stanley I am sure could save them; but he does not choose to do it, he was always so angry when I urged him to help them, that I knew it would be useless asking him; I don't think he knows what Mr. Larkin has been doing; but, Dorcas, I am afraid the very same thought has been in his mind."

"I hope not, Radie," and Dorcas sighed deeply. "Everything is so wonderful and awful in the light that has been disclosed."

That morning, poor William Wylder had received a letter from Jos Larkin, Esq., mentioning that he had found Messrs. Burlington and Smith anything but satisfied with him, the Vicar. What exactly he had done to disoblige them he could not bring to mind. But Jos Larkin told him that he had done all in his power "to satisfy them of the *bona fide* character" of his reverend client's dealings from the first. But "they still express themselves dissatisfied upon the point, and appear to suspect a disposition to shilly-shally." I have said "all I could to disabuse them of the unpleasant prejudice; but I think I should hardly be doing my duty if I were not to warn you that you will do wisely to exhibit no hesitation in the arrangements by which your agreement is to be carried out, and that in the event of your showing the slightest disposition to qualify the spirit of your strange note to them, or in anywise disappointing their client, you must be prepared, from what I know of the firm, for very sharp practice indeed."

What could they do to him, or why should they hurt him, or what had he done to excite either the suspicion or the temper of the former? They expected their client,

the purchaser, in a day or two. He was already grumbling at the price, and certainly would stand no trifling. Neither would Messrs. Burlington and Smith, who, he must admit, had gone to very great expense in investigating title, preparing deeds, &c., and who were noted as a very expensive house. He was aware that they were in a position to issue an execution on the guarantee for the entire amount of their costs; but he thought so extreme a measure would hardly be contemplated notwithstanding their threats, unless the purchaser were to withdraw or the vendor to exhibit symptoms of--he would not repeat their phrase--irresolution in his dealing. He had, however, placed the Vicar's letter in their hands, and had accompanied it with his own testimony to the honour and character of the Rev. William Wylder, which he was happy to say seemed to have considerable weight with Messrs. Burlington and Smith. There was also this passage. "Feeling acutely the anxiety into which the withdrawal of the purchaser must throw them--though I trust nothing calamitous may occur--I told them that rather than have you thrown upon your own ends by such an occurrence, I would myself step in and purchase on the terms agreed on. This will, I trust, quiet them on the subject of their costs, and also prevent any low *dolging* on the part of the purchaser."

This letter would almost seem to have been written with a supernatural knowledge of what was passing in Gylngden, and was certainly well contrived to prevent the Vicar from wavering.

But all this time the ladies are conversing in Dorcas's boudoir.

"This election frightens me, Radie--everything frightens me now--but this is so audacious. If there be powers either in heaven or hell, it seems like a defiance and an invocation. I am glad you are here, Radie--I have grown so nervous. So superstitious, I believe, watching always for signs and omens. Oh, darling, the world's ghastly for me now."

"I wish, Dorcas, we were away--as you used to say--in some wild and solitary retreat, living together--two recluses--but all that is visionary--quite visionary now."

Doreas sighed.

"You know, Rachel, the world must not see this—we will carry our heads high. Wicked men and brave and suffering women—that is the history of our family—and men and women always quite unlike the rest of the world—unlike the human race; and somehow they interest me unspeakably. I wish I knew more about those proud, forlorn beauties, whose portraits are fading on the walls. Their spirit, I am sure, is in us, Rachel; and their pictures and tradition have always supported me. In my lonely childhood I used to look at them, with a feeling of melancholy and mystery. They were in my eyes reserved prophetesses, who could speak, if they would, of my own future."

"A poor support, Doreas,—a broken reed. I wish we could find another—the true one, in the present, and in futurity."

Doreas smiled faintly, and I think there was a little gleam of a ghastly satire in it. I am afraid that part of her education which deals with futurity, had been neglected.

"I am more likely to turn *Macbeth* than a *debutante*," said she, coldly, with the same painful smile. "I found myself last night sitting up in my bed, talking in the dark about it."

There was a silence for a time, and Rachel said—

"It is growing late, Doreas."

"But you must not go, Rachel—

you *must* stay and keep me company — you must, *indeed*, Radie," said Doreas.

"So I will," she answered; "but I must send a line to old Tamar; and I promised Dolly to go down to her to-night. If that darling little boy should be worse I am very unhappy about him."

"And is he in danger, the handsome little fellow?" said Doreas.

"Very great danger, I fear," said Rachel. "Doctor Bundle has been very kind—but he is, I am afraid, more desponding than poor William or Dolly imagine—Heaven help them!"

"But children recover wonderfully. What is his ailment?"

"Gastric fever, the Doctor says. I had a foreboding of evil the moment I saw him—before the poor little man was put to his bed."

Doreas rang the bell.

"Now, Radie, if you wish to write, sit down here—or if you prefer a message, Thomas can take one very accurately; and he shall call at the Vicar's, and see Dolly, and bring us word how the dear little boy is. And don't fancy, darling, I have forgotten what you said to me about duty;—though I would call it differently;—only I feel so wild, I can think of nothing clearly yet. But I am making up my mind to a great and bold step, and when I am better able, I will talk it over with you—my only friend, Rachel."

And she kissed her.

CHAPTER LXXI.

MR. LARKIN IS VIS-A-VIS WITH A CONCEALED COMPANION.

THE time had now arrived when our friend Jos Larkin was to refresh the village of Gylngden with his presence. He had pushed matters forward with wonderful despatch. The deeds, with their blue and silver stamps, were handsomely engrossed, having been approved in draft by Crompton S. Kewes, the eminent Queen's Counsel on a case furnished by Jos Larkin, Esq., The Lodge, Brandon Manor, Gylngden, on behalf of his client, the Reverend William Wylder; and in like manner on behalf of Stanley Williams Brandon Lake, of Brandon Hall, in the county of—— Esq.

In neither draft did Jos Larkin figure as the purchaser by name. He did not care for advice on any difficulty depending on his special relations to the vendors in both these cases. He wished, as was his custom, everything above-board, and such "an opinion" as might be published by either client in the *Times* next day if he pleased it. Besides these matters of Wylder and of Lake, he had also a clause to insert in a private Act, on behalf of the trustees of the Baptist Chapel, at Nauntun Friars; a short deed to be consulted upon on behalf of his client, Pudder Swynfen,

Esq., of Swyufen Grange, in the same county; and a deed to be executed at Shillingsworth, which he would take *en route* for Gylindlen, stopping there for that night, and going on by next morning's train.

Those little trips to town paid very fairly.

In this particular case his entire expenses reached exactly £53s., and what do you suppose was the good man's profit upon that small item? Precisely £62 7s. ! The process is simple. Jos Larkin made his own handsome estimate of his expenses, and the value of his time to and from London, and then he charged this in its entirety—shall we say integrity to each client separately. In these little excursions he was concerned for no less than *five*.

His expenses, I say, reached exactly £53s. But he had a right to go to Dondale's if he pleased, instead of that cheap hostelry near Covent Garden. He had a right to a handsome lunch and a handsome dinner, instead of that economical fusion of both meals into one, at a cheap eating-house, in an out of the way quarter. He had a right to his pint of high-priced wine, and to accomplish his wanderings in a cab, instead of, as the Italians say, "partly on foot, and partly walking." Therefore, and on this principle, Mr. Jos Larkin had "no difficulty" in acting. His savings, if the good man chose to practise self-denial, were his own—and it was a sort of problem while he stayed, and interested him curiously—keeping down his bill in matters which he would not have dreamed of denying himself at home.

The only client among his wealthy supporters who ever went in a grudging spirit into one of these little bills of Jos Larkin's, was old Sir Mulgrave Bracton—the defunct parent of the Sir Harry, with whom we are acquainted.

"Don't you think, Mr. Larkin, you could perhaps reduce *this*, just a little?"

"Ah, the expenses!"

"Well, yes."

Mr. Jos Larkin smiled—the smile said plainly, "what would he have me live upon, and where?" We do meet persons of this sort, who would fain "fill our bellies with the husks" that swine digest; what of that

—we must remember who we are—*gentlemen*—and answer this sort of shabbiness, and every other endurable annoyance, as Lord Chesterfield did—with a bow and a smile.

"I think so," said the Baronet, in a bluff, firm way.

"Well, the fact is, when I represent a client, Sir Mulgrave Bracton, of a certain rank and position, I make it a principle—and, as a man of business, I find it tells—to present myself in a style that is suitably handsome.

"Oh; an expensive house—*where* was this, now?"

"Oh, Sir Mulgrave, pray don't think of it—I'm only too happy—pray, draw your pen across the entire thing."

"I think so," said the Baronet unexpectedly. "Don't you think if we said a pound a-day, and your travelling expenses?"

"Certainly *any* thing—whatever you please, sir."

And the Attorney waved his long hand a little, and smiled almost compassionately; and the little alteration was made, and henceforward he spoke of Sir Mulgrave as not quite a pleasant man to deal with in money matters; and his confidential friends knew that in a transaction in which he had paid money out of his own pocket for Sir Mulgrave he had never got back more than seven and sixpence in the pound; and, what made it worse, it was a matter connected with the death of poor Lady Bracton! And he never lost an opportunity of conveying his opinion of Sir Mulgrave, sometimes in distinct and confidential sentences, and sometimes only by a sad shake of his hand, or by awfully declining to speak upon the subject.

In the present instance Jos Larkin was returning in a heavenly frame of mind to The Lodge, Brandon Manor, Gylindlen. Whenever he was away he interpolated "Brandon Manor," and stuck it on his valise and hat-case; and liked to call aloud to the porters tumbling among the luggage—"Jos Larkin, Esquire, *Brandon Manor*, if you please;" and to see the people read the inscription in the hall of his dingy hostelry. Well might the good man glow with a happy consciousness of a blessing. In small things as in great he was prosperous.

This little excursion to London would cost him, as I said, exactly

£5 3s. It might have cost him £13 10s., and at that sum his expenses figured in his ledger; and as he had five clients on this occasion, the total reached £67 10s., leaving a clear profit, as I have mentioned, of £62 7s. on this item.

But what was this little tip from fortune, compared with the splendid pieces of scribener's in his despatch box. The white parchment—the blue and silver stamps in the corner—the German text and flourishes at top, and those broad, horizontal lines of recital, “*habendum*,” and so forth—marshalled like an army in procession behind his march of triumph into Five Oaks, to take the place of its deposed prince! From the Captain's deed to the Vicar's his mind glanced fondly.

He would yet stand the highest man in his county. He had found time for a visit to the King-at-Arms and the Herald's Office. He would have his pictures and his pedigree. His grandmother had been a Howard. Her branch, indeed, was a little under a cloud, keeping a small provision-shop in the town of Dwiddeston. But this circumstance need not be in prominence. She was a Howard—that was the fact he relied on; no mortal could gainsay it; and he would be, first, J. Howard Larkin, then Howard Larkin, simply; then Howard Larkin Howard, and the Five Oaks' Howards would come to be very great people, indeed. And the Brandons had been married with other Howards, and Five Oaks would naturally, therefore, go to Howards; and so he and his, with clever management, would be anything but *novi homines* in the county.

“He shall be like a tree planted by the water side, that will bring forth his fruit in due season. His leaf also shall not wither.” So thought this good man complacently. He liked these fine consolations of the Jewish dispensation—actual milk and honey, and a land of promise on which he could set his foot.

Joe Larkin, Esq., was as punctual as the clock at the terminus. He did not come a minute too soon or too late, but precisely at the moment which enabled him, without fuss, and without a tiresome wait, to proceed to the details of ticket, luggage, selection of place, and ultimate ascension thereto.

So now having taken all measures, gliding among the portmanteaus, hand-barrows, and porters, and the clangorous bell ringing, he mounted, lithe and lank, into his place.

There was a pleasant evening light still, and the gas lamps made a purplish glow against it. The little butter-cooler of a glass lamp glimmered from the roof. Mr. Larkin established himself, and adjusted his rug and mufflers about him, for, notwithstanding the season, there had been some cold, rainy weather, and the evening was sharp; and he set his two newspapers, his shilling book, and other triumphs of cheap literature in sundry shapes, in the vacant seat at his left hand, and made everything handsome about him. He glanced to the other end of the carriage, where sat his solitary fellow-passenger. This gentleman was simply a mass of cloaks and capes, culminating in a fur cap; his shoulders were nestled into the corner, and his face buried among his loose mufflers. They sat at corners diagonally opposed, and were, therefore, as far apart as was practicable—an arrangement, not sociable, to be sure, but, on the whole, very comfortable, and which neither seemed disposed to disturb.

Mr. Larkin had a word to say to the porter from the window, and bought one more newspaper; and then looked out on the lamp-lit platform, and saw the officials loitering off to the clang of the carriage doors; then the whistle, and then the clank and jerk of the start. And so the brick walls and lamps began to glide backward, and the mail train was off.

Joe Larkin tried his newspaper, and read for ten minutes, or so, pretty diligently; and then looked for a while from the window, upon receding hedge rows and farmsteads, and the level and spacious landscape; and then he leaned back luxuriously, his newspaper listlessly on his knees, and began to read, instead, at his ease, the shapeless, wrapt-up figure diagonally opposite.

The quietude of the gentleman in the far corner was quite singular. He produced neither tract, nor newspaper, nor volume—not even a pocket book or a letter. He brought forth no cigar-case, with the stereotyped, “Have you any objection to my smoking a cigar?” He did not even change his

attitude ever so little. A burly roll of cloaks, rugs, capes, and loose wrappers, placed in the corner, and *tanquam cadaver*, passive and motionless.

I have sometimes in my travels lighted on a strangely shaped mountain, whose huge curves, and sombre colouring have interested me indefinitely. In the rude mass at the far angle, Mr. Jos Larkin, I fancy, found some such subject of contemplation. And the more he looked, the more he felt disposed to look.

As they got on there was more night fog, and the little lamp at top shone through a halo. The fellow-passenger at the opposite angle lay back, all cloaks and mufflers, with nothing distinct emerging but the fur cap at top, and the tip—it was only the tip now—of the shining shoe on the floor.

The gentleman was absolutely motionless and silent. And Mr. Larkin, though his mind was pretty universally of the inquisitive order, began in this particular case to feel a special curiosity. It was partly the monotony and their occupying the carriage all to themselves—as the two uncommunicative seamen did the Edystone Light-house—but there was, beside, an indistinct feeling, that, in spite of all these wrappers and swathings, he knew the outlines of that figure; and yet the likeness must have been of the rudest possible sort.

He could not say that he recognized anything distinctly—only he fancied that some one he knew was sitting there, unrevealed, inside that mass of clothing. And he felt, moreover, as if he ought to be able to guess who he was.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE DUMB COMPANION DISCLOSES HIMSELF.

BUT this sort of musing and wonderment leads to nothing; and Mr. Jos Larkin being an active-minded man, and practical withal, in a little while shook it off, and from his breast-pocket took a little treasure of a pocket-book, in which were some bank-notes, precious memoranda in pencil, and half-a-dozen notes and letters, bearing upon cases and negotiations on which, at this juncture, he was working.

Into these he got, and now and then brought out a letter bearing on some point or speculation, and read it through, and then closed his eyes for three minutes at a time, and thought. But he had not his tin boxes there; and, with a man of his stamp, speculation, which goes upon guess as to dates and quantities, which are all ascertainable by reference to black and white, soon loses its interest. And the evidence in his pocket being pretty soon exhausted, he glanced again at his companion over the way.

He had not moved all this while. He had a high stand-up collar to the cape he wore, which covered his cheeks and nose, and outside was loosely swathed a large, cream-coloured, cashmere handkerchief. A helmet-shaped fur cap covered his forehead and eyebrows, and left, in fact, but a narrow streak of separation between.

Through this however for the first time Jos Larkin now saw the glitter of a pair of eyes gazing at him, he fancied. At all events there was the glitter, and the gentleman was awake.

Jos returned the gentleman's gaze. It was his lofty aristocratic stare; and he expected to see the glittering lights that peeped through the dark chink between fur and collar, shut up under its rebuke. But nothing of the kind took place, and the ocular exercises of the Attorney were totally ineffectual.

If the fellow knew that his fixed stare was observed through his narrow embrasure—and Larkin thought he could hardly be insensible to the reproof of his return fire—he must be a particularly impertinent person. It would be ridiculous, however, to continue a contest of this kind; so the Attorney lowered the window and looked out. Then he pulled it up, and took to his newspaper again, and read the police cases, and a very curious letter from a poor-house doctor, describing a boy who was quite blind in daylight, but could see very fairly by gas or candle light; and then he lighted upon a very odd story, and said to be undergoing special sifting at the hands of Sir Samuel Squailes, of a policeman on a certain beat, in Fleet-street, not far from Temple-Bar, who every night saw at or about the

same hour, a certain suspicious-looking figure walk along the flag-way and enter a passage. Night after night he pursued this figure, but always lost it in the same passage. On the last occasion, however, he succeeded in keeping him in view, and came up with him in a court, when he was rewarded with a sight of such a face as caused him to fall to the ground in a fit. This was the Clump-court ghost, and I believe he was left in that disputable state, and never after either exploded or confirmed.

So having ended all these studies, the Attorney lifted up his eyes again, as he lowered his newspaper, and beheld the same glittering gaze fixed upon him through the same horizontal cranny.

He fancied the eyes were laughing. He could not be sure, of course, but at all events the persistent stare was extremely, and perhaps determinedly, impertinent. Forgetting the constitutional canon through which breathes the genuine spirit of British liberty, he felt for a moment that he was such a King as that Cat had no business to look at; and he might, perhaps, have politely intimated something of the kind, had not the enveloped offender made a slight and lazy turn which, burying his chin still deeper in his breast, altogether concealed his eyes, and so closed the offensive scrutiny.

In making this change in his position, slight as it was, the gentleman in the superfluous clothing reminded Mr. Jos Larkin very sharply for an instant of *somebody*. There was the rub; who could it be?

The figure was once more a mere mountain of rug. What was the peculiarity in that slight movement—something in the knee? something in the elbow; something in the general character?

Why had he not spoken to him? The opportunity, for the present, was past. But he was now sure that his fellow traveller was an acquaintance, who had probably recognized him. Larkin, except when making a mysterious trip at election times, or in an emergency, in a critical case, was a frank, and as he believed, could be a fascinating *compagnon de voyage*, such and so great was his urbanity on a journey. He rather liked talking with people; he sometimes heard things not wholly valueless, and once

or twice had gathered hints in this way which saved him trouble, or money, which is much the same thing. Therefore upon principle he was not averse from that direct of bores, railway conversation.

And now they slackened speed, with a long, piercing whistle, and came to a standstill at "East Haddon" with a jerk upon the last syllable, "East Haddon, East Haddon," as the herald of the station declared, and Lawyer Larkin sat straight up, very alert, with a budding smile, ready to blow out into a charming radiance the moment his fellow-traveller rose perpendicularly, as was to be expected, and peeped from his window.

But he seemed to know intuitively that Larkin intended telling him, *apropos* of the station, that story of the Haddon property, and Sir James Wotton's will, which as told by the good Attorney and jumbled by the clatter, was perhaps a little dreary. At all events he did not stir, and carefully abstained from wakening, and in a few seconds more they were again in motion.

They were now approaching Shillingsworth, where the Attorney was to get out, and put up for the night, having a deed with him to be executed in that town, and so animating his journey with this small incident of profit.

Now, therefore, looking at his watch, and consulting his time-table, he got his slim valise from under on top of the seat before him, together with his hat-case, despatch-box, stick, and umbrella, and brushed off with his handkerchief some of the gritty railway-dust that lay drifted in exterior folds and hollows of his coat, rebuttoned that garment with precision, arranged his shirt-collar, stuffed his muffler into his coat pocket, and made generally that rude sacrifice to the graces with which natty men precede their exit from the dust and ashes of this sort of sepulture.

At this moment he had just eight minutes more to go, and the glitter of the pair of eyes, staring between the muffler and the fur, met his view once more.

Mr. Larkin's cigar case was open in his hand in a moment, and with such a smile as a genteel perfumer offers his wares with, he presented it towards the gentleman who was built up in the stack of garments.

He merely shook his head with the slightest imaginable nod and a wave of a pudgy hand in a soiled dog-skin glove, which emerged for a second from under a cape, in token that he gratefully declined the favour.

Mr. Larkin smiled and shrugged regretfully, and replaced the case in his coat pocket. Hardly five minutes remained now. Larkin glanced round for a topic.

"My journey is over for the present, sir, and perhaps you would find these little things entertaining."

And he tendered with the same smile "Punch," the "Penny Gleaner," and "Gray's Magazine," a religious serial. They were, however, similarly declined in pantomime.

"He's not particularly polite, whoever he is," thought Mr. Larkin, with a sniff. However he tried the effect of a direct observation. So getting one seat nearer, he said:—

"Wonderful place Shillingsworth, sir; one does not really, until one has visited it two or three times over, at all comprehend its wealth and importance; and how justly high it deserves to hold its head amongst the provincial emporia of our productive industry."

The shapeless traveller in the corner touched his ear with his pudgy dog-skin fingers, and shook his hand and head a little, in token either that he was deaf, or the noise such as to prevent his hearing, and in the next moment the glittering eyes closed, and the pantomimist appeared to be asleep.

And now, again, the train subsided to a stand-still, and Shillingsworth resounded through the night air; and Larkin scrambled forward to the window, by which sat the enveloped gentleman, and called the porter, and, with many unheeded apologies, pulled out his various properties, close by the knees of the tranquil traveller.

So, Mr. Larkin was on the platform, and his belongings stowed away against the wall of the station-house.

He made an enquiry of the guard, with whom he was acquainted, about his companion; but the guard knew nothing of the party, neither did the porter, to whom the guard put a similar question.

So, as Larkin walked down the platform, the whistle sounded, and the train glided forward, and as it

passed him, the gentleman in the cloak and fur cap was looking out. A lamp shone full on him. Mr. Larkin's heart stood still for a moment, and then bounded up as if it would choke him.

"It's him, by——!" and, Mr. Larkin, forgetting syntax, and propriety, and religion, all together, and making a frantic race to keep up with the train, shouted—

"Stop it, stop it—hollo!—stop—stop—ho, stop!"

But he pleaded with the winds; and before he had reached the end of the platform, the carriage windows were flying by him with the speed of wheel-spokes, and the end of the coupe, with its red lantern, sailed away through the cutting.

"Forgot summat, sir," said the porter, touching his hat.

"Yes—signal—stop him, can you?"

The porter only scratched his head, and smiled dimly after the train. Jos Larkin knew, the next moment, he had talked nonsense.

"I—I—yes—I'd have—have you an engine here I—express—sir, I'll pay anything."

But, no, there was "no engine—not nearer than the junction, and she might not be spared."

"How far is the junction?"

"Nineteen and a-half."

"Nineteen miles! They'll never bring me there, by horse, under two hours, they are so cursed tedious. Why have not you got a spare engine at a place like this? Shillingsworth! Nice management! Are you certain! Where's the station-master?"

All this time he kept staring after the faint pulsations on the air that indicated the flight of the engine.

But it would not do. The train—the image upon earth of the irrevocable, the irretrievable—was gone, neither to be overtaken nor recalled. The telegraph was not then, as now, whispering secrets all over England, at the rate of two hundred miles a second, and five shillings per twenty words. Larkin would have given large money for an engine, to get up with the train that was now some five miles on its route, at treble, quadruple, the common cost of such a magical appliance; but all was vain. He could only look and mutter after it wildly. Vain to conjecture for

what station that traveller in the fur cap was bound ! Idle speculation ! Mere distraction !

Only that Mr. Larkin was altogether the man he was, I think he would have cursed freely.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

OF A SPECTRE WHOM OLD TANAR SAW.

LITTLE FAIRY, all this while, continued, in our Church language, "sick and weak." The Vicar was very sorry, but not afraid. His little man was so bright and merry, that he seemed to him the very spirit of life. He could not dream of his dying. It was sad, to be sure, the little man so many days in his bed, too languid to care for toy or story, quite silent, except when, in the night time, those weird monologues began which showed that the fever had reached his brain. The tones of his pleasant little voice, in those sad flights of memory and fancy, busy with familiar scenes and occupations, sounded wild and plaintive in his ear. And when "Wapsie" was mentioned, sometimes the Vicar's eyes filled, but he smiled through this with a kind of gladness at the child's affection. "It will soon be over, my darling ! You will be walking with Wapsie in a week again." The sun could as soon cease from shining as little Fairy from living. The thought he would not allow near him.

Doctor Buddle had been six miles away that evening with a patient, and looked in at the Vicar's long after the candles were lighted.

He was not satisfied with little Fairy not at all satisfied. He put his hand under the clothes and felt his thin, slender limbs—thinner than ever now. Dry and very hot they were—and little man babbling his nonsense about little boys, and his "Wapsie," and toys, and birds, and the mill-stream, and the church-yard—of which, with so strange a fatality, children, not in romance only, but reality, so often prattle in their feverish wanderings.

He felt his pulse. He questioned his mamma, and cross-examined the nurse, and looked sad and very much annoyed ; and then bethought him of something to be tried ; and having given his directions to the maid, he went home in haste, and returned in half an hour with something in a phial—a few drops in water, and

little man sat up, leaning on his Wapsie's arm, and "took it very good," his nurse said, approvingly ; and he looked at them all wonderingly, for two or three moments, and so tired ; and so they laid him down again, and then his spoken dreams began once more.

Doctor Buddle was dark and short in his answers to voluble little Mrs. Wylder—though, of course, quite respectful—and the Vicar saw him down the narrow stairs, and they turned into the study for a moment, and, said Buddle, in an under tone—
"He's very ill—I can say nothing else."

And there was a pause.

The little colour he had, receded from the Vicar's face ; for the looks and tones of good-natured Buddle were not to be mistaken. He was reading little Fairy's death warrant.

"I see, Doctor—I see ; you think he'll die," said the Vicar, staring at him. "Oh, Doctor, my little Fairy !"

The Doctor knew something of the poor Vicar's troubles—of course in a village most things of the kind are known—and often, in his brisk, rough way, he thought, as, with a nod and a word, he passed the lank cleric, under the trees or across the common, with his bright, prattling, sunny-haired little boy by the hand—or encountered them telling stories on the style, near the Castle meadow—what a gleam of sunshine was always dancing about his path, in that smiling, wayward, loving, little fellow—and now a long Icelandic winter was coming, and the path was to know that light no more.

"With children, you know, I—I always say there's a chance—but you are right to look the thing in the face --and I'll be here the first call in the morning ; and you know where to find me, in the meantime ;" and the Doctor shook hands very hard with the Vicar at the hall-door, and made his way homeward—the Vicar's eyes following him till he was out of sight.

Then William Wylder shut the hall-door, and turned about.

Little Fairy's drum was hanging from a peg on the hat-stand—the drum that was to sound no more in the garden, or up and down the hall, with the bright-haired little drummer's song. There would be no more interruption now—the Vicar would write his sermons undisturbed; no more consolations claimed—no more broken toys to be mended—some of the innocent little rubbish lay in the study. It should never move from that—nor his drum—nor that little hat and cape, hanging on their peg, with the tiny boots underneath.

No more prattling at unseasonable times—no more crying—no more singing—no more laughing; all these interruptions were quiet now, and altogether gone—"Little man! little Fairy! Oh, was it possible!" But memory would call up the Vicar from his half-written sermon. He would miss his troublesome little man, when the sun shone out that he used to welcome—when the birds hopped on the window-stone, to find the crumbs that little man used to strew there; and when his own little canary—"Birdie" he used to call him—would sing and twitter in his cage—and the time came to walk out on his lonely visits.

He must walk alone by the shop-doors—where the little man was so admired—and up the Mill-road, and in the Castle meadow, and over the style where they used to sit.

Poor Dolly! Her Willie would not tell her yet. He knelt down in the study—"Little Man's" top, and some cut paper nondescripts, were lying where he had left them, at his elbow—and he tried to pray, and then he remembered that his darling ought to know that he was going into the presence of his Maker.

Yes, he would tell poor Dolly first, and then his little man. He would repeat his hymn with him, and pray—and so he went up the nursery stairs.

Poor Dolly, very tired, had gone to lie down for a little. He would not disturb her—no, let her enjoy for an hour more, her happy illusion.

When he went into the nursery little Fairy was sitting up, taking his medicine; the nurse's arm round his thin shoulders. He sat down beside

him, weeping gently, his thin face turned a little away, and his hand on the coverlet.

Little man looked wonderingly from his tired eyes on Wapsie, and his thin fingers crept on his hand, and Wapsie turned about, drying his eyes, and said—

"Little man! my darling!"

"He's like himself, sir, while he's sitting up—his little head quite right again."

"My head's quite right, Wapsie," the little man whispered, sadly.

"Thank God, my darling!" said the Vicar. The tears were running down his cheeks while he parted little Fairy's golden hair with his fingers.

"When I am quite well again," whispered the little man, "won't you bring me to the Castle meadow, where the wee river is, and we'll float races with daisies and butter-cups—the way you did on my birth-day."

"They say that little manikin"—suddenly the Vicar stopped. "They say that little manikin won't get well."

"And am I always to be sick, here in my little bed, Wapsie?" whispered little Fairy, in his dreamy, earnest way, that was new to him.

"No, darling; not always sick; you'll be happier than ever—but not here; little man will be taken by his Saviour, that loves him best of all—and he'll be in heaven—and only have a short time to wait, and maybe his poor Wapsie will come to him, please God, and his darling mamma—and we'll all be happy together, for ever, and never be sick or sorry any more, my treasure—my little Fairy—my darling."

And little man looked on him with his tired eyes, not quite understanding what it meant, nor why Wapsie was crying; and the nurse said—

"He'd like to be dozin', sir, he's so tired, please." So down the poor little fellow lay, his "Wapsie" praying by his bedside.

When, in a little time, poor Dolly returned, her Willie took her round the waist, as on the day when she accepted him, and led her tenderly into the other room, and told her all, and they hugged and wept together.

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly!"

"Oh, Willie, darling! Oh, Willie, our precious treasure—our only one!"

And so they walked up and down

that room, his arm round her waist, and in that sorrowful embrace, murmuring amid their sobs to one another, their thoughts and remembrances of "little man." How soon the treasure grows a retrospect!

Then Dolly bethought her of her promise to Rachel.

"She made me promise to send for her if he was worse—she loved him so—everyone loved him—they could not help. Oh, Wilke! our bright darling."

"I think, Dolly, we could not live here. I'd like to go on some mission, and maybe come back in a great many years—maybe, Dolly, when we are old. I'd like to see the place again—and the walks—but not, I think, for a long time. He was such a darling."

Perhaps the Vicar was thinking of the church-yard, and how he would like, when his time came, to lie beside the golden-haired little comrade of his walks. So Dolly despatched the messenger with a lantern, and thus it was there came a knocking at the the door of Redman's Farm at that unreasonable hour. For some time old Tamar heard the clattering in her sleep, disturbing and mingling with her dreams. But in a while she awakened quite, and heard the double knock one after another in quick succession, and huddling on her clothes, and muttering to herself all the way, she got into the hall, and standing a couple of yards away from the door, answered in shrill and querulous tones, and questioning the messenger in the same breadth.

How could she tell what it might or might not portend? Her alarms quickly subsided, however, for she knew the voice well.

So the story was soon told. Poor little Fairy; it was dreadful if he was to see another morning; and the maid being wanted at home, old Tamar undertook the message to Brandon Hall, where her young mistress was, and sallied forth in her cloak and bonnet, under the haunted trees of Redman's Dell.

Tamar had passed the age of ghostly terrors. There are a certain sober literacy and materialism in old age which abates the illusions of the supernatural as effectually as those of love; and Tamar, though not without awe, for darkness and

solitude, even were there no associations of a fearful kind in the locality, are suggestive and dismal to the last.

Her route lay, as by this time my reader is well aware, by that narrow defile reached from Redman's Farm by a pathway which saves a flight of rude steps, the same which Stanley Lake and his sister had mounted on the night of Mark Wylder's disappearance.

Tamar knew the path very well. It was on the upper level of it that she had held that conference with Stanley Lake, which obviously referred to that young gentleman's treatment of the vanished Mark. As she came to this platform, round which the trees recessed a little so as to admit the moon light, the old woman was tired.

She would have gladly chosen another spot to rest in, but fatigue was imperious; and she sat down under the gray stone which stood perpendicularly there, on what had once been the step of a styte, leaning against the rude column behind her.

As she sat here she heard the clank of a step approaching measuredly from the Brandon side. It was twelve o'clock now; the chimes from the Gyangden church-tower had proclaimed that in the distance some minutes before. The honest Gyangden folk seldom heard the tower chimes tell eleven, and gentle and simple had, of course, been long in their beds.

The old woman had a secret hatred of this place, and the unexpected sounds made her hold her breath. She peeped round the stone, in whose shadow she was sitting. The steps were not those of a man walking briskly with a purpose; they were the desultory strides of a stroller lounging out an hour's watch. The steps approached. The figure was visible—that of a short broadish man, with a mass of cloaks, rugs, and mufflers across his arm.

Carrying these with a sort of swagger, he came slowly up to the part of the pathway opposite to the pillar, where he dropped those draperies in a heap upon the grass; and availing himself of the clear moon-light, he stopped nearly confronting her.

It was the face of Mark Wylder—she knew it well, but grown fat and broader, and there was—but this she could not see distinctly—a purplish

scar across his eyebrow and cheek. She quivered with terror lest he might have seen her, and might be meditating some mischief. But she was seated close to the ground, several yards away, and in the sharp shadow of the old block of stone.

He consulted his watch, and she sat fixed and powerless as a portion of the block on which she leaned, staring up at this, to her, terrific apparition. Mark Wylder's return boded, she believed, something tremendous.

She saw the glimmer of the gold watch, and, distinctly, the great black whiskers, and the face pallid in the moonlight. She was afraid for a minute, during which he loitered there, that he was going to seat himself upon the cloaks which he had just thrown upon the ground, and felt that she could not possibly escape detection for many seconds more. But she was relieved; for, after a short pause, leaving these still upon the ground, he turned, and walked slowly, like a policeman on his beat, toward Brandon.

With a gasp she began to recover herself; but she felt too faint and ill to get up and commence a retreat towards Redman's Farm. Besides, she was sure he would return—she could not tell how soon—and although the clump of elders hid her from view, she could not tell but that the next moment would disclose his figure retracing his leisurely steps, and ready to pursue and overtake, if by a precipitate movement she had betrayed her presence.

In due time the same figure, passing at the same rate, did emerge again, and approached just as before, only this time he was carelessly examining some small but chunky steel instrument which glittered occasionally in the light. From Tamar's description of it, I conclude it was a revolver.

He passed the pile of cloaks but a few steps, and again turned toward Brandon. So soon as he was once more concealed by the screen of underwood, old Tamar, now sufficiently recovered, hobbled hurriedly away in the opposite direction, half dead with terror, until she had descended the steps, and was buried once more in friendly darkness.

Old Tamar did not stop at Redman's Farm; she passed it and the

mills, and never stopped till she reached the Vicarage. In the hall, she felt for a moment quite overpowered, and sitting in one of the old chairs that did duty there, she uttered a deep groan, and looked with such a gaze in the face of the maid who had admitted her, that she thought the old woman was dying.

Sick rooms, even when, palpably, doctors, nurses, friends, have all ceased to hope, are not to those who stand in the *very* nearest and most tender relations to the patient, altogether chambers of despair. There are those who hover about the bed, and note every gleam and glow of subsiding life, and will read in sunset something of the colours of the dawn, and cling wildly to these hallucinations of love; and no one has the heart to tear them from them.

Just now, Dolly fancied that "little man was better—the darling! the treasure! oh, precious little man! He was coming back!"

So, she ran down with this light of hope in her face, and saw old Tamar in the hall, and gave her a glass of the wine which Rachel had provided, and the old woman's spirit came again.

"She was glad—yes, very glad. She was thankful to hear the dear child was better." But there was a weight upon her soul, and a dreadful horror on her countenance still.

"Will you please, ma'am, write a little note—my old hand shakes so, she could hardly read my writing—to my mistress—Miss Radie, ma'am. I see pen and ink on the table there. I was not able to go up to the Hall, ma'am, with the message. There's something on the road I could not pass."

"Something! What was it?" said Dolly, staring with round eyes in the old woman's woful face, her curiosity aroused for a moment.

"Something, ma'am—a person—I can't exactly tell—above the steps, in the Blackberry path. It would cost my young mistress her life. For Heaven's sake, ma'am, write, and promise, if you send for her, she shall get the note."

So, Dolly made the promise, and bringing old Tamar with her into the study, penned these odd lines from her dictation, merely adjusting the grammar.

"MISS RADIE, DEAR, - If coming down to-night from Brandon, this is to tell you, it is as much as your life is worth to pass the Blackberry walk above the steps. My old eyes have seen him there, walking back and forward, lying at catch for some one, this night - the great enemy of man; you can suppose in what shape.

"Your dutiful and loving servant,

"TAMAR."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE MEETING IN THE LONG POND ALLEY.

I SUPPOSE there were few waking heads now in all the wide parish of Gylindgen, though many a usually idle one was now busy enough about the great political struggle which was to muster its native forces, both in borough and county, and agitate these rural regions with the roar and commotion of civil strife.

But generals must sleep like other men; and even Tom Wealdon was snoring in the fairy land of dreams.

The night was very still - a sharp night, with a thin moon, like a scimitar, hanging bright in the sky, and a myriad of intense stars, blinking in the heavens, above the steep roofs and spiral chimneys of Brandon Hall, and the ancient trees that surrounded it.

It was late in the night, as we know. The family, according to their custom, had sought their slumbers early; and the great old house was perfectly still.

One pair, at least, of eyes, however, were wide open; one head busy; and one person still in his daily costume. This was Mr. Larcom - the grave *major domo*, the blind and attached butler. He was not busy about his plate, nor balancing the cellar book, nor even perusing his Bible.

He was seated in that small room or closet which he had, years ago, appropriated as his private apartment. It is opposite the house-keeper's room - a sequestered, philosophic retreat. He dressed in it, read his newspaper there, and there saw his select acquaintance. His wardrobe stood there. The iron safe in which he kept his keys, filled one of its nooks. He had his two or three shelves of books in the recess; not that he disturbed them much, but

So, old Tamar, after a little, took her departure; and it needed a great effort to enable her to take the turn up the dark and lonely Mill Road, leading to Redman's Farm; so much did she dread the possibility of again encountering the person she had just described.

they were a grave and gentlemanlike property, and he liked them for their binding, and the impression they produced on his visitors. There was a meditative fragrance of cigars about him, and two or three Havannah stumps under the grate.

The fact is, he was engaged over a letter, the writing of which, considering how accomplished a gentleman he was, he had found rather laborious and tedious. The penmanship was, I am afraid, clumsy, and the spelling, here and there, irregular. It was finished, however, and he was now reading it over with care.

It was thus expressed -

"RESPECTET SIR, - In acordens with your disier, i av took my pen to say a fue words. There has cum a leter for a sertun persen this morning, with a Lundun postmark, and i do not now hand nor sele, but had writting, which i have not sene wot contances, but i may, for as you told me often, you are anceus for welfare of our famly, as i now to be no more than trewth, so i am anceus to ascest you sir, wich my conseynce is satesfid, but leter as trubeled a sertun persen oufull, hoo i new was enery, and look oufull put about, wich do not offen apen, and you may sewer there is sunthing in wind, he is alday so oufull peefish, you will not thing worse of me speeken plane as you disier, there beeing a deel to regret for frends of the old famly i feer in a sertun resent marrege, if i shud lern be chance contense of letter i will sewer rite you. - i Remane your humbel servant,

"JOHN LARCOM."

Just as grave Mr. Larcom had ended the perusal of this bulletin, he heard a light step on the stair, at

the end of the passage, which made his manly heart jump unpleasantly within his fat ribs. He thrust the unfolded letter roughly into the very depths of his breeches pocket, and blew out both candles; and then listened, as still as a mouse.

What frightened him was the certainty that the step, which he well knew, was Stanley Lake's. And Stanley being a wide-awake and violent person, and his measures sharp and reckless, Mr. Larcom cherished a nervous respect for him.

He listened; the Captain's step came lightly to the foot of the stairs, and paused. Mr. Larcom prepared to be fast asleep in the chair, in the event of the Captain's making a sudden advance, and entering his sanctum. But this movement was not executed.

There was a small door at the foot of the stairs. It shut with a spring lock, of which Captain Lake had a latch-key. Mr. Larcom accidentally had another—a cylindrical bit of steel, with a hinge in the end of it, and a few queer wards.

Now, of this little door he heard the two iron bolts stealthily drawn, and then the handle of the spring-lock turned, and the door cautiously opened, and as gently closed.

Mr. Larcom's fears now naturally subsided, and curiosity as naturally supervened. He drew near his window; and it was well he had extinguished his lights, for as he did so, Captain Lake's light figure, in a gray paletot and cloth cap, glided by like a spirit in the faint moonlight.

This phenomenon excited the profoundest interest in the corresponding friend of the family, who, fumbling his letter between his finger and thumb in his breeches' pocket, standing on tip-toe, with mouth agape, and his head against the shutter, followed the receding figure with a greedy stare.

Mr. Larcom had no theory whatsoever to account for this procedure on the part of his master. It must be something very extraordinary, and well worth investigating—of course, for the benefit of the family—which could have evoked the apparition which had just crossed his window. With his eyes close to the window pane, he saw his master glide swiftly along the short terrace which covers

this side of the house, and disappear down the steps, like a spectre sinking into the earth.

It is a meeting, thought Mr. Larcom, taking courage, for he already felt something of the confidence and superiority of possessing a secret; and as quickly as might be, the trust-worthy man, with his latch-key in his pocket, softly opened the portal through which the object of his anxiety had just emerged, closed the door behind him, and stood listening intently in the recess of the entrance, where he distinctly heard the now more careless step of the Captain, treading, as he thought, the broad yew-walk, which turns at a right angle at the foot of the terrace step. The black yew hedge was a perfect screen.

Here was obviously presented a chance of obtaining the command of a secret of greater or less importance. It was a considerable stake to play for, and well worth a trifling risk.

He did not hesitate to follow—but with the soft tread of a polite butler, doing his offices over the thick carpet of a drawing-room—and it was in his mind—"Suppose he does discover me, what then? I'm as much surprised as he! Thomas Brewen, the footman, who is under notice to leave, has twice, to the Captain's knowledge, played me the same trick, and stole out through the gun-room window at night, and denied it afterward; so I sat up to detect him, and hearing the door open, and a step, I pursued, and find I've made a mistake; and beg pardon with proper humility—supposing the master is on the same errand—what can he say? It will bring me a present, and a hint to say nothing of my having seen him in the yew-walk at this hour."

Of course he did not run through all this rigmarole in detail; but the situation, the excuse, and the result, were present to his mind, and filled him with a comfortable assurance.

Therefore, with decision and caution, he followed Captain Lake's march, and reaching the yew-walk, he saw the slim figure in the cap and paletot turn the corner, and enter the broad walk between the two wall-like beech hedges, which led direct to the first artificial pond—a long, narrow parallelogram, round which the broad walk passed in two straight lines, fenced

with the towering beech hedges, shorn as smooth as the walls of a nunnery.

When the butler reached the point at which Captain Lake had turned, he found himself all at once within fifty steps of that eccentric gentleman, who was talking, but in so low a tone, that not even the sound of the voices reached him, with a rather short, broad-shouldered person, buttoned up in a surtout, and wearing a queer, Germanesque, felt hat, battered and crushed a good deal.

Mr. Larcom held his breath. He was profoundly interested. After a while, with an oath, he exclaimed—

"That's *him*!"

Then, after another pause, he gasped another oath:

"It is *him*!"

The square-built man in the surtout had a great pair of black whiskers; and as he stood opposite Lake, conversing, with, now and again, an earnest gesture, he showed a profile which Mr. Larcom knew very well; and now they turned and walked slowly side by side along the broad walk by that perpendicular wall of crisp brown leaves, he recognized also a certain hitch in his shoulder, which made him swear and asseverate again.

He would have given something to hear what was passing. He thought uneasily whether there might not be a side-path or orifice anywhere through which he might creep so as to get to the other side of the hedge and listen. But there was no way, and he must rest content with such report as his eyes might furnish.

"They're not quarrelling no ways," murmured he.

And, indeed, they walked together, stopping now and again, as it seemed, very amicably. Captain Lake seemed to have most to say.

"He's awful cowed, he is; I never did think to see Mr. Wylder so afraid of Lake; he *is* afraid, yes he is—that he is."

And indeed there was an indescribable air of subservience in the demeanor of the square-built gentleman very different from what Mark Wylder once showed.

He saw the Captain take from the pocket of his paletot a square box or packet, it might be jewels or only papers, and hand them to his companion, who popped them into his left-

hand surtout pocket, and kept his hand there as if the freightage were specially valuable.

Then they talked earnestly a little longer, standing together by the pond; and then, side-by-side, they paced down the broad walk by its edge. It was a long walk; honest Larcom would have followed if there had been any sort of cover to hide his advance; but there being nothing of the kind he was fain to abide at his corner. Thence he beheld them come at last slowly to a stand-still, talk evidently a little more, and finally they shook hands—an indefinable something still of superiority in Lake's air—and parted.

The Captain was now all at once walking at a swift pace, alone, toward Larcom's post of observation, and his secret confederate nearly as rapidly in an opposite direction. It would not do for the butler to be taken or even seen by Lake, nor yet to be left at the outside of the door and barred out. So the Captain had hardly commenced his homeward walk, when Larcom, though no great runner, threw himself into an agitated amble, and reached and entered the little door just in time to escape observation. He had not been two minutes in his apartment again, when he once more beheld the figure of his master cross the window, and heard the small door softly opened and closed, and the bolts slowly and cautiously drawn again into their places. Then there was a pause. Lake was listening to ascertain whether anyone was stirring, and being satisfied, reascended the stairs, leaving the stout and courteous butler ample matter for romantic speculation.

It was now the butler's turn to listen, which he did at the half-opened door of his room, when he was quite assured that all was quiet. He shut and bolted his door, closed the window-shutters, and relighted his pair of wax candles.

Mr. Larcom was a good deal excited. He had seen strange things that night. He was a good deal blown and heated by his run, and a little wild and scared at the closeness of the Captain's unconscious pursuit. His head, beside, was full of amazing conjectures. After a while he took his crumpled letter from his pocket,

unfolded and smoothed it, and wrote upon a blank half page—

"RESPECTED SIR,—Since the above i ave a much to tel mos surprisen, the gentleman you wer anccous of tiding mister M. W. is cum privet, an him and master met tonite nere 2 in morning, in the long pond allee, so is near home then we suposed, no more at present sir from your

humbel servent John
Larcom.

i shall go to dolington day arter tomorrow by eleven o'clock trane if you ere gong."

When the Attorney returned, between eleven and twelve o'clock next morning, this letter awaited him. It did not, of course, surprise him, but it conclusively corroborated all his inferences.

Here had been Mark Wylder. He had stopped at Dollington, as the Attorney suspected he would, and he had kept tryst, in the Brandon grounds, with sly Captain Lake, whose relations with him it became now more difficult than ever clearly to comprehend.

Wylder was plainly under no physical coercion. He had come and gone unattended. For one reason or other he was, at least, as strongly interested as Lake in maintaining secrecy.

That Mark Wylder was living was

the grand fact with which he had just then to do. How near he had been to purchasing the Vicar's reversion! The engrossed deeds lay in the black box there. And yet it might be all true about Mark's secret marriage. At that moment there might be a whole rosary of sons, small and great, to intercept the inheritance; and the Rev. William Wylder might have no more chance of the estates than he had of the crown.

What a deliverance for the good Attorney. His money was quite safe. The excellent man's religion was, perhaps, a little Jewish, and rested upon temporal rewards and comforts. He thought, I am sure, that a competent staff of angels were placed specially in charge of the interests of Jos Larkin, Esq., who attended so many services and sermons on Sundays, and led a life of such ascetic propriety. He felt quite grateful to them, in his priggish way—their management in this matter had been so eminently satisfactory. He regretted that he had not an opportunity of telling them so personally. I don't say that he would have expressed it in these literal terms; but it was fixed in his mind that the carriage of his business was supernaturally arranged. Perhaps he was right, and he was at once elated and purified, and his looks and manner that afternoon were more than usually meek and celestial.

CHAPTER LXXV.

SIR HARRY BRAXTON'S INVASION OF GYLINGDEN.

JIM DUTTON had not turned up since, and his letter was one of those mares' nests of which gentlemen in Mr. Larkin's line of business have so large an experience. Of Mark Wylder not a trace was discoverable. His inquiries on this point were, of course, conducted with caution and remoteness. Gylingden, however, was one of those places which, if it knows anything, is sure to find a way of telling it, and the Attorney was soon satisfied that Mark's secret visit had been conducted with sufficient caution to baffle the eyes and ears of the good folk of the town.

Well, one thing was plain. The purchase of the reversion was to wait, and fraudulent as was the price at

which he had proposed to buy it, he was now resolved to get it for less than half that sum, and he wrote a short note to the Vicar, which he forthwith despatched.

In the meantime there was not a moment to be lost in clenching the purchase of Five Ouka. And Mr. Jos Larkin, with one of his young men with him in the tax-cart, reached Brandon Hall in a marvellously short time after his arrival at home.

Jos Larkin, his clerk, and the despatch-box, had a short wait in the Dutch room, before his admission to the library, where an animated debate was audible. The tremendous contest impending over the county was, of course, the theme. In the

Dutch room, where they waited, there was a large table, with a pyramid of blank envelopes in the middle, and ever so many cubic feet of canvassing circulars, six chairs, and pens and ink. The clerks were in the house-keeper's room at that moment, partaking of refreshment. There was a gig in the court yard, with a groom at the horse's head, and Larkin, as he drew up, saw a chaise driving round to the stable yard. People of all sorts were coming and going, and Brandon Hall was already growing like an inn.

"How d'ye do, dear Larkin?" said Captain Brandon Stanley Lake, the hero of all this debate and commotion, smiling his customary sly greeting, and extending his slim hand across the arm of his chair—"I'm so sorry you were away—this thing has come, after all, so suddenly—we are getting on famously though—but I'm awfully fagged." And, indeed, he looked pale and tired, though smiling. "I've a lot of fellows with me; they've just run in to luncheon; won't you take something?"

But Jos Larkin, smiling after his sort, excused himself. He was glad they had a moment to themselves. He had brought the money, which he knew would be acceptable at such a moment, and he thought it would be desirable to sign and seal forthwith, to which the Captain, a little anxiously, agreed. So he got in one of the clerks who were directing the canvassing circulars, and gave him the draft, approved by his counsel, to read aloud, while he followed with his eye upon the engrossed deed.

The Attorney told down the money in bank bills. He feared that exception might be taken to his cheque for so large a sum, and was eager to avoid delay, and came from London so provided.

The Captain was not sorry, for in truth he was in rather imminent jeopardy just then. He had spoken truth, strangely enough, when he mentioned his gambling debts as an incentive to his marriage with the heiress of Brandon, in that Sunday walk with Rachel in the park; and hardly ten minutes had passed, when Melton Hervey, trustee of *Académie des*, was on his way to Deffington to make a large loan, lent to the Captain's credit in the county bank, and to procure

a letter of credit for a stupendous sum in favour of Messrs. Hiram and Jacobs, transmitted under cover to Captain Lake's town solicitor. The Captain had signed, sealed, and delivered, mumbling that formula about hand and seal, and act and deed, and Doreas glided in like a ghost, and merely whispering an inquiry to Lake, did likewise, the clerk deferentially putting the query, "this is your hand and seal, &c.?" and Jos Larkin drawing a step or two backward.

Of course the lady saw that look and sinister man of God quite distinctly, but she did not choose to do so, and Larkin, with a grand sort of prescience, foresaw a county feud between the Houses of Five Oaks and Brandon, and now the lady had vanished. The money, carefully counted, was rolled in Lake's pocket book, in his breast pocket, and the bright new deed which made Jos Larkin, of the Lodge, Esq., master of Five Oaks, was safely locked into the box, under his long arm, and the Attorney vanished, bowing very much, and concealing his elation under a solemn sort of *nonchalance*.

The note, which by this time the Vicar had received, though short, was, on the whole, tremendous. It said:—

(*Private.*)

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have this moment arrived from London, where I deeply regret to state, the negotiation on which we both relied to carry you comfortably over your present difficulties has fallen through, in consequence of what I cannot but regard as the inexcusable caprice of the intending purchaser. He declines stating any reason for his withdrawal. I fear that the articles were so artfully framed by his solicitors, in one particular which I never entered into my mind to refer to anything like trick or design, that we shall find it impossible to compel him to carry out what, in the strongest terms, I have represented to Messrs. Burlington and Smith as a bargain irrevocably concluded in point of honour and morality. The refusal of their own client to make the proposed investment has alarmed these gentlemen, I regret to add, for the safety of their costs, which, as I before apprised you, are, though I cannot say excessive, cer-

tainly *very heavy*; and I fear we must be prepared for extreme measures upon their part. I have carefully reconsidered the very handsome proposal which Miss Lake was so good as to submit; but the result is that, partly on technical, and partly on other grounds, I continue of the clear opinion that the idea is absolutely impracticable, and must be peremptorily laid aside in attempting to arrive at an estimate of any resources which you may be conscious of commanding. If, under these deplorably untoward circumstances, you still think I can be of any use to you, may I beg that you will not hesitate to say how.

"I remain, my dear and reverend sir, with profound regrets and sympathy, yours very sincerely,

"JOS. H. LARKIN."

He had already imported the "H," which was to germinate, in a little while, into Howard.

When Jos Larkin wanted to get a man's property a bargain—and he had made two or three excellent hits, though, comparatively, on a very small scale—he liked so to contrive matters as to bring his client to his knees, begging him to purchase on the terms he wished; and then Jos Larkin came forward, in the interests of humanity, and unable to resist the importunities of "a party whom he respected," he did "what, at the time, appeared a very risky thing," although it has turned out tolerably safe in the long run.

The screw was now twisted pretty well home upon the poor Vicar, who, if he had any sense at all, would, remembering Larkin's expressions only a week before, suggest his buying, and so, the correspondence would disclose, in a manner most honourable to the Attorney, the history of the purchase.

But the clouds had begun to break, and the sky to clear, over the good Vicar, just at the point where they had been darkest and most menacing.

Little Fairy, after all, was better. Good-natured Buddle had been there at nine, quite amazed at his being so well, still reserved and cautious, and afraid of raising hopes. But when he came back, at eleven, and had completed his examination, he told them, frankly, that there was a decided change; in fact, that the little

man, with, of course, great care, might do very well, and *ought* to recover, if nothing went wrong.

Honest Buddle was delighted. He chuckled over the little man's bed. He could not suppress his grins. He was a miracle of a child! a prodigy! By George, it was the most extraordinary case he had ever met with! It was all that bottle, and that miraculous child; they seemed made for one another. From two o'clock, last night, the action of his skin has commenced, and never ceased since. When he was here last night, the little fellow's pulse was a hundred and forty-four, and now down to ninety-seven!

The Doctor grew jocular; and who can resist a doctor's jokes, when they garnish such tidings as he was telling. Was ever so pleasant a doctor! Laughter through tears greeted these pleasantries; and, oh, such transports of gratitude broke forth when he was gone!

It was well for Driver, the postmaster, and his daughters, that all the circulars made up that day in Brandon Hall were not despatched through the Gylingden Post Office. It was amazing how so many voters could find room in one county. Next day, it was resolved, the Captain's personal canvass was to commence. The invaluable Wealdon had run through the list of his to-morrow's visits, and given him an inkling of the idiosyncrasies, the feuds, and the likings of each elector in the catalogue. "Busy times, sir!" Tom Wealdon used to remark, with a chuckle, from time to time, in the thick of the fuss and conspiracy which was the breath of his nostrils; and, doubtless, so they are, and were, and ever will be, until the time-honoured machinery of our election system has been overhauled, and adapted to the civilization of these days.

Captain Brandon Lake was as much as possible at head quarters in these critical times; and, suddenly, Mr. Crump, the baker, and John Thomas, the delft, ironmongery, sponge, and umbrella shop, at the corner of Church Street, in Gylingden, were announced by the fatigued servant. They bowed, and stood, grinning, near the door; and the urbane and cordial Captain, with all a candidate's good fellowship, shook

them both by the hands, and heard their story; and an exciting one it was.

Sir Harry Bracton had actually invaded the town of Gylingden. There was a rabble of the raff of Queen's Bracton along with him. He, with two or three young swells by him, had made a speech, from his barouche, outside the Silver Lion, near the Green; and he was now haranguing from the steps of the court-house. They had a couple of flags, and some music. It was "a regular, planned thing;" for the Queen's Bracton people had been dropping in an hour before. The shopkeepers were shutting their windows. Sir Harry was "chaffing the Capt'n," and hitting him very hard "for a hupstart"—and, in fact, Crump was more particular in reporting the worthy Baronet's language than was absolutely necessary. And it was thought that Sir Harry was going to canvass the town.

The Captain was very much obliged, indeed, and begged they would go into the parlour, and take luncheon; and, forthwith, Wealdon took the command. The gamekeepers, the fifty haymakers in the great meadow, they were to enter the town from the top of Church-street, where they were to gather all the boys and blackguards they could. The men from the gas-works, the masons, and blacksmiths, were to be marched in by Luke Samways. Tom Wealdon would, himself, in passing, give the men at the coal works a hint. Sir Harry's invasion was the most audacious thing on record; and it was incumbent on Gylingden to make his defeat memorably disgraceful and disastrous.

His barouche was to be smashed, and burnt on the green; his white top-coat and hat were to clothe the effigy, which was to swing over the bon fire. The captured Bracton banners were to hang in the coffee-room of the Silver Lion, to inspire the roughs. What was to become of the human portion of the hostile pageant, Tom, being an official person, did not choose to hint.

All these, and fifty minor measures, were ordered by the fertile Wealdon in a minute, and suitable messengers on the wing to see after them. The Captain, accompanied by Mr. Jekyl, myself, and a couple of the grave scrivener's from the next room, were to go by the back approach and Redman's Dell to the assembly room, which Crump and Thomas, already on their way in the fly, undertook to have open for their reception, and furnished with some serious politicians from the vicinity. From the windows, the Captain, thus supported, was to make his maiden speech, one point in which Tom Wealdon insisted upon, and that was an injunction to the men of Gylingden on no account to break the peace. "Take care to say it, and we'll have it well reported in the *Chronicle*, and our lads won't mind it, nor hear it neither, for that matter."

So, there was mounting in hot haste in the courtyard of old Brandon, and a rather ponderous selection of walking sticks by the politicians—of whom I was one—intended for the windows of the assembly room.

Lake rode; Tom Wealdon, myself, and two scrivener's, squeezed into the dog-cart, which was driven by Jekyl, and away we went. It was a pleasant drive, under the noble old trees. But we were in no mood for the picturesque. A few minutes brought us into the Blackberry hollow, which debouches into Redman's Dell.

Here, the road being both steep and rugged, our speed abated. The precipitous banks shut out the sunlight, except at noon, and the road through this wooded dale, overhung by trees and rocks, was even now in solemn shadow. The cart road leading down to Redman's Dell, and passing the mills near Redman's Farm, diverges from the footpath with which we are so well acquainted, near the perpendicular block of stone, which stands a little above the steps which the footpath here descends.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

NARA WYLDER'S HAND.

JUST at the darkest point of the road, a little above the rude column which I have mentioned, Lake's horse, a

young one, shied, stopped short, re-coiling on its haunches, and snorted fiercely into the air. At the same

time, the two dogs which had accompanied us began to bark furiously beneath in the ravine.

Lake plunged the spurs into his beast, which reared so straight that she toppled backward toward the edge of the ravine.

"Strike her on the head; jump off," shouted Wealdon.

But he did neither.

"D—— it! put her head down; lean forward," bellowed Wealdon again.

But it would not do. With a crackle among briars, and a heavy thump from beneath that almost shook the earth, the mare and her rider went over. A shout of horror broke from us all; and Jekyl, watching the catastrophe, was very near pulling our horse over the edge, and launching us all together, like the Captain, into the defile.

In a moment more we were all on the ground, and scrambling down the side of the ravine, among rocks, boughs, brambles, and ferns, in the deep shadows of the gorge, the dogs still yelling furiously from below.

"Here he is," cried Jekyl. "How are you, Lake? Much hurt, old boy? By Jove, he's killed, I think."

Lake groaned.

He lay about twelve feet below the edge. The mare, now lying near the bottom of the gorge, had, I believe, fallen upon him, and then tumbled over.

Strange to say, Lake was conscious, and in a few seconds, he said, in reply to the horrified questions of his friend—

"I'm all smashed. Don't move me;" and, in a minute more—"Don't mind that d——d brute; she's killed. Let her lie."

It appeared very odd, but so it was, he appeared eager upon this point, and, faint as he was, almost savage.

"Tell them to let her lie there."

Wealdon and I, however, scrambled down the bank. He was right. The mare lay stone dead, on her side, at the bottom. He lifted her head, by the ear, and let it fall back.

In the meantime the dogs continued their unaccountable yelling close by.

"What the devil's that?" said Wealdon.

Something like a stunted, blackened branch was sticking out of the peat,

ending in a set of short, thickish twigs. This is what it seemed. It was, really, a human hand and arm, disclosed by the slipping of the bank, undermined by the brook, which was swollen by the recent rains.

The dogs were sniffing and yelping about it.

"It's a hand!" cried Wealdon, with an oath.

"A hand!" I echoed.

We were both peering at it, having drawn near, stooping and hesitating as men do in a curious horror.

It was, indeed, a human hand and arm, disclosed from about the elbow, enveloped in a discoloured coat-sleeve, which fell back from the limb, and the fingers, like it black, were extended in the air. Nothing more of the body to which it belonged, except the point of a knee, in stained and muddy trousers, protruding from the peat, was visible.

It must have lain there a considerable time, for, notwithstanding the antiseptic properties of that sort of soil, mixed with the decayed bark and fibre of trees, a portion of the flesh of the hand was decomposed, and the naked bone disclosed. On the little finger something glimmered dully. It was a soiled ring of gold.

In this hand, rising from the earth, there was a character both of menace and appeal; and on the finger, as I afterwards saw at the inquest, glimmered the talismanic legend "Resurgam"—"I will arise again!" It was the corpse of Mark Wylder, which had lain buried here undiscovered for many months. A horrible odour loaded the air. Perhaps it was this smell of carrion, from which horses sometimes recoil with a special terror, that caused the swerving and rearing which had ended so fatally. As yet we had no suspicion whose was the body thus unexpectedly discovered. We beat off the dogs, and on returning to Lake, found Jekyl trying to raise him a little against a tree. We were not far from Redman's Farm, and it was agreed, on hasty consultation, that our best course would be to carry Lake thither, at once by the footpath, and that one of us—Wealdon undertook this—should drive the carriage on, and apprizing Rachel on the way of the accident which had happened, and that her brother was on his way thither, should drive on to

Buddle's house, sending assistance to us from the town.

It was plain that Stanley Lake's canvass was pretty well over. There was not one of us who looked at him that did not feel convinced that he was mortally hurt. I can't think he believed so himself though; but we could not move him a foot from the place where he lay, without inflicting so much pain, that we were obliged to wait for assistance.

"D— the dogs, what are they barking for?" said Lake, faintly. He seemed distressed by the noise.

"There's a dead body partly disclosed down there—some one murdered and buried; but one of Mr. Juke's young men is keeping them off."

Lake made an effort to raise himself, but with a groan and a suppressed moan he abandoned it.

"Is there no doctor? I'm very much hurt," said Lake, faintly, after a moment's silence.

We told him that Buddle had been sent for and that we only awaited help to get him down to Redburn's Farm.

When Rachel heard the clang of hoofs and the rattle of the tax-cart driving down the Millersad, at a price so unusual, a vague memory of evil came over her. She was standing in the porch of her tiny house, and old Tamar was sitting, knitting on the bench beside her.

"What's that?" she asked, with a start. "It's a doctor's cart," said Rachel, explaining the sound. "I don't know what it means," exclaimed the young lady, so that she could not tell why; and old Tamar stood up, and closed her eyes with her shrunken hand.

Then Wealden called up at the little window. He was pale. He had lost his hat, and among the shadows of his coat and the time to remember. As he spoke, he looked well.

He pointed his hand to where his horse should have been, but the place of salutation was void.

"I'm afraid on Miss Lake's making, but I'm sorry to say you neither the Captain's badly hurt, and maybe you could have a look down in the parlour nearly for I'm by the time I come back with the Doctor, ma'am."

Rachel shed I don't know how, we, cause by the window of the window by this time.

"Is it Sir Harry Bracton. He's in the town, I know. Is Stanley shot?"

"Not shot; only thrown, Miss, into the Dell, off the road; his horse slipped at a dead body that's bin turned up there. You'd better stay where you are, Miss; but if you could send up some water, I think he'd like it, going for the Doctor, ma'am; good by Miss Lake."

And away went Wealden, wild, pale, and hatless, like a man pursued by robbers.

"Oh! Tamar, he's killed—Stanley's killed—I'm sure he's killed, and all's discovered,"—and Rachel ran wildly up the hill a few steps, but paused and returned as swiftly.

"Thank God, Miss," said old Tamar, lifting up her trembling fingers and white eyes to heaven. "Better dead, Miss, than living on in sin and sorrow, better discovered than hid by daisy falsehood and cruelty. Old Tamar's tired of life; she's willing to go, and wishing for death this many a day. Oh! Master Stanley, my child!"

Rachel went into the parlour and knelt down, with white upturned face and clasped hands. But she could not pray. She could only look her wild supplication—deliverance—an issue out of the terrors that beset her; and, "oh! poor, miserable old Stanley!" It was just a look and an inarticulate cry for mercy.

An hour after Captain Stanley Bracton's falling, whose "election address" was in a notice that evening in the *Edlington Courier*, and in the *County Chronicle*, lay with his clothes still on, in the little drawing-room of Redburn's Farm, his injuries a catastrophe, his thigh broken near the hip, and his spine fractured. No hope—no possibility of a physical reascension, this time.

Meanwhile, in the Blackberry Dell, Doctor Buddle was assisting at a different sort of inquisition. The two policemen who constituted the civil force of Edlington, two justices of the peace, the doctor, and a crowd of amateurs, among whom I rank myself, were grouped in the dismal gorge, a little to windward of the dead body, which they had brought to light, while three men were now employed in cautiously disintering it.

When the operation was completed, there remained no doubt whatever on my mind of a coloured and disfigured

as were both clothes and body, I was sure that the dead man was no other than Mark Wylder. When the clay with which it was clotted was a little removed, it became indubitable. The great whiskers; the teeth so white and even; and oddly enough, one black lock of hair which he wore twisted in a formal curl flat on his forehead, remained undisturbed in its position, as it was fixed there at his last toilet for Brandon Hall.

In the rude and shallow grave in which he lay, his purse was found, and some loose silver mixed in the mould. The left hand, on which was the ring of "the Persian magician," was bare; the right gloved, with the glove of the other hand clutched firmly in it.

The body was got up in a sheet to a sort of spring cart which awaited it, and so conveyed to the "Silver Lion," in Gylingden, where it was placed in a disused coach-house to await the inquest. There the examination was continued, and his watch—the chain broken—found in his waistcoat pocket. In his coat-pocket were found his cigar-case, his initials stamped on it, for Mark had, in his day, a keen sense of property; his handkerchief, also marked; a pocket-book, with some entries nearly effaced; and a letter unopened, and sealed with Lord Chelford's seal. The writing was nearly washed away, but the letters "Iwich," or "twich," were still legible near the corner, and it turned out to be a letter to Dulwich, which Mark Wylder had undertaken to put in the Gylingden Post Office, on the last night on which he appeared at Brandon.

The whole town was in a ferment that night. Great debate and conjecture in the reading-room, and even on the benches of the billiard-room. The "Silver Lion" did a great business that night. Mine host might have turned a good round sum only by showing the body, were it not that Edwards, the chief policeman, had the keys of the coach-house. Much to-ing-and-fro-ing there was between the town and Redman's Farm—the respectable inhabitants all sending or going up to inquire how the Captain was doing. At last Doctor Buddle officially interfered. The constant bustle was injurious to his pa-

tient. An hourly bulletin up to twelve o'clock should be in the hall of the Brandon Arms; and Redman's Dell grew quiet once more.

When William Wylder heard the news, he fainted; not altogether through horror or grief, though he felt both; but the change in his circumstances was so amazing and momentous. It was a strange shock—immense relief—immense horror—quite overwhelming.

Mark had done some good-natured things for him in a small five-pound way; he had promised him that loan, too, which would have lifted him out of his slough of despond, and he clung with an affectionate gratitude to these trumpery exhibitions of brotherly love. Besides, he had accustomed himself—the organ of veneration standing prominent on the top of the Vicar's head—to regard Mark in the light of a great practical genius—"natus rebus agendis," he knew men so thoroughly—he understood the world so marvellously! The Vicar was not in the least surprised when Mark came in for a fortune. He had always predicted that Mark must become *very* rich, and that nothing but indolence could prevent his ultimately becoming a very great man. The sudden and total disappearance of so colossal an object was itself amazing.

There was another person very strongly, though differently, affected by the news. Under pretext of business at Naunton, Jos Larkin had driven off early to Five Oaks, to make inspection of his purchase. He dined like a king in disguise, at the humble little hostelry of Naunton Friars, and returned in the twilight at The Lodge, which he would make the dower-house of Five Oaks, with the Howard shield over the door. He was gracious to his domestics, but the distance *was* increased—he was nearer to the clouds, and they looked smaller.

"Well, Mrs. Smithers," said he, encouragingly, his long feet on the fender, for the evening was sharp, and Mrs. S. knew that he liked a bit of fire at his tea—"any letters—any calls—any news stirring?"

"No letters, nor calls, sir, please, except the butcher's book. I s'pose, sir, you were viewing the body?"

"What body?"

"Mr. Wylder's, please, sir."

"The Vicar!" exclaimed Mr. Larkin, his smile of condescension suddenly vanishing.

"No, sir; Mr. Mark Wylder, please; the gentleman, sir, as was to 'ay married Miss Brandon."

"What the devil do you mean, woman!" ejaculated the Attorney, his back to the fire, standing erect, and a black shadow over his amazed and offended countenance.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but his body's bin found, sir."

"You mean Mr. Mark?"

"Yes, please, sir—in a hole near the Mill Road—it's up in the "Silver Lion" now, sir."

"It must be the Vicar's—it *must*," said Jos Larkin, getting his hat on, and thinking how likely he was to throw himself into the mill race, and impossible it was that Mark, whom he and Larcum had both seen alive and well last night—the latter, indeed, *this morning*—could possibly be the man. And thus comforting himself, he met old Major Jackson on the green, and that gentleman's statement ended with the words—"and in an advanced stage of decomposition."

"That settles the matter," said Larkin, breathing again, and with a toss of his head, and almost a smile of disdain: "for I saw Mr. Mark Wylder late last night at Shillingsworth."

Leaving Major Jackson in considerable surprise, Mr. Larkin walked off to Edwards' dwelling, at the top of Church street, and found that active policeman at home. In his cool, grand, official way, Mr. Larkin requested Mr. Edwards to accompany him to the "Silver Lion," when, in the same calm and commanding way, he desired him to attend him to view the corpse. In virtue of his relation to Mark Wylder, and of his position as sole resident legal practitioner, he was obeyed.

The Court's spectacle occupied him for some minutes. He did not speak while they remained in the room. On coming out there was a black cloud

upon the Attorney's features, and he said, sulkily, to Edwards, who had turned the key in the lock, and now touched his hat as he listened.

"Yes, there is a resemblance, but it is all a mistake. I travelled as far as Shillingsworth last night with Mr. Mark Wylder—he was perfectly well. This can't be he."

But there was a terrible impression on Mr. Jos Larkin's mind that this certainly *was* he, and with a sulky nod to the policeman, he walked darkly down to the Vicar's house. The Vicar had been sent for to Naunton, to pray with a dying person; and Mr. Larkin, disappointed, left a note to state that in writing, as he had done that morning, in reference to the purchase of the reversion, through Messrs. Burlington & Smith, he had simply written his own surmises as to the probable withdrawal of the intending purchaser, but had received no formal, nor, indeed, *any* authentic information, from either the party or the solicitors referred to, to that effect. That he mentioned this lest misapprehension should arise, but not as attaching any importance to the supposed discovery which seemed to imply Mr. Mark Wylder's death. That gentleman, on the contrary, he had seen alive and well at Shillingsworth on the night previous; and he had been seen in conference with Captain Lake at a subsequent hour, at Brandon.

From all this the reader may suppose that Mr. Jos Larkin was not quite in a comfortable state, and he resolved to get the deeds, and go down again to the Vicar's, and persuade him to execute them. He could make William Wylder, of course, do whatever he pleased.

There were a good many drunken fellows about the town, but there was an end of election demonstrations in the Brandon interest. Captain Lake was not going in for that race. He would be on another errand by the time the writ came down.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE MACE DEEDS.

THERE WAS a "stop press" that evening in the county papers. "We have just learned that a body has been disinterred, only to suffer a chamber

very strange circumstances, in the night, instead of Gylindgen; and if the surmises which are about proved well founded, the discovery will set

at rest the speculations which have been busy respecting the whereabouts of a certain gentleman of large property and ancient lineage, who, some time since, mysteriously disappeared, and will, no doubt, throw this county into a state of very unusual excitement. We can state, upon authority, that the coroner will hold his inquest on the body, to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, in the town of Gylingden."

There was also an allusion to Captain Lake's accident—with the expression of a hope that it would "prove but a trifling one," and an assurance "that his canvass would not be prevented by it—although for a few days it might not be a personal one. But his friends might rely on seeing him at the hustings, and hearing him too, when the proper time arrived."

It was quite well known, however, in Gylingden, by this time, that Captain Lake was not to see the hustings—that his spine was smashed—that he was lying on an extemporized bed, still in his clothes, in the little parlour of Redman's Farm—cursing the dead mare in whispers—railing at everybody—yelling whenever they attempted to remove his clothes—hoping that his people would give Bracton a d---- good licking. Bracton's outrage was the cause of the entire thing—and so help him heaven, so soon as he should be on his legs again, he would make him feel it, one way or other.

Buddle thought he was in so highly excited a state, that his brain must have sustained some injury also.

He asked Buddle about ten o'clock (having waked up from a sort of stupor)—"what about Jim Dutton?" and whether there was not some talk about a body they had found, and what it was. So Buddle told him all that was yet known, and he listened very attentively.

"But Larkin has been corresponding with Mark Wylder up to a very late day, and if this body has been so long buried, how the devil can it be he. And if it be as bodies usually are after such a time, how can anybody pretend to identify it? And I happen to know that Mark Wylder is living," he added, suddenly.

The Doctor told him not to tire himself talking, and offered, if he

wished to make a statement before a magistrate, to arrange that one should attend and receive it.

"I rather dislike it, because Mark wants to keep it quiet; but if, on public grounds, it is desirable, I will make it, of course. You'll use your discretion in mentioning the subject."

So the Captain was now prepared to acknowledge the secret meeting of the night before, and to corroborate the testimony of his attorney and his butler.

Stanley Lake had now no idea that his injuries were dangerous. He said he had a bad bruise under his ribs, and a sprained wrist, and was a little bit shaken; and he talked of his electioneering as only suspended for a day or two.

Buddle, however, thought the case so imminent, that on his way to the Brandon Arms, meeting Larkin, going, attended by his clerk, again to the Vicar's house, he stopped him for a moment, and told him what had passed, adding, that Lake was so frightfully injured, that he might begin to sink at any moment, and that by next evening, at all events, he might not be in a condition to make a deposition.

"It is odd enough—very odd," said Larkin. "It was only an hour since, in conversation with our policeman, Edwards, that I mentioned the fact of my having myself travelled from London to Shillingsworth last night with Mr. Mark Wylder, who went on by train in this direction, I presume, to meet our unfortunate friend, Captain Lake, by appointment. Thomas Sleddon, of Wadding Hall—at this moment in the Brandon Arms—is just the man; if you mention it to him, he'll go up with you to Redman's Farm, and take the deposition. Let it be a *deposition*, do you mind; a statement is mere hearsay."

Comforted somewhat, reassured in a certain way, and in strong hopes that, at all events, such a muddle would be established as to bewilder the jury, Mr. Jos Larkin, with still an awful foreboding weighing at his heart, knocked at the Vicar's door, and was shown into the study. A solitary candle being placed, to make things bright and pleasant for the visiter, who did not look so himself, the Vicar, very pale, and appearing to have grown even thinner since he

last saw him, entered, and shook his hand with an anxious attempt at a smile, which faded almost instantly.

"I am so delighted that you have come. I have passed a day of such dreadful agitation. Poor Mark!"

"There is no doubt what's to say that he is perfectly well. Three different persons—unexceptionable witnesses—can depose to having seen him last night, and he had a long conference with Captain Lake, who is by this time making his deposition. It is with respect to the other little matter—the execution of the deed of conveyance to Messrs. Burlington and Smith's client. You know my feeling about the note I wrote this morning a little. I will not say incautiously, because with a client of your known character and honour, no idea of the sort can find place—but I will say thoughtlessly. If there be any hanging back, or appearance of it, it may fall down unpleasant—indeed, to be quite frank, painful—consequences, which, I think, in the interest of your family, you would hardly be justified in involving upon the mere spendthrift of your good brother's death."

There was a sound of voices at the door. "Do come in, pray do," was heard in Dolly's voice. "Won't you excuse me, but pray do. Well, darling, don't you wish him to go in?"

"Most particularly. Dolly of fifty, in my name—and I know Mr. Larkin would wish it so much."

And so Lord Chelford, with a look which, at another time, would have been an amusingly genuine evidence of the obliquity of his introduction, came in and slightly related Mr. Larkin, who was then few seconds pretty obviously confounded, and with a pink flush all over him, and a red blush, tried to smile, while his funny little eyes searched the Viscount with fear and suspicion.

Larkin's tone was now much moderated. Any sort of dealing was good enough for the simple Vicar; but here was the quiet, sagacious peer, who had shown himself on two remarkable committees, so quick and able a man of business, and the pleasure of the Viscount's strong and fine powers and tact, and Mr. Larkin's intelligent and sensible conversation, was an excellent thing, and he could not find fault with either.

Lord Chelford listened so quietly that the tall Attorney felt he was making way with him, and concluded his persuasion by appealing to him for an opinion.

"That is precisely as I said. I knew my friend, Mr. Larkin, would be only too glad of an opinion in this difficulty from you," threw in the Vicar.

The opinion came—very clear, very quiet, very unpleasant—dead and cold. Mr. Larkin's view, and coinciding with the remark that he thought there was more in the affair than had yet come to light.

"I don't see exactly how, my lord," said Mr. Larkin, a little boldly, and redder than usual.

"Nor do I, Mr. Larkin, at present; but the sum offered is much too small, and the amount of costs and other drawbacks utterly monstrous, and the result, after deducting all these claims, including your costs, Mr. Larkin."

Here Mr. Larkin threw up his chin a little, and waving his long hand, and saying "Oh! as to costs, in a way that nobody expects," "They are merely put down for form's sake. It is playing at costs. You know Mr. Larkin, he never so much as dreamed of looking for them."

"There remain hardly three hundred and fifty pounds applicable to the payment of the Reverend Mr. Wylder's debts—a sum which would have been ample, before this extraordinary exaction was commenced, to have extricated him from all his present difficulties, and which I would have been only too happy to have permitted to advance, and which, and a great deal more, Miss Lake, whose conduct has been more than kind—quite well—wished to place in your client's hand."

"*That*," said the Attorney, hesitating a little, "I believe to have been technically impossible; and it was accompanied by a proposition which was on other grounds untenable."

"You mean Miss Lake's proposed residence here—an arrangement, it appears to me, every way most desirable."

"I objected to it on, I will say, *technical* grounds, my lord. It is painful to me to discuss what I know, but that young lady accompanied Mr. Mark Wylder, my lord, in his

midnight flight from Dollington, and remained in London, under, I presume, his protection for some time."

"That statement, sir, is, I happen to *know*, utterly contrary to fact. The young lady you mention never even saw Mr. Mark Wylder, since she took leave of him in the drawing-room at Brandon; and I state this not in vindication of her, but to lend weight to the caution I give you against ever again presuming to connect her name with your surmises."

The Peer's countenance was so inexpressibly stern, and his eyes poured such a stream of fire upon the Attorney, that he shrank a little, and looked down upon his great fingers which were drumming, let us hope, some sacred music upon the table."

"I am truly rejoiced, my Lord, to hear you say so. Except to the young party herself, and in this presence, I have never mentioned it; and I can show you the evidence on which my conclusions rested."

"Thank you—no sir; my evidence is conclusive."

I don't know what Mr. Larkin would have thought of it; it was simply Rachel's letter to her friend Dolly Wylder on the subject of the Attorney's conference with her at Redman's Farm. It was a frank and passionate denial of a slander, itself breathing indefinably, but irresistibly, the spirit of truth.

"Then am I to understand, in conclusion," said the Attorney, "that, defying all consequences, the Rev. Mr. Wylder refuses to execute the deed of sale?"

"Certainly," said Lord Chelford, taking this reply upon himself.

"You know, my dear Mr. Wylder, I told you from the first that Messrs. Gurlington and Smith were, in fact, a very sharp house; and I fear they will execute any powers they possess in the most summary manner." The Attorney's eye was upon the Vicar as he spoke, but Lord Chelford answered.

"The powers you speak of are quite without parallel in a negotiation to purchase; and in the event of their hazarding such a measure, the Rev. Mr. Wylder will apply to a court of equity to arrest their proceedings. My own solicitor is retained in the case."

Mr. Larkin's countenance darkened and lengthened visibly, and his eyes as-

sumed their most unpleasant expression, and there was a little pause, during which, forgetting his lofty ways, he bit his thumb-nail rather viciously.

"Then I am to understand, my Lord, that I am superseded in the management of this case?" said the Attorney at last, in a measured way, which seemed to say, "you had better think twice on this point."

"Certainly, Mr. Larkin," said the Viscount.

"I'm not the least surprised, knowing, I am sorry to say, a good deal of the ways of the world, and expecting very little gratitude, for either good will or services." This was accompanied with a melancholy sneer directed full upon the poor Vicar, who did not half understand the situation, and looked rather guilty and frightened. "The Rev. Mr. Wylder very well knows with what reluctance I touched the case—a nasty case; and I must be permitted to add, that I am very happy to be quite rid of it, and only regret the manner in which my wish has been anticipated, a discourtesy which I attribute, however, to female influence."

The concluding sentence was spoken with a vile sneer and a measured emphasis directed at Lord Chelford, who coloured with a sudden access of indignation, and stood stern and menacing, as the Attorney, with a general bow to the company, and a lofty *nonchalance*, made his exit from the apartment.

Captain Lake was sinking very fast next morning. He made a statement to Chelford, who was a magistrate for the county, I suppose to assist the coroner's inquest. He said that on the night of Mark Wylder's last visit to Brandon, he had accompanied him from the Hall; that Mark had seen some one in the neighbourhood of Gylingden, a person pretending to be his wife, or some near relative of hers, as well as he, Captain Lake, could understand, and was resolved to go to London privately, and have the matter arranged there. He waited near the White House, while he, Stanley Lake, went to Gylingden, and got his tax-cart at his desire. Could give particulars as to that. Captain Lake overtook him, and he got in and was driven to Dollington, where he took the up-train. That some weeks afterwards he saw him

at Brighton; and the night before last, by appointment, in the grounds of Brandon; and that he understood Larkin had some lights to throw upon the same subject.

The jury were not sworn until two o'clock. The circumstances of the discovery of the body were soon established. But the question which next arose was very perplexed—was the body that of Mr. Mark Wylder? There could be no doubt as to a general resemblance; but, though marvellously preserved in its then state, nothing like certainty was attainable. But there was a perfectly satisfactory identification of the dress and properties of the corpse as those of Mr. Mark Wylder. On the other hand there was the testimony of Lord Chelford, who put Captain Lake's deposition in evidence, as also the testimony of Larkin, and the equally precise evidence of Larcom, the butler.

The proceedings had reached this point when an occurrence took place which startled Lord Chelford, Larkin, Larcom, and every one in the room who was familiar with Mark Wylder's appearance.

A man pushed his way to the front of the crowd, and for a moment it seemed that Mark Wylder stood living before them.

"Who are you?" said Lord Chelford.

"Jim Dutton, sir; I come to reason of what I read in the *Chronicle* over night, about Mr. Mark Wylder being found."

"Do you know anything of him?" asked the Coroner.

"Nout," answered the man, bluffly, "only I writ to Mr. Larkin, there, as I wanted to see him. I remember him well when I was a boy. I seed him in the train from Lannon t'other night; and he seed me on the Shillingworth platform, and I think he took me for some one else. I was comin' down to see the Captain at Brandon—and seed him the same night."

"Why have you come here?" asked the Coroner.

"Thinkin' I might be mistook," answered the man. "I was twice here in England, and three times abroad."

"For whom?"

"Mr. Mark Wylder," answered he.

"It is a wonderful likeness," said Lord Chelford.

Larkin stared at him with his worst expression; and Larcom, I think, thought he was the devil.

I was as much surprised as any for a few seconds. But there were points of difference—Jim Dutton was a taller and every way a larger man than Mark Wylder. His face, too, was broader and coarser, but in features and limbs the relative proportions were wonderfully preserved. It was such an exaggerated portrait as a rustic genius might have executed upon a sign-board. He had the same black, curly hair, and thick, black whiskers; and the style of his dress being the same, helped the illusion. In fact, it was a rough, but powerful likeness—startling at the moment—unexceptionable at a little distance—but which failed on a nearer and exacter examination. There was, beside a scar which, however, was not a very glaring inconsistency, although it was plainly of a much older standing than the date of Mark's disappearance.

All that could be got from Jim Dutton was that he thought he might be mistook, and so attended. But respecting Mr. Mark Wylder he could say "nout." He knew "no it."

Lord Chelford was called away at this moment by an urgent note. It was to request his immediate attendance at Redman's Farm, to see Captain Lake, who was in a most alarming state. The hand was Dorcas's and Lord Chelford jumped into the little pony carriage which awaited him at the door of the Silver Lion.

When he reached Redman's Farm Captain Lake could not exert himself sufficiently to speak for nearly half-an-hour. At the end of that time he was admitted into the tiny drawing-room in which the Captain lay. He was speaking with difficulty.

"Did you see Buddie, just now?"

"No, not since morning."

"He seems to have changed—bad opinion—unless he has a *bar* object—these d—d doctors never can know. Dorcas thinks—I'll do no good. Don't you think—he may have an object—and not believe I'm in much danger? You don't?"

Lake's hand, with which he held Chelford's, was trembling.

"You must reflect, my dear Lake, how very severe are the injuries you

have sustained. You certainly *are* in danger—*great* danger.”

Lake became agitated, and with a cold moisture on his forehead, uttered some words, not often on his lips, that sounded like wild words of supplication. Not that seaworthy prayer which floats the spirit through the storm, but fragments of its wreck rolled up from the depths and flung idly on the howling shore.

“I’d like to see Rachel,” at last he said, holding Chelford’s hand in both his, very hard. “She’s clever—and I don’t think she gives me up yet, no—a drink!—and they think I’m more hurt than I really am—Buddle, you know—only an apothecary—village;” and he groaned.

His old friend, the Surgeon, summoned by the telegraph, was now gliding from London along the rails, for Dollington station; but another—a pale courier—on the sightless couriers of the air, was speeding with a different message to Captain Stanley Lake, in the small and sombre tenement in Redman’s Dell.

I had promised Chelford to run up to Redman’s Farm, and let him know if the jury arrived at a verdict during his absence. They did so; finding that the body was that of Marcus Wylder, Esquire, and “that he had come by his death in consequence of two wounds, inflicted with a sharp instrument, in the region of the heart by some person or persons unknown, at a period of four weeks since or more.

Chelford was engaged in the sick room, as I understood, in conference with the patient. It was well to have heard, without procrastination, what he had to say; for, next morning, at a little past four o’clock, he died.

A nurse who had been called in from the county infirmary, said he made a very happy ending. He muttered to himself, in his drowsy state, as she was quite sure, in prayer; and he made a very pretty corpse when he was laid out, and his golden hair

looked so nice, and he was all so slim and shapely.

Rachel and Dorcas were sitting in the room with him—not expecting the catastrophe then. Both tired; both silent; the nurse dozing a little in her chair, near the bed’s head; and Lake said, in his clear, low tone, on a sudden, just as he spoke when perfectly well—

“Quite a mistake, upon my honour.”

As a clear-voiced sentence sometimes speaks out in sleep, followed by silence, so no more was heard after this—no more for ever. The nurse was the first to perceive “the change.”

“There’s a change, ma’am,”—and there was a pause. “I’m afraid, ma’am, he’s gone,” said the nurse.

Both ladies, in an instant, were at the bed-side, looking at the peaked and discoloured countenance which was all they were ever again to see of Stanley; the yellow eyes open, the mouth agape.

Rachel’s agony broke forth in a loud, wild cry. All was forgotten and forgiven in that one moment.

“Oh! Stanley, Stanley!—brother, brother, oh, brother!”

There was the unchanged face, gaping its awful farewell of earth. All over!—never to stir more.

“Is he dead?” said Dorcas, with the peculiar sternness of agony.

There could be no doubt. It was a sight too familiar to deceive her.

And Dorcas closed those strange, wild eyes that had so fatally fascinated her, and then she trembled, without speaking or shedding a tear. Her looks alarmed the nurse, who, with Rachel’s help, persuaded her to leave the room. And then came one of those wild scenes which close such tragedies—paroxysms of despair and frantic love, over that worthless young man who lay dead below stairs; such as strike us sometimes with a desolate scepticism, and make us fancy that all affection is illusion, and perishable, with the deceits and vanities of earth.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

WE TAKE LEAVE OF OUR FRIENDS.

THE story which, in his last interview with Lord Chelford, Stanley Lake had related, was, probably, as near the truth as he was capable of telling.

On the night when Mark Wylder had left Brandon in his company, they had some angry talk; Lake’s object being to induce Mark to abandon his

engagement with Dorcas Brandon. He told Stanley that he would not give up Dorcas, but that he, Lake, must fight him, and go to Boulogne for the purpose, and they should arrange matters so that one or other *must* fail. Lake laughed quietly at the proposition, and Mark retorted by telling him he would so insult him, if he declined, as to compel a meeting. When they reached that lonely path near the flight of stone steps, Stanley distinctly threatened his companion with a disclosure of the scandalous incident in the card-room of the club, which he afterwards related, substantially, as it had happened, to Jos. Larkin. When he took this decisive step, Lake's nerves were strung, I dare say, to a high pitch of excitement. Mark Wylder, he knew, carried pistols, and, all things considered, he thought it just possible he might use them. He did not, but he struck Lake with the back of his hand in the face, and Lake, who walked by his side, with his fingers on the handle of a dagger in his coat pocket, instantly retorted with a stab, which he repeated as Mark fell.

He solemnly averred that he never meant to have used the dagger, except to defend his life. That he struck in a state of utter confusion, and when he saw Mark dead, with his feet on the path, and his head lying over the edge, he would have given a limb almost to bring him back. The terror of discovery and ruin instantly supervened.

He propped the body against the bank, and tried to staunch the bleeding. But there could be no doubt that he was actually dead. He got the dead man easily down the nearly perpendicular declivity. Lake was naturally by no means wanting in resource, and a certain sort of coolness, which supervened when the momentary distraction was over.

He knew it would not do to leave the body so among the rocks and brambles. He recollected that only fifty yards off they had passed a spile and buck, laid with some other tools, by the side of the path, near that bit of old wall which, as being removed, had caused so much trouble in a ditch, without taking any trouble, only waiting and listening for a moment before he disturbed them.

he took away the implements which he required; and when about to descend, a sort of panic and irremediable disgust seized him; and in a state of supernatural dismay, he felt for a while disposed to kill himself. In that state it was he reached Rehnau's Farm, and his interview with Rachel occurred. It was the accidental enclosure of the blood, in which his shirt sleeve was soaked, that first opened Rachel's eyes to the frightful truth.

After her first shock, all her terrors were concentrated on the one point—Stanley's imminent danger. Henry was saved. She made him return; she even accompanied him as far as the top of the rude flight of steps. I have mentioned so often, and there awaited his return, the condition imposed by his cowardice—and made more dreadful by the circumstance that they had heard retreating footsteps along the walk, and Stanley saw the tall figure of Uncle Julius, or Lorne, as he called himself, turning the far corner.

There was a long wait here, lest he should return; but he did not appear, and Stanley, though I now believe observed by this strange being, executed his horrible task, replaced the implements, and returned to Rachel, and with her to Rehnau's Farm; where, his cool cunning once more ascendant, he penned those forgeries, closing them with Mark Wylder's seal, which he compelled his sister to execute in effusions of all but that their despatch by post, at the periods pencilled upon them, was essential to her wretched brother's escape. It was the success of this, his first stratagem, which suggested that long series of frauds which, with the aid of Jim Button, selected for his striking points of resemblance to Mark Wylder, had been carried on for so long in a different field.

It was Lake's ungoverned fury, when Larkin discovered the mistake in posting the letters in wrong succession, which so nearly exploded his ingenious system. He wrote in terms which roused Jim Button's wrath. Jim had been spinning theories about the reasons of his mysterious, though very agreeable, occupation, and denounced them broadly in his letter to Larkin. But he had cooled by the time he reached London, and the

letter from Lake, received at his mother's, and appointing the meeting at Brandon, quieted that mutiny.

I never heard that Jim gave any member of the family the least trouble afterward. He handed to Lord Chelford a parcel of those elaborate forgeries, with which Lake had last furnished him, with a pencilled note on each directing the date and town at which it was to be despatched. Years after, when Jim was emigrating, I believe Lord Chelford gave him a handsome present. Lord Chelford was advised by the friend whom he consulted that he need not make those painful particulars public, affecting only a dead man, and leading to no result.

Lake admitted that Rachel had posted the letters in London, believing them to be genuine, for he pretended that they were Wylder's. It is easy to look grave over poor Rachel's slight, and partly unconscious, share in the business of the tragedy. But what girl of energy and strong affections would have had the melancholy courage, to surrender her brother to public justice under the circumstances! Lord Chelford, who knew all, says that she "acted nobly."

"Now, Joseph, being a just man, was minded to put her away privily." The *law* being what! That she was to be publicly stigmatized and punished, his *justice* being what! Simply that he would have her to be neither—but screened and parted with "privily." Let the Pharisees who would have *summum jus* against their neighbours, remember that God regards the tender and compassionate, who forbears, on occasions, to put the law in motion, as the *just* man.

The good Vicar is a great territorial magnate now; but his pleasures and all his ways are still simple. He never would enter Brandon as its master, and never will, during Dorcas Brandon's lifetime. And although with her friend, Rachel Lake, she lives abroad, chiefly in Italy and Switzerland, Brandon Hall, by the command of its proprietor, lies always at her disposal.

I don't know whether Rachel Lake will ever marry. The tragic shadow of her life has not abated Lord Chelford's strong attachment. Neither does the world know or suspect anything of the matter. Old Tamar died

three years since, and lies in the pretty little churchyard of Gylingden. And Mark's death is, by this time, a nearly forgotten mystery.

Jos Larkin's speculations have not turned out luckily. The trustees of Wylder, a minor, tried, as they were advised they must, his title to Five Oaks, by ejectment. A point had been overlooked—as sometimes happens—and Jos Larkin was found to have taken but an estate for the life of Mark Wylder, which terminated at his decease. The point was carried on to the House of Lords, but the decision "of the Court below" was ultimately affirmed.

The flexible and angry Jos Larkin then sought to recoup himself out of the assets of the deceased Captain; but here he failed. In his cleverness—lest the inadequate purchase-money should upset his bargain—he omitted the usual covenant guaranteeing the vendor's title to sell the fee-simple, and recited, moreover, that, grave doubts existing on the point, it was agreed that the sum paid should not exceed twelve years' purchase. Jos then could only go upon the point that it was known to Lake at the period of the sale that Mark Wylder was dead. Unluckily, however, for Jos's case, one of his clever letters, written during the negotiation, turned up and was put in evidence, in which he pressed Captain Lake with the fact that he, the purchaser, was actually in possession of information to the effect that Mark was dead, and that he was, therefore, buying under a liability of having his title litigated, with a doubtful result, the moment he should enter into possession. This shut up the admirable man, who next tried a rather bold measure, directed against the Reverend William Wylder. A bill was filed by Messrs. Burlington & Smith, to compel him to execute a conveyance to their client—on the terms of the agreement. The step was evidently taken on the calculation that he would strike, and offer a handsome compromise; but Lord Chelford was at his elbow—the suit was resisted. Messrs. Burlington & Smith did not care to run the awful risk which Mr. Larkin, behind the scenes, invited them to accept for his sake. There was first a faltering; then a bold renunciation and exposure of Mr.

Buddle's house, sending assistance to us from the town.

It was plain that Stanley Lake's canvass was pretty well over. There was not one of us who looked at him that did not feel convinced that he was mortally hurt. I don't think he believed so himself then; but we could not move him from the place where he lay without inflicting so much pain, that we were obliged to wait for assistance.

"D--- the dogs, what are they barking for?" said Lake, faintly. He seemed distressed by the noise.

"There's a dead body partly disclosed down there—some one murdered and buried; but one of Mr. Juke's young men is keeping them off."

Lake made an effort to raise himself, but with a grin and a suppressed moan he abandoned it.

"Is there no doctor—I'm very much hurt!" said Lake, faintly, after a minute's silence.

We told him that Buddle had been sent for; and that we only awaited help to get him down to Redman's Farm.

When Rachel heard the clang of hoofs and the rattle of the tax-cart driving down the Mill-road, at a pace so unusual, a vague anxiety of evil came over her. She was standing in the porch of her tiny house, and old Tamar was sitting knitting on the bench close by.

"Tamar, they are a-flying down the road, I think—what does it mean?" exclaimed the young lady, scared she could not tell why; and old Tamar stood up, and shaded her eyes with her shrunken hand.

Tom Wealdon peered up at the little wicket. He was pale. He had lost his hat, too, among the thickets, and could not take time to recover it. Altogether he looked wild.

He put his hand to where his hat should have been in token of salutation, and said he—

"I beg pardon, Miss Lake, ma'am, but I'm sorry to say your brother the Captain's badly hurt, and maybe you could have a shake-down in the parlour ready for him by the time I come back with the Doctor, ma'am!"

Rachel, she did not know how, was raised by the wheel of the vehicle by this time.

"Is it Sir Harry Bracton. He's in the town, I know. Is Stanley shot?"

"Not shot; only thrown, Miss, into the Dell, off the road; his horse slid at a dead body that's bin turned up there. You'd better stay where you are, Miss; but if you could send up some water, I think he'd like it, going for the Doctor, ma'am; good by Miss Lake."

And away went Wealdon, wild, pale, and hatless, like a man pursued by robbers.

"Oh! Tamar, he's killed—Stanley's killed—I'm sure he's killed, and all's discovered,"—and Rachel ran wildly up the hill a few steps, but paused and returned as swiftly.

"Thank God, Miss," said old Tamar, lifting up her trembling fingers and white eyes to heaven. "Better dead, Miss, than living on in sin and sorrow; better discovered than hid by daily falsehood and cruelty. Old Tamar's tired of life; she's willing to go, and wishin' for death this many a day. Oh! Master Stanley, my child!"

Rachel went into the parlour and knelt down, with white upturned face and clasped hands. But she could not pray. She could only look her wild supplication;—deliverance—an issue out of the terrors that beset her; and, "oh! poor, miserable lost Stanley!" It was just a look and an inarticulate cry for mercy.

An hour after Captain Stanley Brandon Lake, whose "election address" was figuring that evening in the *Dollington Courier*, and in the *County Chronicle*, lay with his clothes still on, in the little drawing-room of Redman's Farm, his injuries ascertained, his thigh broken near the hip, and his spine fractured. No hope—no possibility of a physical reascension, this time.

Meanwhile, in the Blackberry Dell, Doctor Buddle was assisting at a different sort of inquisition. The two policemen who constituted the civil force of Gylingden, two justices of the peace, the doctor, and a crowd of amateurs, among whom I rank myself, were grouped in the dismal gorge, a little to windward of the dead body, which fate had brought to light, while three men were now employed in cautiously disinterring it.

When the operation was complete, there remained no doubt whatever on my mind, discoloured and disfigured

as were both clothes and body, I was sure that the dead man was no other than Mark Wylder. When the clay with which it was clotted was a little removed, it became indubitable. The great whiskers; the teeth so white and even; and oddly enough, one black lock of hair which he wore twisted in a formal curl flat on his forehead, remained undisturbed in its position, as it was fixed there at his last toilet for Brandon Hall.

In the rude and shallow grave in which he lay, his purse was found, and some loose silver mixed in the mould. The left hand, on which was the ring of "the Persian magician," was bare; the right gloved, with the glove of the other hand clutched firmly in it.

The body was got up in a sheet to a sort of spring cart which awaited it, and so conveyed to the "Silver Lion," in Gylingden, where it was placed in a disused coach-house to await the inquest. There the examination was continued, and his watch—the chain broken—found in his waistcoat pocket. In his coat-pocket were found his cigar-case, his initials stamped on it, for Mark had, in his day, a keen sense of property; his handkerchief, also marked; a pocket-book, with some entries nearly effaced; and a letter unopened, and sealed with Lord Chelford's seal. The writing was nearly washed away, but the letters "twich," or "twich," were still legible near the corner, and it turned out to be a letter to Dulwich, which Mark Wylder had undertaken to put in the Gylingden Post Office, on the last night on which he appeared at Brandon.

The whole town was in a ferment that night. Great debate and conjecture in the reading-room, and even on the benches of the billiard-room. The "Silver Lion" did a great business that night. Mine host might have turned a good round sum only by showing the body, were it not that Edwards, the chief policeman, had the keys of the coach-house. Much to-ing-and-fro-ing there was between the town and Redman's Farm—the respectable inhabitants all sending or going up to inquire how the Captain was doing. At last Doctor Buddle officially interfered. The constant bustle was injurious to his pa-

tient. An hourly bulletin up to twelve o'clock should be in the hall of the Brandon Arms; and Redman's Dell grew quiet once more.

When William Wylder heard the news, he fainted; not altogether through horror or grief, though he felt both; but the change in his circumstances was so amazing and momentous. It was a strange shock—immense relief—immense horror—quite overwhelming.

Mark had done some good-natured things for him in a small five-pound way; he had promised him that loan, too, which would have lifted him out of his slough of despond, and he clung with an affectionate gratitude to these tumperry exhibitions of brotherly love. Besides, he had accustomed himself—the organ of veneration standing prominent on the top of the Vicar's head—to regard Mark in the light of a great practical genius—"natus rebus agendis;" he knew men so thoroughly—he understood the world so marvellously! The Vicar was not in the least surprised when Mark came in for a fortune. He had always predicted that Mark must become *very* rich, and that nothing but indolence could prevent his ultimately becoming a very great man. The sudden and total disappearance of so colossal an object was itself amazing.

There was another person very strongly, though differently, affected by the news. Under pretext of business at Naunton, Jos Larkin had driven off early to Five Oaks, to make inspection of his purchase. He dined like a king in disguise, at the humble little hostelry of Naunton Friars, and returned in the twilight at The Lodge, which he would make the dower-house of Five Oaks, with the Howard shield over the door. He was gracious to his domestics, but the distance was increased—he was nearer to the clouds, and they looked smaller.

"Well, Mrs. Smithers," said he, encouragingly, his long feet on the fender, for the evening was sharp, and Mrs. S. knew that he liked a bit of fire at his tea—"any letters—any calls—any news stirring?"

"No letters, nor calls, sir, please, except the butcher's book. I s'pose, sir, you were viewing the body?"

"What body?"

"Mr. Wylder's, please, sir."

"The Vicar!" exclaimed Mr. Larkin, his smile of condolence suddenly vanishing.

"No, sir; Mr. Mark Wylder, please; the gentleman, sir, as was to lay married Miss Brandon."

"What the devil do you mean, woman?" ejaculated the Attorney, his back to the fire, standing erect, and a black shadow over his amazed and offended countenance.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but his body's bin found, sir."

"You mean Mr. Mark?"

"Yes, please, sir—in a hole near the Mill Road—it's up in the "Silver Lion" now, sir."

"It must be the Vicar's—it *must*," said Jos Larkin, getting his hat on, and thinking how likely he was to throw himself into the mill race, and impossible it was that Mark, whom he and Larcum had both seen alive and well last night—the latter, indeed, *this morning*—could possibly be the man. And thus comforting himself, he met old Major Jackson on the green, and that gentleman's statement ended with the words—"and in an advanced stage of decomposition."

"That settles the matter," said Larkin, breathing again, and with a toss of his head, and almost a smile of disdain; "for I saw Mr. Mark Wylder late last night at Shillingsworth."

Leaving Major Jackson in considerable surprise, Mr. Larkin walked off to Edwards' dwelling, at the top of Church street, and found that active policeman at home. In his cock-brand, official way, Mr. Larkin requested Mr. Edwards to accompany him to the "Silver Lion," when, in the same calm and commanding way, he desired him to attend him to view the corpse. In virtue of his relation to Mark Wylder, and of his position as sole resident legal practitioner, he was obeyed.

The coroner's spectacle occupied him for some minutes. He did not speak while they remained in the room. On coming out there was a black cloud

upon the Attorney's features, and he said, sulkily, to Edwards, who had turned the key in the lock, and now touched his hat as he listened.

"Yes, there is a resemblance, but it is all a mistake. I travelled as far as Shillingsworth last night with Mr. Mark Wylder—he was perfectly well. This can't be he."

But there was a terrible impression on Mr. Jos Larkin's mind that this certainly *was* he, and with a sulkily nod to the policeman, he walked darkly down to the Vicar's house. The Vicar had been sent for to Nampton, to pray with a dying person; and Mr. Larkin, disappointed, left a note to state that in writing, as he had done that morning, in reference to the purchase of the reversion, through Messrs. Burlington & Smith, he had simply written his own surmises as to the probable withdrawal of the intending purchaser, but had received no formal, nor, indeed, *any* authentic information, from either the party or the solicitors referred to, to that effect. That he mentioned this last misapprehension should arise, but not as attaching any importance to the supposed discovery which seemed to imply Mr. Mark Wylder's death. That gentleman, on the contrary, he had seen alive and well at Shillingsworth on the night previous; and he had been seen in conference with Captain Lake at a subsequent hour, at Brandon.

From all this the reader may suppose that Mr. Jos Larkin was not quite in a comfortable state, and he resolved to get the deeds, and go down again to the Vicar's, and persuade him to execute them. He could make William Wylder, of course, do whatever he pleased.

There were a good many drunken fellows about the town, but there was an end of election demonstrations in the Brandon interest. Captain Lake was not going in for that race. He would be on another errand by the time the writ came down.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE MASS FACES.

THERE was a "stop press" that evening in the county paper. "We have just learnt that a body has been disinterred, and it is our intention

very strange circumstances, in the neighbourhood of Gylingskirk; and if the rumours which are about prove well founded, the discovery will set

at rest the speculations which have been busy respecting the whereabouts of a certain gentleman of large property and ancient lineage, who, some time since, mysteriously disappeared, and will, no doubt, throw this county into a state of very unusual excitement. We can state, upon authority, that the coroner will hold his inquest on the body, to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, in the town of Gylngden."

There was also an allusion to Captain Lake's accident—with the expression of a hope that it would "prove but a trifling one," and an assurance "that his canvass would not be prevented by it—although for a few days it might not be a personal one. But his friends might rely on seeing him at the hustings, and hearing him too, when the proper time arrived."

It was quite well known, however, in Gylngden, by this time, that Captain Lake was not to see the hustings—that his spine was smashed—that he was lying on an extemporized bed, still in his clothes, in the little parlour of Redman's Farm—cursing the dead mare in whispers—railing at everybody—yelling whenever they attempted to remove his clothes—hoping that his people would give Bracton a d---- good licking. Bracton's outrage was the cause of the entire thing—and so help him heaven, so soon as he should be on his legs again, he would make him feel it, one way or other.

Buddle thought he was in so highly excited a state, that his brain must have sustained some injury also.

He asked Buddle about ten o'clock (having waked up from a sort of stupor)—"what about Jim Dutton?" and whether there was not some talk about a body they had found, and what it was. So Buddie told him all that was yet known, and he listened very attentively.

"But Larkin has been corresponding with Mark Wylder up to a very late day, and if this body has been so long buried, how the devil can it be he. And if it be as bodies usually are after such a time, how can anybody pretend to identify it? And I happen to know that Mark Wylder is living," he added, suddenly.

The Doctor told him not to tire himself talking, and offered, if he

wished to make a statement before a magistrate, to arrange that one should attend and receive it.

"I rather dislike it, because Mark wants to keep it quiet; but if, on public grounds, it is desirable, I will make it, of course. You'll use your discretion in mentioning the subject."

So the Captain was now prepared to acknowledge the secret meeting of the night before, and to corroborate the testimony of his attorney and his butler.

Stanley Lake had now no idea that his injuries were dangerous. He said he had a bad bruise under his ribs, and a sprained wrist, and was a little bit shaken; and he talked of his electioneering as only suspended for a day or two.

Buddle, however, thought the case so imminent, that on his way to the Brandon Arms, meeting Larkin, going, attended by his clerk, again to the Vicar's house, he stopped him for a moment, and told him what had passed, adding, that Lake was so frightfully injured, that he might begin to sink at any moment, and that by next evening, at all events, he might not be in a condition to make a deposition.

"It is odd enough—very odd," said Larkin. "It was only an hour since, in conversation with our policeman, Edwards, that I mentioned the fact of my having myself travelled from London to Shillingsworth last night with Mr. Mark Wylder, who went on by train in this direction, I presume, to meet our unfortunate friend, Captain Lake, by appointment. Thomas Sleddon, of Wadding Hall—at this moment in the Brandon Arms—is just the man; if you mention it to him, he'll go up with you to Redman's Farm, and take the deposition. Let it be a *deposition*, do you mind; a statement is mere hearsay."

Comforted somewhat, reassured in a certain way, and in strong hopes that, at all events, such a muddle would be established as to bewilder the jury, Mr. Jos Larkin, with still an awful foreboding weighing at his heart, knocked at the Vicar's door, and was shown into the study. A solitary candle being placed, to make things bright and pleasant for the visiter, who did not look so himself, the Vicar, very pale, and appearing to have grown even thinner since he

last saw him, entered, and shook his hand with an anxious attempt at a smile, which faded almost instantly.

"I am so delighted that you have come. I have passed a day of such dreadful agitation. Poor Mark!"

"There is no doubt whatsoever that he is perfectly well. Three different persons—unexceptionable witnesses—can depose to having seen him last night, and he had a long conference with Captain Lake, who is by this time making his deposition. It is with respect to the other little matter—the execution of the deed of conveyance to Messrs. Burlington and Smith's clients. You know my feeling about the note I wrote this morning a little—I will not say incautiously, because with a client of your known character and honour, no idea of the sort can find place—but I will say thoughtlessly. If there be any hanging back, or appearance of it, it may call down unpleasant—indeed, to be quite frank, ruinous—consequences, which, I think, in the interest of your family, you would hardly be justified in invoking upon the mere speculation of your respected brother's death."

There was a sound of voices at the door. "Do come in—pray do," was heard in Dolly's voice. "Won't you excuse me, but pray do. Willie, darling, don't you wish him to come in?"

"Most particularly. *Dobleg* of him, in my name—and I know Mr. Larkin would wish it so much."

And so Lord Chelford, with a look which, at another time, would have been an amused one, quite conscious of the oddity of his introduction, came in and slightly saluted Mr. Larkin, who was for a few seconds pretty obviously confounded, and with a pink flush all over his bald forehead, tried to smile, while his hungry little eyes searched the Viscount with fear and suspicion.

Larkin's tone was now much moderated. Any sort of dealing was good enough for the simple Vicar; but here was the quiet, sagacious peer, who had shown himself, on two remarkable committees, so quick and able a man of business, and the picture of the Vicar's situation, and of the powers and terrors of Messrs. Burlington and Smith, were to be drawn with an exacting hand, and for more delicate colonnade.

Lord Chelford listened so quietly that the tall Attorney felt he was making way with him, and concluded his persuasion by appealing to him for an opinion.

"That is precisely as I said. I knew my friend, Mr. Larkin, would be only too glad of an opinion in this difficulty from you," threw in the Vicar.

The opinion came—very clear, very quiet, very unpleasant—dead against Mr. Larkin's view, and concluding with the remark that he thought there was more in the affair than had yet come to light.

"I don't see exactly how, my lord," said Mr. Larkin, a little loftily, and redder than usual.

"Nor do I, Mr. Larkin, at present; but the sum offered is much too small, and the amount of costs and other drawbacks utterly monstrous, and the result is, after deducting all these claims, including your costs, Mr. Larkin"—

Here Mr. Larkin threw up his chin a little, smiling, and waving his long hand, and saying, "Oh! as to *that*," in a way that plainly expressed, "They are merely put down for form's sake. It is playing at costs. You know Jos Larkin—he never so much as dreamed of looking for them."

"There remain hardly three hundred and fifty pounds applicable to the payment of the Reverend Mr. Wylder's debts—a sum which would have been ample, before this extraordinary negotiation was commenced, to have extricated him from all his pressing difficulties, and which I would have been only too happy at being permitted to advance, and which, and a great deal more, Miss Lake, whose conduct has been more than kind quite noble wished to place in your client's hands."

"*That*," said the Attorney, flushing a little, "I believe to have been technically impossible; and it was accompanied by a proposition which was on other grounds untenable."

"You mean Miss Lake's proposed residence here—an arrangement, it appears to me, every way most desirable."

"I objected to it on, I will say, *moral* grounds, my Lord. It is painful to me to disclose what I know, but that young lady accompanied Mr. Mark Wylder, my Lord, in his

midnight flight from Dollington, and remained in London, under, I presume, his protection for some time."

"That statement, sir, is, I happen to *know*, utterly contrary to fact. The young lady you mention never even saw Mr. Mark Wylder, since she took leave of him in the drawing-room at Brandon; and I state this not in vindication of her, but to lend weight to the caution I give you against ever again presuming to connect her name with your surmises."

The Peer's countenance was so inexpressibly stern, and his eyes poured such a stream of fire upon the Attorney, that he shrank a little, and looked down upon his great fingers which were drumming, let us hope, some sacred music upon the table."

"I am truly rejoiced, my Lord, to hear you say so. Except to the young party herself, and in this presence, I have never mentioned it; and I can show you the evidence on which my conclusions rested."

"Thank you—no sir; my evidence is conclusive."

I don't know what Mr. Larkin would have thought of it; it was simply Rachel's letter to her friend Dolly Wylder on the subject of the Attorney's conference with her at Redman's Farm. It was a frank and passionate denial of a slander, itself breathing indefinably, but irresistibly, the spirit of truth.

"Then am I to understand, in conclusion," said the Attorney, "that, defying all consequences, the Rev. Mr. Wylder refuses to execute the deed of sale?"

"Certainly," said Lord Chelford, taking this reply upon himself.

"You know, my dear Mr. Wylder, I told you from the first that Messrs. Burlington and Smith were, in fact, a very sharp house; and I fear they will execute any powers they possess in the most summary manner." The Attorney's eye was upon the Vicar as he spoke, but Lord Chelford answered.

"The powers you speak of are quite without parallel in a negotiation to purchase; and in the event of their hazarding such a measure, the Rev. Mr. Wylder will apply to a court of equity to arrest their proceedings. My own solicitor is retained in the case."

Mr. Larkin's countenance darkened and lengthened visibly, and his eyes as-

sumed their most unpleasant expression, and there was a little pause, during which, forgetting his lofty ways, he bit his thumb-nail rather viciously.

"Then I am to understand, my Lord, that I am superseded in the management of this case?" said the Attorney at last, in a measured way, which seemed to say, "you had better think twice on this point."

"Certainly, Mr. Larkin," said the Viscount.

"I'm not the least surprised, knowing, I am sorry to say, a good deal of the ways of the world, and expecting very little gratitude, for either good will or services." This was accompanied with a melancholy sneer directed full upon the poor Vicar, who did not half understand the situation, and looked rather guilty and frightened. "The Rev. Mr. Wylder very well knows with what reluctance I touched the case—a nasty case; and I must be permitted to add, that I am very happy to be quite rid of it, and only regret the manner in which my wish has been anticipated, a discourtesy which I attribute, however, to female influence."

The concluding sentence was spoken with a vile sneer and a measured emphasis directed at Lord Chelford, who coloured with a sudden access of indignation, and stood stern and menacing, as the Attorney, with a general bow to the company, and a lofty *non-halance*, made his exit from the apartment.

Captain Lake was sinking very fast next morning. He made a statement to Chelford, who was a magistrate for the county, I suppose to assist the coroner's inquest. He said that on the night of Mark Wylder's last visit to Brandon, he had accompanied him from the Hall; that Mark had seen some one in the neighbourhood of Gylingden, a person pretending to be his wife, or some near relative of hers, as well as he, Captain Lake, could understand, and was resolved to go to London privately, and have the matter arranged there. He waited near the White House, while he, Stanley Lake, went to Gylingden, and got his tax-cart at his desire. Could give particulars as to that. Captain Lake overtook him, and he got in and was driven to Dollington, where he took the up-train. That some weeks afterwards he saw him

at Brighton; and the night before last, by appointment, in the grounds of Brandon; and that he understood Larkin had some lights to throw upon the same subject.

The jury were not sworn until two o'clock. The circumstances of the discovery of the body were soon established. But the question which next arose was very perplexed—was the body that of Mr. Mark Wylder? There could be no doubt as to a general resemblance; but, though marvellously preserved in its then state, nothing like certainty was attainable. But there was a perfectly satisfactory identification of the dress and properties of the corpse as those of Mr. Mark Wylder. On the other hand there was the testimony of Lord Chelford, who put Captain Lake's deposition in evidence, as also the testimony of Larkin, and the equally precise evidence of Larcom, the butler.

The proceedings had reached this point when an occurrence took place which startled Lord Chelford, Larkin, Larcom, and every one in the room who was familiar with Mark Wylder's appearance.

A man pushed his way to the front of the crowd, and for a moment it seemed that Mark Wylder stood living before them.

"Who are you?" said Lord Chelford.

"Jim Dutton, sir; I come to reason of what I read in the *Chronicle* over night, about Mr. Mark Wylder being found."

"Do you know anything of him?" asked the Coroner.

"Nout," answered the man, bluffly, "only I writ to Mr. Larkin, there, as I wanted to see him. I remember him well when I was a boy. I seed him in the train from Lannon t'other night; and he seed me on the Shillingworth platform, and I think he took me for some one else. I was comin' down to see the Captain at Brandon—and seed him the same night."

"Why have you come here?" asked the Coroner.

"Thinkin' I might be mistook," answered the man. "I was twice here in England, and three times abroad."

"For whom?"

"Mr. Mark Wylder," answered he. "It is a wonderful likeness," said Lord Chelford.

Larkin stared at him with his worst expression; and Larcom, I think, thought he was the devil.

I was as much surprised as any for a few seconds. But there were points of difference—Jim Dutton was a taller and every way a larger man than Mark Wylder. His face, too, was broader and coarser, but in features and limbs the relative proportions were wonderfully preserved. It was such an exaggerated portrait as a rustic genius might have executed upon a sign-board. He had the same black, curly hair, and thick, black whiskers; and the style of his dress being the same, helped the illusion. In fact, it was a rough, but powerful likeness—startling at the moment—unexceptionable at a little distance—but which failed on a nearer and exacter examination. There was, beside a scar which, however, was not a very glaring inconsistency, although it was plainly of a much older standing than the date of Mark's disappearance.

All that could be got from Jim Dutton was that he thought he might be mistook, and so attended. But respecting Mr. Mark Wylder he could say "nout." He knew "nout."

Lord Chelford was called away at this moment by an urgent note. It was to request his immediate attendance at Redman's Farm, to see Captain Lake, who was in a most alarming state. The hand was Dorcas's; and Lord Chelford jumped into the little pony carriage which awaited him at the door of the Silver Lion.

When he reached Redman's Farm Captain Lake could not exert himself sufficiently to speak for nearly half-an-hour. At the end of that time he was admitted into the tiny drawing-room in which the Captain lay. He was speaking with difficulty.

"Did you see Buddie, just now?"

"No, not since morning."

"He seems to have changed—bad opinion—unless he has a *lure* object—those d—d doctors—never can know. Dorcas thinks—I'll do no good. Don't you think—he may have an object—and not believe I'm in much danger? You don't?"

Lake's hand, with which he held Chelford's, was trembling.

"You must reflect, my dear Lake, how very severe are the injuries you

have sustained. You certainly *are* in danger—*great* danger.”

Lake became agitated, and with a cold moisture on his forehead, uttered some words, not often on his lips, that sounded like wild words of supplication. Not that seaworthy prayer which floats the spirit through the storm, but fragments of its wreck rolled up from the depths and flung idly on the howling shore.

“I’d like to see Rachel,” at last he said, holding Chelford’s hand in both his, very hard. “She’s clever—and I don’t think she gives me up yet, no—a drink!—and they think I’m more hurt than I really am—Buddle, you know—only an apothecary—village;” and he groaned.

His old friend, the Surgeon, summoned by the telegraph, was now gliding from London along the rails, for Dollington station; but another—a pale courier—on the sightless couriers of the air, was speeding with a different message to Captain Stanley Lake, in the small and sombre tenement in Redman’s Dell.

I had promised Chelford to run up to Redman’s Farm, and let him know if the jury arrived at a verdict during his absence. They did so; finding that the body was that of Marcus Wylder, Esquire, and “that he had come by his death in consequence of two wounds, inflicted with a sharp instrument, in the region of the heart by some person or persons unknown, at a period of four weeks since or more.”

Chelford was engaged in the sick room, as I understood, in conference with the patient. It was well to have heard, without procrastination, what he had to say; for, next morning, at a little past four o’clock, he died.

A nurse who had been called in from the county infirmary, said he made a very happy ending. He muttered to himself, in his drowsy state, as she was quite sure, in prayer; and he made a very pretty corpse when he was laid out, and his golden hair

looked so nice, and he was all so slim and shapely.

Rachel and Dorcas were sitting in the room with him—not expecting the catastrophe then. Both tired; both silent; the nurse dozing a little in her chair, near the bed’s head; and Lake said, in his clear, low tone, on a sudden, just as he spoke when perfectly well—

“Quite a mistake, upon my honour.”

As a clear-voiced sentence sometimes speaks out in sleep, followed by silence, so no more was heard after this—no more for ever. The nurse was the first to perceive “the change.”

“There’s a change, ma’am,”—and there was a pause. “I’m afraid, ma’am, he’s gone,” said the nurse.

Both ladies, in an instant, were at the bed-side, looking at the peaked and discoloured countenance which was all they were ever again to see of Stanley; the yellow eyes open, the mouth agape.

Rachel’s agony broke forth in a loud, wild cry. All was forgotten and forgiven in that one moment.

“Oh! Stanley, Stanley!—brother, brother, oh, brother!”

There was the unchanged face, gaping its awful farewell of earth. All over!—never to stir more.

“Is he dead?” said Dorcas, with the peculiar sternness of agony.

There could be no doubt. It was a sight too familiar to deceive her.

And Dorcas closed those strange, wild eyes that had so fatally fascinated her, and then she trembled, without speaking or shedding a tear. Her looks alarmed the nurse, who, with Rachel’s help, persuaded her to leave the room. And then came one of those wild scenes which close such tragedies—paroxysms of despair and frantic love, over that worthless young man who lay dead below stairs; such as strike us sometimes with a desolate scepticism, and make us fancy that all affection is illusion, and perishable, with the deceits and vanities of earth.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

WE TAKE LEAVE OF OUR FRIENDS.

THE story which, in his last interview with Lord Chelford, Stanley Lake had related, was, probably, as near the truth as he was capable of telling.

On the night when Mark Wylder had left Brandon in his company, they had some angry talk; Lake’s object being to induce Mark to abandon his

engagement with Dorcas Brandon. He told Stanley that he would not give up Dorcas, but that he, Lake, must fight him, and go to Boulogne for the purpose, and they should arrange matters so that one or other *must* fall. Lake laughed quietly at the proposition, and Mark retorted by telling him he would so insult him, if he declined, as to compel a meeting. When they reached that lonely path near the flight of stone steps, Stanley distinctly threatened his companion with a disclosure of the scandalous incident in the card-room of the club, which he afterwards related, substantially, as it had happened, to Jos Larkin. When he took this decisive step, Lake's nerves were strung, I dare say, to a high pitch of excitement. Mark Wylder, he knew, carried pistols, and, all things considered, he thought it just possible he might use them. He did not, but he struck Lake with the back of his hand in the face, and Lake, who walked by his side, with his fingers on the handle of a dagger in his coat pocket, instantly retorted with a stab, which he repeated as Mark fell.

He solemnly averred that he never meant to have used the dagger, except to defend his life. That he struck in a state of utter confusion, and when he saw Mark dead, with his feet on the path, and his head lying over the edge, he would have given a limb almost to bring him back. The terror of discovery and ruin instantly supervened.

He propped the body against the bank, and tried to stanch the bleeding. But there could be no doubt that he was actually dead. He got the dead man easily down the nearly precipitous declivity. Lake was naturally by no means wanting in resource, and a certain sort of coolness, which supervened when the momentary distraction was over.

He knew it would not do to leave the body so, among the rocks and brambles. He recollected that only fifty yards back they had passed a spade and pick, laid, with some other tools, by the side of the path, near that bit of old wall which was being removed. Like a man doing things in a dream, without thought or trouble, only waiting and listening for a moment before he disturbed them,

he took away the implements which he required; and when about to descend, a sort of panic and insupportable disgust seized him; and in a state of supernatural dismay, he felt for a while disposed to kill himself. In that state it was he reached Redman's Farm, and his interview with Rachel occurred. It was the accidental disclosure of the blood, in which his shirt sleeve was soaked, that first opened Rachel's eyes to the frightful truth.

After her first shock, all her terrors were concentrated on the one point—Stanley's imminent danger. He must be saved. She made him return; she even accompanied him as far as the top of the rude flight of steps. I have mentioned so often, and there awaited his return—the condition imposed by his cowardice—and made more dreadful by the circumstance that they had heard retreating footsteps along the walk, and Stanley saw the tall figure of Uncle Julius, or Leamy, as he called himself, turning the far corner.

There was a long wait here, lest he should return; but he did not appear, and Stanley—though I now believe observed by this strange being—executed his horrible task, replaced the implements, and returned to Rachel, and with her to Redman's Farm; where—his cool cunning once more ascendant—he punned those forgeries, closing them with Mark Wylder's seal, which he compelled his sister—quite unconscious of all but that their despatch by post, at the periods punctuated upon them, was essential to her wretched brother's escape. It was the success of this, his first stratagem, which suggested that long series of frauds which, with the aid of Jim Dutton, selected for his striking points of resemblance to Mark Wylder, had been carried on for so long in a different field.

It was Lake's ungoverned fury, when Larkin discovered the mistake in posting the letters in wrong succession, which so nearly exploded his ingenious system. He wrote in terms which roused Jim Dutton's wrath. Jim had been spinning theories about the reasons of his mysterious, though very agreeable occupation, and denounced them broadly in his letter to Larkin. But he had cooled by the time he reached London, and the

letter from Lake, received at his mother's, and appointing the meeting at Brandon, quieted that mutiny.

I never heard that Jim gave any member of the family the least trouble afterward. He handed to Lord Chelford a parcel of those elaborate forgeries, with which Lake had last furnished him, with a pencilled note on each directing the date and town at which it was to be despatched. Years after, when Jim was emigrating, I believe Lord Chelford gave him a handsome present. Lord Chelford was advised by the friend whom he consulted that he need not make those painful particulars public, affecting only a dead man, and leading to no result.

Lake admitted that Rachel had posted the letters in London, believing them to be genuine, for he pretended that they were Wylder's. It is easy to look grave over poor Rachel's slight, and partly unconscious, share in the business of the tragedy. But what girl of energy and strong affections would have had the melancholy courage, to surrender her brother to public justice under the circumstances? Lord Chelford, who knew all, says that she "acted nobly."

"Now, Joseph, being a just man, was minded to put her away privily." The *law* being what? That she was to be publicly stigmatized and punished. His *justice* being what? Simply that he would have her to be neither—but screened and parted with "privily." Let the Pharisees who would have *summunus* against their neighbours, remember that God regards the tender and compassionate, who forbears, on occasions, to put the law in motion, as the *just* man.

The good Vicar is a great territorial magnate now; but his pleasures and all his ways are still simple. He never would enter Brandon as its master, and never will, during Dorcas Brandon's lifetime. And although with her friend, Rachel Lake, she lives abroad, chiefly in Italy and Switzerland, Brandon Hall, by the command of its proprietor, lies always at her disposal.

I don't know whether Rachel Lake will ever marry. The tragic shadow of her life has not abated Lord Chelford's strong attachment. Neither does the world know or suspect anything of the matter. Old Tamar died

three years since, and lies in the pretty little churchyard of Gylingden. And Mark's death is, by this time, a nearly forgotten mystery.

Jos Larkin's speculations have not turned out luckily. The trustees of Wylder, a minor, tried, as they were advised they must, his title to Five Oaks, by ejectment. A point had been overlooked—as sometimes happens—and Jos Larkin was found to have taken but an estate for the life of Mark Wylder, which terminated at his decease. The point was carried on to the House of Lords, but the decision "of the Court below" was ultimately affirmed.

The flexible and angry Jos Larkin then sought to recoup himself out of the assets of the deceased Captain; but here he failed. In his cleverness—lest the inadequate purchase-money should upset his bargain—he omitted the usual covenant guaranteeing the vendor's title to sell the fee-simple, and recited, moreover, that, grave doubts existing on the point, it was agreed that the sum paid should not exceed twelve years' purchase. Jos then could only go upon the point that it was known to Lake at the period of the sale that Mark Wylder was dead. Unluckily, however, for Jos's case, one of his clever letters, written during the negotiation, turned up and was put in evidence, in which he pressed Captain Lake with the fact that he, the purchaser, was actually in possession of information to the effect that Mark was dead, and that he was, therefore, buying under a liability of having his title litigated, with a doubtful result, the moment he should enter into possession. This shut up the admirable man, who next tried a rather bold measure, directed against the Reverend William Wylder. A bill was filed by Messrs. Burlington & Smith, to compel him to execute a conveyance to their client—on the terms of the agreement. The step was evidently taken on the calculation that he would strike, and offer a handsome compromise; but Lord Chelford was at his elbow—the suit was resisted. Messrs. Burlington & Smith did not care to run the awful risk which Mr. Larkin, behind the scenes, invited them to accept for his sake. There was first a faltering; then a bold renunciation and exposure of Mr.

Jos Larkin by the firm, who, though rather lamely, exonerated themselves as having been quite taken in by the Gylingden attorney.

Mr. Jos Larkin had a holy reliance upon his religious reputation, which had always stood him in stead. But a worldly judge will sometimes disappoint the expectations of the Christian; and the language of the court, in commenting upon Mr. Jos Larkin, was, I am sorry to say, in the highest degree offensive—"flagitious," "fraudulent," and kindred epithets, were launched against that tall, bald head, with a profusion that darkened the air and obliterated the halo that usually encircled it. He was dismissed, in a storm, with costs. He vanished from court, like an evil spirit, into the torture-chamber of taxation.

The whole structure of rapine and duplicity had fallen through with a dismal crash. Shrewd fellows wondered, as they always do when a rash game breaks down, at the infatuation of the performer. But the cup of his tribulation was not yet quite full. Jos Larkin's name was ultimately struck from the roll of solicitors and attorneys, and there were minute and merciless essays in the papers, surrounding his disgrace with a dreadful glare. People say he has not enough left to get on with. He had lodgings somewhere near Richmond, as Howard Larkin, Esq., and is still a religious character. I am told that he shifts his place of residence about once in six months, and that he has never paid one shilling of rent for any, and has sometimes positively received money for vacating his abode.

So substantially valuable is a thorough acquaintance with the capabilities of the law.

I saw honest Tom Wealdon about a fortnight ago—grown stouter and somewhat more phlegmatic by time, but still the same in good nature and inquisitiveness. From him I learned that Jos Larkin is likely to figure once more in the courts about some very ugly defalcations in the cash of the Pennington Mining Company, and that this time the persecutions of that eminent Christian are likely to take a different turn, and, as Tom said, with a gloomy shrewdness, to end in "ten years penal!"

One summer I was, for a few days, in the wondrous city of Venice. Everyone knows something of the enchantment of the Italian moon, the expense of dark and flashing blue, and the phantasmal city rising like a beautiful spirit from the waters. Gliding near the Lido—where so many rings of Doges lie lost beneath the waves—I heard the pleasant sound of female voices upon the water—and then, with a sudden glory, rose a sad, wild hymn, like the musical wail of the forsaken sea:

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord."

The song ceased. The gondola which bore the musicians floated by—a slender hand over the gunwale trailed its fingers in the water. Unseen, I saw, Rachel and Doreas, beautiful in the sad moonlight, passed so near we could have spoken—passed me like spirits—never more, it may be, to cross my sight in life.

THE END.

THE COURT OF FREDERIC WILLIAM.

II. THIRD EXCURSION IN THE GRAND TOUR.

WE rejoin our English tourists, who, having now seen a good deal of bourgeois life, with its mingled stinginess and profusion, and its unceasing industry, wished to vary their Continental experience a little, and selected, as their next sojourn, Berlin, the residence of Frederic William, son of the first King of Prussia, and brother-in-law of our second George.

The besetting ideas of a traveller in North Germany, now or centuries since, would be that the soil is very light and sandy, and that there is no scarcity of fir trees. Berlin, the capital of Prussia, ruled by Frederic William, was at that time considered one of the largest and best built cities of Germany. The nearer the travellers approached it, the more plentiful appeared the sand; yet they found the environs well cultivated, and rich in fruit and garden stuff. As far as uniformity and size of buildings were concerned, the city was much improved by the successor of Frederic William, but many of the public edifices soon acquired a melancholy appearance by the discoloration and partial falling off of the Roman cement casing the brick. The houses in the suburbs were mostly constructed of wood, painted so as to represent stone. In the suburb of Spandau, was the Queen's favourite retreat, *Mon Bijou*, and a veritable bijou of architecture and landscape-gardening it was. *Mon Bijou* was constructed by the Countess de Warttemberg, wife to the late King's Prime Minister. She and her husband were exiled before she had enjoyed her little paradise long; and she sorrowfully gave it up to the King in consideration of a pension settled on them. Our travellers had heard enough of her dissolute life and sorrowful death while, at the commencement of this tour, they abode at the Hague, where her latter years were spent.*

This lady had experienced the pleasures, and trials, and troubles of different conditions of life. The daugh-

ter of a bargeman at Emmeric, in the duchy of Cleves, and acting, probably, as barmaid in her father's tavern, she had secured the heart and hand of Bidekau, valet to Frederic I., on occasion of a royal visit to the neighbouring court. On coming to Berlin, with her husband, she contrived to win the affection of Baron Kolbe, successor and, in some degree, supplanter of Dankelman, of whom we shall presently speak. She returned his affection so warmly that the poor valet departed with a sad sort of resignation, when grim death, shortly after, sent for him. As soon as it could be done, marriage was solemnized between Kolbe and the fascinating widow, the King himself honouring the nuptials with his presence. Whether she intended to make a conquest of Frederic himself or not, he certainly paid her much attention, created her husband, in time, Count of Warttemberg, and made way for the Countess among the ladies of the Court. Here she indulged in the wildest expenses, and managed, at last, to cause herself and husband to be banished. Frederic having got rid of the Count and Countess, handed over the *Bijou* to his daughter-in-law, the present Queen of Prussia (sister to our second George), and there she occasionally sulked, during the thousand and one storms that failed to clear the domestic atmosphere in which she lived with her children and her lord, the king of grenadiers.

During this our pleasant tour, we have not inflicted, nor do we mean to inflict, minute descriptions of buildings, but we cannot omit mention of a few. In the Fish-market stood the Hotel Dorffling, occupied by the Count Fink. The founder of this family was a journeyman tailor, who, coming from Tangermunde to Berlin, had not so much money as would pay his fare in the ferry-boat across the Elbe. Charon and his helper declining to give him passage without the traditional oboli, he flung his knap-

* See our first paper.

sack into the river, returned to Tangermünde, and enlisted. The grandfather of the King, Frederic William the Elector, had his attention called to the young tailor by many deeds of daring and military genius, and advanced him to a high position in the army. He kept apart from all cabals, and distinguished himself by his probity and modest demeanour. Hearing that some one had said of him, that even if he were field-marshal, his air would betray the tailor, "True," said he, "I once knew the use of a scissors, and cut cloth in my time, but I have also learned to handle another bit of steel" (tapping his sword-hilt), "and will take the liberty of cutting the ears of the first man that ventures to slander me."

It has been mentioned that Kolbe supplanted Dankelman in his high situation, yet, to all appearance, no one could have a securer seat than that statesman who was Frederic's chief agent in his successful efforts to change his Electorate into a Kingdom. He was prompted to aspire to this dignity by resentment against the Stadtholder of Holland when he became William III. of England; for, in a conference at the Hague, this sovereign would not allow him the honour of an arm chair in his presence. Having attained the dignity of being called King, instead of Duke of Prussia, he showered favours on Dankelman, who amused his leisure by building the hotel now used for the reception of ambassadors.

Among the weird stories attached to these old German courts, one was told of this minister and his master. The King, while on a visit to his favourite city, praised a certain picture in the apartment enthusiastically. "It will soon be in your Majesty's possession," said he. "I shall incur your displeasure, being imprisoned for ten years, and then executed." The King took a New Testament off the table, and was going to swear that he would never treat him so, but Dankelman stayed his hand. The story goes that he was imprisoned for a longer period than ten years, and that when he was released by Frederic William, and his old office tendered to him, he would not accept of it. This minister bore a high character for patriotism and encouragement of learning.

The reader shall be spared the splendid ceremonies that attended the coronation of this first King of Prussia, as we only intend to mention a trivial anecdote connected with it. The learned Queen, the patroness and correspondent of Leibnitz, was rather addicted to snuff-taking, and felt herself much incommoded by the length of the pageant. She sat opposite the King, and hoping that he might not turn his eyes towards her for a few seconds, she rashly took box in hand, opened it, introduced finger and thumb, and was on the point of relieving the yearning of her nose, when she caught the now royal eye inspecting her manœuvres with much displeasure. He resented the indecorum so much, that he sent one of his gentlemen with instructions to ask her Majesty whether she remembered the place where she was, and the rank she held there! Frederic's second wife was a strict Lutheran. After her accession to the throne she effected such an alteration, that the palace resembled a religious house, where a perpetual retreat was being held. The King was a Calvinist, and devout in his way, but this he considered too much of a good thing, and by a little vigorous use of his authority, he thinned her ghostly counsellors till only Boost, her confessor, was left. Even he was exhorted not to be extra solicitous for the salvation of his royal mistress. The ensuing specimen of comfort in royal house-keeping is furnished by Baron Pollnitz, already mentioned. He held office about court, and whatever his faults, indifference to religion could not be reckoned among them. He changed his religious profession three times in the course of his life.

"I remember that one day as she was talking about religion to the King, she told him that she was very much grieved to find him a *Gottlos*, and, by that means, out of the road of salvation. The King, who some time amazed at the compliment, said to her, 'What! do you think then that I shall be damned? And what will you say when you speak of me after death? for you could not say *der selige König*' (the blessed or saved King). The Queen was a little puzzled how to reply, but after a few moments' reflection she said, 'I will say *der liebe verstarbene König*' (the dear defunct King). This answer made the King very uneasy."

But all these were things of yesterday, when our Englishmen were on their travels. Frederic I. was in his tomb; and his ministers, whom we have mentioned, and the Countess of Wartemberg, after her sinful life—each lay in the narrow bed. Frederic William, husband of Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, and father of Frederic the Great, ruled Prussia, drilled his giant guards, doated on his wife, gave her foul language at times, preached to his family, and occasionally swore at and beat them, kept them on very meagre diet, lived on the worst terms with his son and daughter, and was occasionally led aside by temptation. It was the darling wish of himself and his Queen to wed his daughter, Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, to her first-cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Prince of Wales, and father of our third George. The Queen persevered in this wish, but the King, owing to the influence of favourites, and the uncertain and tedious proceedings at the Court of England, took a dislike to the notion at last, and there was nothing within the royal houses at Berlin or Potsdam which might, even using poetic licence, have been called domestic comfort.

Here are points in the character of the King, as sketched by his daughter, who, after treaties of marriage entered upon with the English Prince, Charles XII. of Sweden, and Augustus, King of Poland, became the wife of the Margrave of Bareith:—"Genius elevated, much judgment and application, marked military talents, temper lively and hot, strict justice, little clemency, parsimony in personal and domestic matters, great liberality to favourites, devotion inclining to bigotry, hatred of pomp and luxury, suspicion, jealousy, and dissimulation." She forgot to arrange these qualities in a tabular form, with the per cent.-value attached to each. She added this characteristic trait:—"He was passionately fond of his royal spouse, yet he could not help using her ill, and allowing her no share whatever in public affairs. He apologized for his conduct by saying that it was necessary to keep women under proper subjection, else they would rule their husbands."

It was not a difficult thing for the English youth and sage to gain ad-

mission to the audiences given by the Queen, always on the look-out for news from England. Sir—Hotham, resident ambassador, was a much greater favourite with the Queen than the King, as Frederick William was more intent on bestowing his daughter's hand on the Margrave of Schwedt or one of the royal suitors already mentioned, than on the English prince. Such was his dislike to the English connexion, that on one occasion when the Ambassador presented him with some proofs of the treachery of his favourites, Grumkau and Seckendorff, he threw them in his face, and even half executed a kick intended for the inviolable person of England's representative. However, reflection suspended the royal boot in air, and he abruptly retired. It was well he did so, as the sturdy Briton would otherwise have knocked him down. He at once withdrew from the palace, and only for the pressing instances of the other ambassadors, entreated for their good offices by the repentant monarch, he would have left the country.

The character and personal appearance of the Queen, as given by her daughter, may be here appropriately introduced:—

"The Queen never was handsome. Her features are strongly marked, and none of them fine. Her complexion is pale, her hair a dark brown, her shape has been one of the handsomest in the world. Her noble and majestic gait inspires all who behold her with respect. A perfect acquaintance with the world, and a brilliant understanding, seem to promise more solidity than she is possessed of. Her heart is benevolent, generous, and kind; she cherishes the arts and sciences, without having ever devoted much time to the study of them. No one is without faults; the Queen has hers. All the pride and haughtiness of the House of Hanover are concentrated in her person. Her ambition is unbounded; she is excessively jealous, of a suspicious and vindictive temper, and never forgives those by whom she fancies she has been offended."

This, as well as the character of her husband, would be improved by a graduated scale.

It was not to be wondered at that suspicion should have entered deeply into the King's naturally suspicious nature after the imposture practised on him by John Michael von Kleement, a Hungarian, said by some to have been an illegitimate son of the

King of Denmark, and by others, of the notorious Philip, Duke of Orleans. Taking service under Prince Racozi, of Transylvania, he assisted at that dignitary's combats with the Emperor of Austria till 1711. It is supposed that he visited Berlin several times, for the purpose of enlisting the sympathies of the Prussian Court in favour of the restless Hungarian chief; but it is certain that he attended the Congress of Utrecht, in 1713, as a person in his confidence.

In 1715, he carried off important papers, presented himself at Vienna, did his former chief all the mischief he could, embraced the Roman Catholic religion in appearance, was well rewarded for his treachery, and provided with an office, under Prince Eugene. It is not clear whether he afterwards resigned his charge, or was dismissed; but in 1718, a year after his departure from Vienna, we find him in Dresden, under the name of Kleberg, and in the confidence of Count Flemming, Prime Minister. A marriage between the Electoral Crown Prince and an Austrian Archduchess being in contemplation at the time, Flemming was delighted to find one who could give him so much particular information about Viennese affairs. Kleement, improving the position, engaged to get information still more valuable from a resident at the Court. Money rained into his hands for this correspondence, all of which was supplied by his own pen.

He kept Flemming blindfold a long time, and at last was appointed on an embassy to Vienna. This not suiting his own ideas of what was advantageous, he pretended to have received instructions from Prince Eugene to proceed to Holland. On his route he would, of course, have great pleasure in forwarding his patron's views at Berlin.

Things were a little uncomfortable at the time between the two powers. Dresden was ready to confer the bishopric of Naumburg on a Roman Catholic dignitary, and Berlin most eager to prevent that step. Then the rumour was abroad that Prussia, Sweden, and Russia, had made a secret treaty to do something not agreeable to Saxony, and Kleement would get a sight of this parchment, had he to peep through a stone wall. It is probable that in those parting

interviews Flemming spoke in harsh terms of the three suspected powers, and even hinted at the facility of waylaying Frederic William, carrying him off by force, and feasting him in Dresden for a time.

In Berlin, Kleement secured a certain George Henry Lehmann, Weimar resident at this city, and in his land-writing communicated all desirable news to Flemming. This Minister soon after proceeding to Vienna, effected an alliance between Austria, Hanover, and Saxony, and had an opportunity of finding out how he had been deceived by Kleement. He said nothing in public on the subject, merely mentioning to Prince Eugene that it would not be pleasant to acknowledge how cleverly he had been deceived.

Meanwhile Kleement had obtained an interview with Frederic William, and revealed a plot concocted, as he said, by the Cabinets of Saxony and Austria, by virtue of which his sacred person was to be seized on, and conveyed to Dresden, and his son—the future hero of the seven years war—converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and invested with the royal robe. In support of his assertion he produced letters admirably prepared by himself, from Count Flemming and Prince Eugene, from which it was easy to be gathered that Frederic William was surrounded by a treacherous circle of courtiers, ready to connive at his being seized by twelve horsemen, and carried away. "He (Kleement) was solely induced to reveal this State villainy by abstract love of fairness, and a desire to find protection at a Court where he could comfortably renounce Popery, and lead an evangelical life."

The immediate result of this conference was that the King's naturally bad and suspicious temper was sorely aggravated, and his ready innocent and faithful adherents treated with coolness and distrust. He slept with loaded pistols under his head, and at Potsdam would not venture to enjoy the shade of a pipe in the company of any but fat headed citizens. Considerable sums passed through his not very liberal hands into those of his guardian informer, who in some short time proceeded to Amsterdam, on a fictitious order from Prince Eugene.

In his absence Prince Leopold of

Anhalt, being resolved to arrive at the King's motives for treating his faithful friends in such a cold and distrustful manner, followed him into his private apartments. Frederic, somewhat alarmed, drew his sword; but the honest prince threw away his own, and casting himself on his knees, implored his sovereign to tell him the cause of his estrangement from his devoted friends. The King was somewhat affected, and made a clean breast of it. Anhalt expressed his firm conviction of the innocence of Dresden and Vienna, and the result was a summons to Kleement to return to Berlin. He did return, and persisted in denouncing different influential people about the Court, and among the rest, General Grumkau, Privy Councillor von Krause, Prince Leopold, and President Dankelman. His deportment was so noble, and his mood so calm, that he imposed again on the king, who suffered him to set out for the Hague, to secure the letters of Prince Eugene, and produce them in proof of his truth.

He had by this time reaped a rich harvest by his treachery, and might readily have kept clear of the Prussian dominions again. He probably calculated on the great influence he had acquired over the royal mind through his own high personal qualifications and the king's constitutional defects, and did not hesitate to return. However, circumstances were too clearly against him. The Courts of Vienna and Dresden easily established their innocence, and the unhappy plotter, being threatened with the rack, made a full confession.

He seems to have felt sincere compunction for his own misdeeds, and the punishment to which Lehmann, his Berlin associate, was brought through his means. His sentence doomed him to be drawn on a knacker's cart to the place of execution, to be twice pinched in the arm with red-hot pincers, and then to be executed by a rope. The Courts of Dresden and Vienna concurred in the justice of the doom.

The King was enraged and disappointed at the duplicity of the man, and vexed at the loss of the services which abilities so high might have rendered him. The whole thing had a bad effect on his mind; it strength-

ened his mistrust of his son, and led to much domestic misery.

Frederick William ought to have been more on his guard against foreign adventurers. He had seen his father, Frederic I., victimized to some extent by Count Ruggiero, an alchemist who made his first appearance in Berlin in 1705, after giving the grand folk of Madrid, of Brussels, of Munich, and of Vienna a disagreeable taste of his quality. He professed the art of preparing a red tincture, which, dropped into quicksilver or any of the inferior metals while in a fluid state, would convert them into gold, also a white tincture which by the same easy process produced silver. It has been left on record by several persons who witnessed his experiments, that he really converted small quantities of quicksilver into the two precious metals by means of his tinctures of two colours. Twice or thrice, however, just before he was to repeat the experiment on a large scale, he was reported missing. Still he managed to extract from Frederic's treasury 16,000 thalers, though the Crown Prince looked on him from the beginning with a suspicion which never troubled him in his future dealings with Kleement. To account for his ability to produce gold and silver in small quantities, and his want of success on a large scale, some have adopted the theory of the superior alchemists of the middle ages having mastered the secret, and distributed the tincture pretty extensively among their pupils and more ignorant fellow sages, while jealously guarding the secret of manufacturing it. In this view of the matter Ruggiero, or more properly, Manuel Castano, might have procured a trifling quantity of the tinctures, which though available for experimenting in a small way, would be insufficient to render a change in a hundred or two hundred pounds' weight of inferior metal.

After the third or fourth flight he was delivered up to the Prussian king by the people of Frankfort on the Maine. Though an alien by birth, he had rendered himself obnoxious to punishment by having accepted some honorary title at the king's hands. On being secured, he got one more chance for his life—he was invited to perform another experiment; fail-

ing, he was condemned to be hung on a gallows, whose beam was coated by Dutch metal. A medal of an allegorical nature was struck on the occasion, and its reverse bore this treacherous attempt on a dead language.

"KYS MENTUS FUND FULD TEZYBY,
AYVVK DE ALLGEMISDARUM
BLOENA SUND OMNIA,
OECHRE TOEZYPHY
A DUR."*

The Prince of Anhalt who used his influence to such good purpose as is above stated, was a very influential person. He had had considerable experience in the wars of the day, and was as brave as Charles XII. himself. He was a strict disciplinarian but very kind to good soldiers, and affable with the common people, though sufficiently haughty among his equals. He was vigilant and indefatigable, and as patient of heat, cold, and want, as the iron man of Sweden himself. His youth had been sufficiently stormy and unedifying. His mother, by birth Princess of Orange, wishing to cure him of a youthful passion for Made-moiselle de Fohsen, sent him to Italy under the direction of M. de Chalisac, a native of Guienne. His vivaciousness and intemperance caused much trouble to the poor tutor. While they abode in Venice, he returned home one morning in a very dilapidated condition, having spent the previous night in debauchery. On being sharply reproved by his tutor, he snatched up a loaded pistol which lay on the table, and presenting it at his mentor's head, he cried out, "I must kill you, you dog." M. de Chalisac, looking sternly on his mad pupil, coolly answered, "You will make a fine figure in history after your exploit. A prince of a family that has given emperors to Germany, will be recorded as the murderer of his tutor." The Prince seemed to recover his judgment and good feelings at once.

He was as constant in love as he was determined in war. He returned home, married Mile. Fohsen, and succeeded in inducing the Emperor to

acknowledge her a princess of the empire. He afterwards distinguished himself in Italy during the war of the succession. The Princess gives him credit for having a cultivated mind, and being one of the best ministers and generals of his age, but then he was ferocious, unprincipled, ambitious, vindictive, and untruthful.

The Baron d'Ilgen, sprung from an obscure Westphalian family, and First Minister of State, was nearly the opposite of the General. He was sober, indulged in no excesses whatever; was pliant, crafty, and revengeful; raised himself by his abilities, had no confidant, wrote all his despatches with his own hand, and gave his secretaries no trouble but that of copying them.

M. de Grumkau, Lieutenant-General of the King's forces, seems to have been a popular man about the court for his good nature, affability, and generosity. He was fond of entertaining his friends, but did not indulge his convivial disposition to the neglect of business. He had great personal influence with the King. The Princess Royal, whose prejudices against him were strong, grants that he was an able minister, polite, agreeable, witty, and satirical, but she adds that he was selfish, licentious, and treacherous.

The Baron de Kniphausen, Commander of the Order of St. John, was unlike these gentlemen mentioned, for he was very negligent in business, though possessed of a good capacity. He had the luck to serve in many embassies, to the great derangement of his affairs. He thus alluded to his marriage with the daughter of M. d'Ilgen, in a conversation held with the Baron de Pollnitz.

"I know that her rank is not equal to mine, and that I may be reproached for having married her; but I can return the same answer which they report of the Count de Lude, Governor to Gaston of France, Louis XIII.'s brother, who, when he was ruined like me, married a tradesman's daughter. 'Could I do better,' said he, 'when I was persecuted day and night by my creditors, than to take refuge in a shop, rather than be carried to an almshouse?'"

* The sense is "Sic mundus vult decipi et quia alchemistarum plena sunt omnia, ergo decipitur."—Thus the world wills to be deceived, and as all (places) are full of alchemists, it is deceived accordingly.

This seems a fitting place to note the daily routine of the court; but first we will introduce the order adopted by the then King's father, who, after troubles innumerable, procured the Emperor's consent, together with that of the lesser authorities of Deutschland, and of the King of Poland, to change his title of Elector-Duke to that of King; and probably he would never have thought of it, if our William had offered him an arm-chair in their conference at the Hague. King Frederic I. rose between five and six o'clock, and as soon as the page of the back-stairs became aware of the fact, he notified it to the valets of the chamber and of the wardrobe. These entering, drew the bed-curtains and opened the window-shutters. Different officers, among whom was the Court Physician, then paid their respects, and coffee was offered to his Majesty on a silver table. Every person of distinction was expected to drink two cups, or receive a royal reprimand. After coffee, conversation was kept up for half an hour, when the King, in the words of our authority, *veiled his bonnet*, and all except the valets retired. When the royal personage was duly clad, he retired into his closet and spent an hour in prayer(!). By this time his bed was made, and the room aired, and he and his Prime Minister spent an hour or so in examining despatches and getting through necessary business. This was followed by attendance at a council in which he was assisted by his brother the Margrave, the Prince Royal, and the ministers. When the dinner hour approached, kettle-drummers, stationed in opposite balconies of the inner court, warned the kitchen authorities to be on the alert, and after some promenading through guard-rooms, into the Queen's apartments and back, and some additional drumming, the royal party entered the dining-hall, where they found two life-guards posted behind the royal arm-chairs, and three Swiss guards on each side of the table, outside the *backel* chairs of course, to which the margraves and the rest of the royal family were entitled.

On entering, the King gave his hat and cane, and the Queen her fan and gloves to the chamberlains. Then silver-gilt basons and towels were

presented to all the family, but none except the King and Queen made use of them. The carver, before he served their Majesties, took care to *taste the viands*; and the wines, before they passed the privileged lips, paid toll to the gentleman of the sideboard.

Though the cold country of Prussia ought not to avail itself of the privilege of the Southern siesta, his Majesty spent some time in his bed-chamber after dinner. He then enjoyed out-door relaxation till six o'clock, when he paid a visit to the Queen, and afterwards another to his smoking-room, where courtiers in favour had the privilege of sharing his enjoyment of the Virginian plant. Games of chess varied the evening's relaxation, and when the King began to talk to his chamberlain about the suits he intended to wear next day, the guests took the hint and retired.

Frederick William introduced some variety into this occupation of a day. At ten o'clock in the morning he was on the parade-ground inspecting the involutions and evolutions of his giant-guards, and afterwards he attended the council. Before dinner he held a general court, and spoke to every person for a short time. After dinner, which lasted about an hour and a-half, he retired to his room, and remained there till six o'clock. The rest of the evening was occupied with necessary conferences with the officers of his household, conversation with the Queen and the ladies of the court, and unbending in his *tubagie* with those on whom he delighted to confer smoking honours. Absolute as was his power, his meanest subject had the privilege of writing to him on the subject of his grievances. He either read or had read to him every one of the numerous letters so received, and paid attention to their complaints.

Of all the occupations of the day, the review of his grenadier guards was the dearest to the monarch. Scarce a sovereign in Europe, who wished to do him a pleasure, but sent him one or two of these tall machines. Some of them received fifteen hundred crowns as bounty, and enjoyed two florins per day. Houses in the regularly-built Potsdam owned grenadiers for their masters, not a few were engaged in business, and Frederick

William, who grudged good and sufficient food to the royal children, would not have hesitated at any expense occasioned by his huge soldier-dolls.

When the King happened to be at Potsdam (which, indeed, was the rule not the exception), and the Queen at Berlin, she held a drawing-room in the evenings.

The Princess Royal, Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, at whose christening were present, as already mentioned, the Kings of Denmark, of Poland, and of Prussia, was born in 1709, and received but an indifferent welcome, as her parents were on the look-out for an heir to the throne. A Swedish officer who had been taken prisoner at the siege of Stralsund, and who pretended to some skill in astrology and chiromancy, was directed by the Queen to examine the hand of the young Princess. He did so, and then uttered this prediction:—"The life of this princess will be a tissue of fatalities. She shall be asked in marriage by four crowned heads—the monarchs of Sweden, of England, of Russia, and of Poland; yet she shall not be married to any of these sovereigns."

This fated princess was not favoured by the stars, in respect to being blessed with good people about her. Her first governess was the daughter of a converted monk, who, before her appointment to her high office, had maintained herself by correcting newspaper proofs. She was a protégée of Mme. Kielmansegg, one of our first George's Dalilahs, and was afterwards credited by her people with the qualities of pliancy, selfishness, haughtiness, violence, and depravity.

The King himself was a model of good conduct and fidelity to his consort, if compared with his royal contemporaries or even the nobles of his own household. The scandalous chronicles of the times found subjects in some influential ladies of the court at Berlin. Grumkau and Anhalt were anxious that the Princess Royal should marry the Margrave of Schwedt, Anhalt's nephew, and first cousin of the King. Her inclinations were evidently not consulted. She had an intense antipathy to him, and has left on record that he was brutal and cruel, his manners rude, his propensities mean, and his cowardice very natural and intense.

The Queen, as already observed, was entirely bent on having the Prince of Wales for son-in-law. The King, disgusted by the tediousness of the English court, and influenced by the suggestions of Anhalt and Grumkau, and consequent jealousy of his wife, and also by his own wish for an alliance with Stanislaus Augustus, King of Saxony and Poland, was kept in a state of worry, and did not spare his family. The Queen would gamble a little, and be obliged to borrow £5,000 on occasions; and Mme. Wagnitz, her confidential lady, would refuse nothing to those influential gentlemen who entrusted her with court secrets. These she carefully revealed to the French ambassador, and carried on her guilty intrigues, till a creature of Grumkau, personating a ghost, frightened the whole palace, sentries and all, and had an opportunity of discovering the errant lady where she had no business of a moral nature. It was even said that Anhalt and Grumkau had laid a plot for the assassination of the King and his son while attending a play, and the proclaiming of the Margrave of Schwedt as monarch in case of success. Madame de Blaspihl, who had succeeded Madame de Wagnitz about the person of the Queen, was informed by a friend of the plot, and denounced the parties, but was not able to prove their guilt to the satisfaction of the King. Her banishment from court was the consequence. However, suspicions rankled in the breast of the King. Grumkau had discovered an amorous correspondence between the lady and the Saxon Minister, Mantuffel, which he managed to invest with a political character in the eyes of Frederick William, so that, with all these disturbances and intrigues at work, and the settled dislike shown to Prince Frederick by his father, and the bitter recollection of Kleement's intrigue, there was little tranquillity or cordiality, either of a domestic or political character, to be found between Berlin and Potsdam.

Some polite usages at the Court, as recorded by the Princess Royal, afterwards Margravine of Bareith, would seem more appropriate to the latitude of Timbuctoo or the Sandwich Islands. Miss Letti, her governess, would insist on her revealing all that passed in private between herself and

the Queen, and when she at last (by her mother's directions) became restive, she struck her on the arm and threw her down some steps. On the next occasion she applied a candlestick with such good will to the head and face of the poor Princess, that she was obliged to stay up the greater part of the night applying vinegar and brown paper to the bruises herself had made, for fear of detection. Miss Letti's fists were always most ready to come in violent contact with back, ribs, and arms of her pupil, and on these occasions she accompanied the process with oaths more becoming the mouth of one of the giant-guards. A wooden gallery, connecting two wings of the palace, and passing close to the little lady's apartment, was left in such a filthy state that pupil and governess were ceaselessly incommode by the smell. Eversman, keeper of the palace, should have remedied this, but on Miss Letti's reminding him of his neglect, and his giving a very disrespectful answer, they were proceeding, then and there, each to maintain their respective causes with closed fists, when luckily a person of authority coming by, separated the angry pair. If to such amenities we add the short commons on which the King kept his household, children included, and the brutal character of his personal treatment of them at times, there results a most disgusting picture, incredible, indeed, only for the written testimony of one of the sufferers. Why the Princess did not inform her mother of the indignities inflicted on her by her governess,—why she was nearly always a non-favourite both with father and mother, while their views with regard to her were so conflicting, and she so docile and affectionate—all these are sad puzzles, and bring some discredit on her testimony.

However, we have not done with Miss Letti. She, as may be recollected, had been recommended by Mme. Kielmansegge (Lady Arlington), and the Queen being so anxious to have her daughter married to the English Prince, was not willing to quarrel with the protégée of the influential and immoral favourite at St. James's. Hence her pranks were connived at in some degree, but all this does not explain why the Princess

should, on her own showing, have so long concealed the brutal treatment she received at the hands of Miss Letti. She did not stand in awe of Mme. Kielmansegge, nor sympathize so earnestly with her own mother in her wishes, yet she suffered these indignities already told, and those about to be told, without a murmur of complaint; nay, she always spoke in terms of praise of her cruel and licentious governess to the Queen. She must have carried Christian forgiveness to a wonderful point, for this is what occurred to her on her own showing.

The sparring match between the governess and the officer relative to the filthy gallery, coming to the ears of the King, he sent for his daughter and examined her in the catechism. She answered pretty well till the Ten Commandments turned up. In these the poor pupil began to flounder, and her religious father getting into a passion, was near inflicting personal chastisement on the forgetful pupil. She was at once removed from under the negligent Letti, and kept hard at lessons twelve hours in the day—the intervals of dinner and supper were employed by the Queen in administering reprimands—and when she was allowed to return to her room and the society of her quondam governess, she was received with abuse and sound cuffs. All visits from persons of either sex to Miss Letti had been forbidden, so she took revenge for her wrongs on the tired limbs of the poor Princess. As time went on, and no chance appeared of the renewal of the dear old visits, her temper was so far from being improved that she tried a wash on the face of poor Wilhelmina, which covered her face with pimples and rendered her eyes blood-shot. The total destruction of her beauty was prevented by the nurse flinging the bottle out at the window after its virtues had been twice tried. The furious governess finding existence at the court unendurable, and the lotion not having succeeded to her satisfaction, she experimented with her knuckles on her victim's nose, and drew blood in abundance. We cannot finish the adventures of this virago at the Court of Berlin better than in the words of the martyr-Princess. If the reader finds any incon-

sistency in the conduct of the royal pupil and the facts she relates we are blameless.

"I felt very much for the misfortune of Miss Letti. She was dismissed in a very harsh manner. The King sent her word by the Queen that 'if he had followed his inclination he would have sent her to Spandau; that she was not to appear before him; and that he granted her eight days to quit the court and the country.' I did all I could to comfort her, and show her my friendly regard.

"I was not possessed of much at that time, still I gave her in precious stones, jewels, and plate, what might amount to the value of five thousand dollars, besides what she received from the Queen, and yet she had the wickedness to rob me of every thing. The day after her departure I had not a gown to put on. She had carried off all my robes, and the Queen was obliged to equip me anew from head to foot."

This riddance occurred about the year 1721, when the Princess was twelve years old. Poor young lady! She was slender enough in make, but her mother caused her to be laced so tight that her respiration was impeded, and she became black in the face. Then Mademoiselle Pelnitz would be sent by Lady Arlington to report on the personal qualifications of the prospective Queen of England. The toast of fast men of all times is known to be "Women, war, and wine." If this lady ever uttered one in sincerity it would have been "Wine, men, and cards." With the frankest impudence she cried out on seeing the little lady, "Heavens, how awkward the Princess looks! What a shape—what an appearance for a young person, and how clumsily dressed!" She next proceeded to ask her questions which would be suitably addressed to a child of four years old. On the examinee appearing a little affronted at being so treated, she required her to repeat, by rote and in order, one hundred and fifty fanciful names, after reading them over to her twice. Any reader so disposed may believe that she succeeded in this task. We have her own authority for the fact. The Mrs. Candours of Hanover freely asserted that the Prussian Princess was deformed, excessively plain, wicked and haughty—a little monster in fine; and to ascertain "if this were so," ladies would give a call and

judge for themselves, as to the personal deformity at least. Then poor Wilhelmina would be obliged to present herself without those lendings that hedge princesses and even peasantesses, to convince them that there was no disease of spine or thorax. These proceedings were not calculated to sweeten the temper of mother or daughter.

George I. was always well inclined to the match between his grandson of England and his granddaughter of Prussia. The Queen was most attentive to his wishes, and interested him so much that he gave her husband leave to enlist any gigantic Hanoverian he could hear of (always with the huge fellow's consent, be it understood). But the Countess of Darlington (the elephant) was opposed to the marriage, and other circumstances threw obstacles in the way, and Frederic William became vexed; and when his crimps carried away, against their will, Hanoverian fellows six feet three in their stockings, and the poor victims uttered loud protests, he turned a deaf ear to their cries. His father-in-law remonstrated with him without effect; and just at the moment, the Austrian Emperor wishing to detach him from a trade alliance into which Russia, England, France, Holland, and Denmark had entered, sent him a body of the tallest heyducs he could lay hands on, and invited him to explore his empire and enlist every tall fellow he could find.

Seckendorff, the Austrian plenipotentiary, willing to prevent the union with England at any cost, beset the King with all sorts of snares, even leading him to excesses in drink, till the poor man became subject to hypochondria. Mr. Frank, the eminent preacher of the University of Halle, finding his Majesty in this condition, improved the occasion so well that the court became as serious as a cloister, and scruples were instilled into the Monarch's mind as to the innocency of hunting, music, and other relaxations equally harmless. He the King preached a sermon to his household every afternoon, and his valet led off with the hymn, in which all were expected to join. Frederic and Wilhelmina were unable to prevent themselves from laughing outright on some occasions, and thus

widened the breach between the father and son.

The King now began to entertain a serious design of retiring with his wife and daughters to the country seat of Wusterhausen. "I," said he, "will take care of the farm; you, Wilhelmina, are clever and shall superintend the linen and washing. Frederica is close-fisted, let her be the store-keeper. Charlotte will make a good market-woman, and your mother will mind the little ones, and cook." He began to arrange his abdication in favour of his son, but this double-scheme not meeting the views of his own nobility nor of the Austrian ambassador, they set their shoulders to the wheel, and induced him to pay a visit to the licentious Court of Saxony. Prince Frederic got himself invited also, to the evident annoyance of his parent. Of the visit we may speak when our English travellers arrive at Dresden. All that need be said here is, that before their return Wilhelmina's hand was promised to the terrible reprobate who then ruled Saxony and Poland, and had already provided a family of three hundred and fifty-four children* for his intended young bride. Prince Frederic was furnished in time with a wife to whom he never rendered a husband's obligations; but, on the occasion here mentioned, he managed to procure the beautiful Formera as mistress.

The events just related bring us near the period of the visit of our travellers; but we must go back to notice two other visits made to the Court of Berlin before they had set out on their journey.

Czar Peter I., who was fond of travelling, took it into his head to make a short sojourn at Berlin on his return from Holland. Peter, who rather objected to pageants and the restraints of court life, asked leave of his royal brother to occupy the Queen's private residence (Mon Bijou already mentioned). The Queen was very unwilling to surrender her little paradise to the bears of Petersburg, but as she could not refuse, she did the next best thing; she got all the nice or fragile furniture removed before their arrival.

On the arrival of the Czar and

Czarina, and their suit, Peter grasping Frederic William's hand, frankly cried, "I am glad to see you, brother Frederic." He would have kissed the Queen, but she kept him at arm's length. There were many well-dressed women (supposed to be ladies) in the train of the visitors, several of them bearing each a richly attired child. They were in reality only servants, chiefly of the German States, here personating Maids of Honour. The Czarina kissed the Queen's hands several times, and then introduced the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, but could not induce her to notice the ladies with the babies. In return she treated the Prussian Princesses of the blood with much coldness.

At the State reception Peter saluted Princess Wilhelmina with such vehemence that his rough moustaches and the stubbles of his beard drew blood from her delicate skin. She boxed his ears and cried out, but her fury only made him laugh. However, when peace was made, the little lady spoke to him so prettily about his fleets and his conquests, that he swore to the Czarina he would give one of his finest provinces for such a daughter. It would be a pity to contract or enlarge the account of their Majesties, as left by the frank little victim.

"The Czarina was short and stout, very tawny, and her figure was altogether destitute of gracefulness. Its appearance sufficiently betrayed her low origin. To have judged by her attire one would have taken her for a German stage actress. Her robe had been purchased at an old clothes-broker's; it was made in the antique fashion, and heavily laden with silver and grease. The front of her stays was adorned with jewels singularly placed. They represented a double eagle badly set, the wings of which were of small stones. She wore a dozen orders and as many portraits of saints and relics fastened to the facing of her gown; so that when she walked, the jumbling of all these orders and portraits, one against the other, made a tinkling noise like a mule in harness.

"The Czar was tall and pretty well made. His face was handsome, but it had something savage about it, which inspired fear. He was dressed as a navy officer, and wore a plain coat. The Czarina, who spoke very bad German, and did not very well understand what was said to her by the Queen,

* Princess Wilhelmina is our authority for this stupendous fact.

beckoned to her fool and conversed with her in Russian. This poor creature was a Princess Gallitzin, who had been necessitated to fulfil that office in order to preserve her life. Having been implicated in a plot against the Czar, she had twice undergone the punishment of the knot. I do not know what she said to the Czarina, but the latter every now and then laughed aloud.

"The Czar had been poisoned in his youth. A very subtle venom had, in consequence, attacked his nerves, and he continued subject to certain involuntary convulsions. Being seized with a fit whilst at table, he made many contortions; and as he was violently gesticulating with a knife near the Queen, the latter was afraid, and wanted several times to rise from her seat. The Czar begged her to be easy, protesting that he would do her no harm, and at the same time he seized her hand, which he squeezed so violently, that the Queen screamed for mercy, which made him laugh heartily, and he observed that the bones of her Majesty were more delicate than those of his Catharine. Everything was prepared for a ball after supper, but he ran away as soon as he arose from the table, and went back alone and on foot to *Mon Bijou*."

The next day, on looking over a collection of antiques, he singled out one of the most disreputable of the heathen divinities, and in his delight he insisted on the Czarina kissing it. She at first refused, but he uttered in her ear in his imperfect German, "*Knuff ab*" (head off!) and she dreaded him too much to persevere in her refusal. His eye was caught by a very valuable cabinet lined with amber, and directly he asked for it and the nasty idol.

If comparisons are as odious as they are represented, our times, at least, need not fear judgment as far as natural politeness and decency are concerned, when placed beside the early part of the eighteenth century. Their Majesties of Prussia must have been well disposed to speed the parting guests, however they may have felt towards their coming.

"Two days afterwards this court of barbarians at length set out on their journey back. The Queen immediately hastened to *Mon Bijou*, and what desolation was there visible! I never beheld any thing like it. Indeed I think Jerusalem after its siege and capture could not have presented such another scene. This elegant palace was left by them in such a ruinous state that the Queen was absolutely obliged to rebuild nearly the whole of it."

George I., as is pretty generally

known, possessed a decided talent for silence. At the earnest instance of his daughter, the Queen, he paid a visit to Berlin, to try how he should feel towards his grand-daughter as the future British queen. On his arrival he embraced the young lady, and turning to her anxious mother, observed: "She is very tall for her age." On being conducted to his chamber by his awe-struck relatives, he took a wax light, and examined her from head to foot; then without a word, turned away, and conversed with her brother Frederic for some time. The English gentlemen in his suite were well pleased with her as she was able to converse with them in their own language; but George took occasion to ask if she was always so grave. On being told that her present silence proceeded from awe of him, he shook his head, but "word spake none."

At supper he preserved his accustomed silence, and on rising from table had a fit which kept him on the floor for an hour. On his recovery he would not retire to his apartment till he had conducted the Queen to hers. He took his departure the next day as coolly as he had begun his visit.

His daughter and son-in-law were to return his visit at Gleeer, a hunting box of his near Hanover. The Queen finding herself unable to bear the journey, the King was on the point of setting out next day, when suddenly in the night, she found herself seized with the pangs of labour. Neither physician, nurse, linen, nor cradle was at hand. There was no one but her husband and a waiting-maid, yet she was safely brought to bed of a princess. Frederic William took great credit to himself for his success in this emergency, and enjoyed some hearty laughs when boasting of his rare luck among his favourites.

Princess Wilhelmina showed considerable penetration and judgment in her sketch of her grandfather whom she dreaded so much.

"The King of England was a prince who valued himself on his sentiments, but unfortunately he had never applied to the enlightening of his mind. Many virtues carried to an extreme become vices. This was his case. He affected a firmness which degenerated into harshness, and a tranquillity which might be called indolence. His generosity extended only to his favourites

and mistresses, by whom he suffered himself to be governed; the rest of mankind were excluded. Since his accession to the crown, his haughtiness had become insupportable. Two qualities, equity and justice, rendered him estimable. He was by no means an evil-disposed prince, but rather constant in his benevolence. His manners were cold; he spoke little, and listened only to puerilities."

She is scarcely just to her uncle George II., or to his gifted and estimable queen.

"The Prince (George II.) had not more genius than his father. He was hot, passionate, haughty, and avaricious to an unpardonable extreme. His Princess had a powerful understanding, and great knowledge. She had read much, and had a singular aptitude for public affairs. On her arrival in England she gained the hearts of all. Her manners were gracious; she was affable, but she had not the good-fortune to retain the affections of the people. Means were found to ascertain her real character, which did not correspond to her exterior. She was imperious, false, and ambitious. She has frequently been compared to Agrippina. Like that Empress, she might have exclaimed: 'Let all perish, so I do but rule.'"

Queen Caroline was a chaste woman, and an exemplary wife. She should not have been mentioned in the same sentence with the mother of Nero. The writer of the above remarks was not much dazzled with the English prospect, notwithstanding these cheering words, addressed to her by her mother: "The Prince (Frederic) has a good heart, but a very narrow mind. He is rather plain than handsome, and even a little deformed. Provided you can have the complaisance to put up with his debauches, you may then govern him entirely, and be more king than he at his father's death."

At the period of our Englishmen's sojourn in Berlin, the King of Poland and Saxony was on a visit, and they had an opportunity of enjoying the spectacle in the state room of the palace, where Augustus the dissolute, his strictly moral son, and their retinue of three hundred nobles, all magnificently dressed, were mingled with the simply and stiffly-clad Prussians; and the Queen, Princesses, and ladies of the Court, regally attired, enjoyed the show, themselves forming its brightest and most attractive feature. The habits of Frederic William

and his people presented a dry and bizarre appearance beside the rich and picturesque costume of the Saxon and Polish nobility. King and courtiers wore the prescribed regimental dress of Potsdam.

"Their coats were so short that they could not have served as fig-leaves to our first parents; and so strait that they did not dare to move for fear of rending them. Their summer small-clothes were of white linen, as well as their spatterdashies, without which they dared not appear. Their hair was powdered, but not curled, and twisted behind with a ribband into a queue. The King himself was dressed precisely in the same manner."

The grand dinner was a dreary affair. Many toasts were drunk, but there was scarcely any conversation. The Britons had the honour of enduring the ceremony by special favour of the Queen, who never lost an opportunity of forwarding her ambition of being grandmother of King or Queen of the British Isles. Before the visit terminated, the two kings and their most trusted nobles enjoyed a confidential dinner thus arranged. A dumb-waiter was near each guest, and on it he laid a paper, on which he had written the name of the particular thing he wanted. He tapped the floor, the machine descended into the chamber beneath, and reappeared very soon, charged with the thing demanded. From the beginning to the end of this dinner, which lasted from one o'clock to ten, and witnessed the consumption of much liquor, no living attendant was visible. The diners were men of seasoned heads. They were, at the close of the entertainment, quite capable of conversing with the Queen and her ladies from ten to twelve, and of allowing themselves to be cheated at cards by the fair creatures. The Saxon king then returned to his libations, and, without the aid of sleep, started home-wards some three hours later. This was pretty well for such a *bon vivant* and extensive *pater-familium* at the ripe age of fifty.

King Frederic William, though feeling little sympathy in many of his wife's most cherished wishes, such as the marriage alliance with England, was yet very much devoted to her in his own rough way. Grumkau and Anhalt, who loved not Sophia Dorothea, as they aspired after other ma-

rimonial alliances for the Princess, and did not like her influence over the King, played the part of Iago to some purpose, and frequently raised jealous feelings in her royal husband.

During this visit of the licentious Saxon monarch and his courtiers, who, of course, copied the example of their sovereign, our travellers could see that Frederic William was on a bed of thorns. Their departure he hailed with heartfelt satisfaction.

He was, taking all things into account, a model king in respect to conjugal fidelity, the only backsliding we choose to recollect being the following, which we prefer to give in the words of our authority:—

"The Queen had about her person a young lady of the name of Paunewitz, who was her first maid of honour. She was beautiful as an angel, and as virtuous as handsome. The King, whose heart had hitherto been unmoved, could not resist her charms; he began at this time to pay her much attention. His Majesty was not a man of gallantry. Sensible of his deficiency in this respect, he fore-saw that he never should be able successfully to imitate the manners of a coxcomb, or the style of a melting lover; and unwilling to disguise his natural disposition, he commenced the intrigue by bluntly proposing that in which it generally ends. He gave Miss Paunewitz a very slippery description of his love, and asked whether she would be his mistress. The fair maid being highly offended at the proposal, treated the King with great disdain. He, however, nothing disheartened, continued to speak love to her for a twelve-month. The termination of this adventure was rather singular. Miss Paunewitz having attended her Majesty to Brunswick, where my brother's nuptials were to be celebrated, met the King on a back staircase which led to the Queen's rooms. He caught her in his arms, and attempted to salute her. But the enraged maid of honour gave him such a vigorous slap in the face, that the blood gushed from his mouth and nose. He was not a bit angry with her, and contented himself with calling her ever after 'the savage witch!'"

The Princess was petted and ill-treated alternately by both father and mother, but from an early age Prince Frederic seemed to be an object of steady dislike to the King. He had practical knowledge of the weight of the royal fist, was prevented from pursuing favourite studies, music included, could not sympathize with his father's devotional tendencies, — found family prayers an insupportable

grievance, and not being under Christian influences of any kind — a practical unbeliever in fact — he indulged in forbidden pleasures when opportunity offered. Keith, one of his dissolute mentors, having quitted the court, was succeeded by Katt, a still worse companion. This youth was distinguished by thick, black eye-brows, and a tawny countenance marked with the small pox. He affected to be a free-thinker, and though ambitious, was dissolute in conduct. He encouraged the Prince in his abandoned courses. It is little to be wondered at, that a man, religious at heart, and taking pleasure in all pious moralities, should feel the deepest chagrin at beholding a child of his, devoted heart and mind to worldly pursuits and sensuality, and as insensible to the claims of religion as the ass or ox. Still severity, much less brutal correction, will only produce open rebellion or hypocrisy. The following particulars of the family jars came to the ears of Peregrine and his friend during their sojourn in Berlin, and were afterwards confirmed by the Princess Royal in her memoirs.

One time while the king was suffering from gout, he would not stay quietly in bed, but, settling himself in an arm-chair furnished with castors, he was roiled through the various apartments, followed by his children, whom he made to suffer in harsh words their share of the torments by which he was afflicted. We are unwilling to mention some particulars of the wretched style in which their meals were served to these miserable young people. During this fit of illness he communicated to his family while at table, the approaching marriage of one of the princesses to the Margrave of Anspach. The young lady did not conceal her satisfaction at the news, but frankly told the irritable and miserly King that she would make good cheer in her new home, and not force her children to eat such coarse vegetables as did not agree with them, and would not stay on their stomachs. This observation so sorely tried his temper that he flung a plate at Frederic's head, on the principle of punishing little B for the fault of great A. The shot not succeeding, he took aim at the Princess with plate No. 2, which happily was turned aside by some

pitying god. This mischance only aggravated his royal rage, and the next missile was one of his crutches, for by this time he had got his chair in motion and was pursuing his victims through the room. The draughtsman, however, not being in a passion, and pitying the poor young lady, hastened so leisurely that she got out of the room unharmed as to body and limbs. It would not have been in the natural order of things if some out-of-the-way comfort did not occasionally visit the ill-fed young lady. One day as her faithful Mme. de Sonsfeld and she were contemplating a soup composed of salt and water, and a hash of stale bones, they heard a noise at the window. This was made by a crow, who, when the sash was thrown up, dropped a piece of bread on the sill and flew away. The royal maiden, however, saw nothing supernatural in the occurrence, though she was affected to tears. The bird was a tame one, belonging to the palace, which had lost its way.

Prince and Princess and favourites, finding themselves so ill-treated, took the only revenge in their power, and indulged in satire on the King and his favourites. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron was the Nicholas Nickleby of the day. So they bestowed the names of its personages on the great people of the court. The King was *Ragotin*, the Margrave of Schwedt *Sadagres*, Grunkau *La Rancune*, and Madame de Kamken, one of the Queen's ladies, a portly, ignorant old damsel, *Mme. Boucillon*. They made use of this lady's nickname so often in her presence that she inquired at last about the personal identity and habitat of Mme. Boucillon. They said she was the camarera major (chief lady of the bed-chamber) to the Queen of Spain. This was a piece of information not to be lost. On the occasion of the next drawing-room held by the Queen, the Spanish court happened to be mentioned; so Mme. Kamken cut in with the interesting remark that all the camarera majors of her Catholic majesty were of the family of *Boucillon*. The poor lady was much mortified by the bursts of laughter that greeted her little speech; and her wrath waxed strong against her mystifiers, when she discovered the origin of the noble family of *Boucillon*.

Wicked Mrs. Ramen avenged the wrongs of innocent Mme. Kamken in this wise. The Princess being under her father's displeasure, could only see her mother by stealth or during his absence. One day on his coming in unexpectedly no place of concealment presented itself but under the bed. The king being tired, threw himself on it, and before he withdrew, after a reasonably long nap, she was almost suffocated. Afterwards the Queen arranged some screens so that she might be concealed in case of a surprise. However, the wicked attendant mentioned above, disturbed the machinery to such purpose that, on the next avatar of the enemy, she could not conceal herself, but threw down the defences, and was "taken in the manner." He charged on her boldly, and all her resources were confined to the refuge of kind Mme. de Sonsfeld's back. Nothing dismayed he attacked her living outwork, who retreated fighting, till Wilhelmina found herself, sandwich-wise, between her protectress and the hot stove. Passionate as the father was, his ideas did not reach the sublime point of child-sacrifice on the domestic altar. So at that crisis the sensational drama ended, and the wrathful parent retired after giving vent to various strong expressions.

Frederic, in his memoirs, treats the memory of his father with reserve and respect; but he is reported as having made the following revelation to his sister.

"I dare not read; I dare not touch any instrument, and I enjoy those pleasures only by stealth and trembling. But what has driven me to despair is the adventure which I lately had at Potsdam, of which I have given no account to the Queen, that I might not alarm her. As I was entering the room of the King in the morning, he instantly seized me by the hair, and threw me on the ground, and after having tried the vigour of his arms upon my poor body, he dragged me, in spite of my resistance, to a window, and was going to perform the office of the mutes of the seraglio; for seizing the cord with which the curtain is fastened, he drew it round my neck. Fortunately I had had time to get up from the ground. I laid hold of his hands, and screamed as loudly as I could. A valet immediately came to my assistance, and snatched me from his gripe."

Zadkiel, as we have seen, had uttered in Berlin a prediction which was verified; and only for the loosing

of a screw the palace would have secured the good-fortune of being ghost-haunted. The following incident which occurred in the same building has not been explained :—

"The Queen being before her toilet-table undressing, and Madame de Bulow sitting near her, they heard a terrible rumbling noise in the adjoining cabinet, which was enriched with precious stones, and China and Japan vases. The Queen at first supposed that the fall of some of these had occasioned the noise. Madame de Bulow looked into the cabinet, but to her surprise, she found every thing in order. Scarcely had she shut the door and left it, when the noise recommenced. She three times renewed her search, attended by one of the Queen's women, and they always found every thing in the most perfect order. The rumbling ceased at length in the cabinet, but another more dreadful noise was heard in a passage which separated the apartments of the King from those of the Queen, and by which they communicated. No one ever entered there but the domestics about their Majesty's persons, and sentries guarded its entrance at the two ends. The Queen, anxious to know whence the noise proceeded, ordered her women to follow her with lights. Two waiting women and Madame de Bulow accompanied her Majesty. Scarcely had they opened the door, when their ears were struck with dreadful groans, followed by horrible screams which made them shake with fear. The Queen alone remained firm. Having entered the passage, she encouraged her followers to search what it could be. They found all the doors bolted; and after having removed the bolts, they search'd the place without discovering any thing. The two soldiers were half dead with fright. They had heard the same groans close to them, but had seen nothing. The Queen asked whether any one had entered the King's apartment. They answered in the negative. . . . I am well convinced that there was nothing supernatural in the case. Yet chance would have it so that my brother was arrested that evening, and on the return of the King he had the most afflicting scene with the Queen in that very passage."

The King's ideas of country relaxations in comfortable chateaux were rather strange. His little place of Wusterhausen was thus circumstanced. To give it a solitary air, he had thrown up in front a respectable hillock of dry sand, which had to be surmounted by visitors before a view of the little elysium was attained. It was a small building furnished with a tower of wood, which tower was provided with a winding stair. There were a terrace, and non railings, and

a ditch round all, filled with blackish and ill-smelling water. Three bridges across this uninviting moat, led respectively to the court-yard, the garden, and a mill. On two wings of the yard were the lodgings of the gentlemen of the household, who could enjoy from their windows, the sight of a draw-well in the middle of the enclosure, and appropriate fierce guards stationed near its entrance, consisting of two white eagles, two black eagles, and two bears, who annoyed all visitors as much as their chains would allow. The two Princesses and their attendants were sumptuously lodged in two attics; and be the weather wet or dry, formed part of a dinner party of twenty-four, in a tent, under a linden tree. The banquet consisted of six dishes, sparingly supplied; and on rainy days all sat with their feet in water, for the situation was low. The young ladies were obliged to sit in the house great part of the day, while the Queen played at backgammon with three court dames, and were expected to watch their august sire as he took his siesta, sitting in an arm-chair on the terrace, in the hot sun, from one to half past two o'clock.

As our travellers were rather in search of social than historical pictures, and besides, did not make a long stay at the uncomfortable court, it does not enter into the scope of this sketch to detail the particulars of Prince Frederic's disgrace and imprisonment, the struggles and intrigues, and family jars, that prevailed at the palace, with the opposing objects of espousing the Princess to Frederic of England, to Augustus of Poland, to the Margrave of Schwedt, and to the Duke of Weissenfeld. The poor lady's good angel brought to the court in the midst of the frightful chaos, the young Margrave of Bareith, an excellent young prince, as times went. The Queen's enemies, as is reported, had in their possession at the moment of the betrothal, a formal demand for the lady's hand from their Majesties of England.

We cannot think the condition of Frederic II., either in youth, manhood, or old age, much to be envied. Obligated to marry an estimable princess against his will, he never extended to her a wife's privileges, except in showing her a certain respect. His middle age was occupied with strug-

gles for life and possessions; and his chosen companions were depraved and godless sensualists. He could not entertain himself with the sight of a happy people. To warlike ascendancy and a full exchequer were his chief aspirations directed; and to attain these his subjects were inordinately taxed. A solitary, comfortless evening of life was his destiny, uncheered by the love and tender cares of wife or child, or by the hope of a happy futurity.

As our friends were resuming their

pilgrimage over a sandy road, shaded by tall pines, with the court, and its splendour, and meanness, and intrigues, a league or two in their rear, Mentor thus accosted Peregrine. "What moral have you extracted from this mighty fable we have just studied?" and he received this answer:—"As far as domestic comfort and human happiness are concerned, commend me to the farm-house of one of my father's yeomen, rather than to the palace of Potsdam or Mon Bijou."

SONG OF SPRING.

BY METRODORUS O'MAHONY.

Now ancient owld Hyems departing
Permits rosy Spring to draw near;
Now Favonius wafts through the azure
The clouds beyond sunny Cape Clear;
And Love over borean and cottage,
Has spread his bright pinions, by dad,
So that colleens and puers are courting
From Galway to Ballinafad.

Come, Cloe, beloved of my heart-strings,
And seat yourself close to my left;
Spes vivat in mæstum—no matter
Of what other joys we're bereft;
For what though the pig is'n't purchased,
And potato seed's riz, as I hear,
Is that any reason, in logic,
Why we shouldn't marry, my dear?

Nabocklish: when beautiful Flora
Produces her blossoms anew,
And the wide-awake goddess Aurora
Palavers the mountains with dew;—
When the Heathen mythology, Cloe,
Drops down from the regions above,
Half an eye must be blind in concluding
It isn't the season for Love.

Just look at the fowls and the ganders,
Just look at the birds on the spray;
Why Mars couldn't utter his feelings
In a manner much stronger than they!
All nature adjacent is courting
And whispering and winking, you rogue,
From the midge in the atmosphere sporting,
To the ditch that contains the kerogue.

In the paddock the owld ass is sighing,
Poor sowl!—and the sheep who reside
In the presence of great Lugnaquilla*
Are thinking of nothing beside;
Amor vincit all things in creation,
As the least classic knowledge may see,
So come, dear, and learn education,
Cloe Bawn Asthore Cushlamacree.

* A mountain in the county Wicklow.

ETCHINGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE leading men of the Southern Confederacy have conducted their gigantic task hitherto with a coolness, honour, and heroism, which exact the admiration of the world. In every quality of statesmanship and public character they shine with a lustre unknown in the governing Northern circles. The Southerners have not underrated their difficulties, concealed their afflictions, made empty boast of their successes, uttered foolish predictions, or unmanly laments, or, with a stupid spite, denounced foreign Powers; but, on the contrary, have gone forward in the work before them with a determination, enthusiasm, and fortitude, for a parallel to which we must go back to the times of those ancient heroes whose example genius has consecrated in undying records. From the 9th of February, 1861, when the Confederacy originated with the six seceding States which then organized an independent Southern Republic, elected a President and Vice-President, and adopted a Constitution, down to the present date, the reputation of the Southerners has been stainless; whilst, on the side of their rivals, numerous excesses, cruelties, acts of despotism, and a general violence, lawlessness, and absence of principle, have disgusted even the hottest partizans of the North in the Old World. It is this moral superiority of the Confederates, much more than their exploits in the field, which has maintained that sympathy for their struggle that appears to have been awakened at first by the calmness and dignity of their earliest national proceedings. Between December, 1860, and May, 1861, the eleven States, now comprising the Southern Republic, were welded together by a process all the more successful from being simple, and on the 4th of February, of the latter year, the Convention at Montgomery gave the New Union the form and principles which established the fact, at once, that able and dis-

interested men stood at the helm. was remarkable that no dissension arose with regard to the assigning particular offices to particular individuals, any more than with regard to the fundamental doctrines on which the national Constitution was to rest. Every man fell, as by a natural impulse, into his proper place, and the machine, without delay, began to work smoothly. Since then no difficulty has occurred. Mr. Davis's authority is still paramount, though the Southern press is unshackled, and criticism unsparing. The generals of the Confederacy have been well supported by the people, and cheered in their efforts even in the days of their success. The sacrifices entailed upon the community have been freely borne. Better than all, the Southerners, every class, have fought the fight with their own right arms, not with hired bone and sinew. It would argue badly for the instincts of Englishmen if national characteristics of this kind did not inspire us with sympathetic feelings. The Englishman, in fact, sees in the Southerner a reproduction of his race's virtues witnessed in the brightest period of British history. Every new circumstance affecting the Confederate leaders, their position, and the prospects of their State, is therefore fraught with interest.

Surprise has sometimes been expressed that the Confederates have defended Richmond with such obduracy, sacrificing in order to secure points that seemed more important. There can be no doubt that, even driven from that city, the South Government would still have played almost as suitably for a capital to tire upon; but Richmond is an important position, not only for its historic associations—it was here, for example, that Patrick Henry delivered his great speech during the Convention of '75—but as the locality the Tredegar works, where nearly the whole of the manufacture of an

“Down South: or, an Englishman's Experiences at the Seat of the American War. By Samuel Phillips Day. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.”

“Three Months in the Southern States.” By Lieut.-Col. Fremantle. London: Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

Speech of Mr. Spence at Glasgow.

and artillery for the Southern Government is carried on. This enormous establishment, in which the Dahlgren, and more lately the Brooke gun, have been cast for the defence of Charleston, covers over thirty acres of ground, and yet is not properly speaking a government foundry, but belongs to a private individual. Before the Secession the boilers and machinery for the largest ships in the navy of the old Republic were cast here, so that the Confederates found the manufactory ready to their hand. The works have, however, been greatly extended to meet the exigencies of the war. There are other foundries in the neighbourhood, in addition, and a State armoury, but the Tredegar furnaces are the peculiarity of Richmond, though indeed, the Confederate army has found a hardly less serviceable ally in the proprietor of the Richmond flour mills, said to be the largest in the world, and capable of grinding nearly two thousand barrels of flour per diem. The tobacco factories of Richmond, important enough in time of peace, could have been dispensed with, and in fact, their operations have been brought to a close by the blockade, but if the Confederate Government had been obliged to create the other two establishments, their case would have been hopeless. Richmond at once afforded the proper nucleus for their military organization, and training camps were established in its neighbourhood, to which, to as great an extent as was practicable, volunteers have been regularly drafted ever since, to undergo a preliminary drill in large bodies before joining their corps in the field. As many as thirty thousand have been there at one time, roughly housed in rude log structures. The men so treated rapidly become excellent soldiers, but the grand difficulty in the South has been to find efficient non-commissioned officers.

The most extraordinary change was produced in Richmond by its adoption as the Southern capital. As a city it is favourably situated for commerce, and before the war regular lines of packets connected it with New York and other places, to which it exported wheat, flour, and tobacco, vessels drawing fifteen feet of water being able to approach Warwick, three miles lower down the river. With the out-

break of war, however, the occupations of the Richmonders were suddenly revolutionized. The blockade destroyed their external trade, and tobacco manufacturers and shippers were forced to turn their capital into new directions, and devote themselves to the preparation of military outfits and munitions of war. The making of cartridges and percussion caps has become one of the principal handicrafts, in which the youngest are engaged, and females largely, the male portion of the community being severely drawn upon for the purposes of the campaign. All the manufactures necessary for the exigency, of which the people had before been destitute, have, in fact, been improvised with wonderful alacrity and skill. Iron and powder are made; wool is being converted into cloth by people ignorant of the process a few months ago; and hides are tanned, although the business had been previously confined to the North. The readiness with which the Southern people have adapted themselves to their new circumstances affords, indeed, one of the strongest proofs of their capacity for self-government. When the war has terminated, the people who, at its commencement were agriculturists exclusively, will have become manufacturers also, and, therefore, independent of foreign Powers, and especially of the Northerners.

It would be a hasty judgment, at the same time, to infer that the growth of American cotton must therefore decrease. The extent of that crop, many think, will be as great as ever a year after peace has been declared, and the manufactures subsisting along with it, will, in fact, after a time, have the effect of promoting the investment of capital in agriculture. Those who are encouraging Indian growers of cotton to extend their cultivation, take a shortsighted view of the probabilities of the future, if they imagine that the business of supplying the European markets with raw cotton can be permanently taken out of the hands of the Americans. The instinct of the East Indians, indeed, teaches them that their opportunity of making money by cotton-growing must be, at best, a brief one, and all their operations are directed to the task of turning a passing season of advantage to the utmost account. The loose talk

of English platforms, and the superficial exhortations of the home press, have had no deceptive effect upon these growers. They know their position perfectly. They may realize a good deal of money while the sun shines, but it is an April gleam only of warmth and brightness, soon to be overcast. The complaints to which vent has been given in England, with regard to the slowness of the Indian cultivator in taking up the cotton agriculture, rather show the ignorance or selfishness of those that make them, than stupidity on the part of the ryots, who are sufficiently alive to their own interests, and have acted with a rational caution in the extent to which they have changed the character of their crops.

The anxiety of the Confederate youth to enter the army is so great that it has been necessary to forbid them from joining the ranks at an immature age. Far from being run to the last extreme for lack of fighting material, the Southern government say they can keep their armies recruited up to their present strength for several years. If the worst comes to the worst, they will arm the negroes. They are prepared for any sacrifice. One of their generals declared to Colonel Fremantle lately that they would prefer the supremacy of the Emperor of China to that of the Federal President. That author's observation led him to think that the Confederates can, if they choose, convert a large number of the negroes into soldiers, who, "from the affection which undoubtedly exists, as a general rule, between the slaves and their masters," would prove more efficient than "black troops under any other circumstances." But this will be a last resort, partly from the value of the negroes for their labour, and partly from a fear that when the passions of the blacks were aroused, they would commit excesses. The Southerners, however, have contrived to economize their men to an important extent, by employing negroes in the service of the army in raising fortifications, conveying supplies, and manufacturing implements and material.

The Southern armies have always been outnumbered immensely in their battles. Altogether, the Southern forces do not tot up more than 400,000,

and, until lately, Lee had never above 60,000 effective men under his command. But no Confederate soldier receives his discharge on being even badly wounded. He is attended by ladies, who voluntarily undertake the duty, and employed, as soon as he has become convalescent, in whatever labour in the public service he may be able to perform. The slightly wounded return to the ranks as soon as possible. Colonel Fremantle saw a fine-looking man, of Polk's corps, both of whose hands had been blown off at the wrists, by unskilful artillery practice in one of the early battles. A curry comb and brush, however, had been fitted to his stumps, and he was engaged in grooming artillery horses with considerable skill. Clerks, orderlies, and railway servants, are, for the most part, mutilated soldiers.

The Confederates were surprised on the third day of the memorable struggles at Gettysburg, when their last invasion of Maryland failed. They fought desperately, as Colonel Fremantle's account of the battle shows, but the original error of unpreparedness was never recovered, and Meade's reputation was made by a Federal victory. But the admirable organization of the Southern army was never more seen than in the orderliness of the retreat, and the coolness of the bearing of their officers under a crushing disappointment, for they had supposed that Washington was theirs. Of the Northern generals, Rosecrans, the most esteemed in the South, both for the qualities of gallantry and discretion. Banks is despised; but a subordinate officer in the Federal service, a German, named Weitzel, has high character among the Confederates. Next to their own principal generals, the Southerners seem most to value General Stuart, the famous "raider." Jeb Stuart, as they call him, on account of his initials, is, in fact, the darling of the rustic populations. It is curious that so dashing guerilla leader, whose enterprises are usually characterized by singular daring, should be a sort of fop; yet so is. He is very fond of popular applause, and was lifted to the third heaven on an occasion when he was conducted through a Virginian town with his horse covered with garlands of roses.

Not the least remarkable of the

Southern leaders is that "Bishop" Polk, to whom his parents, with the passion of Americans for imposing Christian names, have given the pagan, but illustrious, prefix of Leonidas. He is cousin to President Polk, with whom he has been sometimes confounded by English writers. Like most of the chiefs of the Confederacy he is in the prime of life, being only fifty years of age. His appearance indicates a man of good average capacity, who has all his powers well in hand, and ready at any moment for any duty. A certain air of command is the only soldierly feature about him; otherwise he still looks more of the churchman than the warrior. The military instinct, however, appears to have been always strong in him, and when the war broke out he conceived the defence of his country to be his primary duty. He has proved himself no less zealous as the commander of an army than he was as a prelate, and though never entrusted with military tasks as important as those committed to Lee, Jackson, or Beauregard, he has distinguished himself repeatedly in the field, and acquired a character second to that of no other Confederate general for organizing and disciplining an army.

The previous career of this individual is not less interesting than that of Jefferson Davis or Stephens. Leonidas Polk has Irish blood in his veins. His grandfather took part in the siege of Derry. His father distinguished himself in the American revolutionary war. Polk himself is a North Carolinian, and was educated for the military profession, first at the university of his native city, and subsequently at West Point Academy, where he went through the full course, and afterwards received a commission in the artillery. He remained in the army, however, for a few months only. Influenced powerfully by religious feelings, he offered himself as a candidate for holy orders, and after a proper probation, became assistant minister in an Episcopal church in Richmond. Soon after he travelled, and visited England. His property, inherited partly and partly acquired by marriage, being in Tennessee, he subsequently settled down there, and laboured with much enthusiasm for the spiritual improvement of his

slaves. It was the success of these efforts which pointed him out as the divine best suited for the office of a missionary bishop, whose territory was to be of an extent so vast, comprising as it did part of seven States, that he could not conclude his visitation—for the American prelate did really visit his clergy and not the clergy him—in less time than half a year. He afterwards became Bishop of Louisiana, and in his new sphere, it has been stated that he has been the most active agent in the erection of no less than fifty churches, church extension being his passion. When the war is concluded he means to resume his mitre, and prosecute more earnestly than ever the work in which he has been interrupted. What he considers dire necessity has made him for the time a soldier.

There is an adventure of this soldier-bishop, which possesses considerable interest, as related modestly by himself, and confirmed by his officers. The story, indeed, is one of the martial feats destined to figure in the early history of the Confederacy.

"Well, sir," said the *quondam* Bishop, "it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact it was almost dark, when Liddell's brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade, and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. I said, 'Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped,' so I turned round, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to ride myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment which was firing, I asked him in angry tones what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease doing so at once. He answered with surprise, 'I don't think there can be any mistake about it; I am sure they are the enemy.' 'Enemy!' I said, 'why I have only just left them myself. Cease firing, sir! what is your name, sir?' 'My name is Colonel — of the — Indiana. And pray, sir, who are you?' Then, for the first time, I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and that I was in the rear of a regiment of Yankees. Well, I saw that there was no hope but to brazen it out, my dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriended me, so I approached quite close to him, and shook my fist in his face, saying, 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir; cease firing, sir, at once!' I then turned my horse, and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative man-

ner to the Yankees to come before at the same time I experienced in them all the sensation, like a rowing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would fall between my shoulders every time one of us would go to increase my position. I went to a small camp, when I put it some miles, I slipped back to my men. I immediately went up to the nearest colonel, and said to him, "Colonel, I have a request of you, will you pretty please, and I feel there is none like who they are, you may let up and beat them." And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of that Infantry regiment was the greatest I have ever seen in the war."

The personal sacrifice made by Fitzhugh Polk in joining the army is only a type of the spirit which has animated the whole Southern nation since the conflict began. Rich planters have entered the ranks as privates. Others have sacrificed to the extent of one-third of their whole means to aid the Government. Some have equipped and supported companies throughout the duration of the last two years at their own sole expense, in remarkable contrast with the selfishness of their Northern opponents, and the vigorous patriotism which fights battles with German and Irish mercenaries. To this patriotic self-denial among the wealthier inhabitants of the Confederacy, more than any other non-physical cause, are the military aptitudes developed by the Southern people in the course of the war owing. Strong temper is infectious. It extends from the higher classes of society to the lower, and unites all in a common bond of sympathy and suffering. Thus it was that in a wonderfully short period of time scores of thousands of soldiers were brought together, drilled, and raised to a high point of efficiency in the Southern theatre of influence. I have recruited the numbers of a preserved regiment of Col. Polk's former troops, and have seen them, often condemned to harassing marches that went in great part to them without complaint, and that for the most part on the hottest and stifled not infrequently in fresh, the Southern troops have never surrendered to the vast numbers of their enemy's professional army, but have won some of the most glorious battles, and a full and highest tribute to their reputation as a military force, ragged, hungry, and in the ranks.

and in number inferior to those opposed to them.

It has been said, indeed, that the patriotism of the planters did not exhibit itself in any very remarkable way until Mr. Lincoln had issued the Emancipation edict. That document, it is true, added fuel to the flame. It left the Secessionists no retreat. It proclaimed a war *ad internecium*. As an incitement to servile insurrection, it maddened all classes of the Southern population, and did more to recruit the divisions of Mr. Jefferson Davis than any expenditure of money in bounties the planters could have attempted. Nevertheless, it is incorrect to refer the origin of their enthusiasm to that circumstance. It had a much earlier date. When the "children of a heavenly Mars," as John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, called the Northern troops in his almost prophetic doggerel, "set apart, scathed and maimed," had invaded the South, with the view of stimulating the slaves to massacre as the means of victory, the South rose as one man, and the sword was thrown away, but long before that time the flower of the Southern chivalry had fallen gloriously on well fought fields, and the people, high and low, had shown that a reunion of the shattered Republic was impossible. As an illustration of the heroic temper of the Southern, even of the humbler class, Col. Polk's story states that having kept, on a certain occasion, in the tent of General Polk, that officer told him, before going to rest, the story of an humble widow, who had lost three sons in the war, and had only a boy, a boy of sixteen. Commiseration in her bereavement, General Polk went to offer her some consolation. She looked steadily at him, and when he had finished his consolatory remarks quietly: "As soon as I can put a revolver together, you shall have Henry too." The tears filled General Polk's eyes, as he added, "How can you subdue such a nation as this?"

Mr. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, who made the unduly speech at an early stage of the war, in which slavery was described as the "corner stone" of the Southern nation, a sentiment now destined to be repudiated by many of his former statesmen, is about fifty-two years of age. His father,

planter of moderate means, having died when the future politician was young, and his affairs being embarrassed at the time, Stephens became indebted for the means of entering the University of Georgia to a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood where his family had resided. When he graduated in 1832 he was at the head of his class, and having been soon after called to the bar, almost immediately took a leading position. His eloquence is striking, his language being simple and direct, but his manner fervent and effective. He entered political life in 1837 as a member of the State Legislature of Georgia, and in 1843 became a member of Congress. He was always a vigorous working representative, and among the most useful of her delegates to the South. Immediately after the Secession he was pitched upon as the man most fitted to stand at the right hand of Jefferson Davis, to whom he is inferior in knowledge of the world, powers of organization, and the governing faculty, though superior in all points of scholarship and in the class of gifts commonly called popular. Mr. Samuel Phillips Day has given a graphic account of the personal appearance and mental characteristics of one who ranks high among the celebrities of the South, and has vastly served the young nationality, though his duties have not brought him often before the public.

"Mr. Stephens (says Mr. Day) suffers from an organic derangement of the liver, which gives him a consumptive appearance. He has never weighed over ninety-six pounds, and to see his attenuated figure bent over his desk, his shoulders contracted, and the shape of his slender limbs, visible through his garments, a stranger would never select him as the modern John Randolph, more dreaded when in the United States Congress as an adversary, and more prized as an ally in a debate, than any other member of the House of Representatives. When speaking, he has at first a shrill, sharp voice; but as he warms with his subject, the clear tones and vigorous sentences roll out with a pleasing sonorousness. He is witty, rhetorical, and solid, and has a dash of keen satire that puts an edge upon every speech. He is a careful student, but so very careful that no trace of study is perceptible as he dashes along in a flow of facts, arguments, and language, that to common minds is almost bewildering."

It is not improbable that Mr. Ste-

phens, if he lives, will be President of the Confederacy after Mr. Davis has laid down the rod of office. Mean as his presence is when he is at rest, the people who are familiar with his impassioned utterances entertain for him an affectionate regard. He is understood to enjoy the confidence of the slaveholding section of the Southern community in the fullest degree. And in this connexion it may be useful to correct the erroneous idea of some persons with respect to the supposed predominance of the slaveowners' interest in the South. It appears by the census of 1850, the last available, that among a white population of about seven millions there are only 347,525 slaveholders, and not more than 37,662 of these hold more than twenty slaves each. This fact it is obviously of the greatest importance to remember when speculations are entered into with respect to the future position to be held by the negro in an independent Southern nation. Those who think that the tendency under the circumstances of the State would be to emancipate, will find support for their views in the circumstance that the slaveholding interest is comparatively so small; and its influence will be greatly restricted by the development of manufactures in the South as a consequence of the long continuance of the war and the vigour of the blockade. When the time of peace arrives, and the Southern people set about the organization of their political system, the planters will probably be found in a very small majority in the Confederate Congress, and it is remarkable that there exists already the nucleus of a party in the South whose principle it is that the Southern Republic will best consult for its permanence and prosperity by a gradual mitigation of the institution of slavery, with a view to its ultimate abandonment at no distant date.

Such an emancipation would obviously be better for the negro than that of the North, which means nothing more than the declaring of men free who cannot find their next meal otherwise than by clinging to their masters. An experienced and cautious Scotchman, writing with the fullest knowledge of what slavery is and necessitates, has lately said, "Any sudden and wholesale manu-

mission would be at once dangerous to the master and dangerous to the slave. The deliverance of the South must be a growth—a gradual progress towards enlightened and efficient industry. No philanthropic juggle or legislative sleight of hand can transform a horde of helots into a nation of noble workers." The Southern people have before them this great task. Internal necessities will probably coerce them to take it in hand soon after their independence has been fully secured; and there is, happily, every likelihood that the people who have displayed such temper and capacity during protracted and trying campaigns will find ways of dealing wisely with this gigantic problem. In the efforts they may make to free the negro, without ruining him in every moral and material respect, they ought manifestly to receive the special sympathy of Englishmen, since it was under our rule in America that the slave institution grew up.

It need hardly be added, that there is ample room within the borders of the Southern States to carry out any plan that might be adopted for emancipating and resettling labour, or otherwise, for developing and extending slavery, if such a policy should unfortunately be adopted instead. The Southerners, however, it is to be borne in mind, have solemnly pledged themselves against the slave trade. Virginia is 270 miles long, and 200 broad, and contains above 61,000 square miles of territory. North Carolina comprises 45,000 square miles, and South Carolina 28,000; Georgia is 300 miles long and 240 broad; Florida is 385 miles long, and though its breadth varies more than other States, it has an average width of over 150 miles wide. Alabama has 50,672 square miles of territory; Louisiana is 240 miles long, and 216 broad; and Texas includes no less than 325,000 square miles; whilst the State of Tennessee is 190 miles long, and that of Mississippi 330; Arkansas being 240 miles long. It will give a better idea of the enormous size, that Virginia and Tennessee united are considerably more extensive than France; that Georgia and Alabama, what largest of Germany; the accession to which is very likely to convulse Europe; and that Texas

is more than twice the size of the British Isles, and of greater extent than the whole of Germany, which contains 43,712,174 inhabitants whilst Texas has only 605,050, including slaves.

After the Southerners had selected Mr. Jefferson Davis and the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens as their principal officers, they chose for the other chief posts, namely, the Secretaryship of State, that of the Treasury, and that of War, their three best remaining men, Messrs. Toombs, Memminger, and Lee. Two changes affect this arrangement have since taken place. General Lee's duties in the field have rendered it necessary to supply his place, and Mr. Toombs has given way to Mr. Robert M. T. Hunter, a man of great sagacity and industry. Memminger's management of the Southern finances has been masterly, and it is entirely owing to him that the nation occupies a pecuniary position much more favourable than that of the North. Against their enormous responsibilities the Southern Government has an immense quantity of cotton, purchased from the planters with the bonds. In the absence of information as to the amount and value of it, however, no estimate can be made of their liabilities in comparison with those of their rivals, but it is probable that their real debt is a good deal less than that of the Federals.

Mr. Hunter is also a financier. He is a man of about fifty-four years of age, and, like Stephens, a lawyer. From the year 1837, the date of his first speech, till the present time, he has been a consistent and energetic freetrader. He has also at all times shown himself to be a man of good judgment. In the great Oregon dispute he was on the side of reasonable and equitable compromise; in 1848 he resisted the incorporation of the Mexican States with the Union, ready labouring under a plethoric territory. In 1847 he became a member of the United States Senate, and afterwards was chairman of a finance committee. In 1858 he was elected senator for the third time, only ten out of one hundred or sixty members having voted for other candidates. Thus, all the leading men of the Confederacy served the full time to the duties of the admin-

trator, and came to their posts when the Secession took place thoroughly equipped for the service required from them. From among those who did so it would be wrong to omit the Hon. Howell Cobb, President of the Confederate Congress, another lawyer of genius and distinction. He is the youngest of the more remarkable men, being only forty-eight. He became Speaker of Congress and Governor of Georgia before he was five and thirty. As leader of the Democratic party he was a notable character in general politics from 1850 to 1855, and enjoyed a large measure of public confidence. Finally, President Buchanan made him his Secretary of the Treasury, and the height of his ambition was attained. He was destined, however, to figure on another arena, and he is now one of the most trusted of the Confederate chiefs. His tendencies are religious, like those of "Stonewall" Jackson, and altogether he is one of the soundest, most scrupulous, and earnest of the Confederates.

These are not sketches of men who are, in any sense, adventurers. They had all made their positions in life when the Secession took place, and most of them, in fact, came forth from their privacy, after a manhood of hard work, to obey what they considered an imperative call of country. They could have had no personal ambition to serve that would not have been more easily attained by a conservation of the old Union. It would not have been very difficult to place Mr. Jefferson Davis in the chair of authority as successor to Abraham Lincoln, and Stephens and Memminger, Hunter and Lee, would have shared the fortunes of such a ministry. Polk held a bishopric, and could get nothing more. The minor men, who fill military and civil posts under the Confederacy, had every reason to suppose that the road to promotion lay through an obsequious obedience to whatever party was for the time in power. The influences must have been very powerful, therefore, and of an exalted kind, that induced these persons to put them-

selves at the head of a new State, and embark everything in the doubtful enterprise. We cannot suppose that it was attachment to the institution of slavery which supplied the motive, for we learn that the foremost of the Confederate leaders possess no slaves, and have no interest whatever in negro property. If the fact were otherwise, we should not only be obliged to assign a very low origin to the apparent patriotism of the South, but should be forced to despair of any modification of slavery from the hands of these men. Inasmuch, however, as selfish considerations of the kind afford no sufficient explanation of the moral phenomena witnessed in the Southern struggle, the candid observer is compelled to acknowledge the high-souled impulses that have led to the valorous and successful prosecution of an unequal conflict, and feels warranted in hoping that the same disinterestedness and largeness of view may bring the Southern leaders and people, at no distant date, to a right mind with respect to slavery. There are two provisions of the Confederate Constitution, as has been shown, which indicate the desire of its framers to get rid of the state of society that is the only stain upon their national escutcheon. The first prohibits for evermore the importation of African negroes from "any foreign country;" and to make the enactment more explicit, it is added, "other than the slaveholding States of the Confederate States." The Northern or Federal States, accordingly, are a "foreign country" within the meaning of this declaration. The second provision still more expressly affirms that the Southern Congress shall have power to prevent the introduction of slaves "from any State not a member of this Confederacy." Fundamental principles like these give hope that the Confederacy will be governed in peace, as in war, by men having a high moral purpose, who will neither repudiate their debts, nor deny their responsibility with regard to the great and difficult negro-labour question.

FALSTAFF'S WAKE.

BY T. IRWIN.

Scene.—Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Hostess Quickly, Doll, Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, Boy, and Undertaker.

Quickly.—Come Lieutenant Bardolph and Corporal Nym, come Doll—poor heart, and draw round the sea-coal fire; a winter's night and an old friend dead; marry and amen, let us be comfortable. Here, boy, bring the company stools. Alack-a-day, and who would have thought Sir John could ever die; I can believe anything after that. Well, I shall never forget him.

Nym.—My humour is to forget grief.

Bard.—Such is not mine. I'd rather have Falstaff's memory than a hogshead of Rhenish.

Quick.—Alas, the good man! Rhenish, indeed, was a liquor which he never could conjure; it set his gout a-tingling, but sack he loved. Many's the flask he drank of me; a great capacity, God be wi' him. Why, the empty bottles he has left behind him would reach hence to Charing village, that they would. He used to say he would leave them me in his will, and have my Lord Chief Justice to draw it, too. Well, 'tis certain he drank much, and little I grudged him; for an honest gentleman never drew heavenly air. He owes me now for sack alone—

Bard.—Well, hostess, he will never drink any more of you.

Quick.—He will never drink any more of me, Lieutenant Bardolph, it is true for you to say. Alack, an evil day for me, and a melancholy! His custom was equal to any six, and if he had paid; but, to be sure, he would say that was his way of thrift. Ah, well!

Bard.—He will never drink any more!

Quick.—Good Master Bardolph don't take on so, sitting moping over the fire. Here, boy, bring in a tankard of sack for the mourners, and a short-necked bottle of Canaries for Doll and I here. Marry, we can't enjoy sorrow if we are not comfortable;—so, so—send it round now in good heart; it's not every day a

friend dies.—Lord! what a large head and high forehead he had; what a bold front and cunning lip; what merry wrinkles round the eyes—death can't stop their laughing. Well; a finer and a fatter corpse I never see.

Doll.—Peace, good hostess, you give me quite a turn.

Quick.—Poor heart! drink about. How feel you now?—better!

Doll.—Better. It was the stewed prawns, hem!

Quick.—Alack, what a man he was—such company, with a venison pasty before him—so mirthful over the pippins and cheese.

Doll.—With such droll stories and songs.

Quick.—Songs! I have heard him out-chorp our tapster, Oliver, over and over again, standing at the bar, with my back to the bottles, in idle times, waiting for customers at night.

Doll.—So generous when he had money. He has given me kirtles three several times—not that I hold myself handsome—and with that and his winning ways and so. Well, I never met a man with such a taking way; he had such intellects.

Quick.—Yea, truly, good nature—warms.

Doll.—Ay, and that ring he gave me—he said it cost twenty marks, but, I'm blessed, if I can ever get more than three on it from Zachariah Iscariot, the pawn-master, in Judas's Close—often only two, according to the times; but with all that I still love him; and when a true woman loves a man—oh, Lord!

Quick.—Oh, don't tell me, Mistress Doll, I have had my sorrows and experiences, and my downings and upliftings in this celestial world, God be about us, as well as any; and have seen the day when I was young.

Doll.—Not saying that you are old now—God forbid.

Quick.—All's one. But, neighbours, isn't it a sad case, that a noblesman like Sir John—a man with such a

conchology as he, should die in a tavern, without a soul, except his own friends, about him. Why, it's heart-rending; antiquity will scarce credit it.

Doll.—You were with him when he parted, were you not?

Quick.—Yea, good sooth.

Boy.—And I, too.

Nym.—It's not my humour to watch the dying, but I shogged up and had a look—didn't I, boy?

Boy.—Ay, and Falstaff,—it was just before his voice went,—said you looked like a ghost that had left its grave to have it swept.

Quick.—And so he did—merry to the last, good sooth.

Pistol.—What hath the knight bequeathed his comrades true?

Doth his great pockets smack of Plutus aught?—

Let us unfold his garments, and confirm.

Nym.—Aye, let us have a fair divide; my humour is to have a token.

Quick.—A fair thought truly. Boy, ascend you to the chamber where the good man lies, and bring his garments hither.

Boy.—Oh, mistress, don't ask me to go up to Sir John at this hour of the night.

Bard.—What? you puny elfskin—you bubble—what! are you afraid of your old master?

Boy.—Afraid or not, I'd rather go six miles round than—a—can't you go yourself, Master Bardolph?

Quick.—Poor lad, he's but young; that's the truth; but his heart's gentle. Go now—there's a dear.

Boy.—Ah, can't you go, mistress, that knew him so well; he won't harm you.

Quick.—What! at the small hours?—no, God forbid. Well, Lord, Lord, but to think of it! that he who was so merry should make us all afear'd now.

Bard.—Give the quat a drain. Here you, phial (*pours some Canaries down his throat*). Well, how feel you now?

Boy.—Oh, I'm smothered!

Pistol.—Avaunt! What craven coward base art thou?

What! fear the dead? Go on thine errand, pack;

And if thou here returnest not before three minutes space,

I'll lace thy puny hide with sounding stripes,

Thou pestilent varlet vile.

Boy.—Well, you're all as much afraid as I, at any rate.

(*Exit Boy.*)

Pistol.—A small whey cur. When I was of his years

Through deserts full of dragons had I gone,

And horrid caverns dashed with dead men's bones.

The present youth are sluttish.

(*Re-enter Boy.*)

Boy.—Oh, as I breathe, I'm sure I heard him stir. I'm certain he's only feigning; none can tell what tricks he may be at.

Quick.—Alack, poor child, his feigning is over; he could not deceive me there; haven't I seen folks die before now, and had my troubles and afflictions, and sittings and watchings with my first husband, Quickly, a good soul, who died of an information on the chest only; but strong and in health withal, thanks be to God, who is sleeping above his father in Bow church-yard, being both mortal; and a widow I am, that have been better to do subsequently than now—but that's past and gone. Ah, no—feigning!—by no means; for when I gave him his two 'parents, which the leech from Rhubarb-lane ordered him, and a thimbleful of sack to wash them down, he put the cup away with his only living hand.—Was that feigning? No; don't tell me what death is—no.

Bard.—The hostess is right; his limbs were parabolic toward the close.

Quick.—His hands, on the faith of a true woman—yes, last night, the left previously the other. When I felt them this morning there was not the least altercation between them.

Nym.—Come, bring his garments hither.

Bard.—Ay, there's his outward casing—his inner was—well!

Doll.—I'll take the spangles off his doublet, and sew them on my kirtle. Won't they look rare at Bartholomew fair.

Pistol.—His sword is mine. I'll hew my way through France And armies multitudinous with this blade—

It fits my hand. Death follow close my heels.

Bard.—Give me his corkscrew; he kept it in his right pocket ever—aye,

here it is. A better weapon never opened bottle.

Nym.—Look you, here's a paper. What may it be?

Bard.—May I never taste Canaries, but it's his jest-book, and here's something character'd therein.

Quick.—Oh, read, read, good Bardolph.

Bard.—Fetch me the light; I can scarce decipher the words—indeed, they are so stained with sack as to be perfectly intelligible. By the Mass, it's his will.

Pistol. Progress. First from the tankard oil thy tongue.

Bard. (reads).—"I, Sir John Falstaff, being in good wind and appetite this June forenoon, do make, while waiting for dinner, this my first will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:—Upon the Prince, I bestow my wit, well knowing it is the quality he lacketh most of; to the honest wenches now roasting me a capon, I leave my love—better to them than a million; to my Lord Chief Justice I bequeath my command of countenance, wherewith that foolish old man may the better make his stupidity pass for gravity; while upon my followers, Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, I bestow the world in general, and whatsoever they can take therein.

"J. FALSTAFF, Knight."

Quick.—And not a word about the empty bottles!

Bard.—No, Mistress Quickly.

Quick.—Ah, well! But, hark! what knocking's there! Run, boy. Hand me the Canaries first. This is the undertaker, I warrant. We mustn't let our spirits sink when business is to be done.

(Enter Undertaker.)

Und.—A fair night, gentle folks. Well, and so the bully Captain is no more.

Quick.—A stool, a stool for the good master—star the fire, Nym. And how is the night, I prithee? and how thrives your trade—well, I hope!

Und.—Bad times, Mistress Quickly, bad times—wholesome weather, marry.

Quick.—Come, you must take a taste of something. A cup here, ho!

Und.—Truly, I thank ye—my spirits are but faint.

Quick.—Draw to the fire, if it so

please you—and so are ours—death in the house—death in the house, good Master Hammertack. Come, a drink; you *do* seem but low, that's the truth.

Und.—I am so! and no marvel either, my masters. I've just passed the new church-yard, over against Cheap End; three months it is finished, as I'm a living man, and not a grave in it yet—a disheartening sight for an honest tradesman with a large family.

Quick.—Truly, a fine season is but a bad time for your trade, but—trust in God.

Und.—Three months finished, and not a grave in it yet—why, what is the world coming to!

Quick.—Aye, what indeed *(passing his cup)*. But come, don't give in—another taste of Canaries—it won't harm you—a quiet drink.

Und. (drinking).—You look marvellous well, Mistress Quickly; i' faith, a sweeter sparkle in the eye and a fresher colour I never see.

Quick.—Ah! grief, grief, Master Hammertack *will* give the cheek a carnation in good sooth, la.

Und.—And how, if it please you, did the good knight die?

Bard.—Why, truly master, he was a free-blooded gentleman. Lived well at all times—a great frame, sir, till these latter years, when he was not able to bear as many cups as in his manhood. Nothing but this caused his death; if wine gives a fever, wine alone can cure it—that's my creed.

Quick.—And a proper saying, too. What can better of a morning, when quaimish, than a tankard of ale spiced!

Und.—Certainly. A free-lived gentleman, Lieutenant—I respect him so. Many of my best customers were of his make. I have now on my books—not that it becomes an humble tradesman to boast—Sir Toby Carabundle, of Will w Grange; went off quietly on Thursday morning, as I'm told, after a dinner with their worship, the Masters Aldermen at Bow; and I have got my order for a lead and outside oak two inches thick, with silver garrishings and motto. It will be, though I say it, the greatest thing I have yet done. Truly, these last nights I have lain awake, inventing and inventing; it was but yester eve I hit upon the fitting idea, and to

speaking honestly, my mind is a good deal shaken; but then for a good man, and in the way of trade, I never spare myself.

Quick.—Yea—with respect—what's a night or so's waking for a good man, like Sir Toby? I've heard from the carrier folk he had the largest cellars in his parts.

Und.—And so he had. But, sweet friends, to whom am I to look for reimbursement in this present matter?

Pistol.—Pocket thy fears, and get thy purse in hand, Gorgonian ghoul—

The King, the noble wight—he pays for all.

Und.—Heaven send his majesty a happy ending; and so, with your leave, I will ascend me to the chamber of the body, and take its compass.

Quick.—A light, a light here. (*Exit Undertaker*). Dear, dear! he is no more afraid than I would be of tapping a hogshead of Malmsay—ay, the use is all.

Doll. (*yawning*).—Ah—a—a—a, I feel very melancholic.

Quick.—So much the better, for to drink when we are merry is but a waste of wine. Come, your cup again.

Doll.—Not another drop for me.

Quick.—Go to, you must—what's a half-pint between two weak women?

Doll.—Well, for company's sake, I won't off.

(*Re-enter Undertaker*.)

Und.—The knight's interment should be rapid, my masters. Man is but mortal, and now I bethink me I have a shell which is his size to a hair; a costly matter, trust me, and of most admirable workmanship—ordered, indeed, expeditiously by the heir of a great man, who, alas! recovered out of time. For half a year 't has been on my hands—but all are born to disappointment.

Bard.—Well, a better and a wittier clay will never fill it than my old master's.

Und.—Fact, Lieutenant—fact. But regarding the Knight's remains, I would council a speedy earthing; man is but mortal; and the less delay, the less decay. What say you, good Lieutenant?

Bard.—Predestination is the thief of time.

Quick.—Aye, true, true.

Und.—Then, my familiars will visit you at six, with all things comfortable and in readiness. (*Exit Undertaker*).

Quick.—A fair-spoken man, truly, and a wise; but come, bar up the door, boy, for i' faith we must sit up through the night. Come, draw close to the fire—another cup, and then to sleep.

Bard. (*coming in from the door*).—It snows.

Quick.—Marry then, throw more logs on the hearth.

Doll.—Hush! what's that?

Quick.—What, sweetheart—don't say—

Doll.—May I never wear taffita again, but I heard something stir o'er-head!

Quick.—In heaven's name, Mistress Doll, what mean you putting one in such tiritits and frights?

Doll (*listening*).—It was nothing.

Quick.—Well said, there's a good heart—no, of course.

Nym.—The drink has made me fap; it's my humour to have a doze.

Bard.—And mine, comrade.

Pistol.—What saith the night?

Hath Chronos lost his tongue?

Methinks three hours have fled since clock hath chimed.

Quick.—The last was four.

Bard.—No, three.

Quick.—Not while I listened, be it as it may.

(*They sleep*).

Clock strikes five.

Doll. (*awaking*).—Oh—ho—o—o! There goes five o'clock. Good lack, I wish the corpse was well out of the house; that bell is always rousing one. What business has a church so near a tavern? I faith, it's anything but pleasant—in faith, it's awful to be the only one awake; but I am weary, and will to sleep again. Oh—ho—o—o!

Clock strikes six.

Quickly (*awaking*).—Marry, six o'clock. How fast time flies when one's asleep! How sound they are all, and Bardolph's face is griled doubly red with the fire. How strange and silent is the room overhead—just as he were listening, for all the world. (*Goes to the window*). Lord! the earth is as white as a shroud!

Knocking.

(*Scene closes*).

PAUL FEVAL,

A BRETON MAN OF LETTERS.

Who could have possessed a more attached or more gifted pupil and friend than Socrates did in that paragon of intellect and foresight, Plato of the broad shoulders? Yet we know he made use of this expression in reference to his Boswell, "What absurdities this young man makes me utter!" So it may be imagined that the appearance of one of these pestilent little *Isnos* in red wrapper covers, marked "Charles Dickens," or the "Hon. Benjamin Disraeli," or "Thomas Carlyle," or other often-heard name, is not always hailed with unmixed pleasure by the writer to whom it is devoted. But there are no men with the circumstances of whose lives the reading public desire more to be acquainted, than with those of writers who have afforded interesting or amusing occupation for their leisure hours. Yet, in general, biography of any other class affords more material in respect to incident and interesting detail. Of course there are exceptions. The life of the author of "Pickwick," by himself, would be, if he indulged exclusively in his good vein, more amusing and interesting than any work of fiction that has come from his "fine golden pen." There is some picturesque variety in the life of our Breton novelist. He has been long before the French public, and the "Duke's Motto" and "Bel Démonio" are in the minds and mouths of British playgoers, and are in request at British libraries. Besides, his works, though marked occasionally by absurdity and extravagance, are free from loose morality and irreligion, are picturesque in the descriptive parts, possess a rough sort of humour, and always present an interesting plot.

He is now forty-six years and some months old, having been born in the ancient capital of Brittany on the 25th of November, 1817. In one of his wildest stories, "Le Jeu de la

Mort," he gives a most amusing sketch of the neighbouring picturesque old town, Vitré, amusing his readers with the idea of its having gone to sleep one evening in the middle ages, and woke up yesterday. We have given the passage in full in an article on "Souvestre and Brittany" in this Magazine. He was found by his early preceptor much more attached to the exercises of *L'Ecole Buissonnière** than those of *L'Ecole d'Ecriture*, and was not much of a favourite with his superiors or fellows in the college. In several of his works he takes a comic revenge for some of his early wrongs. Professor *Quindouquin*, his earliest tutor, has not escaped. *Dr. Blimber*, or *Fe-dor*, B.A., was never so devoted to the old Romans. He gave his twelve small children names from Latin families, and if he found it necessary to bid Paul kneel down, he could find no more simple instrument than the following sentence to effect it, "Prostrate yourself in the attitude which alone befits a delinquent;" and if the delinquent hesitated, he would add, "I shall invoke the assistance of a servitor to expel you by main force, and thus give you a practical knowledge of the declension of the participle *expellens*."

At the breaking out of the July Revolution, professors and pupils did not lose much time about displaying tricolor favours on their persons. Not so the hard-headed young Breton, whose home was a nest of loyalty to the institutions of old. Not being able to conquer his strong and very numerous opponents of the new regime by bullets of fist or ram-charges of head, he patiently took his beatings, and would have died on the spot sooner than acknowledge the godless and selfish king of shopkeepers.

His mother at this time retired to an old *manoir* of hers at the bottom of Morbihan, and to this house re-

* "School among the Baches," where the sciences taught consisted of "Priseners Base," "Fox and Hounds," &c.

paired many malcontents. Paul was even promised a carbine when an *émeute* in expectation should occur. While his feelings were in a delightful state of excitement, the rural police paid a visit to the mansion on some indifferent business. The young Coeles openly defied them, but the chief taking him by the ear, led him to his mother and requested her to give him a whipping if he did not behave better.

The novelist has produced several of the old Armorican legends, heard at the large fireplace of this old chateau, such as the "White Lady," "Goodman Poverty," the "Fine Chateau of Cocquerel," the "Night Beauties," and the "Maréchal Gille de Raiz," the Armorican, perhaps the original, Blue Beard.

When the young enthusiast climbed to his dormitory, with his imagination inflamed by fireside narratives of the days of old, he would never willingly let the candle be removed, for as soon as the physical light was extinguished, in came funeral torches, and the *De Profundis* began to be chanted. A cousin of his, a fair, young, and amiable lady, who had occupied the same chamber some time before, was sure, as soon as the candle was put out, to see seven lamps arranged on the ceiling in the form of a cross, and to be aware of an interior voice recommending the renunciation of earthly enjoyments. The continuance of these phenomena sent her to the cloister.

The honourable stock from which Paul traces his descent were distinguished among the judicial dignitaries of Rennes. He received a legal education, and even reached the privilege of partly pleading a cause. He was appointed to defend a stealer of fowl, and having given the subject his entire attention, and divided his oration into three parts, and got into the centre of the first, as he supposed Cicero or Demosthenes would have done, he was gratified by a general breaking out of laughter among the court authorities, and hearing the judge exclaim, "Enough, Mr. Paul, we have made up our minds." But the lover of his neighbours' fowl was so excited by the defence only just entered on, that he enthusiastically proceeded to enlighten the judge, the audience, and the *gens-d'armes* on the approved mode of carrying off ducks

and geese without allowing them to cry. His unfortunate advocate made signs to him in vain. Professional pride carried him on, till the judge ordered him to stop, and inflicted on him the maximum penalty of his offence. Paul left the court in fury, flung his cap (*à la française*) over the mills, and determined he would try the life of a man of letters in Paris.

He was not ill-provided for on his entry into the modern Corinth, and began in his modest garret to do as all other prose humorists did before him, viz., to write a tragedy. One of his college comrades, who had in school-days given him more than one beating, dropped in when he was near the end of his first act, and borrowed his ready money, promising payment next day. As he forgot the fulfilment of his word, Paul called on him, but the fellow only laughed at his greenness. This was so little what the hasty-tempered lender expected, that he bestowed on his shameless jaws a pair of first-rate buffets. A hostile meeting, and a ball fixed in the rascal's thigh, was the consequence. The money was not, however, recovered, the wounded man unblushingly remarking that he needed it to bring round his cure.

Having finished his tragedy, and prepared several social sketches for the papers, he sallied forth, but no manager would read the drama, and the editors of the daily and weekly journals vowed that their offices were piled with copy.

Examining the advertisements, he found an individual in want of an editor for a paper about to be started. He was elected without a dissentient voice, and did not think it too much to advance 400 francs by way of surety. He was appointed associate, editor, director, nay, cashier itself; but before the publication of the first number, his patron walked off with the *caisse* (cash box), so there were no duties left to discharge either as editor or cashier.

He was next employed by a bill-posting company to inspect the dead walls of the city, and report on propitious vacancies. He was not obliged to make any advance, and gave great satisfaction to his employers, till he requested his first instalment of wages. The *bureau d'affichage* looked on this as such a shabby pro-

cedure, that they dismissed him on the spot.

Ill-luck does not last for ever. He got office as clerk with the director of a score of incorporated societies, with capitals varying from eight to ten, twenty, and thirty millions (of francs to wit). His patron kept in his ante-chamber, ten negroes arrayed in white, and passed for a nabob. The clerk was to receive a large yearly salary, but he only touched the quota for a month, his employer in that time, having spent (*mangé*) thirteen millions on negroes, oysters, horses, and parasites.

Eugene Jacquot, styling himself "of Mirecourt," his natal town in Lorraine, a decent writer, a royalist, and an old Christian like Paul himself, must be quoted at this point of our hero's career.

"A last attempt among the journalists was as unsuccessful as the former one. Yet he had in his portfolio at the moment, a portion of those works which have since obtained such success. Unfortunately the Ethiopian, Dumas, had already seized on all the issues of the feuilleton by means of his numerous troop of collaborateurs, negroes even as he, who hoed his phrases, ploughed his chapters, and slavishly abandoned to him their harvest of volumes and glory. Paul did not succeed even in getting a page of his manuscripts read."

Being too proud to return to the protection of his family, and having arrived at his last sou, and fasted for two days, he was seen by his concierge ascending his stairs with a very tottering step. Next day no one saw him descend, and when they mounted to his garret the day after, they found him lying insensible on his mattress with the "Imitation of Christ" by his side. All his other books had been sold or pawned.

He was restored to the enjoyment of life, chiefly by the devotedness of a young woman who lodged in the house, and obtained, in a few days, the office of corrector of the press at one of the newspaper offices. He was here enabled to get possession of a feuilleton for one of his stories, and his time was soon crowded with literary occupation.

There was at the time in Paris a certain literary undertaker who provided writers for editors and *vice versa*. This man, Antenor Joly,

entered Paul's apartment one evening, and this conference ensued:—

"Do you know London?" "Not a bit." "Any thing of English literature?" "A great deal." "You are our man. Begin this moment, and write the first four chapters of "*Les Mystères de Londres*" for the *Courier Français*." "Impossible!" "Nothing is impossible: begin at once." "But?" "No buts—what is that you are scribbling?" "A romance; "*Les Compagnons du Silence*." Antenor took up a few pages of the freshly written work, read here and there, threw up his arms in ecstasy, and cried, "Here is the very thing we need. In with English instead of French names; substitute beer for wine, and we are in the heart of *Grande Bretagne*. The first feuilleton must appear to-morrow. Here is a refresher" (deposits a couple of bank notes on table). "Sign yourself Sir Francis Trollope. It will afford local colour."

The success of "*Les Mystères de Paris*" had disturbed the repose of the editor of the *Courier Français* so much, that he commissioned M. Joly to cross the Channel, and secure some English writer to furnish him with "London Mysteries," and thus abate the prestige of his rival. The coming man, however, produced such a heavy mass of light reading that he would not admit it. But the announcement of the speedy appearance of the promised work had already coloured all the dead walls of the city, and so Antenor Joly, stepping out of his machine like Horace's god, brought Paul to the rescue. It was not till the first volume was nearly written, that Feral visited London; and then, as his biographer assures us, great houses were thrown open to him, and guides and policemen conducted him in safety through casinos, cider-cellars, and the dens of thieves. He made more discoveries in a month than Benjamin Bowtell would in a lifetime.

A lord coveting his neighbour's wife, involves the injured husband so in money embarrassments, that he is obliged to bring her in a halter before "Milord Maire," and sell her to the breaker of the commandment. A lady in love with a policeman, pays a visit to his mother's shop, in the hope of seeing him. She is disappointed; and leaving the house with a heavy heart, espies a beggar-woman sitting at the door. Love inducing sympathy, she drops a sovereign into her lap, whis-

pering at the same time, "Priez pour moi et pour lui."

It must not be supposed from these specimens that Paul cannot sketch pictures faithful in outline and colour, where he has had the advantage of personal inspection. He possesses a lively and powerful imagination: his pieces are rich in colour, and he has all the parts of the machinery of his story under his eye, and at the command of his fingers, during the entire progress of the narrative, letting his readers just know enough, and no more, of the inter-relations of characters and events, so as to produce the greatest amount of eagerness for the result, with the greatest amount of interest in the portion before him for the moment. He succeeds, to a certain extent, in the delineation of delicate, finely-strung characters, such as the blind girl in "*Le Jeu de la Mort*." But it is in stirring adventure, descriptions of grand and rugged scenery, and the evolving of rough and opposing characters, pushed occasionally to the verge of the grotesque, that his excellence is felt. He is completely at home in his Breton scenes; sketching the peasant character, the monotonous and imbecile fireside-chat, the cunning, the parsimony, the obstinacy, and also the good qualities of the peasantry, as no one but a man of talent, and familiar with country life could do. Here is a touch at the charms of the food popular in the neighbourhood of the town of the middle ages before referred to. He is describing the *grous* (groats, *Scotticé*), a stirabout of black wheat, made so thick that it may be cut like bread.

"The *grous* are eaten hot, with melted butter, or skimmed milk. When used with extreme moderation by a person furnished with a stomach of bronze, the *grous* never cause an indigestion. A peasant of Ile and Vilaine, who sees before him a good piece of *grous* two pounds weight, half of a pressed sprat, and a pitcher of cider, holds those poor devils in great pity who are reduced to *pâté de foie gras*, Venetian rolls, and a long-corked bottle of Bourdeaux."

The famous *grous* were being prepared in the kitchen of an old manoir belonging to the terrible "John of the Sea." There were assembled the domestics and several neighbours, who occupied forms round the great hearth. The aged woman, Renotte, was spinning with one hand, and

turning the *grous* with the other. The visitors were, the neighbouring miller, the thatcher, the shepherd, and the lime-burner.

"At the moment of our entrance, Renotte—excellent old woman, with three warts on her nose, two on her chin, five on her cheeks, and a nice gray moustache on each—had just finished a history—the famous history of the bottomless quarry-hole into which Monseigneur the Bishop had fallen, with his coach and four.

"The company knew the history as well as Dame Renotte; but in Brittany, the better you know a history, the more you love it.

" 'And what will prove to you all,' added the dame, as the moral of the story, 'that the quarry-hole had no bottom, is, that they never found either the coach, or the horses, or the Bishop.'

"Every one seemed deeply impressed by the lofty truth of this announcement. They held their tongues, and listened to the rain falling. 'Good rain,' said Pierre the thatcher. Merieul and Fancin repeated 'Good rain.' 'That is the good truth,' added Mathurin Houin; 'ah, faith! that is the good truth, all the same;' and those who had not yet spoken, repeated, as if rehearsing a part, 'Good rain,' or perhaps, 'Ah, that is the truth! Oh, faith, all the same; that is the *real* truth!' We give this as a carefully studied specimen of the conversation of the Breton farmers; and, indeed, must add that, with the exception of the accent and the expressions, the *causeries* of some Paris salons do not arrive at deductions much more transcendent."

Then is mentioned the reason of the anthem sung in praise of the rain. Loch Brehaim had been frozen for some days, and the action of the sluices suspended, and business stopped. The deliverance was brought by the "good rain;" hence the hymn.

"According to the strict current of thought paramount in the kitchen, it was a thousand to one that the next enunciation after the 'good rain' would be, as it really was, 'There will be apples this year,' to which Merieul, Yvon, or Fancin would add, 'Very likely, indeed; all the same,' in order that Mathurin, Houin, and Méchet might wind up with, 'Ah, faith, yes to be sure.'"

If Nicholas Parker Willis, who never forgave Mrs. Trollope for saying he was an ugly man, had driven up the steep from Gravelle to Vitré in the days of diligences, he would not have advanced Irish beggars to the bad eminence they occupy in his magnificent thoughts.

"In the name of moral philosophy, what is to become of past horses? Their future lot disturbs the slumbers of thinking people. Will they succeed in securing a position among the omnibuses, or shall we find the unemployed and discontent animals abetting some new revolution? Already suspicion has fallen on them in reference to the injuries done to the rails after the famous February of 1848. For our part we lay the blame on animals more ignoble. Let the asses take no offence; the comparison does not apply to them."

"The ascent spoken of served during the flourishing days of coach and diligence, as rendezvous to a troop of young Normand beggars, turning the wheel, and chanting to some unknown air, and with an indescribable Normand accent, this strange distich—

"Charitais, si vous plait,
Pour l'amour du bon Diâis."

"They girated up along the steep incline, boys and girls, with no more idea of modesty than if they were royal youths of the Marquesas Islands. They bounded in the mud with enthusiastic cries. The horses strained, the travellers stopped their ears, the conductor—this imposing personage whom the railway is about to extinguish—borrowed the postilion's whip to frighten the whirling and howling mob. All in vain. Under the burning sun, in the rain, in the snow, the young Normands, patient and courageous, climbed the hill on their

hands, still singing at the top of their voices, 'Charitais,' &c."

"And to such purpose did the lay and the pantomime work, that the nurses in the *rotunde*, the cattle-dealers inside, the officers in the coupé, yea, the very *bagmen* of the *imperiale*, urged by a common rage, opened purse, and flung on the road a shower of sous. You would suppose that the young *industriels* would now stop. Ah, dear friends, little you know the Normands! They redoubled their contortions and clamours, convulsive bounds, ignoble lamentations, frightful misallings—ay, to such a pitch that we have seen officers drop tears into their pocket-handkerchiefs. And still their long, yellow hairs sweep the mud, their greenish, yellow eyes laugh, and mock you, and their harsh voices act on your eardrum like the teeth of a saw."

We cannot better conclude than by quoting the dedication of "*Le Comte Barbebleue*."

"They sometimes ask me, my dear good mother, why I am always speaking of Brittany, and why the name of Rennes so often escapes my pen. It is because you are at Rennes, and with you all that I love. I speak of Brittany and Rennes, because I am always thinking of thee; because my heart is with thee, and because, in talking of Rennes and Brittany, I seem talking of thee or to thee. I send thee this book, and if it gives you some pleasant hours it will be my greatest success."

NEW EDITORS—SHAKESPEARE.

"**SAVE** me from my friends!" is a prayer which many a man has perhaps been tempted to utter once at least in his lifetime. The higher he has stood among his fellows, the oftener will he have been driven thus to vent his annoyance at the well-meant blundering of some over-zealous admirer. Even if a man of any mark escape receiving such proofs of friendliness on this side the grave, his good luck will hardly follow him far into the land of shadows. If the ghosts of the great departed could speak out to living men, what a world-echo of angry utterances would deafen our affrighted ears! From poets, statesmen, warriors, philosophers innumerable, one common burst

of many-toned upbraiding would reveal the truth to our awakened senses, and their voices would be heard imploring us to save them from their literary friends, the writers of their lives, or the expounders of their mental utterances.

He who of all the company would have best reason for crying out loudest, would, in all likelihood, betray the least concern. The greatest of English poets has certainly been handled by his friends with special cruelty. Correctors, editors, commentators, have alike conspired to do him grievous wrong in the very effort to set him right with the world. Few of his contemporaries, if any, met from the first with such scurvy treatment

"The Works of William Shakespeare," edited by W. G. Clark, M.A., J. G. Her, M.A., and W. A. Wright, M.A. Cambridge and London. Macmillan & Co., 1893. Vols. I. and II.

at their printers' and publishers' hands. Even now printers' errors are a snare and a vexation to many a fastidious author, and in Shakespeare's day the correcting of the press must have seriously taxed the time and patience of most editors. But he who would carefully wade through a few of Shakespeare's plays, as printed in the folio edition of 1623, the first complete reissue of the great dramatist's works, will feel lost in wonder at the host of misprints and faulty readings which passed the revising hands of Heminge and Condell, the avowed friends and fond admirers of their dead workfellow. And yet, by comparison with its successor of 1632, this first edition seems nearly faultless. Between this and the older quarto copies of several of the plays, there is not much to choose in point of general faithfulness, each edition having its own errors and its own virtues in nearly equal proportions. As for the later folios of 1663 and 1685, they do little more than reproduce the faulty readings of the second folio, unimproved by any acquaintance with the first.

So fared Shakespeare in the stormy seventeenth century. With the first years of the eighteenth began a new line of Shakespearean editors, who combined revision of the text with explanatory remarks on the plays themselves. That men like Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Johnson, deigned to give all their pains to searching out and expounding the very words of their common original, betokened, in itself, a huge advance on the shallower criticism which led the Drydens and D'Avenants of the former century to dress up the "Tempest" after their own fashion, and to fuse two other of the poet's plays into one. That their toils have not been all unfruitful, it would be sheer illnature to deny. Pope, for instance, however blind to Shakespeare's rhythm, could hardly help making some happy guesses at his author's true meaning. Johnson, again, by the very force of his own strong intellect, wrought out some of the ablest criticisms ever yet printed on the faults and beauties of the mighty master. And Theobald, himself butt of the Twickenham satirist, and of several others who mistook Pope's envy of a successful rival for honest scorn of that rival's

dulness, not only did much to restore the text of the oldest folios, but suggested also a larger number of true-seeming corrections than all his contemporaries put together. In the latter respect indeed, no one of Shakespeare's editors can be said to have surpassed him, save the mysterious being whose manuscript readings were first made known to the world some eleven years back by Mr. Payne Collier, himself a painstaking worker in the Shakespeare mine.

But the good done in this way hardly atones for the accompanying evils. The happy guesses and sound illustrations seem, on the whole, so few amidst the heaps of sheer rubbish through which you have to fish them out, that one is sometimes tempted to wish the whole mass of Shakespeare literature blotted out of sight, if only the first editions of the poet's plays might still be left to us in all their rude faultiness. Such an issue might spoil the business of many an ambitious editor; but few, we think, of the poet's truest admirers would very much regret a loss which would anyhow leave their master's image free from any worse disfigurements than those caused by the blundering of its original painters. The statue would stand forth in its olden glory—rough, indeed, and imperfect, as lacking the last touches of the sculptor's own chisel; but better thus than if a number of inferior workmen had tried, by turns, each after his own poor fashion, to model it anew on the strength of their alleged acquaintance with the original design.

Such an issue, however, being unlikely, and perhaps, on the whole, a trifle too sweeping, would it not be better to try a sifting process, to strain off the combined results of editorial research, and cast the abundant refuse into the sewers of oblivion? An edition of the text of Shakespeare, which should set before us at the foot of each page the various readings of every doubtful passage, would be a work of toil, indeed, but of lasting benefit withal to the cause of Shakespearean criticism. With such a work before him, any intelligent reader might judge for himself as to the likeliest reading of many a passage which had hitherto puzzled or misled him in the text supplied by this or that particular editor. The more curious stu-

dent would be saved the trouble of turning over a dozen or more volumes to discover the different readings of some particular line. So may have thought the editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare," on the merits and defects of which we are now about to enlarge. At any rate, they have already within a few months produced three volumes of an edition which seems to answer the needs above suggested, if it does not wholly answer the hopes raised by the first announcement of its approaching birth.

For the time and trouble necessarily bestowed on such a work, let us offer the editors our thankfullest acknowledgments. If they have here and there left out a different reading, or misquoted one of the readings given, error is natural to man; and just as these gentlemen "have found errors in the work of the most accurate of their predecessors," so they rightly claim our indulgence for like shortcomings in their own; and, indeed, the mistakes of this kind are in their case so few, that we might far more reasonably wonder at not finding more. As far as the foot-notes to this edition are concerned, all praise may be given its authors, alike for the excellence of their design, and the care bestowed on its execution. It is only fair to say that, with few exceptions, the diligent reader will now hold in his own hand every available clue to the right reading of Shakespeare's text, so far at least as such clues have yet been furnished by the editors, commentators, critics, of some two centuries and a half.

Some, indeed, might wish that the editors had done their weeding a little more thoroughly, even in respect of textual variations; while others will regret the omission of all explanatory comments on the plays themselves. A careful selection from the criticisms of such men as Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Goethe, might certainly be worth reading, but was not within the aim of the present editors; nor will it be greatly missed by those who would rather read Shakespeare himself, than the best things written about him by others. With regard to the other point, we can hardly murmur at a fulness of collation, which enables us to compare for ourselves the merits of many different commen-

tators; to smile, for instance, at Pope's clever blundering, and admire the happy guesses of plodding Theobald; to test the judgment of our latest editors, and to wonder at the general skill displayed in darkening many an easy or perplexing more than one difficult text. Take, for instance, that corrupt passage in the oldest editions of the "Tempest"—

"Like one,

Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke."

Out of this seeming nonsense, which the Cambridge editors leave untouched in the text, other commentators have tried to make sense in the following different ways. Instead of the words above italicised, Hamner reads, "loving an untruth, and telling 't off;" Warburton, "having unto truth by telling off;" the Collier MS., "having to untruth by telling of it;" while Musgrave conjectures, "having sinn'd to truth by telling off;" and S. Verges proposes to alter "telling" into "quelling." Of these five readings, all faithfully given in the foot-note, two only are worth a second glance, those, namely, of old Hamner and Mr. P. Collier's unknown corrector; and of these two, the latter only gives a reading at once intelligible and thoroughly grammatical, yet doing the least possible violence to the received text.

Or take this other passage from the opening scene of "Measure for Measure," as printed in the first folios:—

"Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth
is able,
And let them work."

This, as it stands, is sheer nonsense. Let us see what the commentators contrive to make of it. To begin with the present editors, they print the passage as if a line had been lost between the words "sufficiency" and "as your worth." In the foot-note Theobald comes first, with the supposed gap thus filled:—

"But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligence."

Hamner and Tyrwhitt follow suit, the last four words being changed by the former into "*you joyne I will to*

serve us;” while the latter reads them, “*you put A zeal as willing.*” Johnson, retaining the one line, conjectures thus:—“But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled.” Farmer proposes, “But your sufficiency as worth is able;” while Steevens would read, “Your sufficiency as your worth,” &c. By Becket the overlong line is lengthened into, “But that your sufficiency be as your worth is *stable*.” Jackson’s reading gives, “But *state* to your sufficiency as,” &c.; which Singer alters into, “But *thereto* your sufficiency,” &c. The Collier MS. reads, “But *add* to your sufficiency your worth.” Staunton makes two lines, thus:—

“But that [*tendering his commission*] to
your sufficiency,
And, as your worth is able, let them
work;”

while Spedding reads—

“But that to your sufficiency I add
Commission ample.”

Out of all these readings how many will bear a close inspection? Messrs. Hanmer, Tyrwhitt, and Spedding merely ring some trifling changes on Theobald’s version, which might be the true one if two lines were absolutely needed, and any sense could be made out of the word “able.” Becket’s reading is sense without metre, so is that of Steevens; while those of Farmer and Johnson have more of the latter than of the former. Of Mr. Staunton’s conjecture we cannot speak, save in terms of unqualified censure. At the end of the play several other readings invite, without rewarding, notice. One only of all we have quoted claims admission into the text, and that is the reading of the Collier MS. “But *add* to your sufficiency your worth” makes good sense according to Shakespeare, and a good line out of a limping one. The Duke had just been telling Escalus that he knew more about the science of government than the Duke himself, so that

“No more remains,
But add to your sufficiency your worth,
And let them work.”

In other words, Escalus was to take up his office, armed with twofold powers—his general worth as a man, and his known “sufficiency” as a statesman. By this reading the old

text is virtually retained, all but the word “able,” which certainly seems to have no business there, whether as regards the meaning or the metre. Let us hope that future editors will take the better reading provided by the Collier MS., without fear of being called to account for lopping off a superfluous and unmeaning adjective from Shakespeare’s supposed text.

It is not for the fulness of their collation that we care to find fault with the Cambridge editors. Nor do we greatly demur to their unswerving preference for the most modern forms of spelling, or to their retaining many of those colloquial phrases which seem to sin against the rules of grammar. Of these latter, some were doubtless due to the ignorance or the blindness of the earliest editors; while others, perhaps the most of them, were either purposely used by the poet, as suited to particular characters, or else mark the prevalent usage of his own day. Still there are several instances in which the aforesaid gentlemen have carried a sound rule to an unwise excess. We cannot believe that Shakespeare ever wrote as they have printed from “Measure for Measure,”—

“*She* would this Angelo have married.”

It is a duke who speaks, and the word “she” has been rightly changed to “her” both by Pope and Mr. Collier’s old corrector.

“*Hath* all his ventures failed?”—Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

may be allowed to stand as an original blunder, or rather as an old form of the plural verb; but what shall we say to such an evident misprint as this from Act ii. of the “Tempest?”

“Which, of *he* or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?”

Can any sane person doubt that Shakespeare wrote, or meant to write with Pope, “Which of them, *he* or Adrian,” or else, as the Collier MS. has it, “Which, or *he* or Adrian?”

“Corrections of metre,” say the Cambridge editors, “are avoided even more carefully than those of grammar.” Here again we have a good principle sometimes worked too far. It is not given to every one to understand the mysteries of rhythm, still less to master the rhythmical peculi-

arities of an Elizabethan dramatist. Better on the whole, in this respect, to follow the oldest readings, than to err with those who would trim Shakespeare's verses into close accordance with the metrical ways of Pope. It is a common fallacy with readers of verse to suppose that a line in any given metre must needs be made up of so many syllables and no more. They might just as well say that a bar of music should be determined by the number, not the length, of its notes. In fact it is the number of feet, or accents, not of syllables, that tests the character of an English verse. All people with any ear for poetry know that the metre of "Christabel" and "Parisina" is, in rhythmical effect, as regular as that of Gay's "Fables" or Tennyson's "Day Dream." In each you have four feet or accents of equal length in time, but of different lengths in number of syllables. These lines—

"But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina has left her hall,"

keep essentially the same measure as Gay's couplet:—

"Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save."

Among our later poets Browning and Tennyson, the latter less sparingly, have often relieved the stately sameness of our heroic and epic metres, those, namely, of Pope's "Iliad" and of "Paradise Lost," by the use of extra syllables here and there, just as musicians make two "crotchets" do service for one "minim," or two quavers for one crotchet. Milton himself, whose fine ear never failed him, varied his blank verse with such-like ripples of sound whenever he had a fair excuse for so doing. The same measure was handled by Shakespeare and Massinger, with a freedom generally in keeping with the scene presented and the speaker's own character. In the graver parts of his plays, especially in his earlier works, the former used that freedom much more sparingly than in his later writings and more comic scenes. For instance, the versification of the "Comedy of Errors" is far more strictly regular than that of the "Tempest," his penultimate work. The latter abounds with verses which defy scanning by the rules of syllabic

prosody. Here, to begin with, is a speech of Prospero's in Act i., Scene 2.

"My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so
reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my
study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being
transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false
uncle—
Dost thou attend me?"

The ninth line of this passage is quoted by the Cambridge editors as showing a superfluous syllable after the central pause. But in fact the line is as metrical as any other, being to be scanned thus:—

"Without / a paral/lal; those/ being all/
my study."

The second foot has simply three short syllables instead of a short and a long one, is a *tribrach*, namely, instead of an *iamb*. In the fourth place, "being all" may be taken either as an *anapest*—two short syllables and one long—or as a *spondee*, the first word standing for a monosyllable. So, too, the eleventh line may be scanned with a *tribrach* in the fourth place, or else "being" may again be read as one syllable. The same method will solve the difficulty raised without reason by Messrs. Clark and Glover in such lines as this—

"Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember?"—1., 2, 38.

Or this from the same scene—

"But bless/edly / help hi/ther. O, / my
heart bleeds!"

the "thou" in the first line being lightly touched in reading, and the "my" in the second getting run into the next word, "heart." For the right scanning of such lines, the theory of a "middle pause" seems to us much more superfluous than the syllables so defined. Greatly as the rules of English differ from those of Latin or Greek prosody, yet the me-

tres of Terence and Aristophanes might surely have furnished the Cambridge editors with some better clues than that to the metrical difficulties of Shakespeare's verse.

Two more samples of what they call the spare syllable in the middle of the line may easily be explained without any recourse to so unlikely a rule:—

"He was indeed the Duke, out o' the substitution."—I., 2, 103,

is simply a common line, with two, or say three odd syllables, not in the middle, but all at the end. It may indeed, if you choose, be called a regular Alexandrine, like many more of Shakespeare's verses. The same may fairly be said of the other sample—

"With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing."—I., 2, 105,

which may also, however, be read as a common line, with a tribrach in the second and an anapaest in the fourth place. Or, again, the last word, "growing," might, with some show of reason, be removed, as Steevens removed it, to the next line, which wants a syllable to lead it off. But here we touch on another point, in which these editors seem to have more reason on their side. We mean the occasional want of a syllable at the beginning of Shakespeare's lines.

"Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since."—I., 2, 53,

certainly wants a head, if you count by syllables, not by feet or accents. But in this and such like cases the seeming defect is rather a stroke of happy workmanship. Dwell slightly on the first word, and the line seems long enough. In the shorter measure of Milton's "Allegro" we find the same licence employed with far greater freedom, the trochaic lines being largely interspersed with iambic ones. In Shakespeare's case, too, most of the headless lines follow one with an odd syllable at the end; and sometimes, as the Cambridge editors say truly, these lines come in with marked effect, as in the following triplet from "Measure for Measure." The last line is of our own adding.

"Take him hence; to the rack with him!

We'll touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.

What! 'unjust!'

"Duke.—Be not so hot; the Duke," &c.

Other of Shakespeare's lines are maimed in the middle, after a pause in the sense, as thus:—

"Make the prize light. One word more; I charge thee."—I., 2, 452.

Here the full stop acts like a rest in music. Moreover, the first half-line is spoken aside, the latter half aloud to Ferdinand.

In the other sample given by Messrs. Clark and Glover we recognise no defect at all.

"Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered"

is a perfect line, because, as these gentlemen ought to have known, the word "fire" in Shakespeare's time was as true a disyllable as "heaven" or "power" is now in Tennyson's poetry. The old spelling, fier, or feier, is in itself a strong proof of this. In "Romeo and Juliet" it is made to rhyme with "liar." Hence such lines as these:—

"O, who can hold a fire in his hand?"

"Fire that's closest kept burns most of all"—

"Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters"—

must be held to move as metrically as their neighbours, whatever may be said to the contrary by careless critics or untuneful editors.

But it is when we come to compare the general text of this edition with the various readings offered us in the notes, that we feel oftenest tempted to find fault. Indeed, we imagine that few modern editors have rivalled the present in the badness of their text. It is nothing to say in answer, that they who quarrel with the text can pick and choose for themselves from among the notes. You can hardly call that a good edition which how rich soever in notes, contrives, as a rule, to throw all the worst readings into the text. Nor is the matter mended by the avowal made in the preface, that no readings are admitted, because the editors think them "better grammar, or rhythm, or sense." Surely, their business was to try and mend all three whenever the need for so doing was specially urgent. It is simply absurd, in these days, for any editor to stand upon too slavish a reverence for any text of Shakespeare, however old, when the very

oldest copies swarm with manifest mistakes. This seems to us the silliest form of that rage which some people have for loving and praising old things merely because they are old. An utter fondness for the oldest readings mars almost every page of an edition which might else have left us little to desire.

Whenever the old quartos or the first folio are not unmistakably at fault in grammar, sense, or rhythm, by all means let us cleave to the oldest readings; but to follow them in the teeth of our own discernment, of all common sense, and literary experience, is to do a great injustice to a poet remarkable—as Coleridge has well maintained—even more for his judgment than for his wit or his fancy. In Act v., for instance, of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the old text is thus retained by the present editors:—

"Cricket, to Windsor chimneys *shall thou leap*;

Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery."

Here the words italicised are manifestly wrong. The whole passage whence these lines are taken is in rhymed couplets, from the few lines first spoken by Mrs. Quickly down to the song of the masquers pinching Falstaff. The editors had the choice of two good readings: that of the Collier MS., "when thou'st leapt;" or that suggested by the Collier MS. to Mr. Singer, "having leapt;" either of which restored the rhyme and improved the grammatical meaning. Of the two, perhaps Mr. Collier's folio gives the more Shakespearean text. But here, as in scores of other places, they have sacrificed sense, grammar, rhythm, to an absurd tenderness for old readings.

Take another instance from "Measure for Measure," Act i., Scene 3. Says the Duke, according to Messrs. Clark and Glover:—

"We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,

Which for this fourteen years we have let *slip*,

E'en like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey."

Who ever heard of "bits and curbs" governing headstrong "weeds?" Of course Shakespeare wrote "steeds," an amendment given both by Theobald and the Collier MS.* The word "slip," again, is clearly a misprint for *sleep*, as shown by the rest of the passage quoted. It is not the *weeds* that have been let *slip*, but the laws that have been let *sleep*, like an old lion left to slumber in his cave. For this latter improvement we have the threefold authority of Davenant, Theobald, and Mr. Collier's folio.

In "Love's Labour's Lost," Act iv., Scene 3, we find the following nonsense given on the strength of old readings:—

"O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the school
of night,

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens
well."

What on earth means "the school of night" here? Warburton and Theobald had suggested "scow!" Hammer, "stole;" the Collier MS., "shade;" and the present editors themselves have offered "suit." Any one of these readings would have made sense, while that of the Collier MS. seems nearest the original thought. In the next line the same corrector reads *beauty's best*, which is intelligible, instead of *beauty's crest*, which, here at least, has no meaning.

True to their principle of following the oldest copies, the present editors have spoiled the pretty little song in "The Merchant of Venice"—"Tell me where is fancy bred," by foisting into it the stage-direction, "reply, reply;" and altering "eyes," the reading of the folios, into "eye," the reading of the quartos. And this they have done in spite of the fact, that even in the latter copies the words "reply, reply," stand not in the body of the song, but in the margin. Through a like want of ear or common sense, Touchstone's little snatch in "As You Like It," is made to end thus:—

* Unless, as Mr. S. Walker conjectures, he wrote "wills."

"Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding *with thee*;"

although the Collier MS. supplies the true reading, "bind thee," to rhyme with "leave me not behind thee," in the first half of the stanza.

In the same play we have the old nonsense of the folios printed again:—

"Will you sterner be,
Than he that *dies* and lives by bloody drops?"

Silvius here refers to the headsman, who "first begs pardon" of those he is going to slay. Most editors have tried to make better sense of the passage, but the best reading of all is given by the Collier MS.—"he that *kills* and lives by bloody drops." And yet Messrs. Clark and Wright have left the manifest blunder of the old copies untouched, as if it were a point of duty to preserve the blots and stains that hide the master's own original touches.

An immense number of lines that seem maimed or otherwise faulty in other editions, retain all their old defects in this. Before laying down any fixed rules touching the anomalies in Shakespeare's versification, it were as well to see if those anomalies could not be cut down to the smallest number allowed by our limited knowledge of the poet's text. In scores and scores of places the seeming defects have been amply remedied by the toils of various editors; most amply by those of the unknown corrector, whose mass of notes fell into the hands of Mr. Payne Collier. Of these latter corrections, the greater number speak for themselves to all who go through them carefully, regardless of the outcry raised against their discoverer by rivals naturally loath to accept his estimate of their worth. Let us take a few instances at random from the plays already published by the present editors. The halting line in Act i., Scene 2, of "The Tempest"—

"Told thee no lies, made *thee* no mistakes, served"—

is turned into better sense and rhythm by simply dropping out the second "thee." Again, the lines in Act iv., Scene 1—

"Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!"

are, in the Collier MS., restored to sense by the substitution of "rain" for "spring." In Act ii., Scene 1, the same corrector, following, or perhaps forestalling Pope, reads "she *for whom* We all were sea-swallow'd," instead of the nonsense fondly retained in this edition—"she *that from whom*." In Act iv., Scene 1, Prospero, according to these editors, says to Ferdinand—

"for I

Have given you here a *third* of mine own life,"

which unmeaning phrase had already both by Theobald and the MS. corrector been duly amended by reading *thread* for "third;" the allusion to Miranda being thus clothed with a meaning enhanced by its poetic beauty. In Act v., Scene 1, according to the present edition, Caliban's mother could control the moon,

"And deal in her command *without* her power,"

although the Collier MS. had amended the blunder by giving "*with all* her power," instead of "without."

The maimed line in Act i., Scene 3, of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"—

"I see you have a month's mind to them,"

ought to have been mended in accordance with the corrector's reading of *unto* for "to." And Lucetta's answer should not have again been printed—

"Ay, madam, you may *say* what sights you *see*;"

when both rhyme and reason demand the new reading—

"Ay, madam, you may *see* what sights you *think*;
I see things too, although you judge I wink."

On the same good authority, the old reading in Act ii., Scene 4, of the same play—

"I know the gentleman
To be of *worth* and worthy estimation"—

should have been altered into "*wealth* and worthy estimation," especially as the idea of worth is carried on in the next line—

"And *not without desert* so well reputed."

In Scene 4 of the same Act these editors might surely, with the help of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Malone, and

the Collier MS., have filled up the gap in the line they have printed after the first folio—

"Is it mine or Valentine's praise?"

Could they not have given as with the Collier folio,—

"Is it mine own or Valentino's praise?"

or else have followed Malone in reading,

"Is it her mien or Valentino's praise?"

And why, in the name of common sense, have they chosen to retain the old blunder—"For love is still most precious in itself"—instead of accepting the manifest correction of the Collier MS., confirmed as it is by the line before?

"I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious to itself."

Or what but an insane fondness, either for old folios, or else for far-fetched ideas, warranted the reading *weed*, instead of "wean," in the line thus corrected by Rowe and the MS. annotator?

"But say this wean her love from Valentine."

In Act iv., Scene 3, of the same play, the Cambridge editors have failed to profit by the unknown corrector's reading of the following passage:—

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear;
Which, since I know they virtuously are
placed," &c.

The line italicised, which sounds Shakespearean and certainly fills up a manifest gap in the sense, is, of course, omitted by these gentlemen, and the next line is thus made to refer to the grievances spoken of in the first! It is hard to see how a grievance could be virtuously placed, but the sticklers for old readings must settle that point among them, while we proceed in our search for sense and Shakespeare. In places where both seem wanting alike. A line in the same scene—

"Madam, please you peruse this letter"—

might, with the unknown corrector's aid, have easily been improved into—

"Madam, so please you to peruse this letter."

In Scene 4, of Act v., the Collier

MS. was the first to point out the mistake of the old reading—"This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods," by a correction as simple as it was happy. But, instead of printing after him, "These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods," the Cambridge editors retain the harsh obscurity of the older reading. Again, by reading with the same corrector—"These, my rude mates," they would certainly have mended the doubtful grammar of the following lines from the same speech:—

"These are my mates, that make their
wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase."

Why the old reading, "Will you go an-heires?" should still be found in Act ii., Scene 1, of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," we cannot easily guess, since Theobald and the Collier MS. alike furnish the true reading—"Will you go on here?" A little further on Page is still made to stand "so firmly on his wife's frailty," although Theobald has printed this last word "fealty," and the unknown corrector given the same sense in "fidelity." In Act iii., Ford still says, "if I have horns to make one mad," although the Collier MS. had rightly substituted *me* for "one." And in the next Act, Evans still replies—"No; Master Slender is *let* the boys leave to play," as if he were the schoolmaster, in spite of the Collier folio's correction—faithful to Sir Hugh's bad English—of "let" into *get*. Farther on, in the same Act, Evans, looking at Falstaff disguised as a witch, ought, with the Collier MS., Pope, and the oldest quartos, to say—"I spy a great peard under *her* muffler," whereas we find him using the masculine pronoun, as if he knew the witch to be a man. Again, in Act v., scene 5, we find Falstaff still called "a hodge-pudding," whatever that may be, although the Collier MS. has fairly hit the mark with its "hog-pudding." And near the end of this Act we have these lines still printed as of old—

"And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous *title*;"

and yet, for this absurd tautology the unknown corrector had substituted the more intelligible and Shakespearean amendment—"unduteous *guile*."

In the first scene of "Measure for Measure," the present editors decline to furnish us with sense and metre, by printing this line as it stands completed by Grant White:—

"Hold, therefore, Angelo, *our place and power*;"

the latter half line being carefully omitted as a superfluity. Farther on, in Scene 3, we come on the following passage. The Duke says to the Friar—

"I have on Angelo imposed the office,
Who may, in the ambush of my name,
strike home,
And yet my nature never in the *fight*
To do in slander."

Out of several attempts to set this passage right, none can bear mentioning in the same line with this of the folio corrector:—

"And yet my nature never in the *sight*
To draw on slander."

That is, the Duke's name would give Angelo power to do things foreign to the Duke's nature, without provoking slander against the latter. But the Cambridge editors leave the original nonsense in the text.

Another foolish old reading meets us in Act ii., Scene 3—"Showing we would not *spare* heaven as we love it," is simple nonsense, which the Collier MS. turns into excellent sense by reading "*serve*" instead of "spare."

In the "Comedy of Errors," Act iv., Scene 2, the line—"One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel," has had its missing fellow supplied by the unknown corrector—

"*Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel.*"

But, as usual, in the present edition, the gap remains unfilled.

Heaps of like instances might be quoted from the first two volumes alone of this edition. But regard for the reader's patience forbids our offering him many more. In Act ii., Scene 1, of "Much Ado about Nothing," the following passage had been thus amended in the Collier MS.:—

"And then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he *sink apace* into his grave."

That this is the true reading, few will doubt for a moment, who remember Shakespeare's weakness for a play

upon words. The Cambridge editors, however, persist in spoiling the passage, by leaving out the word "*apace*."

In Act iii. of the same play, Ursula asks Hero when she will be married; to whom Hero in the Collier MS. makes rational answer—"Why, *in a day*, to-morrow." But the old nonsense, "*every day*," is still found in the text of the present edition. And so it is with the old passage in Act iv., Scene 1—

"Trust not my age,
My *reverence*, calling, nor divinity;"

which the Cambridge editors have retained for all its nonsense, in spite of the unknown corrector's amendment—"My *reverend calling*," &c. The next scene of the same Act has a passage thus printed in this edition:—

"*Verg.*—Let them be in the hands.
Com.—Off, coxcomb!"

although the true reading may be found in the Collier MS.—

"*Verg.*—Let them be *bound*.
Com.—*Hands off*, coxcomb!"

In "Love's Labour's Lost," Act i., Scene 1, the present edition retains "*hither*," instead of the word rightly inserted by the folio corrector to rhyme with "father," in the following stanza:—

"About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father.
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess
rather."

Farther on, Biron, in this edition, uses the unmeaning word *climb*, instead of the true reading thus restored by the unknown corrector:—

"Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to *chime* in the merriness."

If Shakespeare's editors would not go out of their way for meanings that lie under their noses, they might save their readers much annoyance and themselves more trouble. Why, for instance, should we still find "*message*," where common sense and the Collier MS. bid us look for "messenger" in Act iii., Scene 1, of the play last named?—

"A *messenger* well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an *ass*."

And what earthly plea is there for printing such trash as "*perttauntlike*,"

in Act v., Scene 2, where the Collier MS. has enabled us to read in plain English—

"So *potently* would I o'ersway his state."

And what, in the same scene, is the meaning of "*encounters* mounted are?" We have heard of mounted *encounters*, and so writes the folio corrector, who again, in Act v., Scene 2, has brought up another pearl of sense out of the depths of that unmeaning line—

"O poverty in wit, *kingly-poor* flout!"

by reading the last words "*killed by pure flout*." But here, again, the present editors reject the proffered jewel with a wilfulness for which we cannot venture to account.

Equally perverse are they a little further on, in printing—"I understand you not; my griefs are *double*," when the Collier MS. had turned darkness into light by reading "*dull*," instead of "*double*." So, too, in the same page, the king is still made to talk bad sense and worse grammar, thus:—

"The *extreme parts of time extremely forms*
All causes to the purpose of his speed,"

although the first line has been duly amended by the folio corrector into

"The extreme parting time expressly
forms;"

the full meaning of which is wrought out in the next two lines—

"And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate."

In Act iii., Scene 2 of "The Merchant of Venice," the Cambridge editors still make ornament "*the guiled shore* to a most dangerous sea," as if the Collier MS. had never corrected "*guiled*" into "*guiling*." In Act i., Scene 2, of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Bottom still says, "let the audience look to their eyes; I will move *storms*;" although the same corrector has given out the true reading, "I will move *stones*." So, too, in Act i., Scene 2, of "As you like it," where Celia would dissuade Orlando from wrestling with Charles, we still find the silly old reading—"if you saw yourself with *your* eyes, or knew

yourself with *your* judgment," in spite of the self-evident need of altering "*your*" into "*our*." Again, the old word "*occasion*" which makes sheer nonsense is retained instead of the Collier folio's correction, "*accusing*," in this passage, from Act iv., Scene 1:—

"O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's accusing, let her never nurse her child herself," &c.

But enough of instances like these, few as they are among ever so many of the same complexion. From those already quoted two things seem pretty clear. Firstly, the text of this edition is very much worse than we had a right to expect; and secondly, the readings of the Collier folio have not met with even a tithe of the courteous treatment to which they are specially entitled. Whether those readings are as old and trustworthy as Mr. Collier would have us believe them, or are due, as his opponents maintain, to the unaided cleverness of some quite modern corrector; certain it is that no other set of readings furnished by any other of Shakespeare's annotators comes near these, either in multitude or in manifest truthfulness. Taken as a whole, they prove their author to have been either the foremost prince of all correctors, or else the fortunate owner of original documents to which no other writer has ever had access. Some few of his corrections, such as the famous one in "Henry V."—"on a table of green frieze," instead of "*and a babbled of green fields*," may shock the fancies of modern sentimentalism, while some others may be deemed superfluous, or laid aside as unsuitable: but by far the most of them carry the truth upon their faces. But these editors seem to have sworn enmity to all good correctors, most markedly of all to him of the Collier folio. That this should be so, speaks little for the spirit in which they have set about their work. We asked for bread and they have given us a stone; for Shakespeare's very self, if that might be, and lo! they have put us off with a defaced and spiritless caricature.

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TWO HALF CENTURIES OF THE LIGHT LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

As the title of this article sufficiently explains its object, we are spared the trouble of introductory matter which most readers are in the habit of getting over at a brisk pace. It would be more to our own wishes to introduce a narrower portion of the subject, and dwell on the lives and works of a more limited number of writers, but we consult the interests of our readers with very moderate expectations of gratitude on their parts.

Our object is, without attempting to disparage so noble a work as Hallam's, to supplement by a closer view and more detail, his general account of a particular period of French literature.

The Scriptures, the classics and translations, devotional books and the romances of chivalry, were the earliest works thrown off from the press, and dearly had the *litterati* of these good old times to pay for their "twentie bookes a-clothed in blacke and red." There was no scarcity of poetry in the second half of the sixteenth century, for the names and some circumstances of the lives of 200 poets who flourished during that period are preserved. There occurred a change, as we think for the worse, contemporaneous with the death of Rabelais, in 1553. The allegorical personages of the old mysteries representing the evil and good attributes of human nature, that figured so largely in the "Romaunt of the Rose," and other popular poems, and which

were afterwards turned to such good account by brave John Bunyan, gave place to Eros, Bacchus, Venus, and other disreputable importations from Athens and Rome. The old monkish jester, however, saw only the edge of the transition, dying, as we know, in the year mentioned, at the age of sixty-three.

It is nearly out of the power of the decently-speaking people of this age to realize to themselves the writer of such a work as he has left behind filling first the office of preacher in a monastery, and afterwards that of steward, reader, physician, and librarian in the household of a cardinal (Du Bellay). It is even said that the Pope and his ministers were not proof against his drolleries. Let us hope that as Curé of Meudon, in the latter part of his life, he played absentee, and had his parochial duties attended to by some one of less wit and a more edifying gravity.

The reign of Henry II. was enlivened by the lays (several minor muses being here unnoticed) of the Pleiad—Jodelle, Bellay, Baif, Thyard, Dorat, Belleau, and their chief, Pierre Ronsard. All these ambitiously cultivated the heathen mythology, renounced the romantic school of poetry, and wished to establish the reign of Apollo and the nine female members of his privy council over the new age. Ronsard's life embraced the period between 1524 and 1585, during which his lays pleased the courtiers of Francis I.,

Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. He passed two years of his youth with James V. of Scotland, who had "waled out" Magdalen of France for his Queen; and his poetry afterwards beguiled some dreary hours of the captivity of this monarch's beauteous and unfortunate daughter. His muse and his life were rather of a licentious turn; but in his old age, repentance came, and he profoundly regretted the abuse of his powers, and the probable evil effects of some of his poems, and intended henceforward to devote his poetic abilities to the cause of religion. Some complimentary epistles in verse passed between him and Charles IX., whose contributions to the correspondence boast of a certain elegance, which has caused more than one reader to wish that the pen instead of the carbine had occupied his fingers on the fatal 23rd of August.

Ronsard's funeral was honoured by a choral service, at which assisted the best musicians in the royal choir. Cardinal de Bourbon and many great people about court attended the ceremony. There was more honour paid at the time to literary merit in France than in England. We must here quote a few words from the opinion expressed concerning Ronsard's talents by the great Balzac, a writer of many letters and much criticism in the succeeding century.

"Still he is admired by three quarters of the Parliament of Paris, and generally by the other Parliaments of France. The University and the Jesuits assert his excellence in opposition to the court and the academy. . . . He is not a complete poet; he has merely the subject-matter and the beginning of one. We see in his works nascent and half-animated portions of a being, forming and growing, but with no sign of coming to perfection. The fountain-head is abundant, but it is troubled and muddy; the water is less abundant than the mud, and is prevented by it from gushing forth."

Ronsard and his associate Pleiades obtained an unenviable triumph in supplanting the natural and easy style of poetry which flourished in the first half of their century, Marot being the king of the sweet singers of the time. Those who have not had the pleasure of making acquaintance with his lays, can form some conception of their *finçae* and *naïveté*, by reading and pausing on the happiest

efforts of La Fontaine, who made Clement Marot his model.

Born in 1495 at Cahors, he was in his youth Valet de Chambre to Francis I., and afterwards of the household of that monarch's sister, Margaret, when she became Duchess of Alençon. Fighting under this nobleman he was made prisoner at the fight of Pavia. His sympathy with the Reformers bringing him into trouble in Paris, he sought refuge in the Court of Ferrara. Francis having returned from his Spanish captivity, Marot was induced to revisit Paris, and there about the year 1536, he versified the first thirty of the Psalms, the work being afterwards completed by Theodore Beza. Though Francis aided Protestant efforts in Germany, in order to mortify his great rival Charles V., and rather patronized Protestant views in the literature of the Parisian Colleges, he laid heavy hands on individual Protestants; and though Marot was a personal favourite, he was at last obliged to decamp, and repair to the haven of Geneva. Alas! poor Clement did not find the strict moral regimen in fashion at Calvin's head-quarters at all agreeable to his pleasure-loving habits. He changed his residence for Turin, and there he died in 1544. If any admirers of French poetry find by chance the six volumes of his, and his father's, and his son's poetry, published at the Hague in 1731, they will enjoy no mean literary treat. From "*Les Pseaumes de David, mis en Rime Française*," 18mo, Amsterdam, 1716, and bound in everlasting shagreen, we quote the first two verses of the 23rd Psalm.

"Mon Dieu me pait sous sa puissance
haute :
C'est mon Berger : de rien je n'aurai
faute.
Suiuant des eaux les tranquilles rivages,
Il me nourrit dans de gras pâturages ;
Et sous sa main de force plus qu'humaine,
Par des sentiers applanis Il me mene.

"Je ne crains point en tenant cette voie,
Que de la mort je devienne la proie.
Dieu pres de moi dans sa Vallée obscure,
Par sa bâton me conduit, et m'assure,
Même il fournit des vivres nécessaires,
Ma table aux yeux de tous mes adversaires."

The reader will find in this sample a jealous care in faithfully rendering

the sense and avoiding paraphrase, rather than any trace of the charms for which Marot's poetry was remarkable; but then the special character of the subject must be taken into account.

Among the prose works of fiction available to the Parisians and Provincialists who endured existence in the second half of the sixteenth century must be reckoned the renowned "*Amadis de Gaul*," written about the middle of the fourteenth century by Don Vasco de Lobeyra, of Oporto, whose death is recorded in 1403. The earliest version extant is in the Spanish tongue, and was made by Garcia Ordoñez de Montalvo, about 1460. The original was in the possession of the Duke of Aveiro, and is supposed to have perished in the earthquake of Lisbon, 1755.

Of the fourteen books of which the entire work consists, the first four only had reference to *Amadis de Gaul*. These were composed by Don Lobeyra, and greatly exceed the rest in merit. The remainder containing the adventures of Esplandian, of Florisando, of *Amadis of Greece*, of *Icandro the Fair*, and others, were added by different authors, and as lovers of Cervantes will remember, were flung into the fire in the yard of the old house of *La Mancha*.

Amadis himself was saved from the devouring element, (though the curate's first impulse was to fling him out), as being the first hero whose adventures were printed in Spain. This same printing took place under the care of Montalvo, sometime between 1492 and 1505.*

Nicolas de Herberay, *Sieur des Esarts*, published a French translation of the first eight books between 1540 and 1548, and such was the interest it excited in Paris that some men of letters of the day found it convenient to add ten more books of adventures. At a later day the *Sieur de Duverdier* compiled seven large volumes for the purpose of agreeably winding up sundry series of adventures left incomplete, and marrying or killing many heroes not provided for by the original authors.

The next in merit and popularity to "*Amadis de Gaul*" was "*Palmerin of England*," the French version of which was first printed at Lyons, in 1555. Southey had so high an opinion of the literary merit of this work that he made a translation of it. The authorship is uncertain, and so is the language in which it was originally written. Cervantes seems to have valued it more highly even than he did "*Amadis*." These are the curate's words, in Smollett's version:—

"Let that *Palmerin d'Olive* be hewed in pieces and burned, so that not so much as a cinder of him shall remain; but let the English "*Palmerin*" be defended and preserved as an inestimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reasons: first, because it is in itself excellent, and secondly, because it is said to have been composed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures at the Castle of *Miraguarda* are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art, the language perspicuous and elegant, and the characters supported with great propriety of sentiment and decorum."

If any of our habitual readers devote an evening to the perusal of the work in question, there is not much probability of his subscribing this opinion of the good curate's; so powerful an influence has the prevailing taste of any epoch even on the finest individual judgment. Several persons of this nineteenth century have heard of *Palmerin of England*; some have even looked through the work in which his chronicle is preserved; but, alas for the hopes of permanent celebrity, and, alas for the uncertainty of the award even of such geniuses as Sir Walter Scott and Cervantes! One item in the causes of failure of the publishing house with which the first was connected was the republication of works on his recommendation; and here is the judgment of the great Spaniard on a book which very few people of our time have heard of, and which has scarcely been seen by anyone.

* In Hallam's "*Literature of Europe*" the death of Lobeyra is recorded as having occurred in 1325, and the first edition of *Amadis* is fixed at 1519. He adopts the dates assigned by Bouterwek.

"'Heaven be praised!' cried the curate aloud, 'that we have discovered 'Tirante the White' in this place. Pray give it me, neighbour, for in this book I reckon I have found a treasure of satisfaction and a rich mine of amusement. Here is the famous Don Godamercy (*Quiricleyson*), of Mount Alban, and his brother Thomas, of Mount Alban, and the Knight Fonseca, together with the battle fought between Alano and the valiant Detriante, together with the witticisms of the young lady, *Joy of my Life*, with the amorous stratagems of the widow *Quiet*, and her Highness the Empress, who was enamoured of her Squire Hippolyto. I do assure you, upon my word, Mr. Nicholas, that in point of style this is the best book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, sleep, and die in their beds after having made their wills, with many circumstances that are wanting in other books of the kind. Notwithstanding, the author who wrote it, deserved to be sent to the galleys for life for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense.'"

The spirit of serious and wild romance was not so influential among the French people of the sixteenth century as to save their fictional literature from the contagion of licentious stories. Three-fourths of the novels of Bandello were published in 1554, and the remainder in 1573; and though not so deeply tainted as those of Boccaccio, they did sufficient mischief, and directed the taste of the reading community to that sort of debasing literature to which the Fabliaux were a flagrant contribution. The tales of Erizzo presented a laudable contrast to those of Bandello and others of his countrymen, by the strain of pure morality that pervaded them. Belleforest translated Bandello's stories into French. The collection partially taken from the *trouvers* and the Italian storytellers, by Margaret, Queen of Navarre, were published in 1558. Would that she had been better impressed by the good spirit of the nursery rhymes of her youth, and had employed her leisure hours as a

model queen should—"eating bread and honey in her kitchen."* Minds of an innocent and romantic bent would still prefer the more harmless, and in many respects ennobling romance of chivalry; but the majority, with imaginations of a lower pitch, and dispositions cynical and sensual, would give the preference to the vicious story, in which ordinary characters indulged their selfishness and sensuality, and in which the incidents differed but little from the ordinary occurrences within their own range of observation.

In giving a preference to Amadis, and Palmerin, and Montelion, Knight of the Oracle, we would be sorry to represent their lives as edifying studies for young people. Amadis, and the other knights of the fourteen Spanish, or twenty-four French "books of the heroes," though they claimed Princesses of the Courts of Trebizond, or Cathay, or Samarcand, or Persepolis, for their mothers, were never in a condition to produce the marriage certificates of these ladies. The knights were as faithful to their love-vows as their swords were true to their hands; but even this fidelity had its moral inconvenience. Don Bellianis, or Don Galaor, having rescued his peerless princess from the stronghold of some giant, might be some months on his way before he could restore the maid to her mother's care. The route might be long and rough, and in the course of the journey he might be obliged to rescue other captive damsels, and relieve sundry widows and orphans, by slaying their oppressors. Thus circumstanced, the ladies confided in the honour and constancy of their knights, agreed to private marriages, with the sun or moon, the aged oaks, the ancient rivers, the old hills as witnesses, and at suitable times of joy and festivity, renewed their vows in face of the Church and the world. This peculiar phase of the times of knight-

* This Queen Margaret was the loving sister of Francis I. Her first husband was the Duke of Alençon; her second, Henry D'Albret, King of Navarre, to whom she was espoused in 1527. She was for a long time a favourer of the Reformers; but towards the end of her life was distinguished by strict observance of Roman Catholic rites. She wrote the "Mirror of a Sinful Soul," for which she was censured by the Sorbonne; and "L'Heptameron ou Sept Journees de la Reyne de Navarre," for which she has been censured by every thoughtful Christian. She was mother of Joan D'Albret, and grandmother of Henri Quatre.

errantry was described naively enough by the chroniclers, but apparently without the slightest suspicion of anything wrong in the arrangement, or its record. Of "Reynard the Fox," a work popular then, and for a long time previous, we need say no more than refer the reader to a late paper in this Magazine on the subject of that popular and not always very correct story. Fifty years since, in this island, an abridged copy, with worn type, and on bad paper, could be purchased for a British sixpence, from those great distributors of prayer and school-books, Pat. Wogan, Merchant's-quay, and William Jones, 75, Thomas-street.

We must now endeavour to ascertain what the players were about before 1600. As in our own and the other countries of Europe, the earlier dramatic performances, after the extinction of the Pagan representations, were the Mysteries and Moralities. The earliest of these represented with any effect in Paris cannot be traced to an earlier period than the end of the fourteenth century. About 1400, the *Confrairie de la Passion de N.S.*, a regularly appointed body of performers, presented the Life of Our Saviour, the entertainment embracing some days, and supported by upwards of eighty performers, who sung as well as acted. The appointments must have been better than those known at the time in England. In the Martyrdom of St. Barbara, the principal performer was suspended by the heels, and delivered appropriate sentiments in that disagreeable situation. She (he ?) was then apparently torn with pincers, and scorched with lamps, and the effect on the audience was rendered more impressive by a representation of the locality of the martyrdom in the centre of the background, with heaven above and hell yawning and belching out flames beneath. These spectacles could boast of ingenious machinery, too. As in our pantomimes, a stuffed policeman is flung into the pit ; and while its denizens are expecting a descent of the blue-coated apparition on their hats and bonnets, presto ! he is suddenly swept up to the top of the proscenium ;—so in the year 1437, a horrible dragon, furnished with a burning tail and tongue, and glaring through eyes of burnished steel, would

rush headlong out of hell in the background, and simulating a charge on the audience, dismay the men, and throw the women into hysterics.

Besides the Mysteries and Moralities, the predecessors of our farces were known in France before 1500. The original of the "Village Lawyer," *Maitre Patelin*, was printed in Paris in 1490, and had set assemblies "in a roar" before enjoying the dignity of print. There occurred no change worthy of notice in these entertainments till 1547, when the "Confrairie" was suppressed by the Parliament, on account of the marked discrepancy of their lives with the sacred subjects they represented, and the abuses attending the performances. Next year the actors purchased the Hôtel de la Bourgogne, and were permitted to produce pieces on secular subjects, of a decent character, but no more mysteries, on peril of their personal liberties.

So, in order to furnish poor actors with respectable employment, Etienne (Stephen) Jodelle, Seigneur de Limodin, born in 1532, sat down and wrote the tragedies of "Dido" and "Cleopatra," and among other dramatic pieces, the comedies of "Eugène" and the "Rencontre." This last piece and "Cleopatra" were first performed before Henry II., in 1552. As the Confrairie were privileged by their charter of 1400 to put a veto on the performance of a play by any paid company but themselves ; and as Jodelle and they were not on good terms, he was obliged to have the parts filled by his friends. After the pieces had been acted before the Court at the Hôtel de Rheims, they were again performed at the College of Boncourt with unbounded applause, the windows even being filled with students, and some of the audience striving to hear the actors from outside the doors. The tragedies were strictly in the style of those of Seneca, and the comedies very licentious, as indeed were most of the old Italian and French plays.

Though Jodelle was highly popular, his life was beset with embarrassments, owing to his love of gay society. He died in 1573, having first dictated a reproachful letter to Charles IX. for having neglected him in his misery. His poetry was published in folio, in Paris, 1574, and in 12mo. in Lyons in 1597. The Cardinal du Perron had

so little respect for Jodelle's poetry, that he likened its effect on his own nerves to that produced by the rattling of peas. He is worthy of memory, however, as the father of the regular drama in France.

Toutain's "Agamemnon" was produced in 1557, and Grevin's "Julius Cæsar" in 1560. Garnier, the most worthy of mention after Jodelle, published eight tragedies on classic subjects in 1580. In most of these earlier pieces the chorus at the end of each act bewails the good, curses the wicked, and carefully abstains from doing anything; and a great deal of the action of the piece is narrated by messengers. There is little originality in Garnier's plots, or in the sentiments uttered by his characters. In "Les Juives" there is more talent and less plagiarism from the ancients than in his ordinary classic pieces. Garnier was a native of Maine, was distinguished by Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., and made Councillor of State by the last monarch. He died about the year 1602, at the age of fifty-six years. Pierre Larivey, whose plays were printed in 1579, was the first who clothed his dialogues in prose. He produced nine comedies, the first six being "Les Laquais," "La Veuve," "Les Esprits," "Le Morfondu," "Les Jaloux," and "Les Écoliers." The scenes were laid at home, but the subjects were mostly borrowed from Plautus and Terence, and, as well as the language, were of a licentious character. There is much comic power about some of these plays. Molière and Regnard are indebted to him for some happy sallies, the Latin comedies furnishing the common material of all.

Larivey was a native of Troyes in Champagne. He was manifestly acquainted with the Latin, Greek, and Italian dramatists; but there is next to nothing known of his personal history. He died about 1612. Besides the edition of his works mentioned, there was another issued at Troyes in 1611, two volumes, 12mo.

During this latter half of the sixteenth century, the Brotherhood of the Passion, assisted by *Les Enfants sans Souci*, continued to act pieces of a low and respectable character. A new company, the founders of the Comédie Française, purchased all their privileges and rights from them

in 1598, and allowed a company of brother actors to fret their hour upon a stage in the Marais; but still there was but little improvement in the plots or the language of the plays. Such pieces as we have enumerated were either not to the liking, or above the abilities of the Confrairie, and so they were handed over to Colleges and Royal Hotels, to be performed by "Persons of Quality."

The Company, settled in the Marais, a portion of Paris much decayed in later times, possessed a choice resource in Alexander Hardy, a dramatist as prolific, if not as excellent, as the Eugene Scribe of our own days. His pieces were written, committed to memory, and represented within a week from the hour when the first word was penned. In this way he produced 600 tragedies and farces, forty-one of which are extant. They were chiefly founded on classic subjects, and he never gave himself the trouble of inventing a speech or incident, if his authorities furnished him with one or the other. They were comparatively worthless productions, and sufficiently gross and licentious for the audiences that patronized the two companies. This hard-worked playwright died about 1630. His select works occupy five large volumes. A gentleman rarely attended a performance at either house, to which the patent of 1400 had descended,—a lady never: the dramas represented at the hotels of the nobility, or the colleges, were alone judged worthy of their presence. Mairet, who lived from 1604 to 1686, and wrote twelve tragedies, and Rotrou, born in 1609, improved somewhat on Hardy, and prepared the way for Corneille and Racine. Voltaire complimented the memory of Rotrou by calling him the founder of the French Theatre. He composed quickly—in most cases under the pressure of the eastern goddess, Need; so his pieces are without the finish they might otherwise have acquired. Corneille styled him his father, and Cardinal Richelieu held him in highest estimation. Being appointed lieutenant of Dreux, his native town, and urged by his brother to quit it for Paris during a pestilential epidemic, he replied, "I will remain on the spot where duty has placed me. At the moment of my writing, the bells are tolling for the twenty-second time

this day : my turn will come when it pleases God." And he was soon called on, namely, in 1650, when he was forty-one years old. His best plays are "Chosroes," "Antigone," and "Wenceslaus."

The indolent Racan, though never able to repeat the *Confiteor*, acquired some reputation in letters, and produced a decent and successful pastoral, "Artenicé," at the licensed theatre. Among some other pieces of the same class, Rotrou had the satisfaction of concurring to introduce a better taste among the frequenters of the theatre ; and Richelieu exerted himself with the same desirable object. So, at last, respectable women began to visit playhouses. This was a source of great self-complacency to Rotrou. It was not, however, till after the early successes of Corneille, that thorough decency ruled both before and behind the curtain. "Melité," his first piece, was played in 1629.

Pierre Corneille was born in Rouen in 1606 ; and, before he or the public discovered his vocation, he exercised the office of Advocate-General in his native town. Few of our readers need information on the subject of his genius or the titles of his plays. The great cardinal was not pleased at the disparaging contrast in which his own dramatic talents and those of his favourites figured, when compared with those of the author of the "Cid," which enjoyed its first triumph in 1636. He even enjoined the Academy to draw up a full critique on this drama—a task which they very reluctantly executed. The groundwork of the play lay open to objection. In the Spanish, *Chimène*, after due delay, and under very extenuating circumstances, is reconciled to wed the slayer of her father ; but in the French version she is obliged by the inflexible unity of the drama, to veer from the most revengeful feeling towards the young hero to the most favourable sentiments within the few hours required for the acting of the play.

The "Menteur," by Corneille, taken from a Spanish comedy, is remarkable as the first French comic piece that was clothed in polite language, and devoid of indecency. Goldoni adapted it to the Italian stage, and Foote made use of both copies in getting up his clever farce of the "Liar."

It is probable that Corneille would

have gladly dispensed with the element of love in his tragedies, if the omission could have been afforded. Tenderness was not his strong point. As Hallam very justly says, "The keys of the passions were not given to his custody." But in that which he introduced upon the French stage, and which long continued to be its boast—impressive, energetic declamation—thoughts masculine, bold, and sometimes sublime, conveyed in a clear, condensed, and noble style, and in a rhythm sonorous and satisfactory to the ear, he has not since been equalled. It must be said to the credit of Richelieu that, notwithstanding his soreness on the subject of his own inferiority to the great dramatist, he treated him with high consideration, and settled a pension on him. Besides his plays he made a metrical version of the "Imitation of Christ." He was received into the Academy in 1647, and died full of years and the regards of his countrymen in 1684.

At the time of the production of Corneille's first play, some Parisian men of letters had got into a habit of meeting once a week at the house of one or the other, and of discussing literary subjects. One of the number, Boisrobert, a favourite of Richelieu, entertained the great man with accounts of their proceedings, and so interested him that he suggested the expediency of their becoming a public body. At last they commenced keeping a register of their proceedings on March 13, 1634 ; and their establishment by letters patent took place in January, 1635. The parliament would not register the establishment of the body without a letter from Richelieu, and the express orders of the King. It finally yielded on the proviso of the Academy confining its functions to the improvement of the French language, and of such works as might be written by members or others who requested their offices in the way of criticism. The compiling of a standard dictionary and grammar was what they looked forward to from the beginning as the greatest object of their foundation.

One of their earliest and least relinquished duties was the utterance of their judgment, at the command of the Cardinal, on the merits and defects of the "Cid." This was in 1637. They applied rigid rules of criticism

to each scene, spoke out with much fairness, but were afraid to give the piece all the praise it merited. They concluded by asserting that, "in spite of the faults of the piece, the *nécessité* and vehemence of its passions, the force and delicacy of many of its thoughts, and the inexplicable agreeability which blends with its faults, have acquired for it a high rank among the French poems of this class which have given the greatest satisfaction. If the author is not entirely indebted to its merit for his reputation, neither does he altogether owe it to good-luck. Nature has been liberal enough to him to excuse his good-fortune, which, in his regard, has been prodigal indeed."

We cannot pass this epoch without reference to the influence which Catherine de Vivonne, widow of the Marquis of Rambouillet, exercised on the literature and literary men of her time. The Hotel Rambouillet was the resort of all the dwellers in Paris in any degree distinguished in the world of letters—Richelieu, Conde, Corneille, the Scuderies, and their less distinguished contemporaries. It was the Holland House of Paris. The heroic romances of the Scuderies, Calprenède, and D'Urfé, had so inculcated the taste of the age with exalted notions of fidelity and constancy, or their affected imitations, that the heiress of this house, Julia D'Angennes, kept her accepted lover, the Duc de Montausier dancing attendance on her during twelve years before she stood at the altar with him; and to make the matter worse, her beauty was then in the wane.

The folioromances mentioned above—several of them published in nine or ten folio volumes—began gently to replace "Don Esplaudian," "Don Bellianis," and "Don Parisinus," with the French readers of fiction, who, certainly, could not be accused of patronizing fast literature in the closet, or fast dramas on the stage. The living generation has removed itself in the circle of taste to the very farthest point in the curve from that which was ruled by Henri Quatre and his degenerate son. John or Jane Smith might, perhaps, get through the first volume of the "Grand Cyrus," if cast on a desert island, with that sole book; or, if passionately fond of the drama, and forcibly kept from

the theatre for ten years, might sit out the play of "Pompey," or other tragedy, where the interlocutors make speeches at one another, each a page long, and consisting of such lively lines as these:—

"J'ai suivi tes Conseils, mais plus Je l'ai flattée,
Et plus dans l'insolence elle s'est emportée
Si bien qu'enfin, outrée de tant d'indignités,
Je m'allois emporter dans les extrémités."

Without disputing *de gustibus*, one thing is morally certain—the reading and playgoing clerks, *temp Richelieu*, were less disturbed over their ledgers or legal conveyancing by the recollection of the last novel read or last play witnessed, than their descendants, blessed by the protection of Napoleon III.

That any people, blessed with only a slight portion of common sense and judgment should grow weary at last of dwelling on impossible exploits, and want of causation, and disjointed narrative, is natural enough; but were the legends of knight-errantry even redolent of genius, lofty imagination, and great judgment, they had lived out their span. Listless readers of novel and romance gaped for something new, and it began to be gradually furnished to them by writers, of whom we shall particularize only four. The fame of the pastoral romance of Jorge de Montemayor, the "Diana," published 1584, of the "Arcadia" of Sannazaro, published in 1501, and of the "Galatea" of Cervantes, had traversed France, and probably gave the writers of that country the wish to unite the heroic and the pastoral, and thus bring fiction within the bounds of probability. This tendency to the real produced the feeble attempts at the historic romance, in which, indeed, there was little more preserved than the name of such or such hero or heroine—no attempt made to reconcile the real facts of Cyrus's life with his adventures in the novel, and scarcely any better discrimination of character attempted than in the works so well thumbled by Don Quixote. The incidents were not so improbable as in the elder fictions, but they were scarcely so picturesque, and a spirit of overruling dullness enveloped the tedious story.

Honoré D'Urfé, Comte de Chateaufort and Baron de Valromery, the first who distinguished his name in the heavy romance line, was born at Marseilles, in 1567. He made an uncomfortable marriage, the ordinary lot of novelists, and took refuge in Piedmont and the composition of the "Astrea" from the evils of matrimonial life. He died at Villefranche, in 1628. The first volume of the "Astrea" appeared in 1610, the second in 1620, and the other three volumes (the last two not published in the author's lifetime) followed. He was as unhappily circumstanced as Cervantes himself in one particular. He always intended the work to be completed in five volumes, to correspond with the five acts of a play, and the twelve books of each volume were to do duty as so many scenes. In the fourth volume of the work (the earliest edition lying before us), the literary executor, while recommending the work to "La Reyne Marie de Medicis, Mere du Roy tres chrestien, Louis le Juste," pours out the vials of his wrath on an impudent Mr. Curll, of Paris, who had issued a conclusion, no more written by Honoré D'Urfé than the stupid conclusion of Don Quixote, by Fernandez de Avellaneda, was by Cervantes.

We have done our duty to our readers, as well as we could afford, in endeavouring to master part of the plot; but if we attempted to communicate it, they would surely be as weary of us as we were of the respectable author. However, an extract must be made, in which conscience will be consulted, so as not to oblige any one who inspects it to yawn or swear.

"AN EPISODE FROM THE ASTREA."

"Thus passed the day in divers discourses between these nymphs and these chevaliers, these shepherds and these beautiful shepherdesses, but with so much pleasure that they did not perceive they were surprised by night, which obliged them to separate till next morning. Amasis wished to retain Dorinda in the chateau, but she and her companions so wrought on her, that she thought it best, that without separating, they should return to Clindor, who received therefrom great content indeed, and they also, being much more at liberty than amid those constraints and those respects in which they lived with her (Amasis) and Galathea. Merindor and Periander handed

Dorinda down stairs; Alcander and Clorian, Circenea; Lucinder and Cerinthus, Floricea; and, in fine, Amilcar and Silenus, Palinicia. On the other hand Thamyris aided the melancholy Celidea, who would not be comforted because of the approaching departure of her dear shepherd; and Adrastus did not abandon Doris, who was led down by Palemon. There was no chevalier in the company unprovided with his lady-love, except Hylas and Belisard, who, however, lost no opportunity of passing their time with these fair dames, and yet made choice of none. So there was no one in the company who had not business enough on his own hands, besides diverting himself with the concerns of Hylas. And the best of it was that every one knew the love entertained by his rival. Periander and Merindor, as mentioned, adored Dorinda, who having been deceived by both, as she supposed, did nothing but reproach them with their infidelity, as often as they spoke to her about their affection.

"Having arrived at the house, these chevaliers resolved to hold a vigil in the chamber of these ladies, to make up in some degree for the time they had lost when far away from them. But Dorinda not desiring this for any consideration, excused herself and them on account of the desire they had to be early next morning at the chateau, to assist at the levée of Galathea. So they were obliged to separate, and Hylas was put in the same room with Alcander, Amilcar, and Belisard."

Hylas begins to describe the charms of certain shepherdesses he had met in his travels.

"They are so beautiful and agreeable that if love were dead in all other places, he would come to life among these accomplished maids. Represent to yourselves that all the artifices which you behold in cities are so surpassed by the naïvetés (*naïfuetés*) of these shepherdesses, that it is impossible to see and not love them. You have, perhaps, some time or other seen Floricia, Circenea, and Palinicia (the two last named were the loved nymphs of two of the cavaliers he was addressing), and heard their beauties vaunted. On the banks of the Lignon, and among these gentle shepherdesses, they would only appear as flambeaux in the presence of the sun.' 'Ah!' replied Alcander, 'so far I pardon you; but to say that there exists any shepherdess fairer than Circenea, is what I cannot suffer. If you had only mentioned Floricia, or even Palinicia, and I did not believe you, I would have seemed to do so, but it is too bad to mention Circenea, seeing that the world contains no beauty equal to hers.' 'My brother,' interrupted Amilcar, 'Palinicia also asserts her superiority to all other beauties. As for Floricia and Circenea I consent to all

he chooses to say, provided he excepts Palinicia. For it is not reasonable that she whom Heaven has willed to have no equal should be placed below any other with any degree of justice."

After a little parliamentation in this style Alcander proceeds to relate to Hylas the courtship of the peerless nymphs by his two comrades and himself. The insensible Belisard fell asleep in the early part of the narrative. We will not be the wilful occasion of any fast reader's following his example.

The following lines will give an idea of the style of the poetry introduced through the work, and of the orthography of the period. Nearly all the madrigals and sonnets so thickly strewn, are filled with mere conceits. Any exhibition of honest, genuine feeling is very rare. Here a swain weeps that his tears are not at all sufficient to indicate the extent of his sorrow.

"S'il est permis quelquefois de pleurer,
C'est quand on peut sa douleur mesurer,
Ou que les pleurs égalent nostre peine;
Mais quand le mal parvient jusqu'à ce point
Qu'il est plus grand que toute plainte humaine,*
A quoy les pleurs qui ne soulagent point?"

Such was the entertainment to which the reverend editors of *Delphin Classics*—Camus, or Bishop Huet, or Ruens, or Mons. Dacier, or even the cynical Rochefoucauld, treated himself in small portions before retiring to rest, and pronounced delicious.

Gomberville, the next in succession of this school, produced "*Polexandre*" in 1632, which, in its complete form, consisted of 6,000 pages. It united some of the qualities of the *Amadis* and the historic romance, and had a complex plot, which few of the old romance writers ever attempted to fashion.

Marin le Roi Sieur de Gomberville was born at Chevreuse in 1599, and showed a poetic turn at the age of fourteen, by composing sundry verses

in honour of old age. He was one of the original members of the Academy; and besides the "*Polexandre*," wrote "*La Cytherea*," "*La Jeune Alcidiene*," and some works in prose and poetry on serious and religious subjects. He died in 1674.

Calprenède produced his "*Cassandra*" in 1642. It filled when completed, ten volumes, folio. "*Cleopatra*" began its issue in 1664; "*Pharamond*" (concluded by Vauvorière) succeeded. Honour, faith, and valour in man; fidelity, constancy, and chastity, in women, were his darling topics; and these he treated with some feeling, and in a poetic spirit; still he did not approach the level of the true historic romance.

Gautier de Costes Sieur de Calprenède, a gentleman of Perigord, wrote besides, many tragedies which are no longer read; he died at the Great Andely in 1663.

Our fourth great name is that of a lady, Magdalen de Scuderi, whose first romance, "*Ibrahim*," shone on the world in 1635. Her "*Grand Cyrus*" and "*Clelia*" followed, each in ten volumes, and were much more esteemed than the first. Mlle. de Scuderi was born at Havre de Grace in 1607, educated in Paris, and early admitted to the inmost recesses of the Hotel Rambouillet. Julia D'Au-gennes, the heiress of the great house, who, as already mentioned, made her future husband endure a twelve years' probation, was the Arténice of one of her ponderous stories. It would be desirable to ascertain whether the authoress imbued the heroine with notions too highflown and too much tinged with pedantry and affectation, or if it was the heroine who led her guide astray. Her Persians are all Parisians, and there is neither historic nor local colour in her tall works. Noble sentiments, tenderness, and the purest morality prevail through all, and bishops were not ashamed of having her romances lying side by side with the works of the Fathers.

Her native province enjoyed a reflection of her fame; and because she

* The readers will probably be reminded by the pervading thought of this verse of the corresponding effusion of "*Don Quixote*":—

"A peck of tears will not defray a
Year of woe in penance spent
In absence of his Dulcinea
Del Toboso."

had been an absentee from an early age, they delighted to honour her. It might have been different if she had always occupied an old chateau there, and had never been treated with consideration by the great ones of the capital. The effects produced by her romances are visible at this day in her native province. Hear Alphonse Karr, himself a quasi west-countryman, on this subject.

"I must tell you one thing which is necessary to say and to repeat, when one relates those histories which take place in the country of Caux. My lady-readers may lay blame on the author for the strange names he has given to the greater part of the personages of the story (*Clovis Gosselin*): this would be, however, unjust. These names not only exist but they are common in the country. Bérénice, Almaïde, Astérie, Isolène, Gédéreux, Césaire, Clovis, are names which you will hear all the day long. Cléopâtre is more rare, but I have met with two instances. I attribute the frequency of these names to the influence of Mlle. de Scuderi. This illustrious woman who, in spite of much pretension and mannerism, was not without merit, enjoyed in her own day a great reputation. Her renown was particularly grateful to the inhabitants of Havre, where she was born. During the vogue of these romances, ladies who stood as godmothers to the children of sailors and peasants, did not fail to give them the names then in favour; and these names have naturally perpetuated themselves in the country."

Mons. de Scuderi, Mademoiselle's brother, though without his sister's talents, had a very high opinion of his own merits. He wrote a good deal, and probably gave some assistance to his voluminous sister. We have met with this anecdote concerning the brother and sister in an old book of French Biography; the reader shall have it at its worth—

"An odd adventure befell Mademoiselle de Scudery on a journey with her brother. At the inn they were to lodge in a room with two beds; and after supper, fell to discourse of the progress of the romance of "Cyrus" which they had then begun, and particularly how Prince Mazara should be disposed of. After a pretty warm debate, it was carried that he should be assassinated. Some merchants in the next room, overhearing their discourse, and concluding that these strangers were contriving the death of some

great prince, whom they concealed under the sham name of Mazara, went and gave information to the Governor; and thus these imaginary couple (sic.) were imprisoned as projectors of realities; nor was it without a great deal of expense and difficulty that they cleared themselves, so as to obtain their liberty.*"

The brother died in 1667, but poor Mademoiselle survived her fame, and departed in 1701, at the advanced age of 94. Boileau's merciless satire and the inherent defects of the quasi-historic romances had at last completely uprooted from the minds of the public the favour they once enjoyed. Books on the plan of the "Rogues and Rapparees" of Spain, grave novels of modern life, and alas! novels whose strict habitat is or was Holywell-street, succeeded; and in very many cases, the change only tended to corrupt and debase public taste.

Marie Magdalen Pioche de la Vergne, Comtesse de la Fayette, the first French writer who composed novels of ordinary life distinct from the mere collection of ridiculous adventures, was daughter to the Governor of Havre de Grace. She was married to François, Comte de la Fayette in 1655, and died in 1693. She wrote "Zaïde" in the style of Spanish romances, and the "Princess of Cleves," and the "Princess of Montpensier," in which the occurrences are not much out of the course of common life, but very little care is taken to preserve historical truth. Segrais, a man of letters, under the patronage of Mlle. Montpensier, and who had written some agreeable tales, in which incense was unsparingly burned in honour of "La Grande Mademoiselle," found it convenient to leave her court and abide with our countess. He gave her some assistance in the composition of the first two of her romances mentioned above; but the graces of style and liveliness of description which distinguish them, are the lady's by every right. She is also to be credited for giving for the first time pictures of the existing aristocratic life, and transcripts of their conversation. The Countess enjoyed the respect and friendship of many

* All or most of these folio romances were translated into English, and served to amuse the gentry and nobility who lived, and loved, and fought, under the Stuart dynasty. These English exemplars are now seldom to be found in second-hand catalogues.

of the literary lights of the reign of Louis XIV. Besides her novels she wrote historical sketches of the Court of France, and of England during the sway of Henrietta Maria.

About the middle of the preceding century, the Spanish picaresque, or rogue story, began to be known and relished in France. The earliest of these, and probably the best, is the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, composed by Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, while he was prosecuting his studies at Salamanca. Mendoza was born in the early part of the sixteenth century, but this youthful production of his was not known in France till its latter portion. He left the work incomplete, and did not choose, or had not leisure, to write a conclusion later in life. A certain De Luna corrected and continued the *Lazarillo* in an edition published at Saragossa, in 1652, and this furnishes the text of all succeeding editions. Mendoza died in 1575, having, during his life, distinguished himself by the composition of various pieces of fine poetry. He represented his sovereign, Charles V. at Venice, and at the Council of Trent, where he harangued the churchmen on the objects nearest the heart of the long-headed Emperor. Being appointed Captain-general of Sienna and other strong places in Tuscany, he kept Paul III. and the Tuscans in a state of anxiety. Julius III. succeeding, and being more friendly to the Spanish interest, Mendoza accepted at his hands the Gonfalon, and punished some of his rebellious subjects. He collected all the ancient manuscripts he could, from all quarters, and befriended literary men to the utmost of his power. Literature and politics were not sufficient to afford full occupation to the faculties of this great man. Though his countenance was not prepossessing, he wrote the praises of the Italian ladies in elegant verse, and centred much of his happiness in being distinguished by them. He was recalled by Charles V. a little before his resignation; for many complaints had been made of his harsh political measures, and of his breaches of the commandment that forbids the coveting of neighbours' wives.

Having now returned to his native country, in the decline of life, he showed little improvement in morals.

A rival for the affection of a Spanish dame drawing his dagger on him during a warm discussion, he pitched the assailant from a first-floor window into the street, and was rewarded by his then master, Philip II., with a short imprisonment. He beguiled the tedium of his detention with the composition of a metrical complaint of the cruelty of his mistress. Being exiled from the court, he retired to Granada, his native place, and indulged his literary impulse by the collection of Arabic manuscripts. His last literary labour was the history of the wars of the Alpuxaras, in which Philip was at issue with the insurgent Moors. He is styled the Spanish Sallust for the vigour and perspicuity which distinguish this fine work. The brave old writer would have shown more sympathy with the little remnant of the Moriscoes if he could have permitted his pen the liberty he would gladly have given it.

"*Lazarillo de Tormes*" was more easily met with half-a-century ago, in the country, than now in town. We must find room for a short extract, premising that the hero, at his outset, was committed by his mother to an avaricious, blind beggar, to serve as his guide and friend. Her parting words were, "Be an honest man, and God bless thee. I have brought thee up with no small care, and I have provided thee with a good master. Thou must make the best of it." This kind man would have starved poor *Lazarillo*, but he contrived to cut slits in the money and meat bags, abstracted coins and provisions, and also got the wine-pot from between his master's legs and took mouthfuls at times. However, his thefts being discovered, the old man afterwards continued to hold the jug by the handle.

"That new precaution proved but a whet to my industry, for, by means of a reed, one end of which I put into the pot, I used to drink with more satisfaction and convenience than before, till the traitor hearing me suck, rendered my darling machine useless by keeping one hand upon the mouth of the jar.

"Used to wine as I then was, I could more easily have dispensed with my shirt; and that exigency put me upon a fresh invention of making a hole near the bottom of the mug, which, stopping with wax, at dinner time I took the opportunity to tap the can, and getting my head between the old man's legs, received into my mouth the precious

juice with all the dexterity imaginable. So that my master, not knowing to what he should impute the continual leakage of his liquor, used to swear and domineer, wishing both wine and pot at the devil.

"You won't accuse me any more," cried I, 'of drinking your wine, after all your fine precautions to prevent it.' To that he said not a word, but feeling all round the pot, he at last, unluckily, discovered the hole which, cunningly dissembling at that time, he let me alone till next day at dinner. Not dreaming, God knows, of the old man's malicious intentions, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, receiving into my mouth the distilled dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upwards, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up the sweet but hard pot with both his hands, flung it down, with all his force, upon my face, by the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling, without any sentiment or judgment, my forehead, nose, and mouth gushing out with blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the pot."

Poor Lazarillo changed his masters frequently without improving his circumstances. He was nearly starved with a miserly ecclesiastic, and then entered the service of a poor hidalgo, whom he supported for a while with the produce of his own skill in begging. The excuses made by the poor gentleman for the absence of breakfast, dinner, and supper, his dainty partaking of Lazarillo's store, and all the inconveniences that await on keeping up appearances, are excellent in their way. Lazarillo is not only the first in time of the rogue-novels, but the first in originality, freshness, and liveliness.

The next to Lazarillo in time and talent is "Guzman d'Alfarache," the work of Mateo Aleman, first published at Madrid, in 1599. The hero, in his time, fills a greater variety of offices than his prototype, and displays more versatility of talent. The author showed in this work great knowledge of the world, great powers of observation and insight into human character; and gave truthful pictures of the manners of his age. He wrote, besides, a poetical life of Saint Anthony of Padua, and a work on orthography. He died in Mexico, in the reign of Philip III. Lesage translated the Guzman into French.

It may be objected that we are tra-

velling out of our proper field in devoting so much space to the light literature of Spain; but it must be recollected that France, at and before the era of which we are treating, looked to the Peninsula for models of excellence in fiction and the drama, translated them, and copied their style and matter in works purporting to be original. However, they introduced some new matter that could well have been spared. In the Spanish originals, lascivious subjects or descriptions were very rare; in the French imitations they abounded. Still, the novelists of the French picaresque school in the seventeenth century, however outspoken, wrote as if they were unconscious of doing any harm. Their successors in the eighteenth century, many of them being infidels as well as loose livers, seem to have taken a positive pleasure in corrupting the morals of their readers, and chuckled as they wrote at the amount of mischief they were doing. There was a degree of delicate finesse blended with apparent simplicity in their art, calculated to effect much profounder and more permanent mischief than the unveiled indecency of their predecessors. We have before us one of the barefaced class, written by Monsieur de Moulins, Sieur de Parc, a Lorain gentleman, first printed in 1622, and "done into English by a Person of Honor, and published at the White Lion, near the little North door of Paul's, 1655." It is entitled the "Comical History of Francion, wherein the variety of Vices that abuse the Ages, are satyrically limn'd in their Native Colours." The Sieur de Parc dedicates the folio volume to Francion himself, now a person of honour, instead of the scamp he ere-while was. He congratulates him, "that your Manners and Conversation of life are now so full of Gravity and Modesty, that you are the more to be commended for having disentangled yourself from so many temptations and charms, which on every side did surround you," &c., &c., &c. The Sieur du Parc being dead at the date of the edition, from which the Person of Honour made the English translation, the editor ushered it into the presence of the public with a long preface. We present the first few lines of his—

ADVICE UNTO HIS READERS.

"This here is the work of *Sieur du Parc*, who hath made himself famous enough by the *Adventures of Florio and Cleontin*, and of those of *Phinemes* and *Chrysantus*, in his Book of the *Insupreable Adventures of Lore*. It is true that these Histories have a Stile very Poetical and Figurative, but such as was agreeable to the subject he undertook, and to the Mode of that Time in which it was not fashionable to speak of the Delights of Love in ordinary Words."

The *Sieur* had composed the above works in the *Sculeri* and *Calprenede* manner, but in *Francion* he changed his hand. The reader may judge of the edifying nature of the work by the opening adventures. *Francion*, in the garb of a pilgrim, wishing to get an ancient bridegroom out of his castle, so as to leave the stage clear for his own designs, induces the old gentleman to get half-naked into a tub in the moat, and utter some magic incantations, and wash himself. The next operation was to enter a grove and execute other fooleries, and repeat, when he supposed the devil was approaching—"Oh, what's e'er thou beest, great Mastiff, that runnest towards me with open mouth and uplifted tail, thinking to have found the Prey thou lookest for, return to the place whence thou comest, and content thyself to eat up thy grandmother's old shoes." A maid, lately hired, is a soldier in disguise, who, on the same night, is to admit two other companions. The general result is, that *Francion* is tossed from a window into the tub he had got the old dotard to fix in the moat; the aged Castellan is bound to a tree till he is released next morning; one robber is left suspended in mid air by a rope; another fastened naked to a grating; and all sorts of laughing jests are to the people going to early mass next morning. These mistakes of fancy are related in a style of the most pious and awful grossness, and the narrative is printed in italic letters, with the following moral:—

"This is they who, by diverse inclinations had them, but God's will, never prosper in their undertakings, and receive a suitable reward for their crimes as the several passages here related testify."

Valentine (the old Castellan), for the foolish curiosity that transported him to the Diabolical practice of Necromancie, became a scorn to all. The *Thieres*, whose covetous desire to enrich themselves by others losses, made them attempt to rob the Castle, not onely failed of their intended purchase, but suffered publique shame and pain. *Lauretta*, indeed, though she had strained courtesie with her conscience, received no present punishment nor reproach, but what's deferred we seldom find is lost. As for *Francion*, his vicious intention was recompenc'd with harme enough."

And so the adventures proceed, every one worse than its antecedent, till it pleases the hero to amend his life and conclude the volume.

John La Fontaine (born, 1621; deceased, 1695, contributed not slightly to seduce the public taste from the decorous stories of *Mlle. de Scuderi* and *D'Urfé*, and gorge it on such garbage as we have just quoted. Yet the good, easy gentleman could hardly conceive that his tales were calculated to do harm. He declared to the priest who attended him in his illness, that they had not the slightest ill effect on himself, and that he had not the shadow of a notion that any one could be influenced to evil by them. It is probable that his faculty of judgment was none of the acute. Some one said of him that it was mere stupidity that caused him to prefer the fables of the Ancients to his own. His housekeeper, on hearing the priest speak plainly and sternly enough to him on his bed of sickness, interferred. "Ah, sir," said she, "don't be too hard with my master. He's not wicked—he's only stupid. God wouldn't have the heart to damn him."

Contrary to what might be expected from the character of his tales (let no youth or maiden suppose that we impute a shadow of guilt to his delightful fables, the morals of the man himself were irreproachable; and before he died he experienced, and expressed to his friends and brother academicians, the sincerest contrition for the evil he had unintentionally done.

It was in our original design to treat of Racine's theatrical reign; the

* In this book, which is luckily very scarce, the common practice of printing every noun with a capital is not observed.

transfer of household and fairy stories from the *viad voce* recitations of the hearth to literary distinction among the Parisian beaux and belles, by Perrault and the Countess D'Aulnoy; the establishment of genuine comedy by Molière, and Scarron's humorous "Roman Comique." We must only hope for an opportunity of dwelling on these pleasant and interesting sub-

jects in detail in some future number of the UNIVERSITY. If our paper dare boast of a moral, it is—that fashion is as arbitrary in the publisher's office as in the show-rooms of the milliner; and that the fame of no book is secured that does not give pleasure both to the prince on his throne and the peasant on his wooden stool.

UNFORTUNATE DOCTOR DODD.

A NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY: IN TWO PARTS.

I.

THE story of this unhappy clergyman has not been told before; yet its dim, indistinct outline is, in a sort of general way, familiar to many persons. Still this acquaintance seems to resolve itself into three main features—that the centre figure was a clergyman, that he committed a forgery, and that, through the terribly severe laws of his country, he suffered death for his crime. The "Execution of Doctor Dodd" is, perhaps, the idea most distinctly present to all, when they think of his name. The flurry of those days between his sentence and his death has in it something almost lurid; and idolaters of Boswell's book—and there are such—will own to there being a sort of horrid fascination in the passages he devotes to this incident. They will own, too, that nowhere does the hero of that marvellous book stand out so grandly, or attract more love and reverence for his brave, massive English soul.

The story is worthy of being told, because no English social event of that character, before or since, ever excited so much absorbing interest. We may gather some faint notion of the sensation spread over the whole kingdom, if we were to read some morning of the arrest of, say, the graceful writer, who has written "Westward, ho!" and of his being committed to a London gaol, charged with some barbarous crime, which was to bring with it the penalty of death. Yet, in those days human life was judicially cheap, and London eyes were used to the spectacle of weekly processions to the gallows. The extreme penalty of the

law, as it is called, viewed from the present century, we are apt to accept as a measure of guilt, which, in those days of bloody dispensation, it was not.

The wretched clergyman was the victim of the old British, stupid, mulish complacency, which has so often fancied it is doing something Spartan and splendid, when it is only cruel and ridiculous. It once shot an admiral "to encourage the rest," and it hanged Doctor Dodd to show the surrounding world a spectacle of stern, unflinching morality.

For the offence which Doctor Dodd committed, such a punishment was wholly unsuited—even unmerited. Degradation would have been, at most, the suitable penalty. Even weighing the moral delinquency accurately there was no tremendous guilt involved in the offence—for it is clear that if he used the name of his patron, he meant to restore the money eventually. In justice to the man, his story should be considered. The details now about to be presented have never been presented before, and may be said to be new to a nineteenth century reader.

II.

DOWN at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, a certain Reverend William Dodd was vicar, early in the reign of George the First. The little town was on the very edge of the Fens and young William Dodd had before his eyes the quaint, old *Hotel de Ville* of the place, which was of some beauty, and of great antiquity. A thoughtful, studious man, with "a dear, pale face,"*

* So described by his son in the "Prison Thoughts."

this father. His eldest son, William, the notorious William Dodd, LL.D., was born there, on the 29th May, 1729. There was also a second son, who afterwards grew up to be the Rev. Richard Dodd, but upon whose story—having no painful notoriety to make him out—history is almost silent.

Over this child, at its studies, the "dear, pale face" was bent very often, and succeeded in implanting a curious fancy for study and general reading. Young William took ardently to books; and, when only sixteen years old, was actually fit to be entered as a sizar at Clare College, Cambridge. He was placed under Mr. J. Constant, afterwards Archdeacon of Lewis. Men in these offices at universities have a singular advantage over other men, in being thus familiar with the early years of those, who may turn out famous for good or evil; and a veteran college director might find some entertainment in checking off his earlier judgments by a later experience, and in comparing brilliant careers with that simple private in university uniform, who waited on him at his chambers so many years before. But mere official routine, in most instances, is found to deaden this spirit of observation.

Laurence Sterne had quitted Cambridge but a few years before. It will be seen later how like, in some points, were the two clergymen. The only person of mark we can trace as being at Clare Hall with him, is Parkhurst, who afterwards became well known to scholars from his Greek and, perhaps, a name of disagreeable associations to school-boys—from the well-known "Lexicon." Here, however, William Dodd found a friend, to whom he seems to have been attached, with all the ardour of college affection, but who died early, and before completing his studies. His image came back upon Doctor Dodd full thirty years later—

"Nor less for thee, my friend, my Lancaster,
Blest youth, in early hours from this
life's woes,
In richest mervy borne."

Of this promising youth nothing more is known. During his college career Dodd was remarkable for diligence,

and for success in his studies. He "attracted the notice of his superiors," we are told, by his special attention to his books. He could, however, find time for literary labour; and, at the age of eighteen, sent forth the first of the long train of books which he was hereafter to launch so steadily upon the town. This was a quarto pamphlet, entitled "A Pastoral on the Distemper among the Horned Cattle, or Diggon Davy's lament on the loss of his last Cow." Considering that this plague was a national calamity, sweeping the whole of Europe, and that Mr. Sterne, down at Sutton, and other divines, were dealing with the subject in their pulpits, such a production would seem to have been, at least, in bad taste; but a careless college lad of eighteen might be excused for not weighing the decencies very nicely.

Two years after, the African Princes came to England, and he seized on the opportunity to issue a quarto tract of mild heroics, in the shape of an address from the African "to Zara," which the latter followed up by an answer from "Zara" to the African Prince. The same year, 1749, he took his degree, with distinction, and his name is to be found among the list of wranglers.

With this fair prologue he might have hoped to fare profitably among the university pastures. His brother, the Rev. Richard, had gone to Lincoln College, Oxford, and in due time had chosen to become a working curate at Camberwell; and he shall end decently, and with honour, as a well-endowed rector. But young Rev. William Dodd was of other material, and at every step reminds us marvellously of that other clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Sterne, down at Sutton. He was a very gay youth, fond of Cambridge pleasures and parties, dressed expensively, and was noted among his friends as "an ardent votary of the god of dancing." Still, it was plain these pastimes did not interfere with more important matters; and, in truth, it stands a good deal to his credit that he should be able to combine such hostile interests so successfully. Later, however, the balance becomes disturbed, and in the year of his degree he left the university very suddenly, and came up to London.

III.

YOUNG Mr. William Dodd, now upon Town, brought with him "a pleasing form, a genteel address, and a lively imagination," gifts which, in the year of grace 1749 or 1750, were much esteemed in the great city. He lost no time in putting them to all available profit; and his books having already attracted a little notice, he rushed into every society, and flung himself upon every amusement "with a dangerous avidity." No doubt the excuse that brought him up, was the excuse that invariably brought up from the corners of the kingdom, any young literary adventurer who had a play, a history, or a poem, in his desk. It was considered necessary to come in person to fight for literary fortune, as Whittington and others had come to fight for mercantile, and in his spare moments, contrived to write and publish some compositions. Among these was another satire, "A Day in College at Vacation;"—a synopsis in Latin of Grotius, Locke, and Clarke, the Locke portion of which is said to have been the work of Sir J. Gilbert; a sort of useful class-book, which must have entailed some serious drudgery, and a more ambitious effort—a burlesque addition to the "Dunciad," with Warburton introduced. These works show a certain industry, and might incline us to suppose that the "dangerous avidity" for London pleasures was a little overstated. People dealing with clergymen's lives are apt to set the ecclesiastical halo a little too far back. Young Dodd was now but twenty years old.

There was living at this time in Frith-street, Soho, a young person named Mary Perkins, with whom young Mr. Dodd presently became acquainted. She is said to have been "largely endowed with personal attractions," but, on the other hand, was fatally "deficient in those of birth and fortune." The plebeian name is, indeed, significant; and we are not surprised to hear that her father was servant to Sir John Dolben, one of the prebendaries in Durham Cathedral, and had been promoted to the functions of verger. This young person Mr. William Dodd, with all his fair prospects in the world, had the infatuation to marry on April 15, 1751.

In other respects she seems to have

been a very suitable wife; and at the season of her husband's terrible probation, exhibited all the virtues and moral gifts which happily belong to no special rank or station. Nay, though marrying him without bringing a dowry with her, a lucky chance helped her to one later. She was all through a useful, affectionate wife; and if we can trust the dismal apotrophe which issued from his prison cell, he does not appear to have repented marrying the verger's daughter:—

"Nor thou, Maria, with me! O, my wife!
Thy husband lov'd with such a steady
flame
From youth's first hour."

On this imprudent step, he at once took a house in Wardour-street—not yet embroidered with *Bric-a-brac* and curiosity shops—and fitted it up with great expense. The news of these proceedings was soon wafted down to Bourne, to his father, who presently hurried up to London in sad distress. Friends gathered round the improvident youth; the pressure of remonstrance and entreaty was put on him; and with much difficulty he was brought back again into the straight and profitable ecclesiastical roadway he had strayed from. After watching an opportunity to write "An Elegy on the Death of Frederic, Prince of Wales," he was back again at Cambridge; and on the 19th of October was ordained a deacon, at Caius College, by the Bishop of Ely—a prelate to whom he had dedicated his Latin synopsis of Clarke and Grotius.

The Wardour-street house was given up, and he forswore the world, with its pomps and vanities, with all the ardour of a penitent. Not content with mere silent abnegation, he must proclaim his conversion—through a trumpet, as it were, and from a platform. The platform was a selection of the best bits of Shakespeare, and the trumpet was a preface prefixed. "For my own part," he said, "better and more important things henceforth demand my attention, and I here, with no small pleasure, take my leave of Shakespeare and the critics. As this work was begun and finished before I entered upon the sacred functions in which I am now happily employed," &c.

The idea was a very happy one, and

the selection directed by much good taste, and even ingenuity. It has been one of the most successful bits of bookseller's task-work; and a stream of editions, of every size and price, attest the popularity of "Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare." But very few, when they buy the book in shop or stall, think of the dismal end of the compiler. Work of this sort, simple as it may seem, disguises a vast amount of secret labour and happy instinct; as, indeed, Goldsmith has shown in a single sentence:—"Judgment is to be paid for in such selections, and a man may be twenty years of his life cultivating his judgment."

Curious to say, there was originally prefixed a sarcastic dedication to Lord Chesterfield, whom he could not have divined would have hereafter selected him for his son's tutor, and which he afterwards cancelled. He was ordained in 1753, forswore pleasure "and the belles lettres" finally—that is for nearly a year, and entered on his first ecclesiastical service as curate to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, at West Ham, a clerical pasture perhaps dangerously near to London.

IV.

HERE he spent the most delightful hours of his life. His behaviour—say the newspaper paragraphs, in the detestable "valet" jargon in which they described every step in his life—was "proper, decent, and exemplary." He took up his new duties with zeal. He is said to have worked laboriously amongst his parishioners, and not to have spared himself in the round of parochial drudgery. Yet he relished these duties, and long after, in his day of trial, looked back to this Ham life very wistfully;—

"Return blest hours, ye peaceful days return!

When through each office of celestial love,
Ennobling piety my glad feet led
Continual, and my head each night to rest

Lull'd on the downy pillow of content!
Dear were thy shades, O, Ham! and dear the hours

In manly musing 'midst thy forests pass'd,

And antique woods of sober solitude,
O, Epping, witness to my lonely walks."

It was thought at this time that he "entertained favourable senti-

ments of the doctrines of Mr. Hutchinson," and was even suspected of a leaning to Methodism. But he soon cast off this weakness, and some seven or eight years later put his thoughts into the shape of "A Dialogue between a Mystic, a Hutchinsonian and a Methodist;" in which he showed off the professors of these creeds to considerable disadvantage. Notwithstanding this backsliding in the direction of Mr. Hutchinson, his parishioners esteemed him highly and chose him as their lecturer, on the demise of the former occupant of that office. Two years afterwards, a lectureship at St. Olave's, Hart-street, became vacant, and Mr. Dodd was chosen for this duty also. Then he suddenly relapsed into literature and burst upon the town with a strange novel, which coming from a working curate, seems a singular and inappropriate composition.

It was entitled, "The Sisters;" which under the specious veil of "a warning to youth of both sexes," contrives to deal with some free pictures of London life, the treatment of which suggest the coarse but not the vigorous handling of Mr. Fielding and Dr. Smollett. How the laborious curate of West Ham could issue such a production and not forfeit the favour of his faithful parishioners and the patrons of the lectureship of St. Olave's, is a riddle only to be solved by the free temper of the age. The ecclesiastical barometer was never registered so low. The laity were easy, and expected no restraint from their priests. There were many parsons like Trulliber, and many like the ordinary who attended on Mr. Wild, and whose pocket was picked of "a bottle screw." The world was not to be scandalized by "The Sisters," or a novel of that sort; and six years later the Bishop of Gloucester was so delighted with the two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy," that he took their reverend author round the fashionable world, and made all the bishops call upon him.

"The Sisters" contain many pictures drawn from young Mr. Dodd's wild London life. The story is that of two young girls sent up to London, and ruined there. There is a hint of Pamela, with suggestions from some of Hogarth's pictorial stories. The names of the characters are the dis-

guised names of real persons. Dookalb, the villain of the piece, was a Mr. Blackwood, a gentleman who was said to have injured him in some way, and upon whom he took this fashion of retaliating. Beau Leicast was a certain fashionable Mr. Tracey, and Miss Repook was put for a certain Lucy Cooper, a notorious lady of the day, and recognised at once by all the town. Lord Sandwich was also introduced. Speaking of one of the ladies of the story who was in the habit of taking bank-notes *en sandwich* for breakfast, to show her admirers how little she cared for money, the Rev. Mr. Dodd puts a note to the effect that he had known "at least four, who have excelled and gloried in the same notable feat." There are allusions too "to the inimitable Garrick" who "thunders through the crowded theatre," which show that he was very familiar with dramatic effects. Most curious, however, is his treatment of his arch villain, Dookalb, or Blackwood, whom he eventually *led to the gallows* and made him suffer "in the most abject and pusillanimous manner;" and attached to one of his characters was "a large bunch of keys, not unlike those which grace the venerable turnkey of Newgate." Indeed it is very strange to think how, all through Mr. Dodd's life, little shadows of such an awful final end were cast across his path. It will be seen how, in many directions, he was led to it by a sort of mysterious perverseness, and dwelt upon it as upon a favourite subject.

He was in this year appointed to preach what was called "Lady Moyer's Lecture" at St. Paul's, for which he took up the doctrine of the Trinity as a subject. He also plunged into classical learning, and issued proposals for a translation of Callimachus, wrote a play on the Greek model, with choruses, and entitled "The Syracusan," which was actually sent to a manager. In these times, parsons were very busy writing plays, and seeing them acted; nay, and acting them themselves. "The Sisters" did him no damage; for the following year, the translation of Callimachus came out with a learned preface, in which Dr. Horne, the Bishop of Norwich, lent him his assistance. The Rev. Mr. Dodd was naturally

looking for a mitre himself, and might naturally hope to reach one by his "Callimachus," as later postulants were to do by a play of Sophocles' or Euripides'. As a more direct means of promotion, he dedicated it to the reigning Duke of Newcastle, the desperate adherent of office, who in his time had made many bishops and found them all ungrateful. Meanwhile he was writing sermons, and two or three years later published *four volumes quarto of discourses*, a monument of parochial industry.

All this while he was still at Ham:

"Dear favourite shades, by peace
And pure religion sanctified, I hear
The tuneful bells their hallowed message
sound
To Christian hearts symphonious."

He was lecturing at St. Olave's. He could not be idle, and had his time too well employed to go astray. These were the innocent seasons of his life. No wonder, when the Newgate bells were clanging over his head, that the chimes of West Ham should seem very sweet indeed.

V.

ABOUT this time a certain charitable Mr. Bingley began to take up seriously the condition of the female outcasts of society, and set himself to try whether something could not be done for those of this class who were inclined to amend and reform. It was proposed to found an asylum on the principle of those at Rome and other foreign cities. The state of London manners at this particular season, rendered the foundation of such an asylum peculiarly suitable.

Mr. Bingley and his friends got together some three thousand pounds for their purpose. It was warmly seconded on all sides; and by none so much as by the young curate of West Ham. The first building was in Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields; and on Thursday, the tenth of August, 1758, it was opened. Fifty petitions were presented, but only ten candidates could be received, and the Rev. Mr. Dodd, who had taken such an interest in the charity all through, was chosen to preach the inaugural sermon before the governors in Charlotte-street chapel, Bloomsbury.

The policy of such an institution was

loudly condemned at the time; and pamphlets were published violently decrying the new asylum. But it prospered marvellously, and became the most fashionable of London charities. When Mr. Sterne, the fashionable clergyman, was preaching for the Foundling Hospital, his exertions brought in only £160, while appeals for the Magdalen, by divines of indifferent gifts, resulted in collections of thirteen and fourteen hundred pounds.

No doubt there was truth in what was openly said at the time, that it was a sort of theatrical charity, to which people hurried for a Sunday's sensation, just as they had done a few years before to the rantings of Orator Henley. The chapel, indeed, offered a sort of spectacle; and there were melodramatic devices adopted, which it may be suspected were the devising of the young chaplain of the institution. The penitents were all dressed in uniform; they were marshalled with peculiar ceremonies, and odd rhapsodies were preached over them. The sermon which Mr. Dodd preached at the opening was printed in the following year, and was pronounced by the public press to be "a manly, rational, and pathetic address." To it was prefixed an account of the charity, from the same hand, together with various sensational epistles from the reclaimed inmates, to their relations, talking rapturously of "this blessed place," and the unspeakable happiness they enjoyed in putting on the peculiar garb of the establishment. And to add to the effect, the whole was enriched with an "elegant print of a young girl, in her proper dress."

These fancies, directed no doubt by well-meaning views, were only appealing to that morbid curiosity which is dormant in every public of every age. Every Sunday the Magdalen was crowded. People of fashion made parties to visit the Magdalen; and one of the best photographs in the Walpole letters, is the description of one of these pious Sunday junketings.

"Jan. 27, 1760. Met at Northumberland H. at 5, and four coaches. Prince Edward, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, &c. . . .

"This new convent is beyond Goodman's-

fields, and would, I assure you, content any Catholic alive. We were received by—oh! first a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governor, with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the prince directly into the chapel, where before the altar, was an arm-chair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a prie-dieu, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were Lord and Lady Dartmouth, in the odour of devotion, and many city ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat; hung with Gothic paper and tablets of benefactions; at the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above one hundred and thirty, all in grayish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue ribbon, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. . . . Prayers then began, psalms, and a sermon; the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very *elegantly and touchingly*. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls; so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till, I believe, the city dames took them for Jane Shores. . . . The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to his Royal Highness. . . . In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got the most illustrious to desire it might be printed.

"From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns without their hats were ranged at the tables ready for supper. A few were handsome. . . . I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at."

Still at West Ham, he began to add a little to his income, by taking a few young gentlemen as pupils—a practice he continued all his life. The year he published his Magdalen sermon, he became the Rev. William Dodd, M.A.; and the following year presented the world with three volumes of Bishop Hall's works, the most piquant and Shandean of bishops, and which edition, we may suspect, was seen by the Rev. Laurence Sterne, who was very partial to that writer. From this sort of spasmodic range of subject, rushing from Shakespeare to sermons, and from sermons to Milton, it seems as though the Rev. William Dodd, M.A., was doing genteel sort of hack-work for the booksellers. Still all these little engines were bearing a steady profit. His name was getting

known, and he was attracting attention as one of those dramatic clergymen who in every age attract a certain amount of attention and admiration. Next year he sent out a book on Milton, and a year later, the well-known "Dodd on Death," perhaps the most familiar, to the public, of all his writings.

They were written, he tells us in the preface, with the odd "design to be given away by *well-disposed persons at funerals*, or on any other solemn occasion." But the editors of a pious magazine induced him to give them the first use of the papers. They are good useful thoughts; perhaps a little too theatrical and sensational, but likely to be useful to minds of a certain order. Many of the most effective points were, however, taken from Hervey, Young, Watts, and others. He also introduced that round of characters which the essayists of the day were so fond of using to point their moral, a whole crowd of Negotios, Osianders, Misellas, Pulcherias, and others, who were the regular *corps dramatique* of the *Ramblers* and *Guardians*. In Negotio's instance, when "two more blisters were ordered to *six* he already had upon him," we are not surprised to hear that a "drowsy sleepiness, dire prognostic of death, at length terminated in strong convulsions, and the busy, active, sprightly Negotio died." Poor Negotio! In the character of "Bubulo," he "improved" some city acquaintance who "had incumbered for threescore and ten years the earth with his heavy load, who had devoted hours to his nice and enormous appetite. He was in this respect a perfect animal." And one of the notes to Bubulo's History is truly Shandean:—

"N.B.—A friend of the writer is pleased to observe:—"The "Reflections on Death" please me much. But don't you carry things rather too far, when you say "'tis an indispensable duty to go to our parish church." Was I to live in London, I should rarely or never go to my parish church, if I had a *stupid, humdrum minister*. I long to live in London, that I might hear clever men, &c. I disapprove, as much as you do, running after Methodist preachers and enthusiasts; but should I not prefer a Sherlock at the Temple, if I lived in Fleet-

street," &c., &c. He also admitted into his collection a remonstrance made to poor Richard Nash, the M.C. of Bath, and which told that gentleman some very home truths. It is much to be suspected that it found admittance to the "Reflections" on the ground of their being written by Lady N——; of course, the same Lady N—— to whom he, later, wrote a pleasant copy of verses on her not finding a seat at the Magdalen. "I take my pen," said Lady N—— to Richard Nash, Esq., "to advise, nay, to request of you, to repent while you have an opportunity I must tell you, sir, with the utmost freedom, that your present behaviour is not the way to reconcile yourself with God. . . . Your example and your life is prejudicial—I wish I could not say fatal—to many. For this there is no amends but an alteration of your conduct as *signal and memorable as your person and name*."

Dr. Dodd adds a comment on this statement which has a remarkable significance, and which I shall remind the reader of when I come to deal with the unfortunate clergyman's last declaration on the scaffold. "No man living," he says, in a note, "can have a higher regard for benevolence and humanity than the writer of these lines; . . . as if *tenderness of heart*, and acts of charity, could atone for every other deficiency. It is hoped, therefore, that the writer of Nash's life will strike out that offensive and hurtful passage, wherever he asserts 'that there was nothing criminal in his (Nash's) conduct—that he was a harmless creature,' &c. And this is said of a man who, with a heart of exquisite humanity, was yet through life a gambler professed, and an encourager of illegal gambling! —a follower of *pleasure all his days, and a perpetual dissipator*."

After their appearance in the *Christian Magazine*, these papers were collected into a little volume, enjoyed an immense popularity, and may have been actually distributed at funerals by the "well-disposed persons," as was intended by their author.

He was now well established as one of the "clever men," for whom our country friend, yearning after good preachers, would have quitted the parochial Fleet-street to listen to.

His Majesty the King, or, perhaps, the Duke of Newcastle, put him among the list of royal chaplains; and about the same time, he became acquainted with the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Squire—a name that figures very frequently in the dedications of the period—a grotesque name, too, which wicked college undergraduates twisted into "Doctor Squirt." This dignitary took a fancy to young Mr. Dodd, as the stormy Bishop of Gloucester had done to Mr. Sterne; and like that prelate, repented later of his hasty patronage. This swarthy bishop, known to the irreverent as "The Man of Angola," was so pleased with his *protégé* that he presented him to the prebend of Brecon, and favoured him in many other ways. One of the fair places in our clergyman's character is his gratitude to this bishop, which blossomed out in sonnets and dedications, and which was a better test, was found green and healthy after Doctor Squire had laid down his mitre for ever. Any proclamation of favours received after the hand that has offered them can offer no more, is very often omitted, as a piece of unnecessary, and even troublesome homage. From his prison cell he thought of the old kindness, and paid a grateful tribute to the memory of his patron:—

"And blessed by thee, St. David's! honoured friend,
Alike in wisdom's and in learning's school
Advanc'd and sage! Short pause, my muse, and sad,
Allow, while leaning on affection's arm,
Deep-sighing gratitude, with tears of truth,
Bedews the urn—the happy urn—where
the rest
Mingled thy ashes, oh, my friend! and
hers,
Whose life, bound up with thine in amity,
Indissolubly firm, felt thy last pang."

Less happy was a sonnet in which he sang his praises living—a happy example of earnest heroics collapsing into burlesque. He sings him addressing Religion and Reason:—

"Attendant thereon, heavenly Reason, came,
And on Religion's shrine an offering laid;
I saw it straight her whole attention claim;
Then what it was I could not but *inquire*."

(The reader is now prepared for the inevitable rhyme that is to follow):—

"Instant, with rapture,—'Tis my son's," she said,

'The polish'd page of my judicious SQUIRE!'"

So delightful a piece of bathos can rarely be found. He also saluted him with an epigram, under the title of "Gratitude and Merit," and allowed his poetic fancy to take the form of "An Ode, written in the walks of Brecknock." All these *fade* shapes of compliment have, happily, had their day, and persons of influence do not now care to have the sickly censurers of dedications and sonnets swung before them as they walk. More genuine was his address to Mrs. Squire, his widow, in his preface to a sermon, when he says—"Alas, madam! we think with anxious concern of the exquisite sensibility of his affectionate heart." The wags of the day were pleasant on this subject, and enjoyed the Doctor's loss of his patron.

"Dodd bit his sacred lip that day,

And furled his holy brow;

An arch-priest then was heard to say—

'Soho! who'll Squire you now!'"

It has been said that it was through this influence that the smooth Chesterfield, casting about for a suitable director of his nephew's education, was induced to select the young royal chaplain. But Dr. Dodd himself tells us that it was only "by the advice of my dear friend, now in heaven, Dr. Squire," that he agreed to accept this office. It was, indeed, an interruption to his preferment; and we have only to look into Sterne's sermons, and Goldsmith's essays, to see into what disrepute the function had fallen. It was only by "promises," no doubt, of suitable preferment that he was induced to "engage" for this boy's education; and it is quite characteristic of the noble contractor that these promises remained "unfulfilled." The convict clergyman, looking back to this stage of his life, bitterly complains of this treatment, and half lays the beginning of his fall upon this hollow patron:—

"Sought by thee,

And singled out, unpatronized, unknown;
By thee, whose taste consummate was applause,

Whose approbation merit; forth I came,
And with me to the task, delighted,
brought

The upright purpose."

It has been said that he went abroad with his pupil, and took "the grand tour"—more necessary then for a young person of quality than a university education; but there are no evidences of such a journey beyond a loose statement in the rude memoir of him which remains. Little scraps of preferment were now gradually tiding him on, and he would scarcely have turned aside for so serious and prolonged an interval. He was now entering fairly on his London career.

Mr. Walpole had remarked the presence of many "city people" at the strange Magdalen performance; and among this class, indeed, were to be found his chief patrons and followers. It was through the influence of some "city people" that he was appointed Chaplain to His Majesty. Foote, in his satire—to be spoken of later—alluded to his frequent presence at the great "city feasts;" and at the last act of life, a city alderman stood forward at his trial, and indirectly strove to help him. London was now to be his sphere. He had made ineffectual attempts to succeed to the rectorship of West Ham; but being twice disappointed, at last quitted the place. "A place," he says, "ever dear, and ever regretted by me;" and dwells on the change very pathetically, since his life there was pastoral, and full of pleasant country labour, now to be exchanged for London seductions.

As chaplain, he had now chambers in the palace; and, almost at the outset, the indiscreet chaplain's head gave way. Tea-parties were given under the royal roof, and a little scandal went round, that the divine received lady friends at these entertainments. This was no very heinous dereliction; but it showed that, in a worldly sense, young Mr. Dodd, like poor Yorick, "carried not one ounce of ballast." By-and-by, when it came to be his turn to perform the service, his approach was heralded by the "rustling of silk," and a general atmosphere of clergymanical dandyism, to the grievous confusion of "old Groves," the royal "Table-decker." These were straws; but they were significant straws.

The degree of M. A. was scarcely of sufficient glory for the Chaplain to His Majesty; so, in 1766, he went down to Cambridge, and came up the

Rev. William Dodd, LL.D., and then he launched himself fairly upon town. He first stopped in Pall Mall, the street where Mr. Sterne first stayed when he came up on town. He had, besides, a country house at Ealing; and, where he had before kept a moderate chariot, he now burst forth in all the majesty of a coach. The excuse for this extravagance was the benefit of his pupils, who had now increased in number and quality. Besides young Stanhope, a youth of about ten or eleven years old, he had a young boy named Ernst, to both of whom he seems to have been attached. The latter obtained a post in some foreign station; and long after, the luckless Doctor looked back piteously to the happy days when he was directing their studies:—

"Ah, my lov'd household! ah, my little
round
Of social friends! well do you bear in
mind
Those pleasing evenings, when, on my
return—
Much wished return—serenity the mild,
And cheerfulness the innocent, with me
Entered the happy dwelling! Thou, my
Ernst,
Ingenuous youth, whose early spring be-
spoke
Thy summer, as it is, with richest crops
Luxuriant waving. Gentle youth, canst
thou
Those welcome hours forget?"

To young Stanhope, too, he addressed a similar apostrophe, which, on the ground of the old connexion, should have been more fruitful in result than "the windage" of a mere burst of poetry:—

"Or thou—O thou!
How shall I utter from my beating
heart,
Thy name so musical, so heavenly sweet
Once to these ears distracted! Stanhope,
say
Canst thou forget those hours when
clothed in smiles
Of fond respect, thou and thy friend have
strove
Whose little hands should readiest supply
My willing wants—officious in your zeal
To make the Sabbath evenings, like the
day,
A day of sweet composure to my soul?"

The youth who bore the "name so musical, so heavenly sweet," and who was so dutiful in the little household, was later to stand up in a crowded

court, and convict his tutor of an offence for which the penalty was death.

He was now moved to Southampton-row, Bloomsbury; was writing in the *Public Ledger*, where he was allowed to spread his adulation of his patron, Dr. Squire, with a broad trowel. In that journal he published the "Visiter," a sort of weekly essay, afterwards gathered up into a two-volume sheaf; and was receiving a hundred a year for what he contributed to the pious *Christian Magazine*. He was getting ready a new edition of "Locke's Common-Place Book"—for his name brought money to the booksellers. But so dramatic a preacher should surely have a theatre of his own; and the young Doctor, who was without a living, and who appealed at spasmodic intervals for a charity, ought to have had a private stage for himself. A curious circumstance, which occurred about this time, might be said to have suggested the idea.

Mrs. Dodd, the verger's daughter—though penniless when she married—obtained a sort of accidental dowry later. A lady, to whom she had been a sort of companion, left her £1,500 when she died, which was supplemented by another fortuitous contribution. Mrs. Dodd was at an auction, when a cabinet was put up, for which she began to bid. A lady of quality was also anxious to secure it; and when Mrs. Dodd discovered who was her opponent, she made a low courtesy, and withdrew. The lady of quality—possibly as frantic as Goldsmith's "old deaf dowager," at the auction which Mrs. Croker had been attending—was so pleased with this forbearance, that she came up to her, and begged the pleasure of a better acquaintance. The better acquaintance produced this fruit—that shortly after the grateful lady presented her with a lottery ticket, which, on being drawn, came out a prize of £1,000.

This windfall our Doctor wisely determined to lay out in erecting the little private temple for his own performances, to which allusion has just been made. He entered into a sort of partnership with a builder; a plot of ground was secured in Pimlico, profitably close to the royal palace; and very shortly a chapel of ease rose, to which was given the name of Char-

lotte Chapel, in compliment to the reigning queen. He had great expectations from this pious speculation—for speculation it was; and it became, as might be imagined, a fashionable Sunday place of prayer. Four pews were set apart for the Queen and her household. The sermons of the Rev. Doctor became very popular, and Nichols, the indefatigable gleaner of anecdotes, who often went to hear him preach, says he listened to him with delight.

Here he was fortunate enough to light on a useful clerical aide-de-camp, the Rev. Weedon Butter, who, from this time until the death of the luckless proprietor of the Pimlico Chapel, clung to him through all his fortunes; and it is one of the redeeming circumstances in this strange character that he was able to attach to him this one faithful heart, at least. This was a young man whom he "took up" to be his amanuensis and general assistant in his literary work. He was originally intended for the law, but was induced by his patron to go into the church; and when the new chapel was opened, he became the reader, and alternate celebrant with Doctor Dodd. He had a brother, who was captain of the *William Pitt*, "extra" East Indiaman, which ship "foundered with all her crew, during a tremendous gale at midnight, off Algoa Bay, after firing several half-minute signal guns." He "reached the goal of immortality before his elder brother," said an obituary notice of the day.

The new chapel was in such vogue, that every sitting was soon disposed of. In fact a dissatisfied Mr. Cookfield wrote up to the Doctor's friend from Upton, that he was "sorry that no seats were allotted to those whom *curiosity* or devotion brings to the chapel," (it was scarcely the latter that brought Mr. Walpole and party). "Some pews," continues the country gentleman with severity, "are occupied by only one or two persons; but if the learned divine, instead of thinking to gain by godliness, were to believe godliness gain, *many parts of his conduct would be different*—he would thus silence many who watch him with evil eyes. The Doctor would think me impertinent or a fool if I was to give him personally this very just bit of advice." The truth was, the Doctor was not responsi-

ble for the empty pews, which yet no one durst enter; for the concern being a speculation, the seats had gradually become the property of parties in the parish, who, when the novelty wore off, became, at least as far as their sittings were concerned, pious dogs in a manger—not coming themselves, nor allowing others to come.

There was a chapel also in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, and here too he joined in a sort of clerical partnership with a Doctor Trussler. With these fields of labour open before him, he seems to have been really indefatigable. He preached every Sunday at the Magdalen in the morning, while his brother and Mr. Weedon Butter, took the evening duty at Pimlico, alternately. Nor were his literary labours abating. He was busy with all manner of schemes; and foremost among these were his plans for a huge commentary on the Bible: a task which embodied the very ideal of pure drudgery and hodman's labour—the weariest fetching and carrying of the bricks and stones of erudition—not even of the character, half light, half flashy, which, with men of the world, counterbalance such little labour as they must bring to such a duty.

In fact, his was a most curious shape of character—almost a puzzle for its hostile elements. Never was the truth, that mere piety—that is a fancy for praying—standing by itself, may be, after all, but one of the many fancies of the human soul. All the time that the Rev. Dr. Dodd was preaching at St. James's, at the two Charlotte Chapels, at the Magdalen, and also busily working up his commentary on the Bible, and edifying friends by his delightful conversation on divine things, we may be curious to know how this holy man was filling in his inner life as it were. There is no need of any uncharitable speculation, for he himself tells us:—

“Thus brought to town and introduced to gay life, I fell into snares. Besides this, the habit of uniform regular piety and devotion wearing off, I was not, as at West Ham, the innocent man I lived there. I committed offences against my God, which I bless Him were always in reflection detestable to me Indeed before I never dissipated at all—for many, many years never seeing the playhouse, nor any public place.”

Allowing all charitable sincerity to this declaration, there is still a disagreeable unctuousness about it, a sort of indistinct complacency, which suggests the “terrible example.” He was indeed all the while a whitened sepulchre.

The keeping of the coach, the banqueting with city friends, and the country house at Ealing, involved him in serious expenses. Money had to be found, and he tells us that he “fell into the ruinous mode of raising monies by annuities. *The annuities devoured me*,” it is added, in a forcible expression which came not from him, but from the manly hand of Johnson. And yet, it was said that his Pimlico chapel alone brought him in some £600 a-year.

Presently (1767) came forth a neat, pleasant collection of the agreeable clergyman's poems—lively, fashionable trifles, which were bought by the “city ladies,” and found on the drawing-room tables on the other side of Temple Bar. Here were the verses to Lady N—, on her visit to the Magdalen; and here was the “Ode to Gratitude, occasioned by the sight of an old man and woman passing by on foot, up a steep hill, on a very hot day,” &c. The commentary, too, was getting forward; but Weedon Butter, the faithful secretary, amanuensis, and man of all work was behind the scenes, doing a good deal of the mere navvies' work. And even in this task broke out some of that false copper metal through the upper clerical plating; and about this task was a little of that trickery, which, either in true shape or suspicion, hung about all his life and labour; for he announced with a flourish that he was to have the use of papers and notes left by John Locke, and also some notes of Cudworth, which were in Lord Masham's hands. And yet it was insinuated at the time that he knew well that these documents were either spurious, or not forthcoming. As the King's chaplain passed by in his “rustling silk,” men looked after him, and perhaps admired (though it was said that he had turned vain and “pompous,” and was puffed up); but still there was an impression as of something unsound, which would be discovered later.

Still there were many who believed in him. The faithful Weedon Butter

held to him through all. While the Doctor was being eaten up with the dreadful annuities, and plunging deeper into the town delights, which the annuities went to purchase, the trusty henchman did what he could to aid him. Weedon Butter kept a diary, and we look over his shoulder on the 23rd of March, 1787, as he writes—"Engaged all the evening with Dr. Dodd, in translating Bishop Lowth's Lectures." And in the following month we see a more significant entry:—"Did not go out all day; *the Doctor abroad*; when he returned in the evening, sat down with him to Bishop Lowth's Lectures." Later, the too partial clerk wrote to a friend—"I think I see every day more and more the benefits derived to myself from Dr. Dodd." Even a young American clergyman wrote over, in a transport of pious desire, that he longed for nothing so much in this world as to see

the Doctor bishop of that quarter of the globe—a pastoral charge too extensive, certainly, for one man, and as a sphere of missionary action wholly unsuited to the Magdalen preacher's tastes. We have a little after-dinner picture, when Doctor Dodd had Mr. Hoole to meet Hawksworth, the translator of Telemachus; and the subject of the divine government of events being started, the Doctor turned his chair towards the fireplace, and "*looking down to the fender*, spoke slowly and gently, in an uninterrupted strain that delighted all. No one replied."

With this little vista of pastoral innocence, the decent, respectable portion of the Doctor's life fades out; and it makes a very curious study to see how gradually the furies of extravagance, pleasure, and the other familiars of gay life, preying on his weak, unfortified nature, gradually dragged him down to destruction.

MY AUNT MARGARET'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT MARGARET AT HOME.

My Aunt Margaret was what is termed a clever woman—that is to say, she was keen and resolute, prompt and active, and difficult to overreach in matters of money or business. Of the former she was, people said, a little too fond. At all events she hated waste, and lived frugally on a dietary which leaned much upon tea and eggs, and sometimes omitted dinner altogether. But though light, her house-keeping was neither beggarly nor altogether uncomfortable.

Aunt Margaret, as I remember her—dear me, how many years ago!—was rather tall, if anything, and decidedly slim and erect, with a countenance which, though shrewd and energetic, had yet something kindly in it. Her features were small and nicely turned, and one could quite suppose that she might have been a pretty girl once on a time.

She held herself well, and stepped with a good, firm tread, and lightly withal. Hers was a rustic life, somewhat lonely, in a three-storied house, with three rooms on a floor, and a gable

at front—steep-roofed and tiled, and with a great growth of jessamine and woodbine about the porch and the windows. Half a dozen tall, dark elms made a comfortable shadow about the house; and a white paling in front enclosed, by the road-side, the little flower garden, with an old mulberry tree in the centre.

In the rear was a lock-up yard with coach-house and stable, and a comfortable room in which old Tom Clinton slept with a blunderbuss and back-sword in case of robbers. On week-days Aunt Margaret dressed very plainly—stuff in winter, cotton in summer; but on Sundays she went to church in thick old satins or ancient brocades, so stiff that the squire's lady across the aisle used to talk of them covetously for days after, and wonder why such things were not to be had now-a-days.

Aunt Margaret was always particularly neat. She used to carry her keys in an old-fashioned way, from a ribbon by her side, a neat little pin-cushion, her scissors, and I forget

what else. It was the tradition of that chatelaine which I saw revived long after poor Aunt Margaret had gone to her rest. She had long and very pretty hands—her years considered; and, in fact, the only thing I remember decidedly against her was her enamelled box of rappee, and the habit to which it ministered.

Her prime-minister was Winnifred Dobbs—fattish, rosy, ancient. Time had thinned her flowing hair, and bleached it somewhat; but she smiled largely, and was good-humoured; although not very quick, was steady and sure, and chatted volubly, though not always much to the purpose; and Aunt Margaret gave her her tea in the drawing-room, which was an excuse for keeping her there for the rest of the evening; and so Aunt Margaret was not quite so lonely as she might have been.

There was a young and stumpy girl beside, who washed, and did nearly everything, and must have found these young days rather dull. To her the view of the road from the kitchen window was a resource, and the occasional calls of the baker, butcher, and dairyman were precious. She talked and laughed with herself; she sang a great deal in the scullery, and joked with the cat in the kitchen.

Among Aunt Margaret's sources of revenue was her moiety of what she called the Winderbrooke property. Everybody, of course, knows the old town of Winderbrooke. Three houses in the main street belonged to her and her sister. Of these, for convenience, they made a division, the best they could. Aunt Margaret had for her share a tobacconist and half a tailor. The latter was punctual; but the tobacconist owed a whole year's rent, and was already some way in his third half-year. His letters were highly un-

satisfactory. The tailor's answers to her inquiries about his defaulting neighbour were reserved and evasive. But that she had a wise terror of law and lawyers my Aunt would have retained an attorney forthwith.

"I'm not surprised, Winnie," said my Aunt, snuffing her candle, as she and her confidential handmaid sat by the fire, in her diminutive drawing-room, at their tea; "not the least. Did you ever know one man tell of another when a woman was concerned? John Pendle has been my tenant eleven years and knows all about that roguish snuff-man; but he won't tell me one iota about him. Not that Browning is anything on earth to him. I suppose he doesn't care if Browning was hanged; but simply Browning is a man, and *I* a woman. That's it, Winnie—that's all—I'm to be robbed, and no one to prevent it. A conspiracy I call it. I tell you, Winnie, I never knew one man prevent another's robbing a woman, except when he hoped to rob her himself."

Honest Dobbs's fat face and round eyes looked distressed over her teacup at her mistress, while she discoursed; and she made answer only by that expressive but unspellable tick-tick-tick-ing made by the tip of the tongue at the back of the teeth.

"And rob me they would, Winnie, if I were half such a fool as *you*, for instance. But I'll show them there *are* women who do know something of business."

And she nodded mysteriously, but briskly, on her maid with a side-glance of her dark eye.

"I mean to start to-morrow morning, after breakfast, at eight o'clock. You come with me, Winnie, and we'll sleep to-morrow night at Winderbrooke, and *that*, I think, will surprise them."

CHAPTER II.

MY AUNT MARGARET ON THE ROAD.

OLD Tom Teukesbury, from the "Bull," was not at the little wicket of Aunt Margaret's habitation until sixteen minutes past nine.

As Tom drew up, driving a one-horse covered vehicle, the name and fashion of which have long passed away, my Aunt, fully equipped

was standing on the step of her open door, with her watch in her right hand, the dial of which she presented grimly at Tom, perched in the distance on the box.

Tom's lean, mulberry-coloured face, sharp nose, and cold gray eyes winced not at the taunt.

"It's easy a showin' a watch. I'd like to know where the 'oss is to come from, if maister sends the grey to Huntley, and Jack can't go in harness noways; and here's the bay can't go neither without a brushing boot; and I'm to go down to Hoxton to borrow one of Squire; there's a raw there as big as my hand—you don't want her to founder 'twixt this and Muckleston, I'm sure; and you wouldn't be so hard on the brute, to drive her without one—and that's why, ma'am."

Tom's way with women when he was late, was to complicate the case, with an issue on farriery, which soon shuts them up.

So Winnifred got in with a basket of edibles, and the carpet-bag on the seat beside my Aunt, who entered the vehicle severely.

It was a journey of nearly forty miles, by cross-roads, to Winderbrooke. All geographers well know the range of hills that lie between Hoxton and that town. The landscape is charming—the air invigorating. But the pull up the steep road that scales the side of the hill, is severe. The bay-mare showed signs of her soft feeding. She was hirsute, clumsy, and sudorous. She had a paunch, and now and then a cavernous cough.

The progress was, therefore, slow; and the ladies, every here and there, up particularly stiff bits, were obliged to get out and walk, which, although my Aunt might not mind it much, distressed good Winnifred Dobbs, who was in no condition for executing an excelsior movement on foot.

Near the summit of the hill the ladies waxed hungry; so, it was presumed, did the mare. The party halted; the nosebag was applied; the basket was opened; Tom had a couple of clumsy sandwiches; the ladies partook; and the bay mare enjoyed her repast with that pleasant crisp crunching, which agreeably suggests good grinders and a good grist.

There was still a little pull before reaching the crown of the hill. Winnifred could walk no more; but my Aunt trod nimbly up the ascent, and on reaching the summit, made a halt,

and, like an invading general, viewed with an eye at once curious and commanding, the country that lay beneath.

She was looking for Winderbrooke close by the foot of the hill.

"Where's the town?" demanded my Aunt.

"Wat toon, ma'am?" inquired Tom.

"Winderbrooke, to be sure."

"Well, Winderbrooke will bethere."

Tom was pistoling Winderbrooke with his whip.

"Where?"

"You see the steeple there?"

"Ay."

"Well, that isn't it."

"No!"

"Now, ye'll see a bit of a rock or a hillock atop o' that hill."

"That hill—well?"

"Now, follow that line on past that whitish thing ye see."

"You don't mean on that remote plain? Why, man, that's the horizon."

"Well, it's beyond that a little bit, over the rising ground that will be jest there; and folks say, on a clear day, you may see the smoke o' the toon over it, though I never did."

There was a pause, and my Aunt looked stern and black toward the remote objects which he indicated and neither could see, and then she looked back over her shoulder in the direction of home. I can't say what was passing in her mind; but she looked forward again, and with an angry side-glance at Tom, she said—

"Why, it's a perfect journey."

There was another pause, and she said with a dry abruptness, "Let me in, please;" and in the same defiant tone, "Go on!"

And she drew up the window with a sharp clang in Tom's face.

She sat stiff and silent, and sniffed as she looked sternly through the window, and answered Winnifred Dobbs, who was under the same comfortable delusion about the vicinity of Winderbrooke, sharply and suddenly, when she asked how far they still had to go, before reaching that resting place.

"Fifty miles, and another range of mountains."

CHAPTER III.

THE MOON RISES.

Down hill was pleasanter, and the bay mare did wonders, and my Aunt, who was not more unjust than the rest of her sex, soon forgave her companion, and talked affably enough with fat old Winnie Dobbs.

About two miles beyond the foot of the hill, in a pretty hollow, lies the pleasant little town of Dramworth, with old red brick gables and many tall poplars, where at the small inn, the party changed horses.

It was not far from three o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived there. One horse they found in the inn stable, but nothing less than a post-chaise, and no driver on the premises, men and vehicles being away on other travels.

Tom being well known there, and fortunately being well esteemed, there was no great hesitation in trusting the horse in his hands. So the bay mare took her place in the stable, and the Dramworth steed was put to in her place. It was a long drive—three-and-twenty miles—still to Winderbrooke, and the horse and the roads indifferent. The season was pretty well on in the autumn, and the evenings were not so long as they had been at midsummer, and as it was some time past three when they started, Tom could not undertake to reach their destination before nightfall.

From Dramworth to Winderbrooke was by no means so familiar a route to Tom Teukesbury as the road they had travelled hitherto. He conferred, however, with mine host under the porch, and gathered in brief hints and notes, the landmarks of his journey, and resumed the whip and reins with a serious but tolerably confident countenance.

Tom being under promise to spare the horse, drove drowsily. It is a very pretty country, though but thinly inhabited. The sun was by this time at the verge of those low hills that lie to the westward. They had just crossed a narrow old bridge over a little stream, and there was an ascent at the other side, which their horse refused to mount until the ladies had descended. In fact he was

an unsatisfactory brute and, Tom feared, had been out that morning.

My Aunt and Winnifred got down and trudged on, this time in front of the vehicle, which came tinkling up the slope, in the slanting light, with Tom at the horse's head. In this lonely region a solitary little boy came over a stile by the roadside, and looking back, Aunt Margaret saw Tom at a standstill, conversing with the urchin, and pointing in various directions in illustration of his discourse, or his questioning.

"Well, Tom, what does he say? How far is it to Winderbrooke?"

"He is a stoopid, that boy, and knows nout—no more than that post, ma'am—he doant."

I think Tom was uneasy by this time, for he did not know the country. He was gaping about him vainly for a sight of a human being, and standing up in the "dickey" and beckoning with his whip whenever he fancied he saw one. But each in succession turned out to be a horse or a goat, or a post. Sometimes he got up a brisk trot, and sometimes subsided almost to a walk, as his doubts or his hopes prevailed. But though he affected in replying to my Aunt's queries through the front window, a confidence as to their whereabouts, and promised the early appearance of certain landmarks which he named, yet I think by this time honest Tom was strongly of opinion that he had lost his way.

By the time the sun went down they had got upon a wild moorland with patches of stunted old wood, and heathy undulations, and distant boundaries of low hills, crowned irregularly with trees.

"Get on a little faster, please; I don't like being out in the dark," urged my Aunt who, as a spinster, and in charge beside of Winnie Dobbs, felt her responsibilities duly.

Tom muttered to himself, and got into a trot which, however, soon abated. Twilight was deepening and a round harvest moon soon began to shine solemnly over the broad and solitary landscape.

"How many miles now, Tom?" asked my Aunt sharply from the window.

"It'll be about five from Winderbrooke, ma'am."

"And what's this place?"

"Well, it's the moor, I suppose."

"I'd like a glass of water. Is there a house near?"

"We'll be soon at the cross-mills—round that bit of a clump o' trees there."

But when they passed the clump there was neither river nor mills, and Tom stood up uneasily in the dickey, and made a dreary survey.

"Are we at the mills, Tom?"

"Not yet a bit, ma'am—I'm a looking if there's a house near."

But there was no friendly red twinkle from cottage window, and Tom, with his two maidens in charge, was growing very uncomfortable.

CHAPTER IV.

PERTURBATION.

THEY drove very slowly. Tom was groping in a geographical chaos, and paused every now and then. My Aunt inquired angrily, demanding the production of the cross-mills. Tom asked ten minutes, and half a mile more, and promised the *profert*; but after half an hour's driving, with no result, my Aunt grew extremely frightened and exasperated, and Tom sulkily admitted that he had his doubts as to their topographical position.

Tom halted, and stood up in the dickey, as before. My Aunt Margaret descended, and looking at the moonlit prospect from the bank by the roadside, harangued the troubled driver in strong and shrill language; and Winnie, whose grief was more sedentary, sat in the vehicle, and spoke not, but stared through the window, with a fat and fatigued sadness, in vague apprehension.

There were plenty of old stories of highwaymen afloat through their scared fancies; and here was a lonely heath—two helpless maidens also, with a trunk, a basket of "prog," and four pounds seven and sixpence in a purse, and a driver without small or back-sword, and no pistols!

"Well, sure, get on the London road in two miles more or less, and then we're all right," said Tom.

"London, fiddle! It's my belief, Thomas Teukesbury, you have not the faintest idea where we are; you haven't, sir, no more than myself."

"There isn't a light nor a house. D—n the place!" retorted Tom, bitterly.

"Don't curse—we're bad enough. No impiety, please. You should command yourself, I think, if I do, while

we are in this helpless and utterly unprotected situation."

"There's a man coming," said Tom, hopefully.

"Good gracious!" cried my Aunt.

"No, there aint," said Tom, dejectedly.

"Heaven be praised!" said my Aunt, with a gasp. "I look on it, sir, we're in danger here on this dreadful moor, to which you, sir, have brought us. What a shame, Thomas, to pretend you knew the way! Winnie, Winnie Dobba, we're *lost*—lost on a heath! Tom has lost us!"

Winnie's fat, forlorn face filled the back window of the vehicle.

"Lost on a heath, Winnie, in the middle of the night!"

"What'll we best do, ma'am?" imploringly asked Winnie, who was accustomed to derive her stock of wisdom in all emergencies from my Aunt Margaret's inspiration.

"Ask Thomas Teukesbury up there—he's our guide. He brought us here, though he does not seem to know a way out. Ask him. I don't know, no more than the man in the moon there."

"I dessay we're all right enough, after all," said Tom, "only I don't know it by this light. Will you get in, ma'am, and we'll git on a bit, and we'll, sure, light on a hinn or a public afore long."

Well, she did get in. The horse was unmistakably fatigued, with a disposition to draw up every now and then, by an old tree, or under a steep bank, or sometimes without any special landmark to invite.

Tom got down, and walked by the brute's dejected head; and my Aunt, who had given up the sarcastic and

ironical mood as her alarms deepened, scolded him occasionally from the front window. As the back of his head and shoulders were presented, Tom walked on, not caring to turn about to reply, but, I am afraid, making some disrespectful remarks in the dark.

In fact, the poor horse, who, if he had but understood and spoken our language, could, probably, have saved them and himself a world of trouble, was so evidently done up that Tom insisted he must have his oats, and accordingly, he partook of that refreshment in a nose-bag. Here was another delay. My Aunt's watch had been frequently consulted, by the moonlight, during that anxious journey. It was now out again. The night was a little sharp, too; and the whole party, who had made no provision for such a climate and such hours, were rather cold. You may be sure my Aunt's temper was not growing more agreeable.

There was just the alternative of a bivouac where they stood, or following, on chance, the road they had been pursuing. My Aunt adopted the latter. Affairs had grown so serious that she now never removed her face from the little front window, through which she looked ahead, with hope deferred, and a sick heart.

She had been so often deceived by marly banks and thickets, that it was not until they had almost reached it, to her inexpressible relief, she plainly saw the whitewashed front of a low, two-storied public, standing back from the road a few yards, and snugly sheltered among some thick and stunted trees.

My Aunt held the reins through the window, and Tom got down and summoned mine host. A red streak of candle-light shot out through the door of the pot-house, and there was a parley which she could not hear.

CHAPTER V.

"THE GOOD WOMAN."

Tom returned slowly. My Aunt's heart sank.

"Well?"

"Only two rooms, ma'am, and lofts above, and the house full o' tipsy colliers, dancing. But there's an inn, called 'The Good Woman,' only half a mile on, and lots o' room."

My Aunt breathed a sigh of relief, and was silently thankful. Then she repeated the news to Winnie, who joined in the jubilation.

About ten minutes more brought them, after a slight ascent, on a sudden, to a hollow, expanding to an amphitheatrical plain, encompassed by wooded, rising grounds, and near the centre of which rose two abrupt and oddly-shaped hillocks, like islands from a lake, and a very large pond from under a thick screen of trees, and the clustered gables and chimneys of "The Good Woman" shone mistily in the moonlight.

They drew up before the door of the inn. Old-fashioned and weather-stained it looked in the faint beams. The door was closed—it was past ten o'clock—but a glimmer of candle or fire-light shone through the shutter chink at the right. My Aunt did not

wait. There was no need to hold the reins of the timid horse, who coughed, snorted, and shook himself, with his nose near the ground.

My Aunt Margaret ran up the three broad steps, the dingy "Good Woman," without a head, sarcastically swinging between the sign-posts at her left.

With the carpet-bag in one hand, she hammered lustily at the knocker with the other. Tom, a little in the rear, with one foot on the steps, rested the trunk on his knee; and Winnie, with the basket of "prog" on her arm, stood dejectedly beside him.

There was some delay about opening the door, and when it was done, it was with a chain across, and a woman, with a coarse voice, and strong Irish accent, asked, not pleasantly, who was there.

"Travellers," said my Aunt, "who have been led astray by the driver."

"Where are yez from?"

"From Dramworth to Winderbrooke."

"From Dhrumworth to Windherbrooke! an' he dhruv yez here! How many iv yez is in it?"

"Two ladies, a horse, a vehicle, and

the driver." Tom, the culprit, was degraded, and my Aunt placed him after the vehicle.

The maid of the inn, with high-cheek bones, and a determined countenance, was looking over the chain.

"Did yez come through the village, or over the moor?"

"Over the moor, I suppose; from that direction," answered my Aunt.

"And why didn't yez stop at 'The Cat and Fiddle'?"

"You mean the small ale-house near this. It was full of inebriated men," answered Aunt Margaret, with dignity.

"Well, *you* may come in, ma'am, and the leely that's widge ye; but we can't accommodate yer man, and he must only take the horse an' carriage back to 'The Cat an' Fiddle,' an' if that'll answer, yez may come in; if not, yez must all go on, for we won't let a man in after ten o'clock."

My Aunt expostulated, but the portress was inexorable.

"We won't let a *man* in after ten o'clock for Saint Payther, and that's the holy all iv it," she answered, firmly.

So, my Aunt submitted, and softening at the parting, gave Tom some shillings on account, and wished him good-night; and when he had got upon the box, and started afresh for "The Cat and Fiddle," and had made some way in his return, the door was shut in the faces of the spinsters, who stood, with their modest luggage, upon the steps, in the moonlight. The chain was withdrawn, and the hall of "The Good Woman" stood open to receive them.

I don't know whether my Aunt had read "Ferdinand Count Fathom," or ever seen the "Bleeding Nun" per-

formed on any stage; but if she had I venture to say she was reminded of both before morning.

The woman with high-cheek bones, and somewhat forbidding face, stood before them on their entrance, with a brass candlestick raised in her hand, so that the light fell from above her head on the faces of the guests. She had allowed them without a helping hand to pull in their luggage, and was now making a steady and somewhat scowling scrutiny of my Aunt and Winnie.

"And yez come from Windherbrooke?" she said, after an interval, with a jealous glance still upon them.

My Aunt nodded.

"Yer mighty tall, the two o' yez, I'm thinkin'!" (another pause.) "Will I help yez off widge yer cloaks?"

My Aunt would have probably been tart enough upon this uncivil damsel, had it not been that her attention was a little called off by the sound of female lamentation indistinctly audible from a chamber near the hall.

She proceeded to remove their mantles, eyeing them, at the same time, with a surly sort of curiosity.

"We are cold, my good woman; we can sit for a while by the kitchen fire," said my Aunt, recollecting herself.

"The kitchen's all through other wid the sutt that's tumbled down the chimbley; bud I'll light yez a bit o' fire in a brace o' shakes in your bedroom. Is it dinner yez'll be wantin'?"

"Tea, please," said my Aunt, "and eggs."

"Lend a hand i' ye place, Misses, wid them things," said she to Winnie, whom, with the quick instinct of her kind, she discovered to be the subordinate.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE CHAMBER.

A FAT slatternly woman, by no means young, with a face swollen and red with weeping, pushed open a side door, and standing behind the portress, gaped on them, and asked—

"Is it them, Nell?"

"Arra, ma'am, can't ye keep quite. No it isn't noone, but here's two leedies ye see, that wants a bed an' a fire, and a cup o' tay in the white room. Come along i' ye place, my leedy."

And in an aside, as she passed, my Aunt heard her say, close in the blubbered face of the fat woman—

"Arrah, ma'am, dear, will ye get in out o' that, an' shut the doore."

The stout woman complied; and as they mounted the broad stairs, they again heard the sounds of crying.

This certainly savoured in no wise of the warm welcome for which inns are famous. The mansion, too, was

old, wainscoted, and palpably altogether too large for its business. They met Boots coming down the stairs with a dingy kitchen candle and a hammer in his hand; a pallid fellow, with the sort of inquiring hang-dog look that seemed to belong to the staff of "The Good Woman." He stood close by the wall in the corner of the lobby as they passed by, and did not offer to carry up the trunk.

"Bring a guvvaal o' wudd, will ye, Barney, jewel, to the white room?" said the handmaid over her shoulder.

My Aunt and Winnie followed her to the head of the stairs, where she placed the trunk, and this slight circumstance I mention, because it was immediately connected with my Aunt's adventure, and she took a coal-scuttle instead, and conducting by two turns into a long wainscoted gallery, she opened a door on the right, and they entered a large square room, with a recess near one angle, two tall narrow windows, with white curtains rather yellow, and one very capacious bed, with curtains of the same. There was a skimpy bit of carpet near the hearth, and very scant and plain furniture.

The wood having arrived, Nell made a good fire, placed the deal table and two chairs near it, lighted a large mould of four to the pound, such as Molly Dumpling sported on the night of her dreadful adventure with William Gardner, and altogether the room began to put on its cheeriest looks. And when the tea-things, eggs, and buttered toast arrived, my Aunt and Winnie being well warmed by this time, sat down with their feet on the fender, the one mollified and the other consoled.

After tea, my Aunt, who was a fidgetty person, made a tour of the room, and a scrutiny of the open cupboard and drawers, but she found nothing, except an old black glove for the left hand, in one of the drawers.

When this was over she sat by the fire again, and speculated for Winnie's instruction upon their geographical probabilities. But Winnie was growing sleepy.

"A double-bedded room would have been more *comme il faut*; but it is plainly a poor place, and after all the bed is unusually large," thought my Aunt.

And so, indeed, it was, extraordinarily large, and of an old-fashioned construction.

My Aunt, who was of an active inquiring genius, opened a bit of one of the shutters and peeped out. It showed a view of the inn yard. The side next her had been formed by a wing of the house; but that now stood up a gaunt roofless wall, with the broad moon shining through its sashless windows. On the left was a row of tall and dingy stables and offices, and opposite, another ruined building, a shed, and a tall arched gate. The pavement was grass-grown and rutty, and the whole thing looked awfully seedy, and not the less gloomy for some great trees that darkly overhung the buildings from the outside.

Having made her survey, my Aunt would have closed the shutter, but that she saw a man walk lazily from the side beneath her, his hands in his pockets, across the yard, casting an undulating and misshapen shadow over the uneven pavement.

When he reached the gate at the other side, he took a key from his pocket, and unlocked a wicket in it, and setting his foot on the plank beneath, leaned his elbow on the side, and lazily looked out, as if on the watch for somebody. A huge dog came pattering out of a kennel in the shadow, and placing his great head by the man's leg, sniffed gloomily into the darkness.

"Are ye expectin' any friends, ma'am?" asked Nell's coarse voice over my Aunt's shoulder, so sharply and suddenly that the start brought the blood to her thin cheeks.

"Not very likely to see friends here," replied my Aunt, very tartly. "What do you mean, woman, by talking that way over my shoulder?"

The grim chambermaid by this time had seen the man, and was eyeing him under her projecting and somewhat shrewish brows.

"An' ye come from Hoxton?" she said rather slowly and sharply.

"I told you so, woman."

"It wasn't from Westerton, ye're sure?"

"I've told you where we came from, though it is no business of yours. I never heard of Westerton."

My Aunt added this a little emphatically, owing to an undefined feel-

ing that a suspicion of having come from Westerton was likely in some mysterious way to prejudice her.

The maid replied nothing, but said a little gruffly,

"By your lave, ma'am," and pushing by her, she closed the shutters, and drew a great wooden sliding bolt across with a jerk.

My Aunt was so taken by surprise that she lost her time for retorting

with effect, as she would have done, but she was so incensed, that from the fireplace she could not forbear saying,

"I think you a most impertinent woman."

To which the maid made no reply, but turned down the bed-clothes, and arranged the curtains; and gathering together the tea equipage, carried the tray away, shutting the door.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCIDENT BEFALLS THE CANDLE.

My Aunt Margaret stood for a while with her back to the fire, very erect, and her nose in air, sniffing defiantly toward the door through which that "most impertinent woman" had disappeared. Winnie was nodding profoundly in her chair by the fire. My Aunt with a toss of her head walked off again to the window, jerked back the bolt, and looked once more into the stable-yard.

She saw Nell at the wicket-door, talking and gesticulating roughly with the man who had taken his stand there with the dog. Nell seemed to prevail with him, for he whistled back the dog, who had gone out, and locking the door again, he returned across the yard with Nell, who continued talking volubly as they walked side by side, and pointed up at my Aunt's window. On seeing the shutter again open and my Aunt's head and shoulders revealed against the light, both maid and man stopped in amaze, and silently gazed at her for some moments. I dare say, as my Aunt observed the evident impression produced upon those mysterious persons, she regretted inwardly the act of defiance which had removed the bolt and replaced her at the window. The woman walked into the house without speaking; the man called the dog, and strolled away towards the stable.

My Aunt closed the shutter, drew the bolt, and coming again to the fire, shook Winnie up from her sleep, and ordered her to say her prayers and get to bed.

These orders were soon complied with, and honest Winnie slept the sleep of a good conscience and a good digestion, sweetened by fatigue, while

her mistress, who was cursed with an active mind, sat by the fire, with a well-snuffed candle, and coned over her correspondence and her figures, and prepared for the critical interview with the defaulting tobacco-consumist next day. Then she fell into a reverie with her foot on the fender. I don't think she dozed; but the fire grew low, and the snuff of the candle waxed long and heavy at top like a fungus, and the room was tenebrose and silent, as indeed was the house, for by this time it was very late.

After a while, my Aunt fancied she heard some one approaching her chamber door very softly. It was the stealthy creaking of the boards that warned her; she could not hear the tread of the foot. She held her breath, sitting straight upon her chair, and gazing at the door with such faint light as her unsnuffed taper afforded her; and I dare say she looked extremely frightened.

She heard some one breathing close outside the door, then a hand softly laid on the door-handle; the door gently opened, and the face of the woman of the high cheek bones, pale and lowering, looked in. Her ill-omened stare encountered my Aunt's gaze, and each was perhaps unpleasantly surprised.

Both looked on, pale enough, for some time without speaking. At last my Aunt stood up and said sharply—

"What's your business here, pray?"

"'Tis late to be burnin' candle and fire, missus—half past twelve, no less," said the maid with cool asperity. "We're an airy house, ma'am, here, and keeps decent hours. Mebbe

it's what ye'd like supper—there's cowl'd corn-beef and bacon," she added after a pause.

"Not any, thanks; had I wished supper, I would have rung for it," said Aunt Margaret, loftily.

"Thru' for you, missess, only there's no bell," answered the woman, coolly.

"More shame for you," retorted my Aunt, with a little flush, glancing along the walls innocent of bell-rope, for this "most impertinent woman" made her feel a little small.

"I seen you lookin' out again, ma'am, through the windy, I don't know after who."

The *aplomb* of this woman's attacks deprived my Aunt of breath and presence of mind, and she was amazed afterwards at the perplexed sort of patience with which she submitted to her impertinence.

"Yes; I looked out of the window."

"We would not like people stoppin' here that had friends outside," said the woman, with a searching glance and a sulky wag of her head.

"I don't know what you mean, woman."

"Oh, ho! thankee—I know very well what I mane—an' mebbe you're not quite sich a fool yourself but what you can make a guess. At any rate it is not a lady's part to be furretin' about the room, an' pimpin' an' spyin', ma'am."

"Leave the room, please," exclaimed my Aunt.

"An' mebbe signin' and beckonin' out o' the windies be night. Oh, ho! thankee—I know well enough what belongs to a lady."

"I repeat, woman, you had better leave the room."

"Woman, yourself!—I'm not goin' to be woman'd be you—an' the big lump iv a woman ye brought widge ye. Who's that? eh?"

"My housekeeper," replied my Aunt, with a fierce dignity.

"An' s retorted sneer. S

nie's

"I shall see the

ing."

"An' welcome!" said the woman, coolly. "You closed the shutters again, I suppose?" and she walked round the bed to the window, from which my Aunt had made her observations.

I do believe that, if she was enraged, Aunt Margaret was also the least bit in the world cowed by this woman. But observing a little trembling in the bed-curtains, to the far side of which her ugly visiter had passed, my Aunt made a quick step to the side of the bed next her, and drawing the curtain, saw this unpleasant woman at the opposite side with the bed-clothes raised in her hand from Winnie's feet and ankles, which she was inspecting.

"Big feet!" Where's her boots, ma'am!" said the maid across the bed, eyeing my Aunt aslant, and replacing the bed-clothes.

"Boots or shoes, on the floor by the fire, and I wish you'd begone."

"I'll take your own, too, ma'am," answered she.

"Well, yes; that is, I'll leave them outside the door."

"As ye plaze; only get to yer bed, at wonst—it's all hours;" and without more preparation, she chucked my Aunt's mould candle from its socket into the fire, where, lying on its side it blazed up merrily.

"What do you mean? How dare you, huzzy! Fetch a candle this moment."

"Arra go to yer bed, woman, while ye have light, will ye?" and with these words the attendant withdrew, shutting the door with a clap.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF A FIGURE SEEN BY MY AUNT.

My Aunt opened the door, very angry. She was about to walk down stairs to insist on trying the delinquent by court-martial before the "Proprietor;" but she recollected that he was probably in 1 asleep by this time. herself, therefore, by "Rely on it, I'll morning—so sure as a

And so she shut the door, and the candle making a glorious blaze in the grate my Aunt thought the chambermaid's advice worth following, and did get into her bed while there was light.

I dare say her collision with the chambermaid cost her more than twenty minutes' sleep. When her anger subsided there remained a different sort of uneasiness, for there was something ill-omened and menacing in the unintelligible ways of this inn and its people. My Aunt Margaret, however, was really tired, and eventually fell into a slumber, deep and dreamless, from which she awakened with a start.

She fancied that she had been disturbed by a sound as of some heavy weight pulled along the floor close to the room in which she slept. The sound had ceased before she was fully awake; but it left her with a most disagreeable sensation of fear and uncertainty, for, undefinably, it was connected in her mind with the idea of mischief designed to herself.

All of a sudden she remembered her trunk, left at the head of the staircase, and the idea rushed upon her, "They are stealing my trunk!" The sound resembled the rumble of it along the floor.

My Aunt had a keen sense of property, and was not wanting in pluck. She jumped out of bed, opened her door softly, and listened. But everything was perfectly quiet.

"It was in order to confine me to my room that that odious woman deprived me of my candle," thought my Aunt, although even if she had had it at her bedside she could not have lighted it, for the fire had gone quite out.

She listened, but there was nothing stirring; and, in extreme *désabille*, as she was, my Aunt, full of anxieties, crept out on the lobby, and made her way through the passages to the stair-head.

There stood the old hair trunk on its end, with its rows of dim brass nails, plain enough in the faint light from the lobby window. My Aunt was relieved. She would have been very glad to pull it into her room; but the distance was considerable, and the noise would have brought the people about her, and she was in no state to receive company.

Having stood affectionately and anxiously by the friendly trunk for a minute or two, irresolute, she began to find it too cold to stay longer; so, with an easier mind, she groped her way back again.

It was easier to find the lobby than to discover in the dark her own bedroom door. She groped along the passages; she had counted the steps, but now was not quite sure whether it was thirty-five, or *forty-five*; she stopped now and then to listen in her groping return, and began to grow rather confused; and wished, as active-minded persons not unfrequently do, that she had remained quietly as she was.

In fact, she was precisely in the situation to lose her way, and step into a wrong bedroom, and was extremely uncomfortable in mind and cold in body; and very nervous beside, lest any one should chance to come that way with a candle, and discover the nakedness of the land.

In this state my Aunt's deliberations were of the very fussiest sort, and her exertions great; but I doubt if she could have recovered her room, at least at the first venture, without light. Light, however, did come, and this was the manner of its arrival.

On a sudden a door opened below stairs—near the foot of the staircase it must have been, she heard so clearly; and voices, before inaudible, now reached her ear.

A female was weeping loudly, and uttering broken sentences through her sobs.

"They've killed him—he's murdered—they've murdered him!" and similar ejaculations came rapidly tumbling one over the other in her ululation.

"Arra, ma'am, go back again, and stay where ye wor. We'll be even wid them yet, for it is murder, the villains!" said a voice, which my Aunt had no difficulty in recognising as that of the Irish chambermaid. "Bud don't be rousin' the people—it must be done quiet."

There was more sobbing, and more talk, and the weeping female gave way, and was again shut into her room, and a gleam of an approaching candle sent an angular shadow on the ceiling at the end of the passage in which my Aunt stood.

Extremely frightened, she crouched

down close to the ground, and the forbidding-looking woman, with the high cheek bones, walked stealthily in from the stair-head passage, and stood, as pale as death, with her shoes off, and a candle in her hand, listening, as it seemed, at the far end of the gallery. She looked over her shoulder, and said, in a hard whisper—

"Stop there, wid their heavy shoes."

She had a hammer in her hand, and looked unspeakably repulsive in her pallor. She lifted the candle above

her head and listened. My Aunt was staring full at her from her place of semi-concealment, in a recess of one of the doors, with her face close to the ground.

If the woman saw her, she had presence of mind to make no sign; but with the hand in which the hammer was, she drew her dress up a little to enable her to step more freely, and, with a light, soft tread, passed across the entrance of the gallery.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUNERAL VISITATION.

MY Aunt was impressed with the most dismal and terrific ideas of what was going forward. She was quite unnerved. She saw, sometimes the shadow of this woman, and sometimes the full light of the candle, still thrown upon the floor and walls at the end of the lobby, and dared not move.

Quickly the woman returned. She had now the hammer under the arm which bore the candlestick, and whispered—

"Barney!"

Then she raised in her other hand a long, rather slender, steel blade, as it appeared to my aunt, quite straight, and whispered—

"That's the thing—betther nor the hammer; there's no one awake but herself—for the life o' ye, make no noise."

She was crossing the far end of the passage as she said this, and she and the light of her candle quickly disappeared.

The last gleam threw the shadow of a pair of shoes from outside a bedroom door, along the floor, towards my Aunt. The door was next that in which she was crouched, and was a little open. She was now sure that she had discovered her room.

The moment the light had quite disappeared, she entered, and shut the door softly, and groped her way to the bed, and got in at her own side; and, being very cold, lay close to her companion for warmth. My Aunt envied Winnie her sound sleep. She vainly tried to compose herself, wildly conjecturing about unknown horrors, and longing for morning, and an escape from this suspected and mysterious house.

She was miserably cold, too. The

night was sharp, and the fire long out. The bed-clothes were insufficient, and Winnie also as cold as stone.

My Aunt had been in this state—freezing and listening, and awfully frightened for some ten minutes, perhaps, when she distinctly heard breathing near her door, and the muffled tread of shoeless feet, and then a whispering.

The door opened, and two men came in, carrying a coffin, on the lid of which a kitchen candle was burning dimly; and the ugly woman, Nell, between whom and my Aunt there had grown up, so fast, an unaccountable antipathy, followed, carrying in her hand the steel instrument which Aunt Margaret had observed before with so unpleasant a suspicion, and which was, in fact, a turn-screw.

The whole of this funereal pageant approached my Aunt like the imagery of a dream. The men paused for a moment, while the woman placed the candle on a chest of drawers, and slid the coffin-lid off, leaning it against the wall. They drew near; and as they laid their awful burthen lengthways on the bed by her side, one of the two men said—

"I'll go to the feet, and do you go to the head."

Upon this my Aunt, almost beside herself with terror, bounced up in the bed; and, instead of despatching her, as she had expected, with a horrid roar and a screech, the men and woman fled from the room, and along the passage, leaving the coffin on the bed beside her.

"Winnie, Winnie—what is it?" cried my Aunt.

But no Winnie was there. In her stead lay a dead man, with a white-

fringed cap on, and a black, stubbed beard, the growth of some three or four days, and a little line of the white of one eye shining between its half-closed lids.

It was now my Aunt's turn, and with a loud yell, and overturning the coffin, she jumped out of the bed, and ran screaming along the gallery, where she fell, and fainted on the floor.

When she came to herself, she was in her own room and bed once more, with Winnie beside her; and she exclaimed, so soon as recollection quite returned—

"Oh, save me, Winnie, save me."

"You're quite safe, ma'am, dear."

"Where are we?"

"In the inn, ma'am."

"Bolt the door, Winnie; bolt the door, and lock it—they're all murderers."

"Drink some water, ma'am."

"Lock the door, you fool! We shall be murdered."

"The maid was here, ma'am, very sorry you were so frightened; but you went into the wrong room, and they could not help it."

CHAPTER X.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

GRADUALLY the facts came to light, though not fully for a long time afterward.

"The Good Woman" was one of those inns pleasantly known to our great-grandfathers. The old London road had run by its steps; and the wheels of old stage-coaches, post-chaises, and waggons, had dusted its windows once. But, unluckily for "The Good Woman," she stood upon the apex of a curve of that great channel of traffic which modern reform and a county presentment cut off; and the London road, henceforward running in a straight line from Diddleston to Huxbridge—fifteen miles—leaves "The Good Woman" full three miles on one side.

With the opening of the new line, and the "Crottworthy Arms," the halcyon days of the old inn ended. Its gabled frontage, steep roofs, and capacious premises—a world too wide for its shrunk business—fell gradually to decay. The old proprietor retired to his farm in Cheshire; and his nephew succeeded, got desperately into debt, was sued in all directions, and judgments wielded by exasperated creditors glimmered terribly through the storm, threatening to dash him to pieces. At this crisis, the ill-starred inn-keeper, having ventured by night to Maryston—all his excursions of late had been in the dark—took cold, and died of a catarrh in three days.

The inn, nearly reduced to a state of siege; the inn-keeper himself having long been an invisible and intangible substance, hid away from warrants, arrests, and other personal dan-

gers, among the dilapidated lumber rooms and garrets of the old house; the people thinking more of a moult than of improving the traffic of the forlorn "Good Woman;" when the proprietor died, that procedure upon his part was kept as secret as every other of late had been, and not altogether without cause, for there were those among his incensed creditors who were by no means incapable of the legal barbarity of arresting his corpse.

Thus came the mystery and suspicion with which my Aunt and Winnie were received—the coffin being expected hourly, and a grave opened, in the dark, in the neighbouring churchyard. The Irish maid, whose head was full of the disguises and stratagems of which she had heard so much in her own ingenious and turbulent country, was, for a while, disposed to think that the unseasonable visitors were myrmidons of the law in disguise. The fat, dowdy woman, who emerged, with blubbered cheeks, when they entered, and whose lamentations subsequently my Aunt heard when she visited her trunk on the stair-head, was the widow of the departed proprietor.

The rest, I think, explains itself; and the reader will be, no doubt, glad to learn that my Aunt's visit to Winderbrooke was, on the whole, satisfactory, and that she lived for many years to recount, by the fireside, to hushed listeners, this "winter's tale" of her adventures in "The Good Woman."

SHAKESPEAREAN NOTES—NO. II.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

IN the date list of Shakespeare's plays, which is by no means reliable, the year 1600 is assigned for the composition of "Troilus and Cressida." Judging from its internal evidence, it appears to be one of those plays composed in the middle epoch of his career—between that which gave birth to his comedies and that which produced the greater tragedies. In the speeches of the Greek warriors, and general conduct of the portion of the drama in which they take part, we can trace the habit of working upon historic materials, which he had derived in re-shaping old dramas, and composing those whose subjects are taken from English annals—Henry IV., V., and VI., Richard II. and III., &c. Shakespeare took his subject from "Lydgate's Book of Troy," then lately translated from the Italian into English, and also, doubtless, from Chapman's Homer. The loves of Troilus and Cressida constitute the chief attraction and interest of the piece, for little of either attach to the conferences and actions of the Grecian chiefs, whom Shakespeare has drawn naturally, not heroically, as Homer, exhibiting them in their wrangling dissensions—their weakness, coarseness, indecision. This is certainly a more judicious view of the men who led the expedition against the small Asiatic satrapy, Troy, before whose walls they encamped ten years, without being able to take the city, than that presented by the epic imagination of the Ionian rhapsodist. Shakespeare has depicted youthful love in all his comedies and many of his serious dramas—in "Hamlet," the "Tempest," "Romeo and Juliet," but in none has he painted passion so intensely, or with such poetic eloquence, as in the character of Troilus, in whom is displayed a sort of tropical or oriental fervour, as compared with the sentimental Italian glow which animates Romeo. The ardour, sincerity, and fire of the character is contrasted with that of Pandarus, the go-between in the amour—the infamous tactician—so

base in nature, cold, politic, &c. This is a pure invention of Shakespeare's, and worked out with inimitable truth to the ideal of the character illustrated by his name. The same arts with which he alternately stimulates and depresses Troilus with affectation of indifference in the first scene between them, he afterwards plays off, though with minor effect, on Cressida, who baffles his purpose, of which she is conscious, by her lively tact through a long chat, until the tone is gradually reversed, and delicately worked to a climax. After praising Troilus, and stating that Helen was enamoured of him, he says—

Pandarus.—But to prove you that Helen loves him—she came and put her white hand in his cloven chin.

Cressida.—Juno, have mercy! How came it cloven?

Pandarus.—Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cressida.—Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pandarus.—Does he not?

Cressida.—O, yes, an' 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pandarus.—Why, go to, then.

In the speeches of Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, we see Shakespeare's mode of working out a given subject in character—the accurate distinction and exhaustless ideation turned to shape by his imagination. Frequently the expression labours; illustrative of what he says in one of his sonnets about "goring his own thoughts," sometimes in the struggle for expression he even invents a new Latinized diction, viz:—

"As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine and divert his
grain,
Tortive and errant, from his course of
growth."

What an idea of hugeness is conveyed in the allusion to Achilles listening to the jests of Patrocles—

"The large Achilles, on his pressed bed
lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud
applause."

The scene in P
tween Pandarus,

with its amorous trifling and lackadaisical gossip, is extremely characteristic of each.

Pandarus.—Come, come—I'll no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen.—Ay, ay—prythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pandarus.—Ay, you may, you may.

Helen.—Let thy song be of love—this love that will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

In the next scene, where Troilus is waiting for Pandarus to bring Cressida to him, there is one of Shakespeare's unparalleled bursts of poetic expression expressive of expectant rapture.

Pandarus.—Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight.

Troilus.—I am giddy. Expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants the sense. What
will it be

When that the wat'ry palate tastes
indeed

Love's thrice reputed nectar? Death
I fear me,

Swooning destruction, or some joy too
fine,

Too subtle—potent—tuned too sharp
in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much, and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my
joys,

As in a battle when they charge on
heaps

The enemy flying.

How characteristically fine is the last image with which the young warrior illustrates his emotions.

The morning scene between Troilus and Cressida is full of nature, and may be compared with that between Romeo and Juliet.

Then comes the scene in which Pandarus informs Cressida that she must leave Troy, and be delivered to the Grecians; and that between her and Troilus, in which is the following exquisite passage, full of the finest Catullian melancholy, and a miracle of word painting:—

"We two, that with so many thousand
sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-
selves.

With the rude brevity and despatch of
one.

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses
to them,

Time fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And grants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

MACBETH.

As in "Othello" Shakespeare embodied the passion of jealousy, and in "Lear" the sentiment of pity, so he selected terror as the element of "Macbeth," which, taken as a whole, may be regarded as his greatest dramatic poem. The work was composed after his retirement to Stratford, as were all his greatest tragedies, with the exception of "Hamlet" and "Othello"—such as "Lear," "Timon," "Troilus and Cressida," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and the "Tempest." During his stage career in the world of London, his tendency arising from his being surrounded by the life of manners, was towards comedy—it was when his great soul, in the maturity of its powers, with reason and imagination in perfect balance, breathed the calm of retirement, that its supremest essays took shape. The skeleton story of "Macbeth" he found in Scottish chronicle; but its leading character, as that in all his greater tragedies, was Shakespeare himself, in particular phases of his life development, just as those of his comedies embodied particular leading phases and moods of his imagination. In "Macbeth" he has represented the passion of ambition, acting on a brave and noble nature, stimulated by supernatural and human agencies to the commission of a series of crimes, and hurrying the being so influenced to inevitable destruction. In the original story there is no mention of the witches—these Shakespeare introduced to develop the progress of the drama and heighten its terrors. In his day a popular belief in witches was still current; this he has taken and idealized, and while retaining the vulgarity of the original conception, clothed them with all the attributes of awe and odium attaching to the ministers of evil, endowed with supernatural power for purposes of temptation and human destruction.

The witches have no sex—"Ye should be women, but that your beards

forbid me to interpret ye are so." They are hideous phantoms who make their appearance amid the terrors of nature, "meeting in thunder, lightning, and in rain," hovering in fog and filthy air, who pursue on the wild heaths, and in the caverns of the earth, their unhallowed magic rites—killing animals for purposes of incantation, and seeking charms.

Mac.—How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags—

What is't ye do?

Witches.—A deed without a name.

1st Witch.—Look what I have.

2nd Witch.—Show me, show me.

1st Witch.—Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as he did homeward come.

How illustrative of the sympathy between evil beings is the remark of the first Witch on the approach of Macbeth :—

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes."

In the fourth act the collection of grotesque and horrible things enumerated as cast into the caldron, and which Shakespeare found in a contemporary work on witchcraft and magic, are, in their way, perhaps equalled by a similar category in Burns's "Tam O'Shanter." Such as—

"A rope a babe had strangled,
A knife a father's throat had mangled
Which his ain son of life bereft,—
The gray hairs still stuck to the heft."

Shakespeare has made the scenes in which they appear brief, to add to their shadowy phantom character, except in the cave scene, where Macbeth conjures them to unfold the knowledge he desiderates :—

1st Witch.—Say if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths
Or from our masters'?

Macb.—Call them, let me see them.

[Thunder. An apparition of an armed head rises].

Macb.—Tell me, thou unknown power—

1st Witch.—He knows thy thought.

Apparition.—Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!
beware Macduff!

Beware the Thane of Fife!

Dismiss me—*enough.*

[Descends.

Enough, as though the phantom was in torment called by horrible spells above the earth from its un-

known depths. The devilry of this scene consists in the answers given by the witches to the queries of Macbeth, being delusive, both true and false; and their malignity culminates in the vision of kings—the offspring of Banquo, which, as they raise before his vision, inspire him with abhorrence and terror.

"Let this pernicious hour stand aye
accursed in the calendar,"

he exclaims as they vanish. Their deceptive prophecy impels him forward in the career of crime commenced, but he cannot bear the recollection of the train of kings which are to be Banquo's issue.

"No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before my purpose cool:
But no more sights."

In Middleton's play of the "Witch" Shakespeare certainly derived no little of the conception of the creatures introduced into "Macbeth," but, as was usual with him in such derivative cases, he has greatly improved and rendered it more symmetrically imaginative.

As far as the mere witch element of this drama is concerned, however, it is perhaps equalled by that introduced into Goethe's "Faust"—the Witch's Sabbath in the Hartz Mountains—in which several of the touches and sorcerous fancies, perhaps derived from popular German tradition, are wonderful, strange, wild, and awesome. The spirit Faust calls up is a more supreme being than any with whom Macbeth has intercourse. The latter commands the witches—not so the spirit in Faust's chamber :—

Faust.—Oh, potent spirit whom the earth
encirclest,

How much my spirit yearns to equal
thee.

Spirit.—Thou mayst resemble spirits thou
comprehendest,—

Not me.

While some of Goethe's witches are as horrible, other spectres of evil are more beautiful than those of Shakespeare. In writing "Faust," however, the German poet has derived the chief inspiration of that poem from "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," whose elements he has united in the slight frame of the popular story. In both, the witch scenes are thoroughly sorcerous in their wild gloomy brevity, and re-

semble the fantastic reflections cast by a magic lantern on a space of darkness.

The prophetic announcement of the witches produces an immediate and powerful effect on Macbeth, contrasting with the indifference with which the good and unambitious Banquo learns that his progeny shall be kings. Already the terrible project has taken root in his soul, and amid the confusion of emotions thus produced, his reason attempts to look on both sides of the problem, but its issue is finally determined by his will and desire of power—

"This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success
Commencing with a truth? I am Thane
of Cawdor.

If good, why do I yield to the suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my
ribs,

Against the use of nature. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function

I am thence in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

The scene in which Lady Macbeth reads the letter from her husband, announcing the destiny promised him by the witches, is dramatically conceived to bring out the strength of her character. She is actuated by the same ambition, but the dread prospective means of attaining supreme power does not, as in the instance of Macbeth, cause her to fall into a train of reflection; this idea fills and hurries away her mind, and evokes at once her determination to realize it; her woman's soul, abandoned to evil, rushes at a bound into extremes—

"Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me
here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe-top
full

Of direst cruelty, make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage of remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of conscience

Shake my fall purpose.

Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,

Whence ever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come,
thick Night,

And pall me in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of
the dark,
To cry—hold! hold!"

Macbeth's soliloquy, after the arrival of Duncan in his castle, paints powerfully the conflict of his soul, agitated between his motives and aspirations, good and bad. It is a storm of emotion raised by his imagination—

"Besides this, Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath
been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued,
against

The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim
horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

This is one among the many passages in Shakespeare, expressed in the natural language of passion, which called down the denunciations of the French critics of the classical school, who animadvert strongly on the tasteless confusion of images it displays, &c. Were Racine composing a soliloquy of the same order, he would doubtless have made Macbeth express his thoughts in clear consecutive couplets, and instead of exhibiting Macbeth mastered by the tempest of emotion created by his retrospects and promptings, would have put into his mouth the language of an elegant writer.

The better resolutions to which Macbeth displays a temporary leaning, are presently overcome by the scorn, the reasoning, and impetuous rage of Lady Macbeth, whose superior courage in the dread crisis awakens his admiration, won over, as he already is, to effect the murder of the king:—

"Bring forth men children only, for thy
undaunted metal should compose nothing
but males,"

he exclaims. In the next scene Macbeth's soliloquy, and the idea of the airy dagger which his murderous imagination calls up before his vision, is one of the supremest conceptions of tragic poetry—it has no parallel in that of any other nation, ancient or modern.

The scene after the murder is the most powerful picture of terror and remorse in literature; no other breathes such shadowy horror as this, in which, after the commission of the deed, its two accomplices suddenly consigned to despair, vainly try the one to reassure the other, while hurrying irretrievably down the steep of perdition. Macbeth, after the murder, suddenly finds that the crime has transformed him into a coward—

"I will go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on it again, I dare not.

Whence is that knocking?

How is it with me that every noise ap-
pals me."

And in answer to Lady Macbeth, who says—

"A little water clears us of the deed,"
he cries—

"What hands are here!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this
blood

Clean from my hand? No, this hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

He conceives his guilt so inexpiable, so great, as to alter the very aspect and elements of nature. What vastness, what knowledge of nature and passion, what imagination is displayed in the working out of this scene; and how finely Shakespeare contrasts the above image uttered by the man, Macbeth, with that put into the mouth of the woman, Lady Macbeth, in the sleep-walking scene—how exquisite the feminine contrast in this sentence—

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not
Sweeten this little hand?"

The awful whispering horror of the scene after the murder contrasts with the terror and confusion of the morning scene, in which it is disclosed.

Macduff.—Ring the alarm-bell—murder!
treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcom!
awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's
counterfeit,

And look on death itself. Up, up,
and see

The great doom's image! Malcom!
Banquo;

As from your graves rise up, and walk
like sprites,

To countenance this horror.

When Macbeth entering from the King's chamber, announces his having killed the grooms of the chamber, the nature of Lady Macbeth, unnaturally strung, up to this point, for the first time gives way—she faints, and is carried out, while the masculine nature of Macbeth sustains him. Shakespeare, while everywhere evincing his distinguishing knowledge of nature in this drama, has preserved its tragic tone, and carried it into the minutest particulars. In the soliloquy of the porter at the gate there is a dash of coarse, humorous devilry; the description Lennox gives of the terrors of the preceding night—of "the lamentings heard in th' air, strange screams of death," &c.; and, again, the talk between the old man and Ross outside the castle, in which the latter alludes to the supernatural gloom of the day after the dread deed:—

"Thou seest the heavens as troubled at man's
act,

Threaten the bloody stage; by the clock
'tis day,

And yet dark night strangles the travel-
ler's lamp.

Is it night's predominance, or the day's
shame,

That darkness does the face of earth en-
tomb,

When living light should kiss it?"

The touches of scenery also, and accessory traits here and there introduced, are all in keeping with the prevailing spirit of horror—

"The raven himself is hoarse, that croaks
the fatal entrance of Duncan under my bat-
tlements."

The passage in Macbeth's soliloquy, "Now o'er half the world, nature seems dead," &c.; his allusion to the gloomy evening during which he anticipates the destruction of Banquo—

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,"

Everywhere we find imaginative identification, and its visual reality. Such touches are those in the banquet scene, when the murderers appear at the door—"there's blood upon thy face;" and in the scene where, as they enter the chamber in Macduff's castle, Lady Macduff starting, exclaims—"What are these faces?" In the banquet also, where the ghost of Banquo rises and sits in Macbeth's chair:—

Macbeth.—The table's full.

Lennox.—Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macbeth.—Where?

Lennox.—Here my lord.

What is't that moves your highness?

Macbeth.—Which of you have done this?

The remark of Macduff when he hears that Macbeth has slaughtered his family—"He has no children."

In the invention of the sleep-walking scene at Dunsinane Castle, Shakespeare has displayed his accustomed power and originality. The awe attaching to the unexplained phenomena of somnambulism, is heightened by his making this state instrumental in disclosing the guilty conscience of the Queen. What an impression of gloom, mystery, terror, pity, silence, is produced by this scene, whose low, intermittent conversation one can hardly read above a whisper:—

Lady Macbeth.—Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie! my lord, fie!—A soldier, and afeard.—Yet who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?

In the scene at Dunsinane, to which the forces of Malcolm are advancing, when tidings of the Queen's death are brought to Macbeth, "who has almost lost the taste of fears," Shakespeare represents him as hearing it without regret; his ill-gained power is crumbling under his feet; he is rushing on death, careless of life—

"Out, out, brief candle; life's but a walking shadow," &c. Then comes the messenger who, announcing the approach of Birnam Wood, destroying his reliance in the second prophecy of the witches, as the fact disclosed by Macduff in the combat scene, his last. For a moment he pauses—"I'll not fight with thee;" but in the final hour his old heroic courage resumes its ascendancy, and in the teeth of fate, he exclaims:—

"I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse,
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposest, being of no woman born;
Yet will I try the last," &c.

The other characters, Malcolm, Macduff, &c., and scenes essential to the conduct of the drama, though finely painted, and wrought out with Shakespeare's accustomed and unrivalled power of distinction, and from their nature rather conceptions of reason than imagination, conform admirably to the keeping and effect of the poem, which, for its union of the marvellous and terrible, its rapid action, its wonderful depiction of passion, of imaginative character and scene, and for its language, may be regarded as the tragic masterpiece of the greatest nature and intellect which has appeared in literature.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. PILMER IS DISTURBED.

In the course of the next day, Mrs. Pilmer and Bessie walked up to the Rest; the former carrying a present of a rare West Indian preserve for Mrs. Meiklam. They found Lizette in the room, with her protectress, arranging the doll's furniture in all possible ways, on a little table near the fire-place. Mrs. Pilmer's face was wreathed in smiles, as it usually was, up at the Rest.

"My dear Mrs. Meiklam, how are you?" she asked, bestowing a fervent kiss on her old friend. "I came up on purpose to see how you were, and

how this poor little darling was; in fact to hear of you both."

"Thank you, my dear, we are both very well," replied Mrs. Meiklam, smiling pleasantly. "You see we have got everything to make us happy here; toys of all kinds; and my little Lizette tells me she likes reading as well as playing."

"That is extremely nice," observed Mrs. Pilmer, eyeing Lizette with a sinister look.

"Very nice and gratifying," said Mrs. Meiklam. "How is Dillon?"

"Pretty well; he had a little cold

this morning, and I was so uneasy about him, I begged him not to go to school to-day; but, dear boy, he never minds what I say."

"That is wrong; but he is very fond of learning, which should be a great comfort to you."

"He is a very good creature, considering the disadvantages he has laboured under. His parents were both silly, poor people, and one can scarcely expect anything very perfect from their son. I do what I can for him; but there are great faults in his character. Still, I endeavour to do my duty towards him, in every way, and I try to instil good principles into his heart; but ah! it is hard to work against inherited errors."

"I think Dillon is as good a boy as ever I saw," said Mrs. Meiklam, quickly.

"Oh, good enough in his way, when the fancy seizes him. I see that, in spite of every thing."

"In spite of what, my dear?"

"In spite of his headstrong ways, and a great many other things."

"Well, as far as I can see—and I am pretty sharp, too—I should say Dillon was as good as any human being could well be, unless he is a very great deceiver."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Meiklam, no one can tell what people are so well as those who live in the house with them," and Mrs. Pilmer gave a smile, something akin to the yellow light sometimes seen in one part of the sky when the rest is black with a coming thunderstorm.

"Depend upon it, you need not be uneasy about Dillon; he is naturally well-disposed. I see proofs of his good heart every day," said Mrs. Meiklam, trying to console her friend.

Mrs. Pilmer looked at the carpet for some minutes without speaking, and then produced the little jar of preserves from her basket.

"I hope you will like it, dear Mrs. Meiklam; I just got two jars from a friend the other day, and I thought I should offer you this one. We cannot afford to buy these sort of delicacies ourselves, so that we are not accustomed to them: indeed, I like to live as simply as possible."

Bessie looked with wide open eyes at her mother, for she knew that the same little jar of preserves had been in the pantry at home for the last

three months: it was one of half-a-dozen Mr. Pilmer had bought long ago, and this one had not been touched, because everyone was tired of the preserve, by the time the five other jars were emptied at desserts and luncheons. But there were many times when Bessie was equally astonished at her mother's speeches.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear," said Mrs. Meiklam, taking the jar gratefully; "but it is too bad to deprive you of so rare a thing. Like yourselves, I like to live simply too. I think it is sinful to squander money on expensive luxuries, when we have so much to do in the way of charity. Don't you think so, Bessie?"

"Well, I daresay it is, Mrs. Meiklam; but I am afraid I should be often tempted to buy something very nice, and never mind the poor."

"It is well to speak the truth, at all events," said Mrs. Meiklam, smiling.

"Bessie is always truthful," remarked Mrs. Pilmer; "but I think she mistakes her own character; she is very charitable, and often denies herself many things, to give them to those who need them more."

"No, indeed, mamma; it is you who mistake my character," corrected Bessie, with eagerness; "I am very thoughtless and wicked; I hardly ever think of doing what is right."

"This is more of your fancied truthfulness and humility," said Mrs. Pilmer, fondly.

"There is nothing like truth," observed Mrs. Meiklam; "I believe Dillon also speaks what is true upon all occasions."

Mrs. Pilmer looked on the ground, a benevolent smile playing on her features.

"We must make allowances, Mrs. Meiklam; we cannot be harsh with boys, especially if their natural dispositions tend contrary to what is right."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Dillon ever tells falsehoods?" exclaimed Mrs. Meiklam, flushing slightly.

"Oh, mamma," said Bessie quickly, "Dillon *never* speaks an untruth; don't you know he never does?—you quite forget. Don't you remember Mr. Benson saying lately, that he was the most truthful, straightforward boy he ever knew! Just recollect, mamma," and Bessie laid her hand on her mo-

100

lengthened into months, and the winter at length had all passed away. Brightly arrived the spring days, bringing forth young leaves and blossoms. Bright, indeed, are the spring days to childhood. While older hearts may feel subdued with recollections of happier hours spent in years far back, when the trees were budding, and the primroses springing up on the hills, young spirits always feel joyous at the approach of green leaves, and the tender growth of garden plants. Now it was that Meiklam's Rest became a paradise in the eyes of Bessie and Lizette. Oh! the glories of those old leafy woods where the birds made such ceaseless music, and the squirrels hopped gaily from bough to bough; where silvery streams wound themselves along through deep ravines, plashing over rock-work with dreamy gurgle, or tumbling in foamy turbulence down steep banks! Dillon Crosbie did not often visit the Rest now. His aunt generally found something remarkably pressing for him to do when he was invited there; and she would inform Mrs. Meiklam how the dear boy always liked being at home better than elsewhere, and that, troublesome as he was, she loved to have him with her. So, of course, Mrs. Meiklam did not like the idea of depriving her of her nephew's precious company, which Mrs. Pilmer declared was always more valuable to her when Bessie was away from home than at other times; and the old lady, therefore, seldom extended her invitations to him, though Bessie was asked to her house nearly every day, as a companion for Lizette Stutzer. Dillon might have amused himself by walking out with some of his schoolfellows, but his clothes being worse than those of most other lads at Mr. Benson's, he did not like appearing in them more than was actually necessary. So he tried to fill up his long, weary hours of leisure by studying German. Meanwhile Bessie seemed in the greatest possible delight with Lizette. She taught her her lessons, and actually commenced teaching her music, greatly to the annoyance of her mother, who, however, dared not openly put a stop to these proceedings, as Mrs. Meiklam regarded them favourably. Bessie evidently looked upon Lizette as a sort of animated

doll, of which she considered herself the mistress; while Mrs. Pilmer felt the necessity of paying the orphan child occasional marks of attention—such as inviting her now and then to her house, and making her sundry trifling presents—very much against her will. Lizette could hardly tell why it was, but she always felt heartily delighted when any day spent with the Pilmers at Yaxley came to an end, the return to Meiklam's Rest being balmy and soothing to her. Mrs. Meiklam's views, at first, respecting Lizette, were to place her under the care of some kind person who would educate her in such a way as might enable her in future years to earn her bread as a governess; but as time wore on, and the affectionate nature of the child manifested itself, she altered these intentions. For many years she had wished to become the protectress of some orphan girl, who, in turn for her kindness, might be a comfort to her in her declining years; but she had never yet been able to meet with one so wholly destitute as to be given up entirely to her care. Here, then, at last, was a little girl, apparently without kindred, and possessing many endearing qualities, thrown completely upon her hands, never likely to be claimed by any one else. Might not this child yet prove a treasure to her, if she lived many years longer, overpowered by age and infirmity? Yes; perhaps Providence had so ordered it, and she would not part with her. The idea was a romantic one; but Mrs. Meiklam had always been a little romantic, and, unlike many other individuals, she had plenty of money to carry out her benevolent schemes. Doctor Ryder, who was a shrewd man, told her to beware of doing anything hastily, and pointed out to her the great responsibility of adopting a stranger child, who, while still a young girl, might be thrown upon the world at her death.

"Never mind that, my dear Doctor," was Mrs. Meiklam's reply; "depend upon it, I will do my duty towards her. She shall never have to regret that she was brought up as a lady at Meiklam's Rest."

And most surely the old lady never meant her words to prove false. But vain are often the intentions of the human heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BIRTH-DAY FÊTE.

BESSIE arrived one day at Meiklam's Rest, in a state of great excitement, to say that her sister Mary had arrived at Yaxley, accompanied by her godmother, Mrs. Devenish.

"Then we shall have her at our fête on your birth day," said Mrs. Meiklam—who always gave a juvenile party on the anniversary of Bessie's advent into this world.

"Oh, yes," replied Bessie, joyously; "and Lizette must get a new frock and learn to dance."

The birthday fête was to be held in a few days, and great preparations were going on at the Rest. A new bower was erected in an advantageous spot of the grounds, and as it was already the middle of May there were plenty of flowers to make wreaths and deck ornamental arches.

Bingham, and Luke Bagley, and half a dozen inferior men at the Rest, were employed in these arrangements, and Mrs. Meiklam was continually giving directions about them, with as much gravity, as if the expected company consisted of grown up ladies and gentlemen. Little Lizette was in a great flutter of expectancy, especially as Bessie informed her that she, being a resident at Meiklam's Rest, would have to do the honors of the fête, and pour out tea for the guests—a most tremendous undertaking, which so perplexed the child that Bessie had to make her rehearse the proceedings several times before the great evening arrived. Now, it so happened that Mrs. Devenish had also brought a new guest with her to Mrs. Pilmer's house, and this no less a personage than a nephew of her late husband—a young gentleman already verging upon manhood—and the heir of considerable wealth. He was the only son of a baronet, residing in the north of England; and Mrs. Pilmer was highly pleased to have such a visitor under her roof, not that he was a very attractive young gentleman—rather the reverse—being of a cynical disposition and conceited manners; but then he was a baronet's son, and would one day be a baronet himself, so that he was honored accordingly. Had Dillon Crosbie been a more foolish boy than he happened to be,

this youth might have rendered him very unhappy, by putting various ideas in his head likely to embitter his mind; but Dillon was too sensible to be led by him. On the evening of the fête at Meiklam's Rest, this young gentleman accompanied the party from the Pilmer's house, intending to take part in the merry making. The company at the Rest consisted of Tom Ryder and his three sisters, two Miss Hilberts, daughters of the Yaxley Vicar, the two Miss Pilmers, Dillon Crosbie, and the strange youth, who had not before made his appearance at Mrs. Meiklam's house. He had yet to be introduced to her. Lizette had thrown off her black frock for this festive occasion, and was prettily dressed by Peggy Wolfe in one of white crêpe, tastefully ornamented with jet trimming, while a white wreath encircled her fair head. Very gracefully she received her guests, according to Bessie's instructions, and the rehearsals of the previous days. Bessie herself was the most beautiful girl at the fête, though her sister might have rivalled her, had she possessed a pleasanter expression of face. Mary Pilmer was a haughty, over-bearing child, very handsome as to regularity of feature, but so "eaten up with pride," as the Miss Ryders declared, "that there was no bearing her." She was very much overdressed, and wore a profusion of expensive ornaments that quite outshone even Bessie's attire, though that was by no means plain.

"Let me introduce to you our friend, Mr. James Bend," said Bessie, presenting her father's guest to Mrs. Meiklam, with all the airs and graces of a grown-up woman of the world.

Lizette looked steadily at the youth, as she heard his name mentioned, but beyond this, her face expressed no particular meaning. The name was familiar to her, that was all. Bessie then introduced him to herself with great ceremony, calling her "Miss Stutzer." A faint red hue stole over young Bend's face as he heard the name, and he soon after observed to Dillon Crosbie, that it was a peculiar one. "Was the child a foreigner?"

"No; her father was, though!"

"Who was he—a German?"

"Yes; he used to teach the language at Yaxley, but he's dead now. His name was Paul Stutzer."

No one noticed that the colour all faded away from the youth's face, as Dillon spoke to him. It was long before he recovered himself. When the dancing began young Bend chose Bessie Pilmer at once as his partner, though that young lady confidentially whispered to Dillon that she "hated him," and would far rather dance with himself. Mary Pilmer requested Master Crosbie to be her partner, as she would not honor young Ryder with her hand upon any account, of which Tom was very glad, as he cordially returned her dislike of himself; he infinitely preferred to dance with the gentle little lady presiding over the festivities. The Miss Ryders and Miss Hilberts danced together, and the scene was one of great spirit, on the fresh green sward, with all the servants looking on, in a high state of admiration at the company. Then there were games of an animated description which rather disgusted Mary Pilmer, who had a strong antipathy to all that was undignified, and when the romps commenced, she took Dillon's arm, requesting him to conduct her to the house.

"You must not go!" shouted the three Miss Ryders who were great hoydens, though good-natured girls; "we'll not allow it!"

"Pray come," urged Mary, still leaning on her cousin, who did not like to annoy the Miss Ryders.

"You wish to spoil our sport," said the hoydenish young ladies, now growing angry; "but we won't put up with any nasty, conceited, spoiled pet, coming to carry her airs on here! We won't submit to be despised!"

There was quite an uproar, and Mary only looked more scornful than ever, declaring in bitter terms that she felt herself very much insulted by having been invited to meet such company, with the "charity child, Lizette Stutzer," permitted to meet her on terms of equality, and three wild Indian girls clamouring so noisily!

"Oh, Mary," said Bessie, colouring with shame; "it is you who are insulting every one here."

Mary now ran for protection to

James Bend, who was rather diverted by the unpromising termination of the festivities; while the Miss Ryders set up shouts sufficient to deafen any ears. They flung great handfuls of yellow sand and clay over Mary's new dress, and could not be restrained from giving vent to their fury in various ways. Of course the youths could not be expected to attack the girls, even in defence of one of their own sex, and the Miss Ryders being great strong creatures, succeeded in terrifying Mary so much, that she was obliged to fly in a most undignified manner to the house, and seek redress from Mrs. Meiklam, who, to tell the truth, could not refrain from laughing heartily, though she was a good deal annoyed at such unmannerly behaviour. Poor Bessie was ready to weep with mortification that her sister should have displayed such rudeness; and, to her infinite disgust, James Bend declared the whole thing was great fun. In his opinion, Mary had treated "*the canaille*" assembled there quite properly. The idea of having the daughter of a dead school-master mingling in their company was too cool—upon his honour, it was. After which assertion, Bessie felt she disliked him more than ever, which she candidly informed him of; but he only laughed, saying, she looked so pretty in a pet, that he did not mind vexing her. Never had birthday fête ended so gloomily. No one stayed for the fine supper which Mrs. Copley had been for days preparing. The Miss Ryders declared they would all go home and tell their papa and mamma everything that had happened, and expressed an unalterable determination of never again speaking to that horrid, tyrannical Mary Pilmer; and as to James Bend, they hoped no one at Yaxley would ever see his face again; he was a disgusting and odious object, and we are not sure that they did not wish something very bad, indeed, to happen to him—for the young ladies were not very guarded in their speech. Poor Lizette Stutzer, bewildered and terrified at the proceedings, clung to Dillon Crosbie for protection, conscious enough that words derogatory to herself had been spoken in her hearing; her face was very pale, her eyes shining darkly.

The May evening was still light and
20*

warm, when the Miss Pilmers, accompanied by Dillon Crosbie and James Bend, walked home to Yaxley, taking the route through the woods. Each of the young people were pre-occupied—Mary being still in a bitter ill-humour, full of indignation and angry thoughts; while Bessie and Dillon were sorry that their anticipated fun had turned out so unprosperously. James Bend had his own dark thoughts, that none knew of but himself. Now and then he addressed a few words to Bessie, beside whom he always chose to walk. As the party were going forward, and while still in a shady part of the grounds, far from the house, they suddenly encountered a figure whose apparition always, now, made Bessie Pilmer tremble. It was that of Jenny Black, looking as wild as ever.

"Good luck to your birthday, Miss Pilmer!" she exclaimed, dropping an ironical courtesy. "A pleasant one it was; and many such pleasant days may you spend, my nice little lady! and you've got a nice young gentleman with you, too—rich and grand—fit company for you, but maybe you wouldn't like him for a husband for all that; he'll never be like Master Crosbie, if he was a lord."

"Get out of the way, woman," said young Bend, haughtily.

"Isn't the path free?" demanded the crazed creature, wrathfully. "Haven't I a right to cross it as well as the best o' ye, though I *am* only a poor despised simple; but not so simple as you think, maybe, either! You young tyrant! you've the mark of Cain on your forehead—I see it plain; you've a look in your eye that I'd know anywhere!"

The words no doubt sprung from the woman's diseased fancy—without meaning. Yet, who knows? Does it not sometimes seem as if the gift of a mysterious divination was bestowed upon these outcasts of their species, who so often utter wild prophecies of the future with unerring accuracy? However it may be, James Bend grew darkly pale; his eyes shot fire; he could have felled the wretched creature to the earth.

"Who is that horrid woman?" demanded Mary, aloud.

"Horrid woman; oh, very horrid, indeed! Thank you, young lady;

you're both nice girls, Miss Pilmers! Maybe you'd like your fortunes told!"

"No, thank you, Jenny; we are going home," said Dillon, soothingly.

"Oh, Master Crosbie, you are not the gentleman that would insult and trample upon the poor; you wouldn't look at the worms in the earth the way those other three haughty youngsters look at a mortal of flesh and blood! And what will the difference between them and old Jenny Black be when we're all together under the sod? Ay, young stranger; you have the mark of Cain on your forehead. See that thereism'toceans of wickedness on your conscience before you get to your grave; you have a bad drop in you; your heart's wicked enough for any guilt!"

Young Bend uttered an oath, and springing forward, whirled Jenny violently from the narrow pathway, pushing her among the low brushwood that grew around.

"Well done!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "You are afraid of me, young sir—brave young sir! But take care of your temper; maybe it'll bring you to the gallows yet!"

"Really, Jenny should be taken up and put in confinement," said Bessie, who was ready to weep from various mingled emotions. "Do send her away, Dillon; she is actually following us!"

Dillon had to exert all his soothing influence to induce the wretched woman to allow them to pursue their homeward walk in peace. This unhappy *rencontre* had put the finishing stroke to the miseries of the day. Flinging herself into her mother's arms, Bessie cried most bitterly on arriving at home, inasmuch that Mrs. Pilmer declared she would have Jenny Black taken up by the police; at which threat her husband laughed in the most provoking manner.

"It is a pity that we can't have her burnt, as in old times," he said. "A couple of hundred years ago the enlightened magistrates of the county would soon have rid us of such a woman."

"This is a very uncivilized part of England, I think," lisped young Bend; "it seems quite like the back-woods."

"And all the people savages!" exclaimed Mary Pilmer emphatically.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME ARRANGEMENTS CONCERNING DILLON CROSBIE.

"WHAT relation are you to Mrs. Meiklam, Arthur?" demanded Mrs. Pilmer one morning, as her husband was reading the *Times*.

"Eh? what relation? Second—no, third cousin, or something that way," was the reply.

"You're the nearest relation she has; that's one thing."

"Yes, I believe so—now that my father and Agnes are dead."

"Well, if she died without a will, you, being next of kin, would get all her property."

"Would I? But she won't die without a will: I know she means to leave Dillon a good deal."

"Pah! not a bit of it! Old people are always saying what is false."

"I hope not; I would like her to leave Dillon what she could."

Mrs. Pilmer drummed her hands on the table, and for some minutes was silent.

"I think Dillon is too old now for Mr. Benson's school," she said, at last; I have been thinking of sending him to a better one."

"Have you?—Yes, I think he might go to Eton."

"Eton! Fiddlesticks!—no; who would pay his expenses there?"

"I would."

"You! Really, I believe you think you are made of money. Who would dream of Eton for a charity boy, as you may call him, like your nephew? I daresay you would have him travel on the Continent with a private tutor, like young Bend!"

"I wouldn't have him like young Bend in *anything*," said Mr. Pilmer, emphatically.

"He shan't go to Eton, at all events," said his wife.

"Well, there are some good schools near London; I will see about them."

"That won't do either; I wish him to go to Germany, where there are such excellent schools."

"Germany, Mary!" exclaimed the husband, opening his eyes. "Why would you drive the lad there?"

"For his own good. I plainly see there is every likelihood of his getting into mischief in this country."

"And does nobody ever get into mischief in Germany, my dear?"

"I wish you would be rational. I have made up my mind on this point; I know of a school where he will be taught everything necessary, and boarded and lodged, for the third of what we would pay for him in England."

"Mary, that boy is my sister's son—the child of my beloved Agnes," said Mr. Pilmer, feeling, at the same time, rather sleepy, and dropping his newspaper on the hearthrug, "and I feel that I should keep him under my own mouth—no, my own eye. I wouldn't for anything allow him to be treated shabbily, or—what was I going to say next?" But as Mrs. Pilmer didn't choose to prompt him, he fell off into a doze; and his wife set about thinking in good earnest of the German school for Dillon Crosbie, informing Mrs. Meiklam, and her other friends at Yaxley, that Mr. Pilmer had settled upon sending his nephew, very much to her grief and concern, to study on the Continent; but she was resigned to part with him, when it was for his own good, &c., &c.

Mrs. Meiklam did not understand much about the education of boys; it sounded well to speak of sending a youth to the Continent, and she hoped all would go well with Dillon, who, boy-like, was pleased at the idea of a change from Yaxley. Not so Bessie: she looked upon his approaching departure with the utmost despondency—for he was not to return to England at vacation time; that was one of the chief advantages of such an academy, in such a far off land, in Mrs. Pilmer's opinion. In times of parting, the friends who are left behind, generally feel, perhaps, more deeply the pain of separation, than those who are setting forth on a bustling journey, with all the excitement of strange scenes before them. Very sad, indeed, was poor Bessie's heart, as she witnessed the preparations for travelling, and his outfit getting ready. Perhaps it was the first time she had ever felt a really heavy weight upon her heart.

"Dillon, are you not very, very sorry to leave Yaxley?" she asked one evening, as the dread time drew near at hand.

"No, scarcely at all."

"Do you mean to say you do not care about leaving everybody here?" she returned, looking rather surprised and offended.

"I am sorry to be obliged to part with many friends, Bessie; but, still, I had rather go than stay.

"Oh, cruel cousin!" exclaimed Bessie, "to speak so unfeelingly of quitting us all!"

"Perhaps no one may miss me. In a week I shall be forgotten here."

"You know you do not say what you think," said Bessie, whose eyes were now filled with tears of mortification, "or else you cannot understand or care about me. Oh, Dillon! I may have been sometimes unkind to you—I may have said hard or rude things in haste, when angry—but I am very much grieved for having ever offended you, if such is the case. I never meant to be unkind."

"You have never offended me, Bessie—never been unkind," replied the youth, gravely; "and I should be most ungrateful if I ever recollected anything of you but what was affectionate and thoughtful; but I know how insignificant I am—of no consequence to any one in the world. When we meet next, you will only remember me as the boy you used to play with—the"

"There, stop now!" cried Bessie, putting her hand on his mouth; "you will say something I shall never forgive. Dillon, believe me, I will never, never, in my whole life, forget you. Whatever may happen, or wherever I may be, I shall never like anyone half so well—except papa and mamma," she added, after a pause. Poor child! she was only speaking the truth, as it then appeared to her.

"Thank you, Bessie," he replied, in a somewhat sad tone for a young gentleman who had surely received a very warm declaration of attachment—unasked too.

Bessie burst into tears, and was weeping violently when her mother unexpectedly ran in to ask Dillon where on earth all his pocket-handkerchiefs were, and why he didn't take more care of his clothes; so he was obliged to run up stairs, and commence searching for the missing handkerchiefs in drawers and in sundry pockets resting in trunks already half packed; while Mrs. Pilmer spoke sharply to Bessie, demanding what

she was crying about—knowing very well all the time—and desiring her to get her bonnet and go to Meiklam's Rest. Gladly enough the poor child did as she was bade, for she could cry as much as she pleased while going alone through the woods. She quite forgot her usual dread of meeting Jenny Black. It was a lovely evening, very golden and fragrant, with sunshine rich upon field and meadow, and the scent of new hay on the breeze. The tinkle of sheep bells sounded in the distance. The lowing of oxen from the rich pastures, the shout and laughter of merry workers in the hay-fields, were borne on the light breath of the summer wind. Blackbirds whistled in prolonged notes; smaller birds were twittering shrilly. All was unheeded by the sorry little weeper passing slowly onward, by open glades, and through dusky thickets, where the last year's leaves lay, still yellow and damp, on the shaded earth. She had arrived at a tiny rivulet that wandered musically below the steep banks of brushwood and tangled gorse bushes which grew thickly in many spots of the woods of Meiklam's Rest, when a laugh, that made her shudder, struck upon her ear, followed by a voice singing, in a wild, discordant tone, the following verse, which was repeated twice over—

"Oh, where is my blithe, bonny lover
a-going,
A-going so far from me!
While the birds are singing, and the
flowers a-growing,
Still away, away goes he!"

As she expected, Jenny Black soon stood before her. It was necessary to be very brave; and Bessie summoned all her courage, and, we must confess it, all her graciousness—for this was no time to be haughty or grand. Inwardly, Bessie despised herself for her cowardice; but how could she dare to brave the terrible wild woman?

"Don't be afraid, Miss Pilmer," said Jenny, noticing the pale face of the young lady; "I am as harmless as an infant. I never injured mortal yet, though many a person has injured me. Why are you crying, poor child? Is the world going hard with you already?"

"Very hard, Jenny. Master Croa-

bie is going away," said Bessie, trembling.

"I know he is, my darling of the world; but, mind you, wherever he goes, he'll have luck. Look you, I knew his mother here at Yaxley, and she was just like yourself, Miss Bessie. I remember her wedding day, and the grand carriages, and white ribbons on the horses' heads; but she turned her face away when I asked her for money that day, and so she hadn't luck. She looked scornful at poor, cracked Jenny, though I was young then, and not as ugly as I'm now." This was said in a low, confiding tone, and the woman even went so far as to take the young lady's hand as she continued—

"Come now, and I'll tell your fortune, without asking a halfpenny for it."

"Oh, no, thank you, Jenny; I won't, indeed," cried Bessie, in terror.

"Come child, show me your hand, and we'll just step down to the river there, and sprinkle water on it. It won't take ten minutes."

"Don't ask me, Jenny." I am in a hurry to go to Mrs. Meiklam's, and Miss Stutzer expects me to tea."

"Miss Stutzer's a pretty pet, gentle as a dove. She wouldn't frown if you would disappoint her for hours. Don't be afraid. I'll only tell you what is true;" and Jenny led the trembling girl to the bank of the

river, and cautiously down till they both touched the very stream. She hastily threw some mystic drops on Bessie's right hand, which she then examined minutely, frowning much as she noticed the little palm crossed and recrossed by indistinct and innumerable lines.

"Sorrow, sorrow everywhere here," she muttered, "and grandeur and riches too; and here's a hearse. Oh, Miss Pilmer, you'll be very unlucky!" she exclaimed at last, in a tone of concern.

"And why did you curse me, Jenny, that day in winter?" demanded Bessie, trying to feel unconcerned and careless, while her little superstitious heart was quivering nervously.

"I'm sorry I did it, child!" said the woman, shaking her head, and adding, with a wild light in her eye, "*Shall I tell you truly what I know will happen to you?*"

"No, not now, at least," said Bessie, preparing to run up the bank.

"God pity you, poor thing," murmured the weird woman, not choosing to follow her. "*I did* curse you, and I'm sorry for it now!"

Glad to escape, Bessie now ran on, as fast as ever she could, towards the house, and never stopped to take breath till she was safe in Mrs. Meiklam's arms, with the soft voice of Lizette Stutzer whispering soothing words of comfort in her ear.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST NIGHT AND THE LAST MORNING.

TIME sped on. The last day of Dillon Crosbie's stay at Yaxley arrived, and he was permitted to spend it with Bessie at Meiklam's Rest. The hours of the long summer day passed away, and then came the dreamy, fragrant night, with the large moon hanging in the heavens, so bright and clear that the light was equal to that of many a noon-tide. Out upon the lawn, and through the shrubberies, Dillon, Bessie and Lizette Stutzer wandered. Spicy plants were shedding odour abroad; leaves of varied tints and shapes were glittering with dew; the warmth of the air was almost tropical. Now and then the young people stopped to listen to the song of the nightingale, whose notes sounded distinctly on the still air.

Occasionally, some insect of the night hummed loudly as it flitted by; while from the distant meadows was heard the hoarse cry of the rail.

"Dillon, you will often think of this night when you are far away," said Bessie.

"Yes, when I am eating *saur kraut*, and listening to some song of German vaterland," replied Dillon, with the most provoking and unromantic coolness.

"You will see the beautiful rivers and vineyards that papa used to speak of" said Lizette, timidly.

"Oh yes, and the forests, and castled crags crowned by old fortresses" added Dillon, with enthusiasm.

"And I shall be all the time at

Yaxley, looking out on old scenes, Master Crosbie," said Bessie.

"If we could all go to Germany, it would be pleasant," observed Dillon; "just we three."

"And Mrs. Meiklam," added Lizette.

"And papa and mamma," suggested Bessie.

"And about fifty other friends besides," said Dillon; "on the whole, I think I had better go, after all, by myself. Don't you agree with me Bessie?"

"Yes, since you think so yourself: I think you seem rather to like leaving your friends in England."

"What good would it do if I seemed very sorry, Bessie? If my friends think it well to get rid of me: I must only bear up heroically," said the lad.

"Ah, Dillon you know no one wanted to get rid of you," said Bessie reproachfully.

Dillon made no answer. The young people went into the garden, and all round the grounds, wandering through silent groves, and most probably awakening some birds from their evening slumbers. The coming separation seemed very momentous, though none of them dreamed of the many things that would happen to each, before they should all three meet again together in that spot. Mysterious veil that hides the future from our view—mysterious, but, oh, very merciful! Would not those three young people have started and turned cold with a chill feeling, had they known under what circumstances they would next gather together at Meiklam's Rest?

As it was, Dillon Crosbie looked with sadness in his heart at the moonlit scenes that he might not behold again for many days and nights, gathered into weeks, months, years.

The voice of Mrs. Meiklam was soon heard calling them in.

"You are keeping my little Lizette out too long in the night air," she said, as they all approached the house, their shoes wet with the heavy summer dew. "It is just ten o'clock."

"Then it is time to go home, Dillon," said Bessie; "we will set forth on our last walk to Yaxley."

Bessie did not know how prophetic that sentence was—"Good night Mrs. Meiklam."

"Good night, my dear. Good bye,

my dear Dillon. God bless you very richly in everything that is good for you."

Dillon's hand was warmly grasped by that of the kind lady, and a kiss of maternal fondness was pressed upon his lips. You are right, Dillon, to hold that hand long within your own, and to linger on the door steps, listening to that gentle voice speaking. Ay, look back at the stately form yet watching your retreating figure, for never more will you behold it till eternity has opened on you both!

Lizette had whispered her adieu very gently and tenderly, and stood beside her protectress, looking after Bessie and Dillon, till they had disappeared among the trees. The walk to Yaxley was a very silent one: Bessie's hand rested on her cousin's arm, perhaps more heavily than usual. Bingham followed the young people at a respectful distance. Miss Pilmer thought it all very sad. She sat up late that night, helping to do the last of the packing for to-morrow's journey. Any sister who remembers what she felt when called upon to part for the first time with a dearly beloved brother, can sympathize with her feelings now; she slept none all that night, and when the golden beams of the early radiant morning came flooding her room with rich glory, she arose to witness the departure. Everyone in the house was up early that morning, butler, pantry-boy, housemaid, cook, kitchen maids, all. None would miss bidding Master Crosbie good-bye. Mr. Pilmer had made an extraordinary and heroic effort in getting out of bed several hours sooner than usual, and now felt very like a fish out of water; Mrs. Pilmer, though brisk as possible, and smiling, had an uncomfortable sleepy look about the eyes. Dillon was flushed and excited. Bessie pale, weary, and subdued.

The breakfast prepared for the departing one was unusually tempting; not the cold bread and milk of old, but toast, eggs, ham, and preserves, which were nearly all left untasted; for even a boy's appetite can sometimes flag on the eve of an important journey.

Hark! upon the morning air, sounds the warning blast of the coachman's horn. Now the heavy rumble of

wheels is heard, approaching noisily from the town. The idea, that there is not a moment to spare seizes everyone. What haste! what flurry! Never before was Mrs. Pilmer so obliging—so anxious to assist her nephew, and expedite his movements. The coach draws up before the house; the sun-light shines upon the large red wheels, and upon the yellow letters that denote the name of the vehicle to be "The Yaxley Swift Hawk." The horses are fresh, the driver smiling, for he has had his dram a few moments ago. Trunks and boxes of various sizes, shapes and conditions, and passengers very drowsy and discontented looking, load the roof of the coach; they are wondering what the stoppage, now, is for, and they don't like it; they look upon each other as enemies, and hate the thoughts of more intruders coming to swell the number of those already on the roof—not so the coachman: he would pile passenger upon passenger if he could, and run the risk of being overturned any day, for so many shillings a-head. Dillon's portmanteau is hoisted up quickly; there is scarcely time to say good-bye. Mr. Pilmer grows quite energetic, and takes a couple of sovereigns from his pocket, thrusting them into the boy's hand, with a speedy "Good-bye, my boy, and take care of yourself." Mrs. Pilmer, who has already counted out to him money for his travelling expenses, and a little, very little, for pocket money on arriving at the foreign school, gives him a sharp kiss and says, "There now, don't wait a moment!" Bessie receives the most tender adieu of anyone. It is hardest to part with her, and Dillon has to bite his lip, and frown, and gulp all feeling down, when he turns from her and runs down stairs, where the servants one and all join in a hearty—"God bless you, sir! and may we soon have you back among us!" Soon!—oh, vain hope!

The lad finds many school fellows assembled outside, waiting to see the last of him; ay, and Tom Ryder is there too, ready to wish him God speed, for though they had quarrelled often, they were still friends. There

are other Yaxley acquaintances looking on too—poor men who have liked him and known him since he came to the neighbourhood, a little child in a tunic frock; and there is Jenny Black, smiling and courtesying, and blessing him with dark hands raised upwards. Dillon has only time to lift his cap and smile and bid a general adieu to all.

"Now, young gentleman, be quick, sir, please!" shouts the coachman. "We're five minutes late already." And so Crosbie springs up lightly; he seats himself—the horses move—the long whip glides over their backs, and the coach speeds on its way. Standing in the drawing-room window, Bessie sees all this; she receives a last look—a last smile from the frank countenance, now mingling with hard and rugged faces hemming it in on the coach-roof. Gone, really gone! oh, loneliness and sorrow for the one left behind! But the morning air is fresh, and the movement of the coach, lumbering and heavy-laden as it is, gradually exhilarates the young traveller; he has passed the churchyard, and and the town, and the cottages in the suburbs; he has passed Mr. Benson's large house, in an upper window of which he descried the worthy schoolmaster looking out, in somewhat of *deshabille*, and nodding to him over the blind; he has left all the old well-known scenes behind, and now he is driving by strange road-side cottages and country hedges, by farm-houses and hamlets, by pretty villas, and lordly homes of the wealthy; over bridges, up hills, and on lonely roads, where houses are few—all is new to him, and all is fresh and bright. Once or twice a shadow crosses his heart, as the feeling strikes him that he is of very little importance to anyone in the round wide world. A friend of his uncle is to meet him in London, and accompany him for the greater part of the journey towards his final destination, and so we say, as many before us have said—God speed you, brave-hearted boy! May you make as many friends for yourself, away in the land of the foreigner, as you have made in Yaxley and its neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIZETTE AND BESSIE.

Nobody need imagine that Mrs. Meiklam or her doings escaped censure and comment among her acquaintances; not even Mrs. Copley or Bingham regarded her as infallible, though they were inclined to think well of her. The stay of poor Paul Stutzer's orphan child under her roof roused some dissensions at Yaxley. People, whom it could not possibly concern in the smallest degree, declared it puzzled them excessively, to find out what Lizette's final destiny was to be. Would her protectress keep her at the Rest till she was grown up? Would she turn her out when she grew weary of her? Would she throw her upon the world suddenly and unexpectedly? Would she spoil and pamper her, and leave her, in the end, every shilling she possessed? Nobody could tell: one thing was clear—whatever was to be done with the little girl, Mrs. Meiklam would meet with disapproval from *some* quarter. The fact of the old lady having always been regarded as a sensible person, only aggravated her present offence towards mankind in general. As time wore on, however, these gossipings and censures died out. People grew, at last, reconciled to seeing little Miss Stutzer sitting in the well-appointed pew of Meiklam's Rest, in the Yaxley church, every Sunday, dressed in garments befitting a young gentlewoman; they ceased to murmur because she drove out in a covered or an open carriage nearly every day; Lizette's own sweet manners, perhaps, being influential in overcoming the general prejudice against her. There was one person at Yaxley, however, who never could think of her, save with a feeling of enmity. That person was Mrs. Pilmer. Mrs. Meiklam was a truly pious woman; and under her guardianship, her protégée grew daily in grace. Lizette had been gifted with God-fearing parents, and first impressions are rarely altogether effaced: even though in after years the storms of temptation or passion may sweep furiously by, characters traced on the tender heart of infancy are seldom completely washed away. Shadowy they may grow, but they are yet there, re-

quiring only a touch to bring them out vividly again. Lizette's humility of heart was remarkable. The spirit of Christian meekness shone in the chastened light of her eyes; there was a rare purity in the expression of her whole face. Perhaps the delicacy of her constitution may have had some influence in chastening her spirits, which were never high, like those of other children; always quiet and patient, she liked the repose to be found at the Rest better than any noisy games or sport. Nothing pleased her more than bringing the gifts to the poor of the neighbourhood, which Mrs. Meiklam employed her to distribute. Gradually the peasantry round Meiklam's Rest learned to love and bless the little messenger sent to them by their always kind benefactress; and when Lizette was old enough, Mr. Hilbert, the clergyman, engaged her as a teacher of a Sunday-school class. Naturally timid as she was, she endeavoured to conquer a few scruples before agreeing to accept this proposal, but finally she triumphed. Mrs. Pilmer thought it rather a proof of forwardness that the little girl should go about so much among the neighbours, and make herself conspicuous as a Sunday-school teacher. She little knew how great was the struggle in Lizette's heart, between her sense of duty and her retiring nature. Very much more agreeable would it have been to her own selfish feelings to sit still, and, hiding her light under a bushel, edify no one else thereby, than to go about making herself useful, as she did. Thus, while quietly acting an heroic part—conquering natural inclinations, and arming herself with a borrowed courage—the young girl was pronounced by her inimical judge to be bold, presuming, and set above herself. There were other acts of self-denial and self-correction practised by our young friend—one of her greatest efforts and triumphs, being the overthrow of certain prejudices against certain people. When Mrs. Pilmer came to the Rest, as she very often did, her instinct made her always wish to run away and hide upstairs till she was gone;

conquering this feeling of aversion, she was at length enabled to meet her with politeness and kindness; and when invited to spend days at her house, she went willingly, because she knew Mrs. Meiklam would be annoyed if she refused to go, though in her secret heart she was yearning to decline the invitation, and stay at home. How often are such strifes going on in the minds of quiet-looking people, which no one dreams of—how many sacrifices made, that are never understood or acknowledged? Few of us, in our walk of life pass onwards without being wronged; but, then, neither do we pass on without wronging others. Mutual misunderstanding has been the stumbling-block of many friendships—the cause of much wrecked happiness. With the quick eye of a child, Lizette saw that Mrs. Pilmer did not like her, and for this reason she strove hard not to return the ill-feeling. The Ryders were very intimate at the Rest; but they were rather too noisy to be agreeable companions for Miss Stutzer; they bewildered her; though she would have enjoyed a game of romps very well, if not afraid of being trampled upon, or hurried to an untimely end, by being thrown over the banisters to an unfathomable abyss below. Bessie Pilmer was still her firm friend, and, being older than herself, assisted her much in her studies. A visiting governess, however, was engaged to attend her at the Rest every day; and though not near so clever or quick as Bessie, who was gifted with rare talents, Lizette yet made great progress in all accomplishments. Mrs. Devenish did not, now, visit Yaxley every year; her visits became few and far between, and Mary Pilmer grew more and more a stranger to her family, as time wore on. It seemed to be her godmother's aim to wean her as much as possible from her parents and sister. Left very much to her own devices, Bessie Pilmer read as she pleased, and thought as she pleased. Many and many a wild fancy-crossed her brain. Lizette Stutzer often listened, with open mouth and eyes, to the strange ideas expressed by her friend, respecting life and its belongings. In vain Lizette tried to instil some of her own happy views into Bessie's heart: the latter listened in-

credulously, or carelessly to all her gentle arguments. Although generally merry, and full of sparkling vivacity, Bessie, while still little more than a child, had yet her moments of utter despondency, which none knew of but herself. Wayward, petted, spoiled, as she was, there existed nothing more apparently to wish for than she possessed; but most certainly peace did not reign in her heart at all times. She possessed one of those spirits that, owing to the past and present state of society, have rendered, and still continue to render, their possessors, if women, most unhappy. The energy that could expend itself on nothing within the prescribed limits of the feminine sphere, wasted and burned away, desolating rather than fortifying. All women have not the same tastes, the same interests, the same ways of thinking, more than have all men. Why, then, does custom still, in an age of civilization, continue to bind them down to one routine of action?

"My dear child," said Mrs. Meiklam one day when Bessie asked her this question in other words, "God is working out his great plan of the world's regeneration surely, though, it may seem, slowly. Not in my time—not in your time—but in ages to come, things will be changed from their present state. In the mean time, we must only humbly wait, and watch and pray, for the better and clearer understanding of human intellects. Women have their sufferings and their wrongs, but men are not without theirs also; the very mistake of woman's social position affects men in their marriages and in their children. They will one day discover, that their own happiness is concerned, as well as that of women, in the total change which sooner or later will come over existing customs and laws. Yet do not murmur, my dear Bessie, at your position. I am an old woman now, and full well I know how much of temptation, and Satan's snares I have escaped, by not having been born a man."

"But you are rich, Mrs. Meiklam; and I am comparatively rich, too," said Bessie. "We may have little to complain of; yet how many other women there are in the world who must feel their inability to rise from

poverty and obscurity to anything better. Ah, Mrs. Meiklam, the world is all wrong !”

“Wrong enough, my dear. The shadow of sin is dark upon it still. Men and women suffer alike, and through each other. Never think that you, or anyone, can separate the interests of the two sexes. What is for the good of one is for the good of the other. Do you think that the sister can suffer, and the brother not feel the influence of it ? or, that the father can remain untouched by the fortune or misfortune of the daughter ? When the position of women is improved, so will the well-being of men increase. Mothers who have attained their proper dignity as responsible and rational beings, will be more likely to have children more noble than the present race of men and women. All will come in the good time of God’s pleasure, Bessie ; we must wait patiently.”

“Ah, Mrs. Meiklam, you know of old I never had any patience !” exclaimed the wayward girl, flinging her arms round her old friend’s neck. “If I were a queen, I would alter all the laws on the spot, and I wouldn’t have one-half of the creation any longer miserable !”

“And would you be very hard on men ?” asked the old lady, smiling archly.

“No ; I hope I should not be unjust ; though I think they would deserve some punishment for all their past wickedness. How could they be so cruel as to make such laws as they have made !”

“My dear, they think it is we women who are the cruel sex,” observed Mrs. Meiklam, pushing back the clustering ringlets from Bessie’s most beautiful forehead. “You may have it in your power to do much mischief yet ; but use the power mercifully,

child. Remember that men have hearts that can be broken, though it is the fashion to think all feeling belongs to women. Never be a coquette, Bessie, whatever your inclination may lead you to do.”

“What is a coquette ?” asked Lizette, leaning her head on Mrs. Meiklam’s shoulder.

“A thoughtless or wicked woman, who, for amusement or cruel design, tries to gain a man’s love, and then disappoints him by letting him know she never cared about him. I cannot give at present any better explanation of it, my dear.”

“I think I shall never be a coquette, Mrs. Meiklam,” said Bessie, pressing her small hand on her blooming cheek.

“I hope not, most truly, my dearest girl,” said the old lady, gravely.

Many such conversations occurred between Mrs. Meiklam and her bright-witted young friend from Yaxley. Intellectual herself in a remarkable degree, she was one of those people who, however aged, can feel pleasure in the society of the young, and whose powers of thought keep pace with the advance of the times. Indeed, in some respects her ideas went beyond the times. Bessie still enjoyed, as much as ever, her days spent at Meiklam’s Rest, where Lizette’s life glided on so peacefully. Happy days of childhood, that can never return, precious are ye even in remembrance ! Whatever may be your cares, your griefs, your anxieties, they bear but a shadowy resemblance to the deeper-tinted sorrows of later years. They are only like the first faint fall of twilight, while after griefs resemble the thick gloom of a starless night ! Blessed are they who can wait patiently through the hours of the dark night for the coming of the eternal day.

CHAPTER XVII.

A REMOVAL DETERMINED UPON.

MRS. PILMER went on weaving, unconsciously, her dark web. Fortune seemed to smile upon her. Her speculations increased, and so far prospered. Her wealth was accumulating every day. Suddenly her husband, rousing himself from his habitual

lethargy, declared that he must leave Yaxley and go to London. He was sick of Yaxley. Without precisely knowing what ailed him, Mr. Pilmer had never felt comfortable in his mind since his nephew went away. He missed him almost daily, and yet

he seldom wrote to him. He left the charge of the correspondence between England and Germany to his wife. Mrs. Pilmer did not like the idea of leaving the neighbourhood of Meiklam's Rest. She knew how people were apt to forget the absent. But her husband could be obstinate when he liked. She foresaw that there would be no peace for her unless she consented to pack up and leave Yaxley. Going to London had its advantages too. Bessie could have good masters there to complete her education; she would see more of life than in a country neighbourhood.

One day while Lizette Stutzer was sitting outside the house on a rustic chair, engaged with a piece of needlework, she observed Bessie walking up the avenue very quickly, looking rather flushed and excited. After the first greeting was over, Bessie sat down beside her, and at the conclusion of a little pause, said—

"My dear Lizette, it is all settled that I must leave you. We have decided on going to London."

"Oh, Bessie!" exclaimed Lizette, growing pale, as a pang of sorrow shot through her heart.

"Yes, indeed. Our house is taken, and the furniture already in it, and now there need be no delay. We shall be within a short distance of town—adeflightful distance. The only circumstance I regret connected with the arrangement is that of being obliged to part with you and Mrs. Meiklam. I like the idea of going to London very much, it will be such a variety after Yaxley."

"I shall be very lonely, Bessie."

"I know that, and it makes me feel wretched; but we may meet sooner than we think."

"But not as now, Bessie," said Lizette, mournfully, "not as we have done in all the years that have passed."

"Perhaps not, but our friendship and love for each other must always continue. You know, Lizette, we cannot always remain as we are now. We must grow up. Already I am past fifteen. I begin to think myself dreadfully old; and then, Yaxley is so dull! I must say partings are very sad affairs."

"Ah, they are heart-breaking!" exclaimed Lizette, with more than usual energy. "But what are earthly

partings to separations that must be for eternity!"

"My grave little pet, what sad views you take of things!" said Bessie, smiling.

"Dear Bessie," said Lizette, after a pause, during which she had been trying to summon up courage, "I would feel very happy if I thought you were among those who will inherit the life to come—if I could feel certain we should yet meet to part no more for ages that can never end."

"I trust we shall meet before that," returned Bessie, laughing lightly. "I would not entertain such gloomy thoughts as you for anything!"

"I cannot help feeling sad at times, when I think of all the souls that may not be saved. Only for knowing that the mercy and power of God are infinite, I should never feel happy!"

"The best way, in my opinion, is not to think about it at all," said Bessie. "There is no use in torturing one's brain about what cannot be understood. Things must take their own course in spite of everything we may do."

"Ah, Bessie, it is in our power to do good. We must not let things take their own course. If everyone sat still, not troubling themselves about what did not just concern their own affairs, what a dreadful, selfish world it would be!"

"There are few people who do not like to meddle with the affairs of others," said Bessie, smiling, "and yet, according to mamma, the world is most frightfully selfish. Now, do not look so sad, my sweet dove. You were made for angel works, but not myself. I am of the earth, earthy. I shall run my course as others do. I shall be young, middle-aged, old, and grey-headed. Merry in my youth, cross and grumbling in age, and so on, till death closes the scene. I shall pass away, and the world will go on all the same—people coming and going, as the leaves grow and fade, till our little globe is blotted out from the universe."

"Bessie, do not say such things."

"I say what, perhaps, others think, though they dare not speak the truth. If I want faith, it is my misfortune; but I will never pretend what I do not feel. Remember me, nevertheless, in your prayers, Lizette; and now I must go and tell Mrs. Meiklam that

we have fixed the day for our departure."

The good lady at the Rest regretted to lose her friends, especially Bessie; but the companionship of Lizette Stutzer prevented her contemplating the separation with so much pain as she might otherwise have done. Her protégée returned with ardour her affection and kindness. In every way it seemed likely that the hopes she had early formed of having her for a tender friend in days of age and infirmity would be realized.

"My dear Mrs. Meiklam," said Mrs. Pilmer, when she came to the Rest to inform her friend, in person, of the day appointed for her journey from Yaxley, "you know we should never have thought of going to London, were it not for the sake of dear Bessie, for whom I am inclined to sacrifice my own wishes completely. It will be a great expense to us to live near London, where everything is so enormously dear; but we must sacrifice much for our children. Parents cannot be so selfish as to overlook what is for the interests of sons and daughters."

"And yet, how often do we find parents neglecting what is most essential to their children's welfare—while they are lavishing money on worldly matters, forgetting the spiritual."

"Very true, my dear friend, and I am often sad in thinking of it; yet I humbly trust it is not my own case. I endeavour to set Bessie as good an example as possible; for I say to myself, 'Ah, if the mother walks in a crooked path, must not the child follow.'"

"And yet, not always," observed Mrs. Meiklam, fixing her eyes on Mrs. Pilmer's face. "You will see sometimes children quite different from their parents. I do not think Bessie is one bit like you—not an atom."

"When I was young, I was more like her," said the lady, colouring slightly. "I had very much that colour of hair and complexion."

"I don't mean in appearance," replied Mrs. Meiklam quietly. There was a pause.

"Impress upon Bessie, Mrs. Pilmer," continued Mrs. Meiklam, with some solemnity, "that wealth, pomp, or vanity, can never bring her lasting, scarcely even *ephemeral*, happiness."

"That is precisely what I tell her every day; and I am convinced she does not care for one of these things in the least. Indeed, I sometimes think she is too little like other girls of her age—far too steady and thoughtful."

"I was sorry she would not accept Mr. Hilbert's offer of teaching in the Sunday-school," said the mistress of the Rest.

"Oh, she is very bashful, dear girl. I know she would have taken a class in a moment only for her extreme timidity. Very few young people have nerve or courage for teaching."

"My little Lizette is very timid, and yet she likes to make herself useful in that way."

"She is a paragon of goodness," observed Mrs. Pilmer, with a secret sneer.

"She is, indeed, a dear child, and a great comfort to me. No granddaughter could be more attentive: she seems to find out my wishes by intuition. Every day I feel more and more thankful for possessing such a treasure. I am sure you will be glad to think that I have such a pleasant little companion for my lonely hours when you and Bessie are away."

"Oh, truly delighted: it will be such an ease to my mind! I will be so anxious to hear frequently of you. Dear Lizette might write very often to us. Do not let us be without getting letters three times a week. In fact I should like to hear every day."

"My dear, we shall have little to tell you of; our quiet life will not afford much to write about—but since you are so anxious, I will make Lizette write occasionally to you."

"I shall be miserable if you do not. If a week goes by without a letter coming, I will be so uneasy—fancying all sorts of things."

"Letter-writing, my dear Mrs. Pilmer, must be looked upon as a waste of time, when there is nothing particular to say. I cannot promise that Lizette will write oftener than once a week, at the utmost, unless I am ill; but now that we are speaking of letters—will you tell me why it is that Dillon never writes to me? I have never heard but once from him since he went, so long ago, to Germany."

"Boys do so hate writing letters!"

exclaimed Mrs. Pilmer. "I have to scold him very much for neglecting his correspondence. Sometimes I cannot sleep at night, he is so long answering my letters."

"But surely his schoolmaster would inform you if anything was wrong with him."

"Oh, yes, I know that, and I suppose he knows it too; and so he goes on amusing himself without thinking about old friends at home. How delighted he was to get away from Yaxley! But how could we expect feeling from a boy like that, or gratitude, or anything of that sort? I never do, and so I am never disappointed. If he chooses to forget his kind friends at Yaxley, it may be his own loss, that's all." And Mrs. Pilmer sighed, while Mrs. Meiklam looked thoughtfully out of the window on the far spread-

ing landscape of wood and park stretched away below.

That evening when Mrs. Pilmer went home, she added a postscript to a letter intended for Dillon Crosbie, writing thus:—

"Poor Mrs. Meiklam seems to me to grow different from what she was; she never asks about you, or appears to care if you were dead or alive, which surprises me; but old people become capricious and hardened from day to day. I think she wishes to wean herself from her relatives, and resents their interference in the smallest matter. She fancies everyone that pays her attention is only wanting to get her money—so I am just as glad we are leaving her neighbourhood—it is so mean to be suspected of legacy-hunting."

CYMRIC LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

CERTAIN discouragements and difficulties beset almost all untried departments of literature or science; but Celtic researches labour under peculiar disadvantages. There has been so much exaggeration on both sides, such exalted claims on the one hand, such undue depreciation on the other, that reasonable men in perplexity and despair have gladly turned their attention to studies, which, at all events, did not involve the preliminary drudgery of acquiring difficult languages.

It must be confessed that, especially among the Welsh, unwise and injudicious advocacy has prejudiced the cause. Many poems have been ascribed to Taliesin and the early bards, which modern criticism has proved to be the production of the middle ages; while an over-strained ingenuity has tried to discover, in these and other poems, a mystical Druidism which really never had any existence, except in the excited fancies of the commentators who enlarged upon them.

In order to limit the inquiry, we leave as an open question the existence of the early bards, who are said to have flourished in the fifth or sixth century of our era, and pass on to the numerous bards who undoubtedly made their appearance at the com-

mencement of the twelfth. Whether this manifestation ought to be called the origin or the revival of literature in Wales, must depend upon the solution of the problem, which we decline for the present investigating; but we may remark that the manifestation took place two full centuries before the time of Chaucer, who is usually termed the Father of English Poetry.

That the bardic system was an essential part of the national institutions in Wales, and that even in the tenth century the bards took an honourable position at the king's court, is amply proved if we accept the laws ascribed to Howel the Good, who reigned 940-948. Among the high officials of the court, the Household Bard held the eighth place, ranking next to the judge in the royal hall; it was his duty to record the history of the house, and to keep the genealogical register. When a song was required, the chaired bard begun, singing first in honour of God, then in praise of the king; after which the household bard followed with three songs on various subjects. At the queen's request, it was his duty to sing in her chamber, yet with a lower voice, so as not to disturb conversation in the hall. In war he went out with the army, and was

bound to sing before the battle, as well as at the division of the spoil, the hymn *Unbeniuth Prydain*, i.e. the "Monarchy (literally 'the one headship') of Britain." In return for these duties he had many rights and privileges, upon which we need not enter more particularly.

The established bards were always anxious to mark the distinction between themselves and the wandering minstrels, who went from house to house, singing the praise of chieftains, or subsisting upon contributions of the common people. But as the bards themselves, though established in the houses of lords, were in the habit of making a tour of the country once in three years, there were many occasions of rivalry, and a perpetual feud was kept up between the bards and the minstrels. Attempts were made to effect an accommodation, by which the principal bards should confine themselves to the houses of the chieftains, and not enter the dwellings of the common people; but it was impossible to prevent collisions where personal rivalry as well as self-interest were certain to act powerfully on both sides.

From the death of Cadwallader, 689, to the year 1080, few poems of any great merit were produced; but towards the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century a host of bards made their appearance; the compositions were of a superior character, and princes entered the arena of poetic rivalry. This development coincided, in some measure, with the general awakening which took place in Europe. For during the terrible night of the tenth century, the famines and pestilences which decimated the population caused universal depression, giving rise to a belief that the end of the world was at hand; and the year 1000 was fixed upon as the year of final judgment. But after protracted terror, during which the sound of the last trumpet was hourly expected, when the fatal year 1000 passed away without any special catastrophe, the world took courage, and entered with new zest upon the life and the pleasures which had been so nearly threatened. Men began to work, to build, and to sing; an architecture, unknown before, erected those magnificent cathedrals, the glory of that age and the

admiration of our own; while poetry, in Northern France, gave utterance to the romantic epos, and in the sunny South produced the exquisite lyrics of the troubadours. The Norman conquests and the Crusades represented the enterprise of the age, tempered, however, and refined by the spirit of chivalry.

How far the literary movement in Wales was influenced by the reaction in Europe, it would not be easy to determine; but certainly the Cymry were better prepared, than most other European nations, for development in poetry and literature. They spoke a cultivated language understood by all classes of the people; and we have seen that they possessed an order of bards, already numerous and well-trained. They were, besides, in the habit of holding poetical and musical congresses, called "eisteddfods," which were expressly designed to encourage artistic competition. For example, an eisteddfod was held in 1077, by Rhys ab Tudor, who assumed the sovereignty of South Wales: and it is stated that he brought from Brittany "the system of the Round Table, which at home had been quite forgotten; and he restored it, with regard to minstrels and bards, as it had been at Caerlleon-upon-Usk, under the Emperor Arthur." In all probability, the system of the Round Table was an Armorican (or Breton) invention, and had never been known in the island of Britain, before this time: but the fact of the meeting itself is corroborated by accounts of similar conventions at Conway and Cardigan.

Still more remarkable was the eisteddfod held at Caerwys, in 1100, by Gruffydd ab Cynan, King of North Wales, whose career is so important in the history of Cymric literature, that we must dwell upon it for a moment. His father, being banished from Wales, took refuge in Ireland, where Gruffydd was born and educated. Here he seems to have acquired peculiar views of poetry and music, which he afterwards introduced in his own country, though the extent of his influence has been the subject of much discussion. In course of time, Gruffydd came over from Ireland to claim the patrimony of his father from the usurper, Trahaearn, whom he eventually defeated

at the battle of Carno, A.D., 1080. When the country had been pacified, and he was fully established upon the throne of North Wales, he turned his thoughts to the cultivation of music and poetry; but, from his residence in Ireland, he appears to have fallen in love with the bagpipe, and wished to introduce the use of that instrument into Wales. The Welsh disliked the pipes, preferring the harp, and the *crwth* (a kind of violin); hence at the *Caerwys eisteddfod*, it was a "Scot" that won the prize for instrumental performance; and the king gave him a silver pipe as a reward for his skill.

The Scot in question was most probably an Irishman, for at this period the name was constantly given to natives of Erin, and the island itself was often termed *Scotia Major*. It is also worthy of remark that *crwth*, Latinized *chrotta*, appears in the form *rote*, a word that has often puzzled the readers of old French and old English poetry.

But on the same occasion at *Caerwys*, under the care of Gruffydd ab Cynan, laws were made for regulating minstrelsy by four doctors or professors, one of whom was Matholwch the Gwyddelian (i.e. the Irishman). These doctors laid down rules for the performance of stringed instruments, the harp and the *crwth*: they also drew up twenty-four musical canons, and established twenty-four metres. At this time, we are told, *Murchan* was sovereign of Ireland, and confirmed these rules at *Glynachalch*, by all his prerogative and influence, commanding all to maintain them.

Dr. Powel is inclined to think, that the Irish musicians framed all the instrumental music now in use among the Welsh; but, on the other hand, the Rev. Thomas Price most positively denies that the music of the Welsh is in any way indebted to these Irish teachers. That able critic, Mr. Thomas Stephens, takes a middle path between the two extremes; he refers the introduction of the pipes to the reign of Gruffydd ab Cynan, for previously we find no mention of any but stringed instruments; but he maintains that no revolution was effected in the musical taste of the Welsh, since the harp ever remained the honoured instrument of the nation. Mr. Price allows, and this is

an important admission, that the names of several of the metres are Irish; and that the framers of the Welsh musical code were guided, to some extent, by the principles of the Irish system. Those who are acquainted with the traditions of Ireland would do well to inquire, whether any record exists of this bardic communication between the two countries.

The golden period of Cymric poetry, in the Middle Ages, extended from the accession of Gruffydd ab Cynan (1080), or rather from the *Caerwys eisteddfod* (1100) to the reign of Llewelyn the Great (1194-1240), when it attained its highest glory; and continued until the death of Llewelyn, the last of the Cymric princes (1282). His death, and the loss of national independence, damped the ardour of the poets, who could no longer dwell with patriotic pride upon the condition of their country, but were drawn in the direction of amatory and pastoral composition. However, speaking generally, we may consider the period as occupying two hundred years—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Within fifty years, then, after the accession of Gruffydd ab Cynan, a number of eminent bards appeared, many of whom occupied high rank in the country, then divided in three parts—Gwynedd, or North Wales; Deheubarth, or South Wales; and Powys, an east-central province comprising parts of Cheshire and Shropshire. Among the bards of distinguished ability, we find Owain Cyveiliog (pronounced Cŵyllog), Prince of Powys, and Howel, one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd (i.e. Owen, King of North Wales).

The chief production of Owain Cyveiliog is the *Hirias*, one of the longest poems of the twelfth century. The "*hirias*" was a drinking horn, long, blue, and rimmed with silver, which was filled with mead, and passed at banquets, first to one guest, and then to another, in order of distinction. The plan of the poem is the following. The prince imagines all his warriors assembled at night in his palace, after an engagement which had taken place in the morning. Sitting at the head of the banquet, he bids his cup-bearer fill the *Hirias*; and as the horn is handed to each chief in succession, he enumerates the

warrior's feats, ingeniously diversifying the praise bestowed upon each. One of the passages exhibits a fine touch of pathos. Having ordered the cup to be borne to Moreiddig, he associates Tudyr with him, and bestows high praise upon that trusty and most amiable pair. But turning to greet them, he finds their places vacant, and suddenly recollects that they had fallen in the morning's conflict. At once his joy is converted into anguish, and in broken terms of grief, he exclaims—

"Ah! the cry of death—And do I miss them?"

O lost Moreiddig—How sorely shall I need thee!"

Another of his poems illustrates a national custom. At this period the king visited his subjects, at stated times, to receive his revenue, and hold his court. In an ode addressed to his messenger, he bids him bear the news of his approach to the places he intends to visit, urging him to press forward, and not to loiter on the way. The exhortation to Malise, in "The Lady of the Lake," though for a more deadly purpose, is not more urgent.

The next princely poet was Howel, son of Owain Gwynedd. His mother was the daughter of an Irish chieftain, and he was famed, in early youth, for skill and genius. Upon the death of his father, 1169, some disputes arose respecting the succession; but Howel, being the eldest son, seized the reins of government, and reigned prosperously for two years. The death of his maternal grandfather occurring at this time, he went to Ireland to take possession of the territory which devolved upon his mother; but during his absence, David, a younger brother, proclaimed himself King of North Wales. Howel, hearing of this, returned with the utmost despatch; but as David brought superior numbers into the field, Howel was defeated and mortally wounded.

Most of this prince's poems are devoted to the passion of love. In the following translation an attempt is made to convey something of the spirit of one of them:—

"Give me the fair, the gentle maid,
Of slender form, in mantle green;
Whose woman's wit is ever staid,
Adorned by virtue's graceful mien.

Give me the maid whose heart with mine
Shall blend each thought, each hope combine;

Then, maiden, fair as ocean's spray,
With Cymric genius, bright and gay,

Say, am I thine?

And art thou mine?

What! silent now?

This silence makes my bosom glow;

I choose thee, maiden, for thy gifts divine—

'Tis right to choose—then, fairest, choose me thine."

Few men have ever shown a more consummate mastery over the language, and none a truer sense of the beautiful in nature, than Gwalchmai, who has left fourteen pieces, many of them addressed to Owain Gwynedd. Among the odes which he addressed to Owain Gwynedd, the most popular is one which he composed on the occasion of a victory obtained over a fleet of Norwegian pirates, who had sailed from the shores of Ireland, and attacked the coast of Anglesea. The images in this ode, as Bishop Percy remarks, are very bold, and are poured forth with such rapidity as argues an uncommon force of imagination. His great merit consists in this, that the hints he drops, and the images he throws out, supply the absence of minute detail, and excite as grand a picture as the closest description could have done.

The poet Gray, in his "Triumphs of Owen," has translated part of this ode, and has been very successful in rendering the most powerful passage. In the original, the carnage is described as so tremendous, that Menai ebbed not for the tide of blood; and the passage is thus given by Mr. Parry:—

"Spear rings on spear, flight urges flight,
And drowning victims plunge to-night;
Till Menai's overburthens tide,
Wide blushing, with the streaming gore,
And choked with carnage, ebbs no more."

This is too diffuse. Gray is closer to the original, and much more vigorous:—

"There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Taly-malfr's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar;
Checked by the torrent tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood."

The greatest bard of this period

was Cynddelw, a man of varied powers, whose compositions evince a spirit of independence, and an originality in theological speculation, far beyond the age in which he lived. For example, he exclaims—

"Ni chymeraf gymmun
Gan ysgymmun fyneich,
A'n twygau ar eu glin :
A'm cymmuno Duw ei hun."

"I will not receive the communion
From excommunicated monks,
With their togas upon their knees:
I will commune with God himself."

The bards and the monks were sworn enemies, sneering mercilessly at one another, and both fiercely contending for popular favour. A satire, formerly ascribed to Taliesin, but now assigned to the thirteenth century, thus describes the bards :—

"Minstrels persevere in their evil practices;
Immoral ditties are their delight;
Vain and tasteless praise they recite;
Falsehood at all times they utter;
Innocent persons do they ridicule.

They pass their lives away in vanity.
At night they carouse, by day they sleep;
Careless, without work, they feed themselves."

On the other hand, the bards speak of "false, luxurious, and gluttonous monks, who had a false form of holy life." Lewis Glyn Cothy says—"One friar sells little glass images; another carves a relic from a piece of alder wood. One has a grey Curig beneath his cloak; and another carries Seiriol, with nine cheeses under his arm."

Curig and Seiriol were British, or old Cymric, saints, whose images were thus hawked about; and the tone of the satire may be compared with Chaucer's description of the Pardoner, in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales."

As monks and bards increased in number, they became more and more exasperated against each other; they were rival mendicants, and, therefore, in one another's way. In their mutual encounters, the monks were generally overmatched, for the wit of the bards was aided by the popular contempt into which the friars had fallen.

Many of the poems of Cynddelw addressed to princes, as to Owain Gwynedd and Owain Cyveiliog, display mastery over words and skill in versification; but his diction is often

exceedingly obscure. In his elegy upon the death of Owain Gwynedd, there is a passage upon a battle at the River Teivi near Cardigan, which has in it something of barbaric power :—

"The green flood of Teivi was thickened,
The river was filled with the blood of men;
The blood-stained waterfowl called aloud
for a glut of gore,
And swam with toil on waves of blood."

We have said that the reign of Llewelyn the Great (1194-1240) was the culminating point of this literature; it comprises part of the career of Cynddelw, whose death is placed in the year 1200, and includes the names of bards who are hardly his inferiors, or who in some respects excel him.

Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, King of North Wales, has been surnamed the Great, partly from his great ability in maintaining order throughout Wales, for even the refractory princes of Powys acknowledged his supremacy; and partly from his determined resistance against English aggression, which, however, was conducted by the ill-starred King John, and the unfortunate Henry III. He was intimately connected by affinity with the English royal family, having married John's daughter, Joanna, who herself does not appear free from the paternal perversity of character; for we read in the Chronicle of the Princes, under the date 1230, "that year William Bruse was hanged by Llewelyn, son of Iorwerth, having been caught in the chamber of the Prince, with the Princess Jannet, daughter of King John, and wife of the Prince."

Among the bards who flourished during this reign, one of the most remarkable is Davydd Benfras, twelve of whose poems have been preserved, most of them addressed to Llewelyn the Great. This bard is more coherent than most of his contemporaries: what he has to say he puts into a few nervous words; and if his thoughts fall short of sublimity, they are less trivial than those which are found in many of the bardic remains. In one of his odes to Llewelyn, the passages in which he alludes to the ancient bards are very spirited :—

"O may my verse like Merddin's flow,
And with poetic visions glow!
Great Aneurin, string my lyre,
Grant a portion of thy fire!"

That fire which made thy verse record
Those chiefs who fell beneath the sword,
On Catteraeth's bloody field:
O may the muse her vigour bring
While I Llewelyn's praises sing,
His country's strongest shield.

Could I poetic heights attain,
Yet still unequal were my strain
Thy wondrous deeds to grace.
E'en Taliesin, bardic king,
Unequal were thy praise to sing,
Thy glories to retrace."

Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, the last of the Welsh princes, reigned for nearly thirty years (1254-1282), sole King of North Wales. During a considerable portion of his reign he maintained a gallant resistance, first against Henry III., and then against Edward I. The number of poets who lived during his reign was not great, nor are their works particularly meritorious; indeed, in the early part of it, they scarcely reach mediocrity. But towards the close, when the curtain fell upon the independent existence of the Cymry as a nation, we meet with several very fine compositions. The best, perhaps, is the elegy upon Llewelyn, by Gruffydd ab Yr Ynad Coch, who laments, in strains of deepest woe, the loss of the national chief:—

"Frequent is heard the voice of woe,
Frequent the tears of sorrow flow:
Such sounds as erst in Camlan heard,
Roused to wrath old Arthur's bard;
Cambria's warrior we deplore,
Our Llewelyn is no more.

Thou great Creator of the world,
Why are not thy red lightnings hurled?
Will not the sea at thy command
Swallow down this guilty land?
Why are we left to mourn in vain
The Guardian of our country slain?
No place, no refuge for us left,
Of home, of liberty bereft:
Where shall we flee? to whom complain,
Our king, beloved Llewelyn slain!"

If there was a lack of poetry during the reign of the last Llewelyn, after his death matters became still worse; for as Wales had been conquered, and the national existence had ceased, the fountain of poetic inspiration no longer flowed.

It is possible, however, that the poems which we possess form but an imperfect reflex of the intellectual activity of this period. Everywhere we find mention of songs and ballads, no remnants of which have come

down to us; perhaps, as being popular songs, they were hardly thought worth recording. There is one quoted by Mr. Stephens from the Iolo MSS., which is remarkable for peculiarity of versification: the first word of each couplet caps the last word of the preceding. The following translation of two stanzas will convey, as far as the differences of language will allow, some idea of the original.

SONG TO THE SUMMER.

I.

"Summer I sing, and its away o'er the poet,
Sing to its beauty where best we may
view it;
View the sweet blossoms where love's feet
would wander,
Down in the woodlands of green growth
so tender.
Tender 's the sight, where the grassy
mead blendeth
In sport with the branch that over it
blendeth;
Blendeth for loved ones to meet in their
bowers,
And hide with wild elves from sun-
gleams and showers.

II.

"Bowers that the elves the more love the
more laden,
And love with their gambols at moon-
light to gladden;
Glad is the bard, when 'tis hardest to
reckon
Beauties that aye for his frenzied glance
beckon;
Beckon from hillock and green mead so
seemly.
All hailing the season that reigneth su-
preinely:
Supremely in richness, in love, and in ar-
dour,
To every disciple of song the rewarder."

It is a singular fact that the Cymric tales, stories, and romances, as we have them, are written not in poetry but in prose. The bardic, properly so called, were an exclusive order, and had created an artificial taste, erecting a standard from which no one was allowed to depart. Hence, bardic poetry was principally religious or political—devoted to God and the Prince; so that many of the bards thought it beneath their dignity to treat of lighter subjects. Still, tales and stories, in a prose form, were current in the country, and were contemptuously termed by the bardic, *Mabinogion* (pronounced "Mabbynoggion," *g* always hard), that is,

"Tales for Children," or "Juvenile Tales." Some of them have the character of Chivalric Romances, while others would appear to claim a higher antiquity; and we may divide them generally into two classes—(1) those which celebrate Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, (2) those which are devoted to other heroes.

This fact is certain, that Arthur plays an unimportant part in the poems of the bards, while he is a hero of the greatest dignity in the prose romances; and it is curious to observe how steadily fiction progressed. Arthur, an insignificant chieftain in the sixth century, grew into a valorous warrior in the eighth, and by the twelfth had become emperor of the whole civilized world. "The Emperor Arthur was at Caerlleon-upon-Usk," is a phrase commonly occurring in the Mabinogion, with occasional variations of Camelot instead of Caerlleon.

The Mabinogion, therefore, are Cymric prose romances—brilliant, imaginative, redundant in imagery even to a fault, and animated by a truly chivalrous spirit. We find a restless aspiration after ideal greatness—a desire to rise above the cold reality of fact, and to attain that state where man, raised far above his ordinary condition, is clothed with every attribute of power and greatness. Here life is decked out in the grandest colours, extraordinary acts are performed, dignified sentiments are expressed, and exquisite sensibilities are displayed. The Arthurs, Tristrams, and Percivals revel in most gorgeous scenes; they live in an atmosphere of their own; all are animated by a desire for happiness—a yearning for ideal perfection. Quite in keeping with this tendency of the more worldly romances is the pursuit of sinless perfection and complete sanctity exhibited in the romances of the St. Greal, or holy vessel which was said to have contained our Saviour's blood. It sometimes happens that the legends of the Round Table, and those of the St. Greal, are combined in one romance.

We are indebted for a splendid edition of the Mabinogion to Lady Charlotte Guest. This very learned lady (*femina doctissima*, as Zeno styles her), the only daughter of Albemarle, ninth Earl of Lindsey,

became the wife of Sir Josiah John Guest, of Dowlais, in the county of Glamorgan. She published, in 1838, a series of prose romances, or Mabinogion, from ancient Welsh manuscripts, and especially from the Red Book of Hergest—a volume which is preserved in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. This edition is thoroughly well executed. First, the Welsh text is given, then a good English translation, and lastly, notes and references to old French and old English romances. To the first tale, "The Lady of the Fountain," is appended an entire copy of the corresponding French romance, "Le Chevalier au Lion," by Chrestien de Troyes, copied from a vellum folio in the Royal (now Imperial) Library at Paris.

Of course, the question might be raised, which were the original sources? whether, in fact, the Welsh romances are not mere translations from the French. We propose to consider this question hereafter; but at the first glance, there is an argument which tells in favour of the Welsh, namely, that they are characterized by great simplicity, whereas the French versions bear the mark of elaborate polish and amplification. The English are generally allowed to be translations from the French, or, at least, imitations of French originals.

Another argument in favour of the Welsh is, that in the romances of King Arthur, the leading names of men and places have a Cymric origin—as Owen, Gawain, Caerlleon, Camelot; while there could have been no motive for so numerous a collection of Cymric names, if the stories had not originated either in Brittany, or in the Island of Britain.

In literary studies, no inquiry is more full of suggestive thought than a comparison of Greek literature with the development of European literature during the Middle Ages. One coincidence deserves notice. In the transition from poetry to prose, the earliest attempts were made by drawing up prose versions of the old legends. Most people are acquainted with the *Morte d'Arthur*, translated from the French, and published by Sir Thomas Malory. This work was compiled at a time when the romances had ceased to be poetical, and had assumed a prose form. Similarly, in

the decline of epic poetry among the Greeks, we find Acusilaus, and other "logographers"—the predecessors of Herodotus—drawing up the ancient legends in prose.

As far as this argument leads us, we should not be disposed to assign a very early date to the Cymric *Mabinogion*, in their present form. Mr. Stephens thinks that though, as they stand, they may not be older than the twelfth century, yet they were, evidently, in circulation years, if not centuries, before. This much, however, is certain, that the Arturian romances form an important section of European literature, and that their origin must be sought in the traditions of Brittany and Wales. Those who wish to pursue this interesting subject further, will find ample material in the "Litera-

ture of the Kymry," by Thomas Stephens, and in the "Literary Remains" of the Rev. Thomas Price, both printed by William Rees, of Llandovery.

There are cycles in literary taste. The influence of the Classical school prevailed for three hundred years—from the Revival of Learning till about the commencement of the present century. Then came a reaction in favour of Germanic and Anglo-Saxon antiquity, which has produced most important results during the last fifty years. Celtic studies await their turn, and, in all probability, they will not have waited in vain. But our native scholars must do their duty, and not allow themselves to be outstripped in the race by their brethren on the Continent.

WILKS THE ACTOR: HIS LATER CAREER.

WILKS returned to London in 1698. His success in Dublin had been rapid and brilliant. He had greatly improved, and carried back with him a more established reputation. The subsequent career of this distinguished actor is full of interest. Galt, with his usual carelessness, asserts that Wilks made his first re-appearance, in London, as Roebuck in his friend Farquhar's comedy of "Love and a Bottle." The character was quite in his vein—a lively, versatile *roué*; but "Love and a Bottle" was not produced until 1699, and bills preserved in the British Museum, show that the original Roebuck was Joseph Williams, an actor of note, but, like Powell, more given to the worship of Bacchus than Thalia. Wilks had no part in the play, although his interest recommended it for acceptance. Galt, in all probability, was ignorant of the existence of these bills, nor would he have taken the trouble to consult them had he been told where they were. Curll says ("History of the Stage, 1741"), that the King, in the "Island Princess," was the first part played by Wilks when he went back to Drury-lane. He might have seen in Cibber's "Apology," published the year before, that the character was Palamede, in

"Marriage à la Mode." The author of the "Laureate" says, "I remember that I had the pleasure to see Wilks play Palamede on his first appearance after his return from Ireland. He spoke a prologue written by Farquhar, and was received with great and general applause." The prologue had these lines, with reference to his quitting Ireland, and the increased difficulties of his new position:—

"Void of offence, though not from censure free,
I left my native isle, too kind to me;
Loaded with favours, I was forced away,
Loth to accept what I could ne'er repay.
There, I could please; but here my fame
must end.
For hither none may come to boast, but
mend.
Improvement must be great, for here I
find
Precepts, examples, and new masters
kind."

Cibber says that, in the part of Palamede, Wilks fell far short of Powell, and missed a large share of the loose humour of the character which the other more happily hit. "But," adds the old cynic, "he was young, erect, of a pleasing aspect, and on the whole, gave the town and the stage sufficient hopes." He soon established himself in public favour,

superseding Powell in many parts, and aggravating that rival's pretended contempt into frantic jealousy, working up to a challenge. Wilks accepted the *cartel* of defiance with alacrity, greatly to the disappointment of the pugnacious Powell, who, finding he had mistaken his man, instantly backed out with an apology, and vented his spleen by deserting to the rival house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. With superior natural advantages to Wilks, he suffered himself to be distanced in the race by reckless habits and devotion to the bottle. He drank himself to death in 1717, and for several years before had sunk into an inferior grade. Wilks never threw a chance away. He loved his art with enthusiasm. From the hour when he first trod the boards to the day of his death, it was his ruling passion. He bestowed equal pains on every scene of every part he undertook, reinforcing his powers by unremitting study and sobriety. He also possessed a most tenacious memory. He could learn a part by heart in little more time than it took many to read it, and what he had mastered he never forgot. Once, in a new comedy, he complained to the author that he found a crabbed soliloquy so troublesome that he wished it either softened or abbreviated. The author, to make the matter easy, struck the speech out altogether. Wilks, when he went home from the rehearsal, felt so piqued at such an implied indignity to his memory, that he made himself perfect in that identical speech, though he knew it was a work of voluntary and painful supererogation. "I have been astonished," says Cibber, "to see him swallow glibly a volume of froth and insipidity in a new piece, which we were all sure could not live above three days." On another occasion he laid a wager, and won it, that he could repeat the part of Truewit in Ben Jonson's "*Silent Woman*," which consists of thirty theatrical lengths, or 1,260 lines, without omitting or misplacing a single word.

During his residence in Ireland, Wilks formed a close friendship with the unfortunate George Farquhar, which lasted until the death of the latter, and was continued to his orphan daughters. Farquhar had been entrapped into a marriage with a lady, who fell desperately in love with him,

and gave herself out as an heiress, but as it proved, she had no more estate than his own, which he jocosely said fell within the circumference of his hat. But he used her well, and never reproached her with the deceit. There is nothing recorded of Wilks more honourable to his memory than his conduct towards this ill-starred son of genius. In very early youth, Farquhar tried the stage, in Dublin, without success, and left it in disgust; because, through the unlucky mistake of using a real sword instead of a foil, he dangerously wounded a brother actor, and was so affected by the accident, that he resolved never again to expose himself to a similar chance. Wilks, seeing that his talents pointed in another direction, advised him to write plays instead of acting them, and to try his fortune in London, presenting him at the same time with ten guineas to defray the expenses of the journey. This appears to have occurred in 1697. But it was not until Wilks had established himself in the English metropolis, in 1699, that his influence obtained the representation of Farquhar's first play, "*Love and a Bottle*." The success of this secured the acceptance of "*The Constant Couple*, or a Trip to the Jubilee," which came out near the close of the same year. Farquhar wrote Sir Harry Wildair for Wilks, who so admirably embodied the author's conception, that he dedicated the play to him, and said in the preface, "When you die, Sir Harry may go to the Jubilee." This, however, proved a false prophecy, for Garrick resuscitated Sir Harry with great attraction, was thought by many to equal the original representative, and Mrs. Woffington was generally pronounced superior to both. The "*Constant Couple*" had a run of fifty-three nights on its first production. The irregularities of the play were severely criticised, but the brilliant acting of Wilks bore down all objections, and even the scurrilous Gildon admitted that no dramatic production ever did such wonders. Farquhar had three benefits on account of the unprecedented success. In 1701 he produced a sequel to the "*Constant Couple*," called "*Sir Harry Wildair*." This was the weakest of all his plays, yet it met with more encouragement than the "*Inconstant*" (1702), which far

excelled it in intrinsic merit, although palpably plagiarized from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wild Goose Chase." The comparative failure of the last mentioned piece, which in time became popular, was entirely owing to the vast inundation of singers from Italy, tumblers and somnambulists from France, with dancing men, women, and dogs, by which public taste was then vitiated, and the Drury-lane company almost broke. Farquhar's two next productions, "The Twin Rivals" and the "Stage Coach," died and made no sign. The "Recruiting Officer," produced in 1706, kept the stage until very lately, and the "Beaux Stratagem," first acted in 1707, is allowed by all critics to be the author's masterpiece.

Wilks played the heroes in all Farquhar's comedies, except the first, and Farquhar, it was supposed, sketched them, particularly Captain Plume, from himself. They are said to embody his own adventures. They are invariably drawn as young, gay, rakish sparks—wild, frolicsome, and free—but honourable, brave, and accomplished; somewhat lax in moral practice, yet not depraved in principle; attractive companions, without being altogether eligible examples. The licence of speech and manners so universally indulged in and sanctioned in that age, has long given place to formal decency, which while it allows no approach to warm colouring, keeps at the same respectable distance from rich sallies of wit or entertaining adventures. The ore of genuine comedy is worked out. The world has become monotonous, respectable, uniform, and utilitarian. Distinctions are confounded or obliterated. There are scarcely any outward marks of difference between a lord and his butler or valet, his hair apparent or the fashioner of his garments. The duke dines at eight and his tailor does the same. A brown, green, or blue coat in a drawing-room would create nearly as much alarm as the appearance of a mad dog. "The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe." Men, in every class, think, speak, look, act, and dress alike. The genius of Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan would rust and moulder for lack of the varied materials which, when they

lived, presented themselves in a single stroll down St. James's-street, Pall Mall, or Bond-street; in a drive round the park; an afternoon's lounge in a leading coffee or club house; a visit to a race-course, a high class gaming table, or a fashionable assembly. The most notorious "fast men" of the present day, are feeble shadows of the bucks, bloods, rakes, quizzers, fine gentlemen, and *petits viditres*, eccentricities of the whip, turf, and hunting field, conversationalists and convivialists who figure with such individual distinctness in the plays, novels, and periodicals of the last century. Even the George Selwyns, Brummells, and Theodore Hooks of more recent days are an extinct genus. The *boces*, nevertheless, still flourish in immense numbers, and with endless ramifications. It is to be hoped we are, as we assume to be, better and wiser than our forefathers; for, beyond all question, we are infinitely more dull.

When Farquhar's last comedy was composed, in 1707, he had fallen into despondency, had sold his commission in the army to pay his debts, and was struggling with the poverty brought on partly by his own improvidence, and in some measure by a train of misfortunes beyond his power to remedy. Wilks found him one morning in his lodgings, giving way to despair and sinking into apathy. "Rouse yourself, George," he said; "write another play, and it shall be got up immediately." "Write!" cried Farquhar, starting from his chair. "Is it possible that a man can write common sense whose heart is broken, and who is without a shilling in his pocket?" The sentiment finds an echo in the remark which Dr. Johnson makes on Collins, the poet, when, under a similar pressure, it was suggested to him to undertake a philosophical work. "A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed for abstract meditations or remote inquiries." "Come, come, George," Wilks continued, banish melancholy, draw your drama, and bring the sketch with you to-morrow, for I expect you to dine with me. But as an empty pocket may cramp your genius and dull your wit, I desire you to accept my mite;" and he presented him with twenty guineas.

The comedy was written, rehearsed, and acted within six weeks; but on the third night, appropriated to his benefit, poor Farquhar quitted this world, in his thirtieth year, prematurely worn down by disappointed hopes and the pressure of worldly distress. Wilks took charge of his funeral expenses, accepted cheerfully the legacy he bequeathed to him of two infant daughters, brought them up carefully, and obtained benefits for both when they were of an age to be settled in the world.

Farquhar's humour was not confined to his comedies. It pervaded his ordinary acts and conversation. When he was on his deathbed, Wilks, who visited him daily, observed that Mrs. Oldfield thought he had dealt too freely with the character of Mrs. Sullen, in giving her to Archer without such a proper divorce as might be a security to her honour. "Oh," replied Farquhar, with his habitual vivacity, "I will, if she pleases, solve that immediately, by getting a real divorce, marrying her myself, and giving her my bond that she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight." When he was at Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a gentleman to borrow "Burnet's History of the Reformation." The gentleman sent word that he never lent any book out of his chambers, but if he would come there he might make what use he pleased of it. A little while after, the owner of the book sent to borrow Farquhar's bellows, who replied—"I never lend my bellows out of my chambers, but if you will be pleased to come here you may make any use of them you like."

Amongst the theatrical beauties and celebrities of the era we are treating of, we find Mrs. Rogers frequently named. She was not married, though in common with several single ladies on the stage, she assumed the matronly designation. Her rivalry of Mrs. Oldfield created a memorable schism in the dramatic microcosm, which amused the town for three months, and ended in her defeat; but the most remarkable passage in her history is her *tendresse* for Wilks, which created the more scandal and derision, as, in her youthful days, she professed prudery, and carried it to such an extent that she refused to act any heroine who was not immaculate. In 1697,

in an epilogue to a play called "The Triumphs of Virtue," presented to her as a gift, by the anonymous author, she volunteered a dangerous and unnecessary vestal vow, in the following doggrel. "If the ladies will smile on me," she said,

"I'll pay this duteous gratitude; I'll do
That which the play has done,—I'll
copy you.
At your own virtue's shrine my vows
I'll pay,
And strive to live the character I play."

"The lady did protest too much," nevertheless, as we find in the sequel that she capitulated to Wilks after a long siege. She yielded, finally, through terror and compassion. The innamorato took to his bed, and thought or said he should never leave it, if she continued obdurate. In a jealous dispute, some time after, Cibber heard her reproach him in these words—"Villain, did I not save your life?" But "violent delights have violent ends." When they quarrelled, and mutual regard had subsided into indifference or hate, which happened in due course, they were frequently obliged, in the routine of duty, to act lovers together, such as Castalio and Monimia, Jaffier and Belvidera. The gentleman endeavoured to maintain the appearance of becoming affection, but the lady nursed her wrath up to such intensity, that, when they exchanged endearments in the business of the scene, she left on his features visible and sanguinary marks of her resentment. This, though death to Wilks, was sport to the audience, who soon became alive to the state of feeling between them, and such was the eagerness to behold this loving interchange, that plays which afforded an opportunity for the display never failed to attract a crowded house, and were constantly in demand. In the parting scene of "Venice Preserved," when Belvidera begs another embrace from Jaffier, as he is about to leave her for ever, the fair Rogers coiled herself together with flashing eyes and curved fingers, much in the position of the crouching leopardess, so graphically depicted by Madame Ristori in "Medea." As he said, "This—and no more," she rushed at and hugged him fearfully. At "another, sure another!" came rush and hug the second. At "one for the

tender babe you've taken such care of,—I'll give't him truly," number three, more frenzied than the two preceding. "And now farewell for ever," number four, still increasing in ardour: "Heaven knows for ever! All good angels guard thee!" and exit the luckless Jaffier, hastily, with his handkerchief to his eyes, less to staunch his tears than to hide from the audience his *lacerated* lineaments. Mrs. Rogers either died or left the stage about the year 1719.

Wilks was nearly nine years in London, and had firmly established his position, before he ventured on the great touchstone of Hamlet, in 1706. Betterton was alive, and although verging towards seventy, still considered without a rival in the part. Wilks struck out new beauties, and, on the whole, gave so much satisfaction, that although in particular scenes he was pronounced inferior to his predecessor, he made the play so attractive that it was frequently selected to open the season with. His Hamlet throughout was graceful, earnest, and impressive, but occasionally too violent. The soliloquy on death he spoke with a serene, melancholy expression of countenance, and a grave, restrained action, in fine accordance with the philosophy of the sentiments. His voice was not always perfectly modulated, but his strong feeling was ever natural and affecting. In the assumed madness with Ophelia, in which Garrick's warmest admirers thought him too boisterous, Wilks retained enough of covered insanity, but at the same time preserved the feelings of a lover, and the delicacy of a gentleman. He conveyed what Edmund Kean, in our own days, so exquisitely blended,—the pain he suffered himself while compelled to inflict pain on a beloved object. With the Queen, in the third act, he was all that the author could have desired. When he presented the pictures, his reproaches were tempered by filial reluctance, and when he came to the pathetic exclamation, "Mother, for love of grace!" there was something in his manner inexpressibly gentle, and yet overwhelmingly persuasive. He surpassed every actor of his day in delicacy of address to ladies, and was scarcely equalled, long afterwards, by Barry himself. "To beseech gracefully, to

approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places," says Steele (*Tatler*, No. 182), "wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost beauty." Soon after his success in Hamlet, the same accomplished critic termed him "a perfect actor," and "the first of the present age." His greatest fault was a propensity to perpetual movement. It was said of him, as also of Garrick, that he never could stand still. The constant bustle of rakish comedy had given an additional impulse to his constitutional mercury. Though often reminded of this blemish, he never could entirely conquer it.

One of Garrick's happiest passages in Hamlet was generally admitted to be his demeanour with the Ghost, so warmly eulogized by Fielding, in honest Partridge's amusing and natural criticism. Dr. Johnson found fault with this, in one of his cynical jokes, saying, "Sir, the fellow would have frightened a real ghost." Wilks was objected to as being too noisy here, when he should have been subdued and awe-struck. Colley Cibber, accompanied by Addison, on the first night, tells us that they were both astonished at the bouncing manner in which Wilks deported himself in this scene. On another occasion, Booth reproached him with it. "I thought, Bob," said he, the next day, at rehearsal, "that last night you wanted to play at fisticuffs with me: you bullied that which you ought to have revered. When I acted the Ghost with Betterton, instead of my awing him, he terrified me. But a divinity hung round that man!" To this rebuke, Wilks replied, with his usual modesty, "Mr. Betterton and Mr. Booth could always act as they pleased; he, for his part, must do as well as he could." Garrick's extreme terror with the Ghost exceeded the sublime until it verged on the ridiculous, and would have been fatal in a less consummate master of his art, or an unestablished favourite. He triumphed where a clumsy imitator would have failed. It was so with Talma in Ducis' alteration, when he rushed on, heralded by loud shrieks from behind the scenes, fancying himself pursued by the paternal shadow, and ran, in confusion, against the chairs and tables. He was greeted by thunders of applause, when such

a natural conception, less delicately elaborated, or a doubtful *prestige* on the part of the actor, might have easily turned the tide into a flood of laughter.

Shakespeare makes Hamlet say, when he determines to test his uncle's crime by the "murder of Gonzago,"

"I have heard

That guilty creatures, *sitting at a play*,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions."

He alludes to a well-known story, recent in the memory of the first spectators of the tragedy, and related by Thomas Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," published in 1612. The Earl of Sussex's comedians acted a play called "Friar Francis," at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, in 1593. In this a woman was represented, who, to obtain more readily the company of a paramour, murdered her husband. She is brought on the stage as haunted by his ghost. During the performance, another woman, an inhabitant of the town, was so impressed by the feigned action, that she shrieked and cried out, "Oh! my husband! my husband!" Being questioned, she confessed that, several years before, she had poisoned her husband under similar circumstances, and that his fearful image seemed to rise up before her in the form of the spectre in the play. She was afterwards tried and condemned for the fact. For the truth of this story, Heywood refers his readers to the judicial records of Lynn and many living witnesses.

A more recent illustration is named in the life of the celebrated actor, Ross. A young clerk, whose follies had placed him precisely in the situation of George Barnewell, having, through the influence of a Millwood, defrauded his master of £200, was taken alarmingly ill, and in an interview with his physician, Dr. Barrowby, confessed the whole of the circumstances, from a conscience-stricken feeling produced by seeing Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in the principal characters of Lillo's tragedy. The doctor communicated the case to the youth's father, who paid the money instantly; the son recovered, and became an eminent merchant, and a good Christian. In a letter from Ross to a friend, dated the 30th of August,

1787, are these words:—"Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had, for nine or ten years, at my benefit a note sealed up, with ten guineas, and these words: 'A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of George Barnewell.'" Dr. Barrowby, with reference to the incident, said to Ross, in the greenroom, "You have done some good in your profession—more perhaps than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday."

During the run of the popular drama of "The Maid and the Magpie" at Drury-lane and Covent Garden in 1815, a servant girl in the gallery at one of the theatres was so overcome by the natural pathos of the actress who personated *Annette*, and her protestations of innocence, that she exclaimed, "Let her go! I stole the spoons, and sold them."

The test we are treating of failed once in a signal instance, in the story of Derby and Fisher. These were two gentlemen intimately acquainted. The latter was a dependent on the former, who generously supplied him with the means of living suitable to his birth and education. But Fisher was base and ungrateful. After parting, one evening, with Mr. Derby, at his chambers in the Temple, with all the usual marks of friendship, Fisher contrived to get into the apartments, with an intent to rob and murder his benefactor. This foul scheme he fully accomplished. For some time no suspicion fell on the murderer. He appeared as usual in public places. Soon after, he sat in a side-box during one of Wilks's representations of Hamlet. When the actor repeated the passage which alludes to "guilty creatures sitting at a play," a lady, who happened to be close to Fisher, but without the slightest knowledge of who he was, or premeditation, turned round, and looking him full in the face, said, "I wish the villain who murdered Mr. Derby was here!" It was afterwards ascertained that this was the identical man. The other persons present in the box declared, that neither the speech of the actor, nor the involuntary exclamation of the lady, made the least external impression on the criminal. Fisher, not long after, escaped to Rome, where he professed himself a Roman Catho-

lie, and obtained sanctuary. Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, saw and spoke to him more than thirty years after. He was then one of the connoisseurs, and a dealer in pictures.

The heads of the English actors, without reference to the era or country of the character represented, were for a long time enveloped in huge, full-bottomed periwigs, which shrouded the features, and gave a sameness to the expression, approaching the effect of the ancient classical masks. Hamlet, Macbeth, and Richard, Othello, Romeo, Benedick, or Mercutio, Bajazet or Brutus, Sir Harry Wildair or Lothario, all presented the same ponderous thatching. The fashion was introduced in the reign of Charles II., and continued until about 1730, by which time the restrained Ramillie, the tie, and pig-tail, superseded the heavier adornment. Addison, Congreve, and Steele met at Button's coffee-house in large flowing, flaxen wigs. Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, either on or off the stage, never appeared without them. They figure conspicuously in every portrait of the time. Booth was a classical scholar, conversant with antique busts, coins, and medals. He felt the false taste, but was too indolent to reform it. He and Wilks were known to have bestowed forty guineas each on a wig. Betterton's, as Hamlet, as may be seen in the frontispiece to that play in Rowe's edition, flowed down to the skirts of his coat. Wigs are of ancient date. They were first worn by the Romans to hide baldness or blemish. Those of the Roman ladies were fastened upon a caul of goatskin. Fosbroke says (*Encyclopædia of Antiquities*), "that strange deformity, the judge's wig, first appears as a general genteel fashion in the seventeenth century." Archbishop Tillotson was the first prelate who wore a wig, which was then not unlike the natural hair, and without powder. A letter from Charles II. to the University of Cambridge is still extant, in which he forbids the members to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco, and read their sermons. We are quite certain that not even a decree of the autocratic Star Chamber, had it been in existence, would have induced Sir Isaac Newton to forego the luxury of his pipe; and with respect to the wig interdict, the merry monarch should

have begun by repealing his own "Rowley," the enormous dimensions of which rendered the name generic.

A ludicrous incident occurred on the occasion of Bowen's benefit at the Haymarket, on the 27th of April, 1710, when the presence of four Indian kings was announced as the leading attraction. After they had been duly paraded to all the sights of London, a play was advertised under their especial patronage. The play was "Macbeth;" but Shakespeare, Booth, and Wilks, on this night, played second fiddles. The galleries were crowded to suffocation, to get a look at the swarthy monarchs. The curtain drew up, but the gods, who had full possession of the upper regions, raised an appalling yell of displeasure. The kings were not visible. "We came to see the kings," shouted the celestials; "we have paid our money to see them, and the kings we will have;" whereupon, Wilks, as stage manager, presented himself, and assured them that the kings, the real stars, were in the front box. "Put them where they can be seen, or there shall be no play," roared the malcontents. Wilks assured them that he had nothing on earth so much at heart as their gratification. Accordingly, he ordered out four chairs, and placed the kings, with great ceremony, on the stage, to the intense delight of John Bull, who was resolved to have what he had invested his shilling for, "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," as he demanded and obtained on a future and much more momentous occasion. Something very like a duplicate of this scene occurred in Dublin in 1826, when Sir Walter Scott made a tour through Ireland, and came one night to the theatre, to enjoy his favourite pastime, and sat in the centre of the house with his family, ensconced from the view of the galleries, which did not then, as now, extend round the full area of the audience part. The fact of his presence transpired, and suddenly a tremendous uproar suspended the performance. Abbott, the manager, who was on the stage, came down to the footlights in utter bewilderment, and asked what was the cause of the disturbance. "Sir Walter Scott," shouted five hundred voices. They then demanded to see the great wig-

ard that they might give him a *cead mille faillte*. With exceeding complaisance he shifted his post, came round to the stage-box, where the Viceroy usually sits on command nights, received a real Irish gratulation, made the boys a speech, and then was suffered to go back again under reiterated peals of applause. Is not all this written down, with ample details, in Lockhart's life of his illustrious father-in-law?

Wilks's natural benevolence showed itself on all occasions when an opportunity occurred. He was ever foremost in promoting charitable objects, whether for his own less fortunate countrymen and brethren of the sock, or for others who had no immediate claim. He originated the proposal by which a benefit was granted to assist the parishioners of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to rebuild their church, and the Corinthian portico, so long obscured, but now distinctly seen and admired, stands as a monument of dramatic munificence. The wretched Savage, whose life has been so eloquently written by Dr. Johnson, received many tokens of Wilks's generosity. This reprobate was most probably an impostor also. His idle courses or ill-fortune reduced him to such distress that sometimes he slept on a bulk in the street, or was glad to creep into the theatre and seek a dog's bed between the scenes. Wilks took him by the hand, obtained for him more than one benefit, and called upon his reputed mother, Mrs. Brett, formerly Countess of Macclesfield, to rouse, if possible, her compassion. Such was his insinuating address that he actually extorted from her sixty guineas. She even promised one hundred and fifty more, but, being engaged in the bubble speculations of the time, she soon lost so much money by the South Sea scheme, that she made that the excuse for not keeping her word. At the same time she assured Wilks that Savage was not her son; that he was palmed upon her for the child, by Lord Rivers, which she had put out to nurse, and knew to be dead; and that she could never acknowledge a pretender in the character he claimed. This might be true or false; it might be a real conviction or a fabricated excuse. Her giving the money to Wilks has been set down as a decisive proof of the

latter. It amounts, at the best, to no more than presumptive evidence. Savage's story was generally believed, and the eloquence of an accomplished pleader, such as Wilks, might surely obtain sixty guineas from a gay and wealthy lady of damaged reputation, in the hope of softening down an enduring scandal. Many people have paid money to get rid of offensive charges of which they were innocent. Why then should not the memory of this ill-conditioned woman have the benefit of the doubt accorded to even greater criminals, and which palliates, if it does not efface, an example of very unnatural barbarity, otherwise difficult to believe or comprehend?

In 1708 or 9, Cibber, Doggett, Wilks, and Mrs. Oldfield were associated in a patent, as being the leading representatives of the English stage. Betterton was nearly on the shelf, and Booth had not then reached the eminence he afterwards attained, and which received its pedestal from his performance of Cato, in 1712. The triumvirate bought up the lady's interest for a secured salary of three hundred guineas per annum, and a benefit clear of all charges. For some time, the new management worked together harmoniously and prosperously; but, by-and-by, they fell out, and many of the best actors left them, and enlisted under rival banners. A promise of increased salary and promotion in parts was the true cause of their secession, and not dislike to Wilks's tyranny, as Cibber avers. Ryan chose £5 per week at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, with the part of Hamlet, in preference to Laertes, and fifty shillings at Drury-lane. Quin preferred the same double pay, with Tamerlane and Brutus, instead of the Dervise and Trebonius. Wilks was the Achilles of the confederate leaders, and, according to Cibber, as imperious, hot-headed, and absolute as that renowned firebrand. It appears certain that his temper was warm, and his rule coercive; but he was the most popular of the three with those who worked under them—as an officer is always held in esteem by the soldiers, who, while he makes them do their duty, sets the example of punctiliously performing his own. Cibber's heart was at the gaming table, and Doggett's on the stock ex-

change; while Wilks's entire energies were centred in his profession. The love of acting and the enjoyment of popular applause were as necessary to his existence as the circulation of his blood. Cibber, after maintaining that Wilks's violence drove Doggett from the stage, and forced eight of their most effective rank and file to go over to the enemy, makes a laboured and qualified *amende*, as follows:—"If, therefore, I have been obliged to show the temper of Wilks in its natural complexion, ought I not, in balance of his imperfections, to say, at the same time, of him that, if he was not the most careful or judicious, yet—as Hamlet says of the king, his father—'take him for all in all,' he was certainly the most diligent, most laborious, and most useful actor that I have ever seen upon the stage in fifty years."

Hear, now, honest prompter Downes (Rocius Anglicanus, who is quaint but unprejudiced:—"Mr. Wilks, proper and comely in person, of graceful port, mien, and air; void of affectation; his elevations and cadencies just—congruent to elocution, especially in genteel comedy, and not inferior in tragedy. The emission of his words free, easy, and natural; commanding alternately vehement applause and attentive silence in his audience (I mean the judicious) except where there are unnatural rants, as—

'I'll mount the sky,
And kick the gods like footballs, as I fly.'

As Poet Durfey has it,—

'Which put the voice to such obstreperous
stretch,

Requires the lungs of a smith's bellows to
reach.'

He is, indeed, a finished copy of his famous predecessor, Mr. Charles Hart."

Wilks often regretted that in tragedy he had not the full and strong voice of Booth to command and grace his periods with. But Booth used to say that if his ear had been equal to it, Wilks had voice enough to have reached higher excellence in tragedy than he attained. In sorrow, tenderness, or resignation, Wilks excelled Booth; but in the turbulent transports of the heart, Booth again bore the palm, and left all competition behind him. Actors are not remark-

able for landing each other. Garrick qualified his warmest eulogiums with such drawbacks as, "Well, now—yes; it was good, but still," &c. Of King's Lord Ogleby, he said, "A clever piece of acting, certainly, but not exactly *my* Lord Ogleby." The Kembles praised no one but themselves. John said of Edmund Kean, "This strange little man is painfully in earnest;" and Charles said of Young, "There's the great Zanga of the day for you." Macready sneered at Edmund Kean, and Edmund Kean called Macready a humbug. Downton refused to subscribe when a goblet was voted to Kean for his Sir Giles Overreach, and said it ought to be given to Joe Manden for his Marall. "You may cup Mr. Kean if you like," he added, "but you shall not bleed me." He wanted to play Sir Giles himself, which he asserted was a comic character, and never rested until the committee gave the town an opportunity of enjoying a hearty laugh at his Shylock. They tittered throughout, but the mirth reached its climax when he fainted in the arms of two attendant Jews, in the trial scene, on being told that he must "presently become a Christian." Downton also undervalued Farren's Lord Ogleby, which he fancied he could hit off more delicately, while nature with her own hand had stereotyped him for Mr. Sterling. Such are the vagaries of genius, blinded by vanity, which are equally mournful and unaccountable. Wilks *did* sometimes praise Booth, but Booth was never known to commend Wilks. He even disparaged him in Sir Harry Wildair. Cibber says, satirically, "If the judgment of the crowd were infallible, if applause and full houses are true tests of merit, I am afraid we shall be reduced to allow that the "Peggar's Opera," was the best written play, and Sir Harry Wildair, as Wilks played it, the best acted part that ever our English theatre had to boast of."

During Booth's inability to act, which lasted from 1729 until his death in 1733, Wilks was called upon to play two of his parts, Jaffier and Lord Hastings. Booth was, at times, in all other respects, except his inability to go on the stage, in good health, and went amongst the players for his amusement. Curiosity drew him to

the theatre when Wilks acted these characters, in which he had himself appeared with uncommon lustre. All the world admired Wilks, except his brother manager. Amidst the repeated bursts of applause he elicited, Booth sat in gloomy silence.

In 1721, Dryden's tragedy of "Aurungzebe," was reproduced with a powerful cast, and commanded five repetitions. Wilks, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter sustained the principal parts. Booth subdued the savage fierceness of Morat purposely. He was considered tame because he slurred some of the bombastic rant by which the character is disfigured. Wilks won superior credit in Aurungzebe, particularly in the speech on the vicissitudes and disappointments of life, perhaps the best specimen we have of the rhyming, tragic verse, so much the fashion of Dryden's day, which he freely indulged and defended in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry." The lines are little remembered now, and are worth revival, not only for their intrinsic merit, but as a sample of an obsolete style:—

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the
deceit;
Trust on, in hopes to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's false than the former day;
Lies more, and when it says we shall be
bless'd
With newer joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange cozenage! None would live past
years again—
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain;
And from the dreary life look to receive
What the first sprightly runnings cannot
give.
I'm tir'd of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us, young, and beggars us
when old."

Addison pronounced these lines the best in the play, and equal to many celebrated passages in Shakespeare. Dr. Johnson considered the reply of Normahul, on the opposite side of the question, as equal in poetry, and superior in logic:—

"'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue:
It pays our hopes with something ever
new.
Each day's a mistress unenjoy'd before;
Like travellers, we are pleas'd with something
more."

Did you but know what joys your way
attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's
end."

Wilks was fortunate in original parts, the great stepping stones of every actor's career. In his favourite line of high comedy, in addition to Farquhar's Archers, Mirabels, Plumes, and Wildairs, enough of themselves to make a rising actor, he had Carlos in "Love makes a Man," Sir Charles Easy in the "Careless Husband," Clerimont in the "Tender Husband," Careless in the "Double Gallant," Don Felix in the "Wonder," and Sir George Airy in the "Busy Body." The latter he considered much below his mark, and the whole play so milk-and-waterish, that he threw down his part at rehearsal, and exclaimed that no audience could endure such stuff for half an hour. His best efforts in tragedy were Hamlet, Castalio, Jaffier, Edgar, Macduff, and the Prince of Wales. He gave great importance to the short part of Buckingham in "Henry the Eighth," and was much admired in Mark Antony. In Lord Townly ("Provoked Husband"), produced in 1728, he was supposed to have been unequalled, even by Garrick or Barry. In the last scene, with Lady Townly, when he reproaches her with her faults, determines on a separation, and finally forgives her on repentance, he mingled a refined tenderness with his anger which moved the audience to tears, and produced an effect that no subsequent representative has ever reached. The history of this comedy, the joint production of Cibber and Vanburgh, is curious. Cibber's enemies, who had not forgiven the success of the "Non-juror," were determined to damn the "Provoked Husband," and they nearly succeeded. The interruptions were numerous; and, during the fourth act, the hisses so preponderated that the actors paused, and with difficulty succeeded in overpowering the storm. The next day the papers unanimously announced a failure. Nevertheless, such was the inherent vitality of the piece, that it was acted for twenty-eight successive nights, and left off to a receipt of £140, which could not be said of any new play throughout the preceding fifty years. The "Provoked Husband" is still on the acting list, despite the utter revolutions of times

and manners, and the coarseness of the comic characters. Sir Francis Wronghead's account of his saying *ay* in the House of Commons, when he should have said *no*, is a rich stroke of humour, which seems to have been suggested by an anecdote which Burnet relates of Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, who was a personal favourite with Charles the Second. On some important question he voted in opposition to the Court, for which the King chid him severely. The next day he trimmed, and voted as his Majesty wished. The King took notice of it at night, and said, complacently, "You were not against me to-day." "No, Sir," said Harley, "I was against my conscience to-day." This was so drily delivered that the King laughed heartily, and the joke furnished conversation for some time after.

In 1732, his last season, Wilks appeared as Lord Modely, in the "Modish Couple," and as Bellamont in the "Modern Husband," two gay men of fashion in new plays. He still retained his youthful parts, and acted, for the last time, Carlos, in the "Mistake," on the 15th of May, the concluding night of the regular season, four months only before his death. He never appears to have contemplated retirement, and may literally be said to have died in harness. Even when his physical powers exhibited the inroads of time, his elasticity of spirit soared above bodily decay, and to the last his eye sparkled, his step bounded, and his genius flashed when he faced the footlights and listened to the never-failing applause. Such are the excitements which enable enthusiastic actors to forget, for the moment, gout, rheumatism, or lumbago, and to rise victorious over the thousand enfeebling ailments that flesh is heir to. Davies writes : "In 'Love for Love,' I saw Wilks, in his old age, play Valentine with all the spirit and fire of youth." An eminent critic, speaking of this great artist, in 1729, said, "Whatever he did upon the stage, let it be ever so trifling, whether it consisted in putting on his gloves, looking at his watch,olling on his cane, or taking a pinch of snuff—every movement was marked with such an ease of breeding and manner—every thing told so strongly the involuntary motion of a gentleman, that it was

impossible to consider the character he represented in any other light than that of reality. But, what was still more surprising, that person who could thus delight an audience by the gaiety and sprightliness of his manner, I met the next day in the street, hobbling to a hackney coach, seemingly so enfeebled by age and infirmities that I could scarcely believe him to be the same man."

Robert Wilks died on the 27th of September, 1732, and according to the three given dates of his birth, aged either sixty-seven, sixty-six, or sixty-two. He was interred in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where a monument was erected to him by his widow. At his own request he was buried at midnight, to avoid ostentation; yet this peculiar honour was paid to his memory, that the gentlemen of the choir belonging to the royal chapel came voluntarily and performed an anthem prepared for the occasion. Wilks was thrice married, and always unambitiously, from affection rather than interest. His second wife was Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Ferdinand Knapton, town clerk of Southampton and Steward of the New Forest. Respectable fortunes had been left to this lady and her two sisters, but, through some mismanagement, they were lost, and the three were compelled to work as dressmakers for a livelihood. The second Mrs. Wilks bore him eight children, who all died in infancy. His eldest daughter, Frances, by his first wife, married a Captain Price; she also died, of small pox, before she was twenty, and in the same year with her mother-in-law, 1714. After remaining a widower for seven years, Wilks united himself to Mrs. Mary Fell, relict of Charles Fell, Esq., of an ancient family in Lancashire, who survived him. She, too, was in reduced circumstances, and had to maintain herself and children by the needle. Wilks having bought some linen for shirts, requested an acquaintance to get them made by a good sempstress, and they were given to Mrs. Fell. When half-a-dozen were sent home, Wilks was so pleased with the niceness of the work that he requested the gentlewoman to bring the remainder herself. This she did, and an acquaintance thereupon commenced which wound up in a happy

marriage. Not long after, a friend asked him how, with his position and means, he could sacrifice himself to a woman who had nothing. The reply was characteristic. "Sir, as Providence has been pleased to give me a competency sufficient to maintain myself and a family, could I do better than take to my arms an amiable and virtuous lady who wanted that blessing? Love was the only motive that prompted me, and the circumstances she was in rather serve to increase my affection; and as I am fully convinced our regard is reciprocal, there will be no room for complaint on either side. I shall look upon her children as my own; they shall want nothing that is desirable, nor am I under any apprehension of their not discharging a filial duty to me, since they have been educated in the best principles." By his last will he left his widow sole executrix and legatee, bequeathing to her all he possessed, which consisted chiefly of his house, plate, and furniture, in Bow-street, and his interest in a new patent, dating from the 1st of September,

1732. Wilks seems to have carried his generosity too far. A man who, for more than twenty years, had been in the receipt of £1,000 per annum should have realized enough to leave his widow in a more affluent condition. The *London Magazine* for December, 1732, said—"The case of Mrs. Wilks deserves the utmost concern. The humane temper and universal benevolence of her late husband left her little, besides her share in the patent, for her support."

We here close our memoir of Robert Wilks, who appears to have possessed many admirable qualities as a man, and to have ranked justly amongst the greatest actors of his age. His fame stood higher with his contemporaries than it does with posterity. But living estimation is of more value to the object of it than posthumous praise; it smooths the rough paths of life, encourages the labourer in his task, assures him that he toils not in vain, and gives him payment in substantial cash rather than in doubtful promissory notes.

ALPHONSE KARR ; OR, SOME AMENITIES OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

"INGENUAS didiscisse," &c., is a proverb, the exceptions to which would outweigh the rule when applied to the sayings and doings of authors by profession. The uncomplimentary remarks of politicians and rival haberdashers on each other, want colour when placed beside those that issue from the pens of novelists, dramatists, and literary critics. The will and venom of the first two classes may be as strong to inflict annoyance, but the vehicle is unfamiliar to them. Were the contest to be carried on *vis à vis*, they would, doubtless, acquit themselves effectively; but in stereotyping what should be given off in earnest heat, the animus, the zest, and the aroma, are lost; and the *littera scripta*, though bitter, is as flat as soda-water when the carbonic acid has escaped. *Bob Acres* was sensible of this inherent defect in a written challenge, when he begged leave of *Sir Lucius* to begin his warlike missive with an oath. But your man of letters is more accustomed to ease his mind and heart by the pen than the tongue;

and, consequently, the spirit and substance of his invective produce the combined effect of the painting and the varnish of a stirring subject, or the mingled flavour of grape juice and carbonic acid in champagne.

There occasionally occur among our men of letters some pretty fencing matches, but they want the airiness and pungency of the little controversies that arise among their brethren of the palette and the steel pen in Paris. On our side the *Manche* it is a battle of broad-swords or clubs; on the other, the fight is waged with feather-tipped arrows, sharp-pointed, swift, and sure.

Whatever quarrels the mere man of letters may have to maintain, the number is insignificant compared with the hostile affairs of those who appoint themselves arbiters in matters political or literary. And as no Parisian sets any value on his incognito, the idea of "battle and conflict" cannot be absent a moment from the critic's mind when penning his charge.

Alphonse Karr kept literary people

and those in authority in hot water, from about 1839 to the Revolution of February, by the monthly issue of his "Guepes" (wasps). The separate subjects were headed by different portions of this insect—here the head, there a wing, then a leg, &c. The cover of one *livraison* was illustrated by a scene in a court, with Karr as plaintiff, and his *éditeur* publisher as defendant. The magistrate, holding a large wasp by the leg, and wielding a broad-bladed scimitar, is about to separate the animal and give a wing and its appurtenances to each pleader. The ambitious and ill-tempered Emile de Girardin, in the *Press*, and Jules Janin in the *Debats*, galled many a nervous novelist, and more than one duel ensued. In one of these Armand Carrel of the *National*, was slain by Girardin the Great, the inventor of monster placards. Alexander Dumas (ipse teste) was a grand figure in both revolutions. Madame Ducloux carried pistols in the pocket of her peloton during the royal rejection of 1818.

Eugene Jacquot, of Mirécourt in Lorraine, having suffered many privations incident to the life of an unknown writer, presents the manuscript of "Marion de Lorraine" to the Jupiter of the *Presse*, who inclines to receive it, if he consents to subscribe "Alexander Dumas" at the end of each feuilleton. Even hunger cannot bend his spirit to such a degradation. So he carries his copy to the offices of other papers, but finds one occupied by "Les Médiés," another by "Une Fille du Regent," and the next by "La Guerre des Femmes," and all believed to be written by Dumas. Maddened by distress and resentment, he composes and gets printed, in a few days, "La Fabrique des Romans, Alexandre Dumas et Cie.," in which he apportions most of Dumas' stories to Florentino, Paul Membré, Madeleine, Auguste Maquet, Conillat, &c.

This is more than the dark and hot blood of the Great Alexander can bear. He brings Eugene before the nearest magistrate, and gets him imprisoned for fifteen days, the sympathy of the public being entirely with the prisoner, and the judge giving as little satisfaction as the law would permit to the plaintiff. During his forced repose he prepares another rod for his oppressor, and scourges him,

and Emile de Girardin, Eugene Sue, Louis Veron, and others of the sensational and irreligious school, looking on his occasional imprisonments with supreme indifference. The years 1855, '6, and '7, witnessed the chief issue of the *Contemporain*, in which he lauded with considerable justice many living literary celebrities, and belaboured others without the slightest compunction. Though a sincere Churchman, and moral head of a family, he handled Proudhon, as to personal character, with much gentleness, and had sundry good words to say for Paul de Kock, who, while meandering along his slippery path, and attended by sundry disreputable characters, never gave utterance to unseemly language against religion or its ministers. Among those on whom he was most severe—Girardin, Dumas, and Eugene Sue—he classed Veuillot, the religious champion *par excellence*, thus proving that he was no mere partizan. He implied that Dumas, high talk notwithstanding, had little personal courage, and presented a couple of his duels *pour rire* in a very laughable light.

It being our intention to enter into a few details concerning some of the literary celebrities that flourished during the period here introduced—to speak more definitely, from the revolution of July to the issue of "Les Contemporains," we resume the subject of Alphonse Karr, already introduced.

This eccentric and clever novelist was born in Munich, in 1808, where his parents, who had been settled in Paris since 1802, were on a visit. Henri Karr, his father, a German by birth, was a distinguished musician, employed by the great house of Erard to make their pianos exhibit their fine qualities, during the visits of intending purchasers. During his stay with them he contended for the honour of the house against Thalberg; and when that great musician ceased, "to the brilliant harmony to which the visitors had just been listening, succeeded sweet and limpid variations on the air so well known *Il pleut, il pleut, berceur*. Henri Karr had skillfully chosen this theme, which the wonderful perfection of the upright piano enabled him to render with the most exquisite delicacy. You would have called it a shower of pearls, a

cascade of diamonds. Never did the thrillings of the nightingale more deliciously wake the echoes of the evening when the orange trees are in flower, when the breeze is warm, and when the bright stars sparkle in the deep azure."

Marie Louise intended to decorate him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, but Waterloo prevented that and many other things. It was conferred on his son Alphonse, in 1842, but he at once attached it to his father's coat, and there it remained till his death in the following year.

Alphonse's career at school was wayward enough. He would not attend to the ordinary lessons in Sallust, or Virgil, or Xenophon, but would earnestly study other classic authors, or perhaps passages in those school-books, but not the lessons appointed for the day. Cuboche, his teacher, often espying him intent on some book in business hours, would make a descent on it, hoping to secure one of the disreputable romances of Pigault Lebrun or Crebillon Fils, but would find instead, a copy of Claudian, Terence, Horace, or Tibullus. Detentions in abundance were his lot, but his pockets were full of the Latin poets, and he laughed at confinement.

Being appointed regent of a class in the College Bourbon soon after the days of July, the overseer began to find little scholastic duty achieved in the division, though there was an absence of turbulence, and on any unexpected visit he found a general air of attention pervading the desks. To find the solution of the enigma he resorted to an expedient more frequent in French than English novels—applied his ear to the key-hole. The young teacher was delivering a lecture, and this is the portion that was heard by the astonished listener:—

"We find a great analogy between Lucian, author of the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' and one of the great writers of whom France is justly proud: I speak of Voltaire. We remark in the Greek author the same finesse, the same excellence, the same force of irony. You are yet too young to have read Voltaire. What do I see? Many of you shaking your heads." "Eh! what confounded *amphigouri* (rambling discourse) is he daring to deliver to the pupils?" murmured the indiscreet censor, with his ear still applied to the key-hole. "It is only right, my friends," added the orator, "to convince

you of the truth of the parallel I have announced. Before explaining the first 'Dialogue of the Dead,' we must read together one of the finest stories of the giant-literature of the eighteenth century. This tale is called"—"Eh, parbleu!" said the listener, "this is becoming too strong."

So, without disturbing the interesting exposition, he betook himself to the superior; and the self-willed "regent of the fifth" found that he could not with impunity turn aside from the programme of official studies to read the stories of Voltaire to his pupils.

Karr Senior was very much chagrined at his son's rupture with the university; and as he would not be satisfied with delivering lectures of a normal and edifying character, the paternal purse was closed, and he betook himself to a garret in the Rue des Fosses St. Victor, and the composition of poetic tales. He had a comrade nearly as poor as himself, and their furniture consisted of one bed, one deal table, and two chairs. Each acted servant in turn, and performed *courses* in the morning for the purchase of bread, groceries, and sausages, and for making a provision of water from the next fountain. Occasionally when the sun's rays roused them to action, he who had enjoyed the dignity of master the previous day, would fancy he had acted slave, and a laughable contest would ensue before he set forth on his quests.

They were much disturbed by the lodger of the floor underneath whose delight lay in blowing melancholy music from a flute the long, long hours of the day. They expostulated with him to no purpose. So Alphonse, one day that his chum happened to be away, commissioned an Auvergnat water-carrier to fetch up a few tubs of water, and empty them on the floor. This being accomplished he stood in the doorway, and amused himself making casts with a fishing line on the diminishing lake. The notes from the next floor began to exhibit alarm, then ceased altogether, and the melomaniac rushing up stairs, exclaimed—

"Monsieur, Monsieur, it's outrageous! The water is coming down on me in streams."

"That's no concern of mine," said his tormentor. "You delight in

Alphonse Karr, imbued with the corrupt spirit of French literature, has drawn as delightful pictures of the domestic virtues, of purity of soul, of sincere affection, and unaffected piety as it has been our good-fortune to meet ; and for examples we refer to the books quoted, one only of which, the "Alain Family," has been rendered into English.

On one of his early productions, not of the character of those above-named, a brother critic, M. de Molènes, remarked :—

"This is a genuine effusion of youth. We find in it that fever of the heart of which the patient is cured in time, after swallowing many a bitter potion. The sources of gaiety are fresh and abundant. The suns of May and the glances of young maidens shed incessant light, and from many a page are exhaled the sweet odours of spring. Real poesie is there to be found ; not that nymph indeed whose feet rarely touch aught except the wavy summits of clouds, but she whose weary feet have wandered over the earth, and who has left so many stripes of her robe and drops of her blood on the bushes that fringed her path. . . . For the time the writer is a musician, who is executing a fantastic and irregular melody on the keyboard of the human soul. Everything that fills the heart with accords, from the silvery ring of infancy long past, even to the melancholy and harsh notes of advanced age, joyous sounds and wailing chords clash with, or succeed each other without order or continuity, but in a fashion which disturbs and seduces. Works of this nature are rather allied to the sensuous art of music than to the severe and abstract art of the writer. They suggest the charms of essences, for they possess the magic power, the intoxicating fumes, and the dreamy delight of the nargille."

This is the style in which Karr speaks of first love, that love which is felt by honest and unhackneyed hearts :—

"Hortensia soon reached the spot where her lover stood. She was much affected, and could scarcely speak. Surely any one who could have listened to the discourse of the lovers, would have thought them a ridiculous pair, so inflated and full of anecdote were the little speeches of Fernand, and the few words that escaped Hortensia. But those who retain recollection of the youth can feel what divine harmonies resound in the hearts of two young people while uttering stupidities, and how their mere accent mutually inflames them with a heavenly ecstacy, from which they cannot be drawn away by the foolish and unrea-

soning phrases by which they vainly endeavour to convey to each other their new and blissful emotions."

Karr's country scenes are painted with much delicacy, and a thorough appreciation of all the charm produced by solitude, fine weather, and river scenery. These scenes enlivened, and, as it were, consecrated by such love as is to be found in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, are among the finest things to be found in fictional literature. Those who do not care to put themselves to the trouble of recovering their half-forgotten French, may procure the translation of the "Famille Alain," for coast and country scenes, for charming pictures of probity and the domestic virtues in the families of peasants and fishermen, and a strain of morality not exceeded by any to be found in the pages of our best English novelists.

The puns and conundrums so dear to him generally come from the mouth of some pretentious *imbécile*, who watches every phrase of a conversation to introduce them. Here are a few for the execration of those who do not require a *calembour* to be translated.

"Why was NAPOLEON defeated?" "Because he had des *N mis* before and behind."

"How would you prepare a nice dish of fish from caillies (quail)?" "Fire on them, and if you don't miss your aim they will be des *truites* (destruited)."

"Why am I glad to rest myself after my walk?" "Because I have Vingt cinq shoes." "How is that?" "Vingt cinq is *neuf*, et treize, et trois (neufs et très étroits)."

In one of the "Gaietés" he begged the government to make shaking carpets out of windows a capital offence, for there were so many infractions of the law forbidding the practice that the executive or administrative had no time to attend to any serious concerns. In another he thus spoke of Louis Philippe's notable project :—

"*Après* of the fortifications of Paris, which will not be completed in less than six or eight years (this was in 1840), we are tempted to recall to memory the miserly lord, who, hearing that his pages were ill-supplied with linen, was touched with compassion. 'Alas,' cried he, 'the poor boys!' He called his gardener and bade him sow some hemp seed at once. Some of the pages could not help smiling. 'Ah, the little rogues!' added he, 'how pleased they look! they're going to have new shirts.'"

At that period the people would have the Marseillaise sung or played on all occasions, and many were the disagreements between them and the *sergens de ville* in consequence. Karr recommended that it should be played five quarters of an hour in the theatre before it was asked for at all, and they would soon get tired of it, adding—

"I would wager that if the prefect of police only forbids the people from going on all fours in the street, he will find, the day after to-morrow, numbers prepared to resist this arbitrary ordonnance with surprising enthusiasm."

His own personality was never long kept out of sight in the journal. He thus gave the history of his portrait being taken:—

"Two years ago, Celestin Nanteuil was sent to take my likeness for some gallery or other. He did not find me at home, neither did another gentleman who called at the same time. There was a good fire, and cigars. At the third cigar, said M. Nanteuil, 'It is half-past eleven.' 'Thirty-five minutes,' said the other. 'He is not coming.' 'He is not coming.' 'Monsieur is a literary man?' 'No; I am a painter. I come to take M. Karr's portrait.' 'It is unfortunate that he is not at home.' 'Oh, it's not much matter. I've often seen him, and at a pinch, I can paint him from memory. There is only one thing to embarrass me: I do not know whether his hair is short or long.' 'Oh, very short.' 'Very good. That's his dressing gown, I think,' pointing to a black velvet frock. 'I shall sketch it.' It was put on a chair, but the folds did not adjust themselves gracefully. 'This will never do. Monsieur, if I might take the liberty!' 'With pleasure.' 'Would you kindly put on the dressing gown, so that the folds may fall better. Capital! I think your hair resembles his in colour.' 'His is not so dark.' 'No matter; it's easy to darken it. The hair is done. Now for the eyes. What colour?' 'Don't know. Blue or green, may be.' 'Oh, stuff! Your's are black, but what matter. Aren't his moustaches rather long?' 'Yes.' 'Faith this ought to be like.' 'To whom?' 'To him.' 'But it is I who have sat for it.' 'It would be worse if no one sat. Will you wait longer?' 'Oh, yes; and you?' 'No, no; my sketch is made. Oblige me by acquainting M. Karr that I waited a long time.' 'He will be very sorry.' 'Allow me (lights his cigar). The honour to salute you!' 'Sir, your servant.'"

Armand de Pontmartin, a living literary critic and novelist, gives us some broad hints as to the amount of

dependence to be placed on the tendency of a notice by Karr, or even the Nestor of the press, Jules Janin, even by a neophyte, to whom otherwise they would delight to do a friendly office.

"The procedure of *Julio* (Jules Janin) resembles that of more than one great musical professor, who undertakes to treat his audience to a portion of Lucia, of William Tell, or the Huguenots. At first you get some impression of Donizetti, of Rossini, of Mayerbeer; but take care! The great man begins to be full of himself, the notes rain down, the triple crotchets rush in torrents; it is a shower, an avalanche, a torrent. The floods have rushed down on the head of the original idea, drowned it, and swept it away. Thus does *Julio*. By way of pacifying his conscience, he writes on the first page the name of the author and the title of the work, and then let him save himself who can! He goes from one variation to another in French and Latin; and so eccentric is his course, that you neither know where you are, nor where you are going, nor what is the subject in question. Apropos of a medley at the Gymnase, he will recount the second Punic War, and a buffoonery at the Palais Royal will serve for pretext to cite a passage from Xenophon. Still an excellent old boy, and overflowing with talent, provided you ask him not for the impossible. The impossible with *Julio* is to declare his opinion clearly and concisely on the subject in hand, or to remember in the morning his judgment of the evening before. He attends a piece, he is delighted, he says to the author, 'it is charming. You will be pleased with my Monday's notice of it.' He goes to his desk. What's this? The wind is from the north; the soap-bubble floats to the right; it floats to the left. Away goes the pen; it takes the bride between its teeth, the praise is spilled into the first drain, the epigram is lord of the race. The poor author, praised to the skies on Wednesday, complimented on Sunday, is left prostrate on Monday. It is not the fault of the feuilletonist; it is the fault of the feuilleton, which has mistaken the mustard for the honey pot. Another time he'll be more attentive. It is all the fault of the grinding organ that has disturbed his nerves, of the blue bottle buzzing at the window, the idea that has escaped to the ceiling, the appropriate phrase that has hid itself under the grate. The author is in despair, but *Julio* is blameless."

The line adopted by Janin is precisely that which our hero would take if his occupation consisted of pure criticism. It was our intention to enter upon some of the literary squabbles of the Girardins, the Dumases,

the Victor Hugos, the George Sands, and the doings at the coteries; but we have unwitting loitered on the way with the eccentric subject of our notice, and may complete our design at some more favourable opportunity. These writers, of whom we have been speaking are all falling into age and neglect, and the rising generation are beginning to look on their works as we regard the novels of Lord Mulgrave, Robert Plomer Ward, Hon. Mr. Lyster, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore, Lady Bury, and, alas! Sir Edward Bulwer himself. We can scarcely reconcile our-

selves to the new men, the new women, and their new works. In point of genius they seem short of the standard of their predecessors, and they seem equally indifferent to the moral effect of their productions. With both races (due exceptions made) the only thing proposed was the production of a tale, that, from its exciting character, and the sympathy it should excite among a reading public hankering after forbidden fruit, would cause a large and eager demand for the narrative as it appeared piecemeal in the *Siècle*, the *Presse*, or the *Débats*.

FITZGERALD'S LIFE OF STERNE.

TILL these volumes* appeared, England possessed no biography of one of the quaintest and most fascinating of her humorists. We adopt for convenience the term humorist, and Mr. Thackeray's doubtful limitation of the phrase. Why so capital an omission has remained for so long unsupplied is a point admitting of many conjectural solutions. The fact is enough for us, and that Mr. Fitzgerald has adequately filled a great blank in the gallery of our national literary portraiture we shall presently demonstrate. A series of contributions from his pen upon the subject of this biography appeared in successive numbers of this Magazine. The material which they supplied has been embodied in the narrative. It shall be, however, from that larger portion of the work which has never seen the light in any shape or disguise previously to its appearance in its present form that we shall derive the extracts we mean to submit, and the thesis of our commentary. As a subject for a biography, nothing could be more effective than Sterne. It was Mr. Forster who very happily entitled the first edition of his charming memoirs, *The "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith"*; a title which he afterwards modified into the more staid "*Life and Times of Goldsmith*." But Sterne's odd existence was indeed a tissue of strange adventures. Extravagant loves, gipsy rambles, awkward scrapes, social triumphs, and

strange complications. He was hampered by his cloth, and the gown of which his cloth was made. But though this was a fatal embarrassment in a biographical view, it makes the situations more dramatic. And one of the most welcome conclusions which we are led to draw, after closing these volumes, is that Mr. Sterne's existence was even more Shandean than his "Shandy;" and that the books he wrote, and the extravagances he penned, were not, as has been always insinuated, "patches on the harlequin's jacket," flung aside as soon as the pantomime was over. It is comforting to those who love to know deceased men of letters as they do personal friends; to feel interest and sympathy for their ways and habits, to love them as some are led to love even the Johnson of Boswell; it is comforting, we say, to feel, that Sterne corresponds with his books; and that his life and temper reflected Shandeanism as much as "Tristram."

More valuable still are these volumes as a refutation of what may be called the unaccountable prejudices of the late Mr. Thackeray. We are glad that no affectation of forced delicacy has prevented Mr. Fitzgerald doing what was his duty in this case; and that the prevailing tone of sympathy and sentiment for the loss of one great humorist, whom the nation is now lamenting, has not stood in the way of justice to the memory of a greater master of humour. At the

* "*Life of Laurence Sterne*." By Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., M.R.L.A. London: Chapman and Hall.

We have been favoured with early sheets of the work, on which we rely for our notice.

same time the task has been done with a scrupulous delicacy, and even gentleness, worthy of all praise. The warmest and most sensitive of the author of "Vanity Fair's" friends, could not object to the calm and even tender fashion in which what we may call the monstrous image he set up of the great Shandean has been cast down.

In truth this strange view of Mr. Thackeray approached almost to a "phobia." The name of Sterne seemed to have the effect of infuriating him like a piece of scarlet cloth. In the *Cornhill Magazine* he came back again and again to the subject. He tossed and gored the unhappy Yorick—called him "sniveller," "mountebank," "wretched, worn-out old scamp," "driveller," "a street tumbler," a "great jester, not a great humorist." Long after, in his reading, he lighted on a story to the Shandean's prejudice. Forthwith he rushed into a "Roundabout" apropos of "Boots," and printed it. It seems unaccountable in one who was so great a humorist himself; who had the large faith of a humorist, and the warm and generous admiration for Fielding, and Smollett, and Goldsmith.

Even the "Lecture" on English Humorists, besides its mistaken *tone*, is shown to be full of serious mistakes; though the author of this biography has considerably put by his corrections, as it were, in a private place, and banished them to the Appendix.

Of Sterne's character, Mr. Fitzgerald gives us, with the freedom of conversation, and the conciseness of an epitaph, his own masculine and vivid estimate, at the close of his "life." It carries with it the weight of the vast mass of evidence which he has accumulated, and the writer delivers it with the matured convictions, and the judicial balancing, which befits the conflict of testimony and the conspicuous interest of the case. He says:—

"It is strange to think that there were people who might have taken the skull of a second Yorick into their hand, as the Prince of Denmark did that of the first, and have moralized over it sadly. They might have thought of his life, weighed his character, not too partially, but tenderly and with allowance,—as I have striven to do in this memoir to the best of my poor ability,—and

have summed up all, something after this fashion: He was more or less weak, vain, careless, idle, and given to pleasure;—these were his natural faults. He was free of pen and speech—profane sometimes—and did not honour the gown he wore;—these were the general scandals of his time, which seized on him like a contagion. But beside those faults or vices, were the redeeming traits of a generous sympathy and warmth, kind fatherly affection, a careful consideration (wonderful in a careless being) for the pecuniary interests of those for whom it was his duty to provide, a genial humour, and, strange as it may seem, a tone of natural piety. He was unfortunate in his marriage—unfortunate in his friends—unfortunate in the age, which seemed to strive how it should turn his head with flatteries; unfortunate in a frame that was always ailing. His were, in short, as he said over and over again so pathetically, follies of heart and not the head. These hindrances should be kept in view; and, when we would anticipate the task of the Recording Angel, should prompt us not to blot out the entry for ever, but to make a gentle and charitable judgment."

The first characteristic that impresses on reading these volumes is, the enthusiasm, and almost love, with which the author deals with his subject. Many readers will, perhaps, decline to be led to the conclusion desired; but all will appreciate the honest ardour and genuine sympathy with which the task is done. The result is a figure of flesh and blood, that lives, walks, thinks, and stumbles (morally)—that we can take by the hand, that we see with our eyes, that if we condemn, we must at least pity. How much better this than the "dry bones" biographies which have been too much the fashion—stuffed with chaff and husks; of which the recently published life of Warburton is but a sample. All honour to Mr. Forster for being the first to introduce living men on the stage. The art of this style is the presence of an abundance of detail. Detail gives life; but there must be a certain skill and knowledge of detail. Infinitely precious, therefore, become magazine scraps, patches from newspapers, allusions in obscure memoirs, old engravings, and a hundred other sources.

These volumes are, indeed, a series of pictures. There can be no question that the miniature detail and concentration of colour in which he delights are valuable as contributing to picturesque effect, even on so large a

canvas. Everything in these volumes may be said to be new. We are introduced into a new state of society -- to a new inner life. It is pleasant, for instance, to see the old York manners, and the old York ladies and gentlemen, going to the balls given in "Lord Burlington's Assembly-rooms." Pleasant, too, as a picture, is the view of London society when Mr. Sterne "came upon town," his being "hurried off his legs" with great people, his dinners, his routs, his levees in his "lodgings in ye Pall Mall." Pleasantest of all are the pictures of travel in France, which touch a long-forgotten chord, and which no book that we can recollect has dealt with; for there is here a mine of picturesque effect—the diligences, the postillions "in boots like fire-buckets," the wayside inns, the old French houses, and the provincial life of the old French towns, his photograph of Toulouse and Montpellier, in short, the tracing of Mr. Sterne over every inch of ground in the "Sentimental Journey," to his very inns and post-houses. Here, for instance, is a picture of a French *ménage* at Toulouse. A good-natured Gallo-Irish Abbe, M'Arty, found out a suitable residence for Sterne and his family in that town.

"They were lodged delightfully, just outside the town, in a stately house, elegant, charmingly furnished, built in the form of a hotel, with a court in front, and opening behind on pretty gardens laid out in serpentine walks, and considered the finest in the place. These grounds were so large and so much admired, that all the ladies and gentlemen of that quarter used to come and promenade there on the autumn evenings, and were welcome to Mr. Sterne. Inside, there was a fine dining-room and a spacious reception-room—quite as good as Baron d'Holbach's at Paris; three handsome bedrooms with dressing-rooms; and two good rooms below, dedicated to Yorick—where he wrote his adventures. There were cellars in abundance. Mr. Sterne was in raptures with it all—revelled in his seigneurie of such a mansion—thought it only 'too good by half' for us; but felt comfort in the wonderfully moderate rent—only thirty pounds a year! For this modest rent, too, his landlord, M. Sligniac, was to 'keep up' the gardens. Nay, there was a pretty country-house not far off—an old chateau, with a pavilion attached to it—where Mr. Sterne used to write his Shandy's in, and which he christened 'Don Primrose's' in compliment to one of the Crazy Castle set—which M. Sligniac gave him the use of,

when they required it, all for the same modest figure! Something of this is to be accounted for in the cheapness of the times. Even twenty years back, such charming retreats on the edge of a French provincial town, were to be secured by the economic stranger. But something, too, I suspect, must be placed to the account of the tenant's seductive and pleasant ways.

"The whole establishment was organized in a few days. Mr. Sterne loved to revel in this new housekeeping. They had an excellent cook, a *femme-de-chambre*, and 'a good-looking laquais' (François, most likely). He found out that they could live 'for very, very little.' Wood was the only thing dear; and by-and-by they found that, keeping a capital table, two hundred and fifty pounds would be their whole yearly expenditure. He at once put himself on a course of ass's milk three times a day, and began to get strong again."

This is all new and welcome ground, and is full of picturesque detail. The history of "Desseins," that most romantic of inns, is given fully, and is highly curious. We clatter through Calais, through Montreuil, where La Fleur was hired, and we see an host of the hotel which we stayed at, and actually learn his name, and post up to Paris. At Dessein's Hotel, however, we take leave to pause for a short space, and inspect the premises with the pleasant biographer of the sentimental traveller.

"What a tide of travellers has flowed steadily from the packets, since those sentimental times, making awkwardly and timorously for the hotel, and asking in their best damaged French to be shown the cynosure of the establishment, 'Sterne's room.' What endless processions upstairs, preceded by obsequious waiters, until the door, with the inscription in gilt letters, 'Sterne's Room,' is reached! What reverence, what suppressed breathings, what almost palpable visions of the departed humorist! The air seems charged with sentimental aroma, it seems but yesterday he sat in that very chair. The favourite print, too, is over the chimney-piece. A profitable show-room on the whole. People have asked, and paid dearer, for the favour of sleeping in Sterne's chamber; endless reveries, meditations, and general magazine literature, has been concocted there. Nay, only yesterday, as it were, a famous English author passed through—stayed the night at 'Dessein's,' occupied 'Sterne's Room,' dreamt on him, meditated on him, could almost see him sitting there in his black satin smalls, held converse with him, and finally wrote 'a roundabout' on him. Yet see what freaks the imagination will play.

"That pleasant detective traveller of forty

years ago was taken, as usual, into 'Sterne's Room,' number Thirty-one, was shown the Sir Joshua mezzotint over the chimney-piece, and yet was sceptical. The outside of the house was all over-grown with vine-leaves, and the traveller, shrewdly suspecting there might be some record of the date of erection cut on the stone, sent up a man on a ladder to cut away the vine-leaves, an operation which led to the discovery of a tablet—

A.D. 1770.

Alas! just two years too late for the credit of 'Sterne's Room.' This is fatal to all the reverent pilgrimages made for nearly a hundred years back, and, indeed, made every day; fatal, too, to the fine writing and conjuring up of the 'lean, hectic-looking parson' and his 'black satin smalls.*'

"The waiter, however, in no way disconcerted, offered to fix on another room in the house, and call it Sterne's!"

Like those who have "entertained angels unawares," M. Dessein found himself all the better for the chance visit of Yorick.

"Dessein's fame increased. His hotel was 'thought to be the most expensive in Europe.' He offered the traveller Burgundy, the best in his cellar, for five livres, which was declined as being monstrously dear! The monk used to come in until a very recent date, asking alms, being preserved as a sort of imperishable institution. Such a one—gentle, resigned-looking man, almost 'mild, pale, and penetrating'—presented himself to the late Mr. Rogers and his friend, as they were sitting over their wine; and the friend, to the gentle poet's annoyance, made some such speech as Mr. Sterne made to his monk. 'Il faut travailler,' said Mr. Rogers's friend; and the monk, bowing his head meekly, without a word, withdrew. There is intrinsic evidence in all Mr. Sterne's characters and incidents that they are taken from life and experience; but those external proofs which turn up now and again are certain testimonies to his accuracy.

"Mrs. Piozzi must have seen this very famous monk, who she calls Father Felix, and whose 'manners and story,' she says, struck Doctor Johnson exceedingly when he came through. The great moralist pronounced that so complete a character could scarcely be found in romance. He had been, like Mr. Sterne's monk, a soldier; knew English; read Addison and Napier, and played on the violin. He had been there about the year 1772, and was remarkable then; so it does seem likely that he was Mr. Sterne's Father Lorenzo. And Mrs. Piozzi was glad to hear that he was alive, and had only gone into Spain.

"She sat in Dessein's parlour, and wrote

the first pages of her pleasant Tour. Her sketch of Calais, as seen from the window, is a photograph:—"The women in long white cambric cloaks; soldiers with whisks; girls in neat alippers, and short petticoats, contrived to show them; postillions with greasy night-caps and vast jack-boots, driving your carriage, harnessed with ropes, and adorned with sheepskins."

"Frederick Reynolds, in those free-and-easy memoirs which he has left behind him, sets out some droll adventures at Calais. He, too, put up at the famous Dessein's, and burning with veneration for the author of Tristram, actually stopped the Innkeeper on the stairs, to ask him about the great humorist. This was about the year 1775, when Monsieur Dessein was a little advanced in life, and wore a tall and curls of curious size. The youth asked him boldly if he recollected Mr. Sterne. The other answered with a true theatrical pose—"Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von very great man! and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money for his Journey of Sentiment—*mais moi*. I made more through the means of dat dan he by all his *ouvrages r'unis*. Ha!" He then threw himself into a sort of Tristram attitude, placing his forefinger on his breast, said—"Qu'en pensez vous?" and disappeared with mystery. Allowing for the wild, rollicking tone of these recollections, and the exaggeration which is common to the writings of every comedian, from Tate Wilkinson downwards, it does somehow seem to fit the traditional likeness of the host of the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

"Selwyn knew him, and recommended that quasi-daughter of his, Mademoiselle Fagnani, about whom he was nearly crazy, to his care. The wild Duke of Queensberry knew him. In short, everybody knew him. He cleared parcels through the custom-house for his noble friends. And Oliver—the one Oliver—not the stern Puritan, but the gentle Goldy, on that expedition with the Hornecks, before mentioned—came straight to Sterne's Hotel, and put up with Dessein. A famous and delightful humorist, who might surely have given immortality to, at least, a hotel; but that fit of comic jealousy, which he once assumed because the people in the street kept staring at some painted women in a gallery and overlooked him, was but a type of his destiny in life."

While upon the "Sentimental Journey," it may be as well to extinguish one of those false lights, "the Pucks" of biography, as the elder Disraeli happily terms them, who misled the benighted explorer. It is a pity that the criminal code does not provide for this worst type of forgers. Mr. Fitz-

* The writer exposed this really comic mistake in a recent number of the *Athenaeum*.

gerald has gone in the spirit of the Nisi Prius Bar into the case and pretensions of La Fleur, who totally breaks down under his scrutiny. The process is curious and amusing.

"He was asked, too, about the private life and habits of his late master, and all his details have a suspiciously melodramatic air. Mr. Sterne would fall at times into profound fits of melancholy, and would smile at his valet's well-meant efforts to amuse him. At other times he would burst into unreasonable fits of gaiety, and shout 'Vive la gazetelle!' He was dreadfully affected by the crowds of destitute and poor which he encountered everywhere. 'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur,' he said; 'how shall I relieve them?' The starling was a genuine bird—he made him a present to his valet, who brought him over to England. 'But I never heard him speak,' said La Fleur, sorrowfully: 'perhaps he had forgot his note.' The hint of the starling, as we have seen, was from Sterne's own crest. The passport La Fleur considered a very grave business, 'and M. de Bretieul,' said the valet, 'with all his Shakepeare, could never have procured it. He was indebted for it to the Marquis de Lambertin.' But one little fact stamps his story with grave suspicion. He described Mr. Sterne writing far into the night, and could not understand how he could have printed so very short an account of his travels. 'For,' says the valet, 'upon our return from a tour, we had a *large trunk* completely filled with papers.' This is quite inconsistent with Mr. Sterne's habits; and it is a fact, that he did not begin to write a line of his journey until more than a year after he got home. The valet was then asked, 'Do you know anything of their tendency, La Fleur?' 'Yes,' said he, '*miscellaneous remarks on the manners of different nations. He was always making elaborate inquiries as to his form of government, &c., and studied a good deal in the libraries of the "patrons of learning"*—the last field of inquiry in the world Mr. Sterne would have entered on, or would have been inclined. The valet shook his head sadly when the grissette was mentioned, and merely remarked 'she was very pretty.' Still, he added handsomely, that Mr. Sterne's conversation with women was always of the 'most interesting' kind—praise which, however, seems a little qualified by the remark, that 'he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so.' He furnished details about his own personal history: how he had married the elder of two sisters at Montreuil; he had the scene Mr. Sterne sketched from his own window before his eyes; 'on whom rather he imaged Maria of Modieres; how she earned only six sous a day by mantua-making—they set up a cabaret for the English sailors; how this failing them through the war they

separated, and she finally disappeared with a company of strolling actors.

"The whole thing is contradictory and suspicious; but that it was considered of importance by Sir Walter Scott, scarcely deserved serious notice in Mr. Sterne's life. There is reason to believe that La Fleur was a mere fanciful name, which Sterne found in Moreri, among the materials for the curious chapter on 'whiskers,' where, too, he found La Fosseuse and other names.

"On the whole, I believe the true solution to be, that some laquais de place or hotel-waiter, from Calais or elsewhere, who had seen him once or twice, had by some chance come to England; and finding his narrative details profitable and exciting, had gradually enlarged his character as to that of La Fleur, the valet. A glance at the 'Sentimental Journey' would have furnished him with hints; or could this be the French valet that Frederick Reynolds picked up at Calais, and took with him on his travels, and whom he insisted should change his name to La Fleur, and whom he addressed as such all through his journey? After their connection was terminated, the Frenchman might have been reluctant to drop the historical name he had grown so accustomed to, and might find his account in not repudiating the glories of Mr. Sterne's original body servant. That 'La Fleur' was not the real name of the valet, I have ascertained beyond a doubt. Mr. Sterne found it in a farce of Foote's, acted the very year of his sentimental travels, entitled 'The Commissary.' He read in the playbill, 'La Fleur, a French valet,' and coolly appropriated the name for his own follower."

Of the Montpellier physician we have a very amusing sketch. His treatment would have looked like a tradition of Gil Blas, were it not that we know that quackery is probably as old as human nature, and will last as long.

"This treatment was indeed barbarous, and reads like a bit of Molière. Anything more ludicrously inefficient for a consumptive cannot be conceived. They almost poisoned him with a succession of what they called *bouillons rafraichissants*, the elements of which were 'a cock *stewed* alive, and boiled with poppy seeds, these pounded in a mortar afterwards passed through a sieve.' There besides to be present one crawfish, which should be a male one. 'This was *de rigueur*, a female crawfish being likely to be fatal! This precious concoction must have been devised specially for the English, and for that matter of 'consumption,' which we are told was peculiar to them.

"There can be no question but that the physician who prescribed this primitive nostrum for Mr. Sterne was the same M. F., whom Smollett consulted when he visited Montpellier the following year.

It is the most amusing passage in his travels. There was an English physician resident there, Dr. Fitzmaurice; but M. F——, that great lantern of medicine, was at the head of the local faculty. Smollett sent him his fee of a louis, by a servant, and his 'case' drawn up in true medicinal Latin; and on the morning after received back a sheet of remarks in French, the ignorance in which showed him clearly that his 'case' had not been read, or that its language was among the acquirements of the Montpellier physicians. But with the remarks came a prescription, the favourite *bouillons rafraichissants*, precisely the same as Mr. Sterne's, containing the '*petit poulet, le chair, le sang, le cœur, et le foie d'une tortue*,' and the garden seeds. On receipt of which, the patient sent him twelve livres, and a characteristic note, 'Ce n'est pas sans raison quo M. F—— jouit d'un si grand reputation. Je n'ai plus de doutes, grâces à Dieu et à M. F——.'

"The doctor's reply was no less happy. 'Monsieur n'a plus de doutes. J'en suis charmé! Reçu 12 livres. He was indeed an arrant charlatan, and Mr. Sterne, comparing notes with the Scotch physician at Toulon, told him of an unhappy English youth named Oswald, son to a merchant, who had fallen into their caprices.

"The young man, in the last stage of consumption, took his *bouillons rafraichissants* for above a month, with the worst results! and on his complaining, was told precisely as Mr. Sterne had been told: 'Sir, the air of this place is too sharp for your lungs.' 'Then,' said the other, you are a sordid villain to have kept me here.' He went to Toulouse, where he died in a few weeks."

Of Laurence Sterne's various moods, his affectations, and his sincerities, we learn probably all we are likely ever to know in these pleasant and philosophical tomes. That his spirits oscillated violently as those of excitable persons will, is not surprising. Even *Falstaff* has his compunctious visitings, and Yorick's moments of subsidence and gloom were possibly as unpleasantly haunted. The following passages give us some idea of the author of "*Tristram Shandy*," among his fellow men, and in his gaiety and his vapours:—

"Mr. Cradock, the amateur actor and dramatist, once met him behind the scenes at Drury-lane, and found him in very low spirits. He suggested to him—what any one familiar with the dramatic power of his writings would long to suggest—that he should try his hand at something for the

stage—a comedy, for instance. He seemed greatly struck with the idea; but, 'with tears in his eyes,' adds Mr. Cradock, professed his utter ignorance of the business of the stage. 'That,' said the other, 'could easily be supplied.' There is no doubt that this was but a minor difficulty, which Garrick and his many dramatic friends would have helped him over. The idea had already occurred to him; for, in one of his '*Shandys*,' he breaks out into an apostrophe to his friend: 'O Garrick, what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! And how gladly would I sit down and write such another to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it.' But the ease and fluency with which whole '*Shandys*' could be reeled off, was a different thing from the care and even drudgery which work for the stage entails. This perhaps was the true reason. Others, however, as will be seen later, were found to dramatise what he himself had written.

"This Mr. Cradock seems to have known him intimately, and once more had the satisfaction of making him 'laugh heartily,' by telling him a story about Tristram Shandy. Mr. Cradock had lent a matter-of-fact gentlemen a dry philosophical work, well known to the curious as Harris's '*Hermes*,' of which the gentlemen read portions very steadily, and then returned it with the remark, 'that all these imitations of *Tristram Shandy* were very poor things, and fell far short of the original.'

"It might have been about this time that Mr. Sterne found himself in company where there were several clergymen, and began to tell comic stories of his parochial experiences: how at York, after preaching at the Cathedral, an old woman whom he had observed sitting on the pulpit steps, stopped him as he came down," asked where he would preach the following Sunday. Mr. Sterne told her 'where he was to exhibit,' says the account; and on that day found her again waiting for him, when she again put the same question. The next sermon was to be at Stillington; and to his great surprise, at Stillington he found her. 'On which,' said Mr. Sterne, telling the story to the clergymen, 'I prepared a sermon specially for the following Sunday, expecting to find my old woman as before; "I will grant the request of this poor widow, lest by her often coming she weary me," 'Why, Sterne,' said one of the company, 'you have left out the most applicable bit of the whole—"Though I fear neither God, nor regard man." It is said the retort silenced Mr. Sterne for the rest of the evening.'

That Sterne, the writer, did not always keep his fingers from picking

* Adam's Anecdotes. Though no authority is given, the story is so exact in local details, I have no hesitation in accepting it as true.

and stealing, but helped himself with a cheerful conscience and an iniquitous vanity to other men's property, Mr. FitzGerald demonstrates. His sermons teem with evidence of this sort of larceny; and in his "Sentimental Journey," and "Shandy," the *chevalier d'industrie* does not forget his cunning. Here is an indictment with three counts, conclusively supported by proof.

"Lovers of Sterne will, however, regret that at least three of his most charming thoughts should not have been his own. We must give up Uncle Toby's fly—the pretty bit of consolation to Maria. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'—and, what is the greatest sacrifice, Captain Shandy's famous recording angel. The fly, according to Balzac, was originally put out of the window by James the First of England, who made a remark exactly the same as that of Uncle Toby. His 'horn lamb' is found in the French '*a brebis tondue*,' and there is a very similar thought in the 'Outlandish Proverbs, selected by Mr. G. H., 1640.' 'To a close shorned sheep God gives wind by measure.' And the famous recording angel has a parallel in a MS. by a monk Alberic, who lived about the year 1100. 'A demon holds a book in which are written the sins of a particular man, and an angel drops on it from a phial a tear which the sinner had shed in doing a good action, and his sins are washed out.' This, however, is quite a coincidence, for Sterne could never have seen the monk's MS. And Sterne's thought is exquisitely artistic, both in brevity, dramatic effect, and music.† Mr. Moore worked the idea into his 'Peri' without scruple."

The pretty monkish allegory has, no doubt, often reappeared; and simple "coincidence" is far less probable than Sterne's unacknowledged indebtedness to some comparatively modern and obscure reproducer of the image. Of his orthography and his French his biographer makes a whimsical and woful exposure. He observes how amusing it is to see, in the "Sentimental Journey" at least, the printers carefully repaired his English spelling mistakes; for his French, as "reading" was then conducted, they could do nothing. "Tristram Shandy," however, he observes, is thickly sown with blunders in ortho-

graphy of every shade of aggravation; Mr. FitzGerald remarks that --

"His spelling in the MS. 'Sentimental Journey' (amended by the printers) does not do credit to the Halifax schoolmasters. He spells 'magazine' 'magazeen,' 'buyer' 'byer,' 'metals' 'mettles,' 'meagre' 'meager,' 'vineyard' 'vinierd,' 'chevalier' 'chevilier,' 'ass' 'asse,' 'good wine' 'goad wine,' 'sought' 'saught,' 'forty' 'fourty,' with many more. His French, however, on which he prided himself, was very weak indeed, both in spelling and grammar. He had a happy instinct for the idioms, which he generally succeeded in grasping, though not in the correct shape. His French letters must have amused his French friends.

"He starts with a famous little carriage that only held one passenger, and which he makes masculine instead of feminine—a *d obligeant* instead of a *d obligeante*. The little French captain addresses the French lady in this odd language—'Apparément vous etez Flammande?' leaving out the 'que.' He also questions her as to where she came from, 'Vous n'etez pas de Londre?' But perhaps the most curious mistake of the whole series occurs at the inn in Montreuil (which Mr. Sterne spells in many awkward ways, shifting from Montriul to Montriuil), where the landlord, speaking of Janatone, tells how 'un mylord anglais presentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre,' where he uses 'présenter' in the usual sense of 'donner' or 'offrir,' uses the imperfect instead of the aorist; and, finally, makes Janatone a 'fille de chambre,' instead of a 'fille d'auberge,' or 'la fille' simply. The strange use 'présenter' mystified the French translators wonderfully; and the oddest part of the whole is that in his MS. he had 'donnoit,' but struck it out.

"Although he confounds 'fille de chambre' and 'femme de chambre,' turning the former invariably into 'ladies-maid,' the latter into 'house-maid.' La Fleur becomes a 'garçon de bonne fortune,' and rides a horse 'le plus opinionnaire du monde'—a quality of animal never seen in French before. He puts 'mal-apropos' for 'hors de propos.' The same famous servant was gifted with a certain captivating 'provenance'; 'for there was a passport in his very looks' which drew everyone to him. These are merely specimens; but it is not too much to say, that every bit of French imported into the 'Sentimental Journey' is faulty in some degree.

"When the lady is shut up in the carriage with Mr. Sterne, she exclaims, not, 'Voilà ce qu'est plaisant'—as a French lady might

* Many pious persons have supposed that this is to be found in the Scripture, and a clergyman is said to have actually preached a sermon upon that text.

† 'Black as the damned drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.'

say—but, 'C'est bien comique,' which is true English-French. More droll still is his calling the landlord of his hotel the 'maître d'hôtel.'

How industrious and thoughtful, notwithstanding, was his revision of his manuscript, remains in autographic proof. Mr. Fitzgerald says that—

"Some of these MS. still remain. At Skelton Castle is a book or two of 'Tristram;' in the British Museum is the first half of the 'Sentimental Journey;' and Mr. Rogers showed Mr. Moore one morning the original of one of the Sermons, also carefully corrected. It struck Mr. Moore that one of these emendations was scarcely an improvement. Speaking of the Jews, he had called them 'a thoughtless and thankless people,' for which he substituted 'this thankless and peculiarly ungrateful people.'

It is plain, we think, that Mr. Sterne intended here striking out the word "thankless." He could not have premeditated so barren a tautology as the passage now presents. It would then have stood, "this thoughtless and peculiarly ungrateful people."

"In the Shelton MS. is a slight alteration which shows great nicety of touch. 'O Garrick,' he said, 'how gladly would I sit down and write such another,' &c., which he compressed into 'how gladly would I write such another.' But the 'Sentimental Journey' MS. is the most curious instance of careful elaboration,* and some of the alterations are so characteristic, that I do not scruple to pause a little in this place and examine them in detail.

"Thus, in the first few lines, 'my gentleman' turned on him originally 'with the most civil insolence in the world,' which on reflection seemed a little contradictory, so he made it 'triumph.' For 'should give these rights,' he put 'should give a man these rights,' and 'I am determined to look into them,' became 'I'll look into them.' Speaking to the monk, he distinguished between certain persons and others 'who have no other plan in the world but to be a burden to it for the love of God,' which became, 'no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.' And when the poor Franciscan meekly bowed his head and made no reply, 'Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; at least she showed none,' none but a master of the elegancies of English would have struck out that 'at least.' When the door was shut, Mr. Sterne uttered two 'Pshaw's,' which he reduced to one. For 'the whole body of travellers,' he substituted,

with more elegance, 'the whole circle of travellers,' and for 'in quest of knowledge,' put 'in pursuit,' 'Four long months' had elapsed since the *d'obligeante* had finished its course, but he drew his pen through the word 'long.' But the most amusing alteration is in the meditation on this famous *d'obligeante*. The sentence now stands, 'and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them'—but it was originally, 'when a few little words will set the post-chaise of an innocent traveller agoing,' &c. How much the phrase has gained by the alteration is plain. He even finds it difficult to satisfy himself as to the position of the words 'M. Dessein.' 'It must cast a damp, M. Dessein, upon your spirits—you suffer as much as the machine,' did not sound so musical as 'must cast a damp upon your spirits—you suffer, M. Dessein, as much as the machine.'

"When he and the lady were shut up in remise—a colloquy of five in such a situation, which, by the way, is one of those things which can happen to a man but once in his life, was an idea that first occurred to him, but he afterwards struck out the last half of the sentence. He altered 'overthrows' to 'discomfures'—'hurt' to 'mystified.' 'It begat a silence,' offended him, and became 'we remained silent.' It is almost droll to see what his sentiment had betrayed him into writing on Father Lorenzo's grave, 'they all struck so forcibly upon my affections that I wept over him as a widow.' This seemed a little ambiguous, and it became 'I burst into a flood of tears.' This refining process is nowhere so exemplified as in the ending to the story of the 'grisset.' It stood originally, 'so counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out,' &c.—originally it had the coarser shape of, 'and giving it (her hand) something betwixt a shake and a squeeze as I did it, we both returned our thanks together.' It is very curious, being thus admitted behind the scenes.

Something of Yorick's death-bed will not be without its interest and its moral. Upon these closing scenes Mr. Fitzgerald has concentrated many lights.

"This was now at hand. About the second week of the next month, being still 'tied down neck and heels with engagements,' he was seized with a chest attack, which he took for influenza, but which clung to him with more than usual obstinacy. He struggled with it, and seemed to think he would as usual come off victorious. Just at that time a letter came to him

* It is the very copy that went to the press, for the printer's pencil-marks are still on it. It came from the Farnborough family, who possess several articles that once belonged to Sterne.

from his daughter, which must have had a chilling, dispiriting effect, notwithstanding that it set out with news of 'the Journey' being read and admired in York by every one.

"Mrs. Sterne and her daughter had been prudently forecasting the future; and the mother had told her daughter that it was Mr. Sterne's intention to bequeath the care of his Lydia to the Indian lady, whom the world knew as Eliza. 'The subject of my letter,' wrote Mr. Sterne, with some agitation, 'has astonished me. She could know but little of my feelings to tell thee that I should bequeath thee as a legacy to Mrs. Draper.' He then reassures her, and tells how Mrs. James will watch over 'my friend whom I have so often talked and wrote about; from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend.' He then alludes to the success of his book; 'but is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion—the want of health bows me down—this vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it, and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child, unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.'"

Upon this Mr. Fitzgerald comments with his accustomed tenderness.

"Nothing can be more tenderly delicate than that hurried correction of himself, 'be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it;' and the gentle way—almost artful—in which he goes on to prepare his daughter's mind for the worst. 'If I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child. But I think, my Lydia, thy mother will survive me—do not deject her spirits with thy affections on my account.' He sends them both a present of a necklace and buckles. 'I am never alone,' he goes on, 'the kindness of my friends is ever the same. I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me; but I am deny'd that. Write to me twice a week at least. God bless thee, my child; and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father,

'L. S.'

"If I ever revisit Coxwold!" He was hurrying fast to that 'sweet retirement.' What he took for a 'vile influenza,' became a pleurisy; and on the Thursday following (March 10th) he was bled three times, and on the next day blistered. On the Tuesday he was prostrate and exhausted after this violent treatment; but as he lay there, the thought of the child he loved so dearly came upon him, and with a feeble hand he was just able to write a few tottering characters to his friend, Mrs. James. So piteous and touching an appeal has rarely come from a death-bed: it was the poor, broken, gasping, dying Yorick's last letter. In it we seem to hear an humble acknowledgment of errors, and a cry for pardon for 'folly which my

heart, not my head, betrayed me into!'—a declaration we may accept as genuine, and which is the true key to all his Shandean sins, errors, mistakes, and follies.

"To Mrs. J—.

"25th March, Tuesday.

"Your poor friend is scarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy— I was bled three times on Thursday, and blistered on Friday— The physician says I am better—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times—Mr. J— was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J—, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror—my spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear lady—your tears are too precious to shed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.—Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids.—If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what, I trust, she will find in you—Mr. J— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence.—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu! all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J—.

"Your poor affectionate friend,

"L. STERNE."

We are now at the verge of that awful hour when this strange and wayward spirit was to go to his dread account.

"This was Tuesday, Friday was the last day of his life. He seems to have been left there, at Bond-street, alone, deserted, and entirely dependent, scarcely in the sense he had wished, on the hired offices of a lodging-house servant. M. Janin, with an eye to a bit of ghastly sentimentality wholly indefensible, transforms this person into 'Mad—de—, sa belle et aimable garce

malade,' and makes the dying Yorick place her hand upon his heart.

"But little is known of his last moments. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon he complained of cold in his feet, and asked the attendant to chafe them. This seemed to relieve him, but presently he said the cold was mounting yet higher; and while she was striving to impart a warmth to his feet and ankles, which a more awful power was driving away, at this moment some one knocked at the hall-door, and the landlady opening it, found it was a footman sent to inquire after Mr. Sterne's health."

"Fish" Crawford, the well-known Macaroni, was giving a dinner party close by, in Clifford-street.

"The guests were all friends of the dying humorist; of the company were the Dukes of Grafton and Roxburgh, the Earls of March and Ossory; Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. Some one had mentioned his illness, and it was proposed to send to know how he was, and the footman, whose name has been preserved, was despatched to New Bond-street, to inquire. The landlady was not able, or did not care, to give him the latest news, but bade him go up and inquire of the attendant. He did so, and entered the room just as the deserted Shandean was expiring. He stood by and waited to see the end; he noted how the wasted arm was suddenly raised, as if to ward off something, caught a murmur of 'Now it is come!' and then saw his frame relax in death.*

"This was Yorick's end—a footman and a nursetender watching his agonies. The footman went his way back to the merry party of gentlemen in Clifford-street, and told what he had seen. The gentlemen, he says, were all very sorry, and lamented him very much. We can almost hear this after-dinner panegyric: Hume and Garrick could have told of his freaks in Paris, and bewailed with convivial grief how Yorick had been no one's enemy but his own. Mr. James could have said something about his good heart. Then, as of course, the claret went round again, and Lord March went back again to the praises of 'the Rena,' or the 'Zamperini.'"

Even the dead body of Yorick was not exempt from the law of adventure and odd situation which ruled his eccentric, brilliant, and melancholy life. There is a horrible whimsicality in this posthumous anecdote, so picturesquely told by Mr. Fitzgerald:—

"In the Bayswater road, not very far from Tyburn Gate, a new burying-ground had

been opened, attached to that church in Hanover-square where the more fashionable marriage rites were celebrated. We can readily find our way to it now, for it is notorious among the neglected graveyards of London, and found very useful as a sort of huge pit for all the rubbish of the ruinous houses that hem it in closely all round. Weeds rioting in their impurity, yawning graves, headstones staggering over, dirt, neglect; and a squalid-looking dead-house, all soiled and grimed, with a belfry and a bell. This is now the condition of the grave-yard where Laurence Sterne is supposed to lie. It was then the new burying-ground, near Tyburn; and to this spot, on the day of his interment, at twelve o'clock noon, came a single mourning coach, with 'two gentlemen inside.' One of them is known to have been Becket, his publisher; the other, we fairly assume to have been his friend Mr. James. The bell over the soiled and grimed dead-house was not allowed to ring. And in this 'private' manner (a privacy almost amounting to shame), was the body of the great humorist consigned to earth. The 'two gentlemen' represented the splendid roll of nobility and gentry that 'pranced' before his sermon-lists! One more instance of the fatal blight of desertion that seems to attend the jesters of society at their grave.

"Now follows that strange and ghastly scene in which that meagre figure of poor Yorick, upon which he and others were so often merry, was to make a last appearance.

"When the 'two gentlemen' were seeing the earth laid upon their friend's remains, there were other and more profane eyes watching from the road, and marking the spot. At that time the tribe of resurrection-men pursued their calling as lawlessly as the highwaymen did theirs upon the road. And this 'new Tyburn burying-ground' had already acquired a notoriety as being the scene of constant outrages of this kind. Only a few months before it had become necessary to place regular watchers, and a large mastiff dog, in spite of which precautions, the infamous spoliation continued.†

"Two nights after, on the 24th, these men came, took up the body, placed it in a case, and sent it away down to Cambridge.

"Mr. Collignon, B.M., of Trinity, was then Professor of Anatomy, and to him it had been disposed of. These aids to medical science being costly, and procured with difficulty, Mr. Collignon invited some friends to see him illustrate his anatomy on the body that had been sent to him from London; and an old friend of Mr. Sterne, who was of the party, was inexpressibly shocked at recognising the familiar features, and fainted away on the spot. It was too

* This is the account given by James Macdonald, the Scotch footman, in his "Memoirs." The passage is quoted in one of the old magazines.

† See *St. James's Chronicle*, Nov. 1767.

late, unfortunately, to save the body from the knife, for the dissection had nearly been completed."

"What a close to Yorick's strange career, which began in wanderings, and brought him thus finally to his old University."

Everyone has heard of "Eliza and Yorick" - of the Bramin and Le Bramine. Eliza was known to have been Mrs. Draper, wife of that "Daniel Draper, Esquire, of Bombay," with whom Mr. Thackeray made so merry; but very little more was known. Here, however, we find her full history. The whole book, indeed, is sprinkled with curious little bits of information—scraps about persons and things, all strictly *apropos*, and not drawn in with violence. Puzzling initials are filled in—obscurities, as puzzling, cleared up.

These two volumes open a brightly-coloured, moving panorama of as crowded and diversified a life, and one as pleasantly contrasted, in nearly all points capable of variation, with the routine of modern existence as can well be imagined. We have London life, and rural life, and life in the provincial towns—life in Ireland, in England, and in France—life among great people, literary people, queer people; and all so exact in outline, so brightly costumed, and so racy of the hour, that one reads with the sensation of following an eyewitness.

This life of Sterne is a book for all readers, and for every mood. It has the vicissitude, the colour, and the

lightness of fiction, and the force and moral of a true social picture—philosophic, comic, tragic. With Mr. Fitzgerald's pictured pages open, one wonders that such a theme should, in this age of biography, have escaped so long. The secret is, however, discoverable in the paucity of apparent and easily accessible material, in the wide field of inevitable reading, and in the imperial quest after scattered MSS., letters, records, and traditions imposed upon the Shandean explorer and collector. A conscientious labourer might have done something. But to amass all that Mr. Fitzgerald has brought together has required the unflinching stimulus of enthusiasm. It is by the amount of vigorous industry expended upon it, and of which the author speaks so modestly, that the authority of this work is we think permanently fixed. And we must add, that into no more accomplished hands could the task of working his various and fragmentary materials into a charming and harmonious narrative have fallen. There are few living writers who can analyze character with a pen at once so light and so masculine, and finish their pictures with so quaint, peculiar, and powerful a touch. Mr. Fitzgerald's "Life of Laurence Sterne" is one of the most delightful and valuable of the many modern contributions to literary biography which have so happily revolutionized the art of writing the lives of our British worthies.

THE GRAPE AND THE STAR.

ONCE, as a joyous village group
Caroused in crimson evening's droop,
With cups and cakes before them,
And merriment afoot, it chanced
That while around a tree they dined
The Star of Twilight, fresh and young,
Thus whispered 'mid the grape's that hung
In swaying clusters o'er them:
"Ah, what a life, good joyous Vine
Sweet laughter-loving tree, is thine
Round thee sunny leaves are blowing,
Songs are rising, hearts are glowing,
Ah, how rich the moments flowing
O'er thee seem, compared with mine!
Though high in heaven's azure clime
I'm forced to act the pure sublime,

Right willingly I'd slip my sphere
 To grow such grapes as those that here,
 When autumn purples o'er the year,
 I see around thee growing :
 Lord ! what a difference between
 Your jovial glow and my poor sheen !
 In fact, to light some dreamer's eye,
 To hear some love-sick maiden sigh,
 Or, what is infinitely worse,
 To end some bard's fantastic verse—
 No other earthly use am I."

"Alas ! as for this life of mine
 Which thou so laudest," said the Vine,
 "It owns to griefs and troubles, too,
 As sad as thine amid the blue ;
 Yet while in this imperfect state,
 With branch in air and root in dust,
 The seasons strike us,—why should we,
 Dejected, rail at Destiny,
 When all that happens, soon or late,
 Is fixed by a decree of Fate,
 And what we suffer, star or tree,
 We must endure, because we must :
 All trees are born to trouble—all
 To pay some necessary tax ;
 One yields its bark, and one its leaves ;
 Another for a century heaves
 Its summered summit, but to fall,
 Some winter day, beneath the axe :
 In short, I think if Destiny
 Had made us, vine and planet, free
 From natural annoyance here,
 And equally exempt from duty,
 My rubious grape would sometimes show
 As scant and vulgar as a sloe,—
 Even *your* scintillant splendours lapse
 In intermittent flame, perhaps—
 Nay, and I'm sure it would be so,
 I'd lose my mirth, and you your beauty."
 While thus he spoke his leafy crown
 Was wrinkled with a thoughtful frown ;
 But at that moment laughters sweet
 And songs awaking round his feet
 And soaring through the azure sky
 Silenced this philosophic pair,
 Who, one on earth, and one in air,
 Glowing and shining by the shore,
 Delighted, gazed an hour or more
 Upon its village company.

SCENA.

'Tis on a hill above the town,
 A grassy summit, where the boughs
 Of spreading palm and almond brown,
 Enweaving, shape an airy crown,
 The gay Sicilian group carouse :—
 A joyous group, as ever sun
 Or evening planet looked upon :
 The parting glory from the sea
 Strikes round the crescent shore, and lights,
 Now some old ruin on the heights,
 Now some rich space of pastured lea ;

'Till past long drifts of golden grain,
 Fig garden, and long aloe lane,
 With slanting glance it glimmers o'er
 The branches where the fensters rest,—
 Brown harvest-men and quiet herds,
 With bronzed throats and chestnut beards,
 And joyous eyes of rustic blue ;
 And young folk from the city near
 Arrived to mingle in the cheer.
 Anear them gathered, cheek to cheek,
 Converse the quiet matron's meek,
 Or babble with some curled son,
 Brimmed to the eyes with life and fun ;
 Light shapes of rosy-lipped sixteen,
 In joyous dances, maze the green ;
 Old figures, in the fading glow,
 Sit by their cups of wine and snow :
 While, by the mouldering turret wall,
 Where the sinking splendour lingers,
 Goldening with parting halo,
 Laurel bloom and ivy berries,
 Happy children, like a wreath
 Of careless roses, rest beneath,
 Couched on cushions of sweet mallow,
 Staining crimson lip and fingers,
 With the sweet black juiced cherries.

YOUTH'S SONG.

I.

Drink off your wine, and close the page,
 We've quaffed and argued plenty ;
 Oh, what are the thoughts of the brightest sage
 To those of an eye of twenty ? —
 The harvest girls, like autumn stars,
 In the village dance are bounding ;
 Tink-a-tink, tinkle, go the guitars,
 To the merry viol's sounding :
 The hours we'll count by the spray of the fountain,
 Or the stars that rise o'er the purple mountain.

II.

Lo ! by the dancing group, a few
 Sing by the rest in quiet ;
 Away we whirl, with eyes of blue,
 Into the joyous riot !
 What was the starry dance of old
 To this in which we're rounding ;
 Or priestess' bosom, bleak and cold,
 To those beside us bounding ?
 While with music and love all hearts united,
 Throb to the summer stars delighted.

Dusk falls the twilight as they feast and sing,
 Upon the upland o'er the hazy streams,
 Lulled by the warm wind wafting leafy dreams ;
 Voiced in the autumn woodland's murmuring ;
 White steeps above the lazy spacing sea
 Remotely glimmer, in blue darkness rolled ;
 While a soft mist, hovering o'er vale and lea,
 Takes shape in fancied images, and weaves

A wreath vertumnal o'er the bounteous land ;
 And by their bowls of purple vintage stand,
 Upon the fragrant floor of violets blue,
 Rich heaps of apples, red with summer gold ;
 Musk melons, piled on odorous altars, too,
 And thick grape bunches, sunny tinct and blue,
 Upon cool salvers of green oval leaves.
 Plenty and peace breathes round them, and afar
 Lone echo's whisper, like a cloudy star,
 Uncertain murmurs—while upon them soon
 Rounds through the mellow mist the large low amber moon.

GIRLS' SONG.

Follow us, follow us, into the woods—
 There where the moon is glancing !
 That you may spy us the better, when nigh us,
 Lo ! we have doff'd our shadowy hoods,
 And our kirtles are tucked for the dancing ;
 While murmurs the shore to the kiss of the floods,
 While love with the moon is awaking ;
 Perchance, as we stand in yon hollow divine,
 And I be thy partner, my lips may be thine,
 And here is my hand for the taking.
 Hast thou a heart for passion or pleasure,
 Give it the rein for an hour,
 While the moon's glancing beams on our dancing ;
 Come with thy soul to the night's bright presence,
 And there let us image its power ;
 Pause not, think not, come where the boughs
 In the silvery halo are meeting ;—
 Perchance, as we rest from our dance by the tree,
 Its deepest of sighs shall thy heart yield to me—
 So come while mine own is beating.

VOICE FROM THE SEA.

Our bark is surging o'er the deep,
 With death beneath and silence round us,
 Still in the moon's broad path we'll keep,
 Nor deem we've aught save heaven around us ;
 Lo ! th' o'erflowing orb is brimmed
 With light, as this my cup with wine,
 And hark ! our jubilant voyage is hymned
 By each bright billow along the brine.

OLD MAN'S SONG.

I.

Some are dancing, some are wooing ;
 Life in summer radiance curled,
 Passes round us fresh and golden ;
 But although our hearts grow olden,
 And our sunniest sail is furled—
 Still sweet joys are ours in viewing,
 Thus the morning of the world.

II.

We have read the sybil volumes
 Of our life-tale o'er again,
 Mildewed, type-erased papers ;
 We are like the autumn vapours,
 Shedding scarce a drop of rain ;
 We are like the ruined columns
 Of a temple on a plain.

III.

But though blotted pages moulder,
 Still their deeds of truth and love,
 Some evangel writes above ;
 And the autumn clouds that amoulder
 Look o'er sunny harvests reaped,
 And the columns, ruin-heaped,
 Echo through their marble layers,
 With sweet, unforgotten prayers.

Now while the dance for a space is over,
 And under the walnut's murmuring cover,
 Whispers each hamlet maid, close by her lover—
 While warmly the balmy wind breathes in the trees,
 And the moon broadens over the furrows of tillage ;
 With cup brimmed before him, the bard of the village,
 Strikes his mandolin lightly, and sings what he sees.

OLD BARD'S SONG.

I.

Oh, love of pleasure, fancy, and song,
 Long may you last as you've lasted long !
 The old poet, poor
 As the flowers on the moor,
 Has riches in store
 If ye remain ;
 From spring's bright glow
 To winter's snow
 His songs shall flow,
 Like summer rain :—
 Joy's but a chance—on with the dance,
 Mingling heart and hand and glance.

II.

Round me here, in the starry air,
 Gather, oh, youths and maidens fair :
 Love crowned one day,
 With roses gay,
 A girl who lay
 On a sunny shore ;
 Death saw the dear,
 And planted near
 A cypress drear,
 To shade her o'er :—
 Joy's but a chance—on with the dance,
 Mingling heart and hand and glance.

III.

Lapped in dreams of a darling one,
 The maiden slept 'till set of sun ;
 But when, good lack !
 At midnight black,
 Old Death came back
 To claim his prize ;
 Nought could be seen,
 Though wondrous keen
 And bright, I ween,
 Are Death's dark eyes :—
 Joy's but a chance—on with the dance,
 Mingling heart and hand and glance.

IV.

But Love soon caught—though Love be blind—
 The scent of the roses on the wind,
 And off to a glade
 Of precious shade
 He carried the maid
 To a bower of bloom ;
 While Death, with moan,
 And frown and groan,
 Lay down alone
 In a dusty tomb :—
 Joy's but a chance—on with the dance,
 Mingling heart and hand and glance.

V.

Thus ever will those, whom Love has crowned
 With youth and beauty, by Love be found !
 Is it not so—
 Bright eyes that glow
 Sweet hearts that flow
 With summer—say ?
 Yes, laughter rings,
 'Mid whisperings ;—
 On pleasure's wings
 Then, up—and away !
 Joy's but a chance—on with the dance,
 Mingling heart and hand and glance.

VI.

Lo ! now the moon, in a mood divine,
 Beams happy over our smiles and wine ;
 And a merry star glows
 On our group, as one throws
 A chaplet of rose
 On the old poet's brow ;
 Who sings, sings, sings
 Of love and good things,
 While the tambourine rings
 In the chorusses now :—
 Joy's but a chance—on with the dance,
 Mingling heart and hand and glance.

And now the dance and song are o'er ;
 And azure silence slowly fills
 The rural round of plain and shore ;
 'Tis midnight deep : the drizzling rills,
 Flung from the cliff's o'erhanging height,
 Come like a sigh from the distant night,
 And life is hushed ; yet while the moon
 Rounds westward in a drowsy swoon,
 A wild sweet music from the sea
 Breathes o'er their slumbers airily :—

VOICES OF SEA FAERIES ON THE SHORE.

All day we love, in fancied mood,
 To sit among the shells,
 And o'er their many forms to brood
 In shining airy dells ;

In shadowy creek and wat'ry reach,
Or on the ample ocean beach,
While over sands of auburn stray
The level pulses of the spray,
While the sad, low song of the salt-gray sea
Musics our pastime listlessly.

But now, as silver midnight's sea
Wanes o'er its disk of sand,
Our little voices mournfully
Whisper along the strand ;
"Adieu, adieu!" we seem to say,
"Sleep, brown old rock and shining creek—
For us, we hasten far away,
Into the great deeps, dim and gray,
'Till o'er the foam again shall break
The morn's red streak!"

ENDEMION.

THE DUCHIES : DANISH RIGHTS, CUSTOMS, AND LEGENDS.

IF, at the moment when the writer of these pages takes up his pen, the British Government are under no popular pressure to draw the sword for the Danes, there was certainly a stage of the conflict when the turning of a straw would have made every Englishman lift his voice for war, despite visions of increased income-tax and apprehensions of a European complication. The growing indignation of the country was first assuaged, on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, by the impression that Austria and Prussia had interposed rather to protect themselves against the consequences of an invasion of Denmark, prosecuted by the united German Powers under democratic influences, than to dismember the ancient monarchy. This impression prevailed, even after Marshal Von Wrangel had driven the Danes behind the Danevirke, and was engaged in attempts to outflank that famous work by crossing the Sleib at a point to the eastward of the town of Slesvig. There were persons who even maintained that the King of Denmark and the Austrian and Prussian Courts understood each other perfectly, and that the military

demonstrations, and the earlier encounters which marked the advance of the invaders, were more of make-believe than reality. Among the rest, the clever author of the pamphlet, "*Germany versus Denmark*"—a strong German partisan—insisted that "an enormous bluster was being made to blind the outsider." "The King of Denmark," he added, "is willing enough to annul the obnoxious Constitution by which Slesvig was incorporated with Denmark, but his Rigsraad, an assembly of thorough-going Scandinavians, will never sanction such a concession except under compulsion; and the King, in this plight, is about to receive effectual assistance from his friends of Prussia and Austria. Their intervention will answer more than one purpose. The popular party at Copenhagen will be constrained into acquiescence, and the popular party in Germany will be paralyzed. Prussia, moreover, has an object to gain. The ministry, by this array of a large force, will be enabled to overawe the people, and may, at their convenience, abrogate the constitutional forms which give them so much annoyance." The correctness of this view, in

"Denmark and Germany since 1815." By Charles A. Gosch. London: John Murray, 1862.

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"Germany versus Denmark: being a short account of the Slesvig-Holstein Question." By a Liverpool Merchant. January, 1864.

"An Account of Denmark as it was in the Year 1692." The third edition, corrected. London: Printed for Timothy Goodwin, at the Queen's Head, against St. Dunstan's Arch, in Fleet-street, 1694.

whole or in part, is not now under notice. Long before these observations are concluded, the progress of events will have sufficiently tested a theory which seems extreme and improbable; but it is certain, nevertheless, that when the British public were given to understand that the quarrel was only one concerning the administration of the Duchies, and did not vitally affect Denmark Proper, they grew very cool upon the matter. The question of Succession failed to move them; for, although the integrity of the Treaty of 1852 came into question when the pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg were advanced, there was really some popular sympathy with Napoleon's declaration, that events had rendered that treaty "an impotent work." It seemed, at all events, only reasonable that the inhabitants of the Duchies should determine for themselves whether their allegiance was due to Germany or to Denmark. If Austria and Prussia were intervenients with the design of promoting any such resettlement on national principles, it was no part of England to employ her troops in reimposing upon any people a yoke to which they were disinclined. But for considerations of that sort, this country would have plunged into a war which our Government left us in no position to evade with honour; and with that war would inevitably have come a change of Ministry, and many remarkable political consequences at home. By keeping out of it, the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston have saved Mr. Gladstone's surplus for remissions of taxation at Easter, and secured their own continuance in office; but, unquestionably, at the expense of broken faith, and a lowering of the nation's prestige.

Whence arose the strong sympathy for the Danes evinced by our people from the outset? Though we are not prepared to fight their battles, they still have our heartiest good-wishes. This sentiment is certainly not the result of the perfect understanding the English public have of the Danish view of the Slesvig-Holstein case, as against that of the Fatherland; for so obscure is the subject that even a Cabinet Minister has not been ashamed to proclaim his total ignorance of its bearings. The explanations of the Press have failed to place the

matter within the grasp of the British public, and the ordinary reader cannot be expected to grope for information through the work of Charles Gosch, for example, the title of which is placed at the head of these observations. That work, indeed, is so dry, so extended, and intricate, that only the political student, with great skill and patience, can hope to master it at all. Persons familiar with Marryat's "Residence in Jutland," however, will have good reason to prefer the Danes to the Germans, even if Mr. Mayhew is not to be accepted as the painter of the manners and customs of the latter; for Marryat's sketch of the inhabitants of the Northern Archipelago is as attractive a book of travel as ever was penned. But putting aside the mere diplomacy of the Dano-German quarrel, as well as our respect for a people whose history so nobly illustrates their valour, whose enterprise at sea is akin to our own, and for whom, as a brave foe once encountered and beaten, we entertain a generous nation's regard—there is a special reason for the popularity of the Danish cause in the contempt universally entertained for their principal enemy. An extraordinary revulsion of feeling has taken place in England within the last two years against Prussia. That Power, to which we were before drawn by sympathy of religion, and to which we have lately become united by a close relationship, is now spoken of with aversion. It is not only that the mad King of Prussia renders all free peoples indignant by his stupid reactionary policy, but the Prussian people, in submitting to be trampled upon, have disgusted Christendom. We could not but wish to see a nation chastised, which, not being fit for liberty, or having the courage to win it, with matchless effrontery assumes the task of defending the liberties of a neighbouring State against the alleged encroachments of its suzerain. In whatever way the Austro-Prussian invasion of Denmark ends—whether in the erection of a new German Principality, under the Duke of Augustenburg, or in another compromise, leaving King Christian nominal monarch of the Duchies; or in a Danish revolution, and Scandinavian alliance, the iniquity of the aggression will remain as a blot upon the reign of the Berlin

Czar, who, with a recklessness for which the history of modern absolutism furnishes no parallel, has jeopardized the peace of Europe, to gratify a pitiful ambition, or to divert the attention of an outraged people from their domestic affairs.

It would be the most wearisome of all mistakes to attempt an elucidation in this place of the double dispute respecting the Slesvig-Holstein succession, and the neglect by the late King of Denmark of his Treaty duties towards his half German province. But it may be observed that in the argument of the matter, there is no occasion to go behind the arrangements of 1852, as the Germans did then fully, and with their eyes open, agree to certain principles for the government of the Duchies that cannot now be repudiated without the grossest breach of faith. The only questions are, whether Denmark has performed her part faithfully under those settlements (and if not, how she ought to be compelled to do so). The parties to the Dano-German compact which preceded the London Treaty were the German Confederation, represented by Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and the Duke of Holstein and Slesvig, represented by the King of Denmark, on the other; and by the terms agreed upon, Denmark surrendered the incorporation of Slesvig with the Danish territory proper, and engaged never to attempt such incorporation. The further engagements then taken by Denmark are fairly stated thus:—The duchies of Slesvig and Holstein to continue separate in administration, but many joint institutions, especially the Slesvig-Holstein order of knights, the University of Kiel, &c., to continue common to both duchies. The duchy of Slesvig, neither by a constitution, nor in its administration, to be incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark, nor any step to be taken having such incorporation for its object; equal rights and powerful protection to be secured to the Danish and German nationalities. Each of the four countries, Denmark, Slesvig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, so far as their internal affairs are concerned, to have their own separate legislation; each of the three duchies to enjoy an independence equal and similar to that of Denmark; and the domains of each to

be administered and regarded as the property of each separate country. All the four countries, instead of the personal union hitherto subsisting, so far as the general affairs of the four countries are concerned (foreign affairs, war, customs, trade, &c.), to be connected by a general constitution. But all the provisions of the said general constitution to be brought into operation by constitutional means—that is, by deliberation with, and approval of, the representatives of each separate country.

These stipulations were announced to the inhabitants both of Slesvig and Holstein in a royal proclamation, in January, 1852. Austria and Prussia thus, in return for the engagements of Denmark, gave up the union between the duchies. They further offered Denmark the equivalent of participation in the London Treaty, which settled the Danish succession, as respected the sovereignty of Slesvig and Holstein, no less than that of the Danish monarchy proper. Denmark thus obtained the pledge of Germany—for it cannot be honourably pretended that Austria and Prussia did not act for the whole Confederation—to the principle of an inseparable union of the Danish kingdom, the very principle Austria and Prussia, as well as the other German States, are now seeking to overthrow, having seized on various pretexts to gloze over their greedy aggression.

It is alleged against Denmark that the Elder Danes, a democratic party, who of late years have been in the ascendant at Copenhagen, inspired with feelings hostile to the duchies, have governed them, and Slesvig especially, in the most arbitrary manner. They have, it is said, made forcible attempts to introduce the Danish language, have removed German civil functionaries and put Danes in their place, and banished the German tongue from a number of the schools. The German names of places, it is added, have been abolished, and Danish substituted. A common constitution has been introduced by ordinance, without the concurrence of the estates of the Duchies, in contravention of the conditions of the peace. Against these alleged encroachments the German party in Slesvig protested in January, 1860, and voted an address to the King, representing their griev-

ances. With that remarkable memorial Holstein sympathized; and its principal complaints were, of the invalidity of the common constitution in regard to Slesvig; of the mutilated form in which the local constitution of Slesvig was submitted to the deliberation of the Diet of that duchy, and of the impossibility in which the latter was placed of really exercising a control over its provisions. Of the limitation of even the imperfect privileges then granted by an arbitrary edict in 1855, without consulting the Diet, and by the withdrawal, without consulting the Diet, of the domains of Slesvig from the jurisdiction of the Diet, for the purpose of appropriating the revenues to the common expenses of the monarchy. Of the arbitrary change, against the wish of the inhabitants, and notwithstanding the humble petition of the Diet, of the language used in school and church in the parishes comprised in the deanery of Slesvig, Gottorp, &c. That the full force of the case of the duchies may be seen it should in justice be added, that the last grievance seems to have been a real ground of complaint. The number of parishes comprised within the ordinance was forty-nine, and their population 80,000. This district had 168 schools; and the practical effect of the change was to place a large proportion of the inhabitants under worrying disabilities. The clergyman preached to them in a foreign language—one at least they knew very imperfectly. Their children had to begin their most rudimental studies anew; and, in fine, a social revolution was inaugurated. The King having refused to receive the petition referred to, the popular excitement suddenly increased; and this state of feeling produced harsh measures on the part of the Government. It is said, though the statement seems doubtful, that as many as 300 respectable inhabitants of Slesvig were suddenly arrested, and prosecutions commenced against the representatives who had most busied themselves in getting up the memorial. Domiciliary visits became common, and various other foolish acts were committed by a ministry who appear to have surrendered themselves at once to an absurd panic. All this served the designs of the enemies of the Danish monarchy most effectually.

Still, unwise as was the procedure of the Danish Government, it must be borne in mind that the Danish sovereign and his Cabinet were harassed by constant German intrigues in the Duchies, the object manifestly being to lay a basis for the species of intervention that at last took place. The Danish people regarded the measures already spoken of, which, without explanation might appear to be gratuitous tyranny, as purely defensive of the rights of their Crown over the Duchies, and, what was more important, of the safety of their kingdom proper from encroachments which would be temptingly easy if those provinces became wholly Germanized. Nor were they without such warrant for their proceedings as the existence of a very large and powerful Danish party in Slesvig supplied; for the memorial of the Germans, in 1860, was only carried by a majority in the diet of the Duchy.

Nor can it be forgotten that Slesvig was originally Danish, and subsequently became Germanized in part, as the effect of an assiduous propaganda. Gosch establishes this by a reference to the distribution and numerical strength of the nationalities in the province. The Danish population amounts to a total of 199,004, the Frisian to 24,725, and the German to 122,124. The Frisian is as unlike the Low German spoken by the German inhabitants as it is Danish, and the Frisians have a far stronger affinity to the true type of the Jutland Dane than to the Germans. Moreover, in a great portion of the country the population is not mixed. In the town of Abenraa, for example, there were, in 1853, 800 families, only thirty of whom made use of the German tongue, and ten of the thirty were late importations from abroad. Gosch publishes two interesting maps, one by a German author, and another by a Danish, differing very slightly, which show by colours how Slesvig is divided between districts all Danish, districts mixed, and districts purely German. From these maps, it appears that the German section is confined to about a fifth part of the territory of the Duchy, at the south, and is bounded by a line commencing with the Slei, and entering the North Sea near the island of Nordstrand. The mixed region lies in the centre, between the line just in-

icated and Flensburg, dipping south-westwards considerably from that town ; whilst fully two-thirds of the duchy is purely Danish. But Gosch also proves, in a chapter devoted to an examination of the charges preferred in the memorial to the King above mentioned, that even in the districts marked as mixed, the Danish language preponderates. "Great exertions," he says, "are made by the German party for preventing the taste for Danish reading becoming general ; but wherever Danish libraries have been established, the books make their way in spite of all difficulties, with a constantly increasing circulation, and powerfully contribute to re-awaken love and respect for the long-opposed, original language of the country. At the same time, the fact that the books are read both by the old and young, and read aloud in the families, proves not only the existence of the Danish nationality in the officially mixed districts, but also that the population understand perfectly well ordinary Danish, without having been taught it at school." There are Danish libraries in all the officially mixed parishes.

It may throw some further light on the origin and nature of the Slesvig agitation, which began in 1860, to add a word as to the wantonness of many of the statements in the German "memorial." Among other things, it was complained that the military schools are in Copenhagen, and that their pupils, of German descent, are compelled to learn Danish. It is hard to see how this could be avoided, for, in the first place, the inhabitants of Denmark Proper possess the military spirit, which the Germans in Slesvig and Holstein singularly lack ; and, in the second, it must surely be always impossible that the German minority can act with the Danish majority in any public capacity, far less as military men, without learning the national language. But in fact so irrational did the Slesvig-Holsteiners become, when they saw the Danish national spirit in Slesvig making head against German influence, that they quarrelled about every little matter of precedence or peculiarity. The use of the Danish flag, the Danish command in the army, the mark "Danish property" on the ships—all these formed favourite topics for German oratory of the "stump" description.

The term *Slesvig-Holstein* (with the hyphen) is a creation of these German agitations and innovations, and the Correspondent of the *Times* did not exaggerate an iota when he stated some few days ago, that whilst "a Dane reddens with passion on a stranger's merely happening to mention the names of Slesvig and Holstein in the same breath," a German is not even content when he has transformed Slesvig and Holstein into Schleswig-Holstein, but quarrels if the word be not written *Schleswig-Holstein*.

An incident that occurred in 1842, sums up so well the character of the struggle that has been going on for twenty years, and shows what the Danes have had to contend against by so pithy an instance that, with the mention of it, the purely political portion of this paper may be almost brought to a close. In 1842 the Germans had a majority in the Slesvig Diet, and proceeded at once to lord it over their ancient rivals and the monarchy to which they owed allegiance. Moved by the foreign influences which have all along been the curse of the Duchies, they went the length of prohibiting the use of the Danish language in the Assembly ; and President Falek, on the Deputy Lorenzen attempting to speak the national tongue, rose and imperiously forbade him. Lorenzen, a true Dane, relied on his right, and refused obedience, whereupon Falek threatened to remove him from the hall by main force. The Deputy appealed to the King, and his right to speak in Danish was acknowledged by the Sovereign. Meantime the session had terminated, and before it resumed next year, a modification of the former decree was devised by the German party confining the liberty to speak in Danish to those only who should make a solemn declaration of their inability to express themselves in German. The Danes throughout the monarchy felt still insulted, and it was resolved to stay away altogether from the Diet, until the obnoxious conditions had been retracted. Lorenzen was the leader of this demonstration also, and ultimately the Germans succumbed ; whereupon a "monster meeting" was held at Skamlingsbanke, a hill in North Slesvig, commanding a wide prospect of the country ; and, twelve thousand persons being assembled, a

silver horn was presented to Lorenzen as a token of gratitude, with the simple but piquant inscription—"He spoke Danish, and persisted in speaking Danish."

Finally, Gosch puts the political issue—avoiding the question of Succession—thus succinctly:—

"The principal complaints [of the German Slesvig-Holsteiners] are the following:—That in cases where one language must have the preference (the higher boards of administration, the mixed village-schools), this is now given to the Danish, instead, as formerly, to the German language; that in most places where both languages are used by the population, a right and an opportunity of using their own language in the church and in the courts of justice, has been given to the Danish population, which it did not possess before 1850; further, that the enactments by which these advantages have been granted to the Danish inhabitants of the mixed districts, have not been cancelled, although in some places the people have made but little use of them; finally, that Danish Colleges, and free access to the Danish University, have been provided for the Danish-Slesviggers generally.

"On the Danish side, all these measures are considered *natural consequences of the position of Slesvig as a part of the Danish State*, and of the promise of equal protection for both nationalities, given for the first time in 1848, repeated in 1850 and in 1852, and redeemed, as is thought, in a just and equitable manner by the ordinances of 1850-51, which were finally confirmed in 1854.

"On the German side this argument is rejected, and the measures in question are looked upon as so many violations of the rights of the German nationality, because they involved alterations in the state of things as it existed previously to 1848."

But the full acceptance by the Austro-Prussian guardians of the rights of the Slesvig-Holstein Germans, if the settlement of 1852 precludes them from having recourse to the *status quo ante* thus appealed to. However, leaving the political "complication"—as the diplomat's phrase is—more interesting points respecting the Danes, for whom our admiration rises with the nobility of their fruitless efforts to repel a burglarious attack, will be found in a glance at their many curious and entertaining customs, manners, and traditions.

That the Danes were, at all periods of their history, a high-spirited people, may be considered more fully established by a fact which the writer of 1692, in his "Account of Denmark,"

mentions. This interesting work was written by Robert Viscount Molesworth, when at the Danish Court, as Envoy Plenipotentiary from William the Third. It appears from him that after Denmark had lost her territories on the other side of the Baltic, by the treaty of 1660—Schonen among the rest—the windows of Cronenburgh Castle were walled up, that "so hateful an object" as the provinces ceded to the Swedes, "might not cause continual heart-burnings." The same writer, in the course of a description of Slesvig, states that he found the jurisdictions and interests of the two princes—the King of Denmark and the Duke of Holstein—so much intermixed that, even then, the people scarce knew whose subjects to reckon themselves, "since they often swear allegiance, and pay tribute to both." "In some towns and villages," he adds, "both the King and Duke elect the yearly magistrates, and divide the revenues; in others they do this by turns: so that upon any quarrel or difference between these two princes, the poor people are strangely divided, and in a most miserable condition." This traveller gives a lamentable description of Denmark at the close of the seventeenth century. The kingdom was so poor and oppressed that the nobles in the island of Zealand offered to give up their estates to the King rather than pay the taxes. This was the more remarkable, as the Danish gentry, in former times, lived in great affluence. Strangers were preferred to natives for offices of State. Manufactures were depressed by numerous discouragements. In Zealand the people were as absolutely slaves as in Barbadoes, "but with this difference, that their fare is not so good." The gentlemen counted their riches by their "stocks of boors, as here with us by our stocks of cattle." In cases of purchase, these boors were sold, "as timber-trees are with us." Sumptuous burials and monuments were still, however, in great request with the nobility—the last relic of their previous magnificence. It was usual to keep the corpse of a person of quality in a vault or chancel of some church for years together, till a fit opportunity came for a pompous funeral. When this tourist adventured among them, the people were also cheats at their public markets,

and very heavy and stupid in their hours of recreation. They produced no books, were not inventive, did not much relish music, and had given up the Opera, in consequence of an awful catastrophe akin to the recent calamity in South America, their "Queen's House" having been consumed by fire, with many hundred persons in it. Very unhandsomely the ill-natured censor adds—"Their language is very ungrateful, and *not unlike the Irish* in its whining, complaining tone." At that time there was in Denmark the peculiarity of a fortification *schatt*, or tax, the royal servants paying as much as twenty per cent. of their yearly salaries for the purpose. Among the quaint reflections interspersed among the pencil sketches of this author of 1692, the subjoined is not the least *appropos* of the present times of "bloated armaments":—

"This mischievous custom of princes esteeming soldiers the only true riches was first begun and established by the French king, and is grown general by his care to cultivate this opinion in the minds of the German princes, whose poor countries he foresees will be soon ruined by such a practice. This he principally aims at; and it has brought matters to such a pass, that war and destruction are grown absolutely necessary. For, as all men that lay up wealth never think they have enough, so those that consider soldiers as the only riches never cease enlarging their number, till they are necessitated for their subsistence either to come to blows with their neighbours or to create animosities between others: wherein they have found the knack of being employed and receiving pay, without interesting themselves in the quarrel. Where this will end God Almighty knows, and can only prevent the apparent mischiefs threatened by it, viz., the universal misery and depopulation of Europe. For since this practice has grown so general, none of these kings and princes, though endowed with a more peaceable spirit and better judgment than the rest, dares lead the dance, and disarm, for fear of his armed neighbours, whose necessities make them wait only for an opportunity to make resistance: and this is none of the least calamities which the French tyranny has forced upon the world, having reduced all the princes and commonwealths of it to this hard choice—either to submit themselves to an intolerable foreign yoke, or maintain vipers at home to gnaw their own bowels."

At that period the Danes had in all 32,000 men in arms, with thirty-twoships of war, mounting 1,927 guns,

and having 12,670 seamen. One hundred and ninety years after, the condition of Denmark is much the same, but the Power then complained of for forcing upon its neighbours the maintenance of enormous armaments has made a gigantic stride onward in the direction of the same offence, with what results all men know. Europe, however, is not subjected to France yet, and people are easier on that score than in the olden time. The nations are not even so fearful of leviathan ships, and ponderous shot, and countless masses of armed men, as they were some years ago. Like everything else, this grand arming, too, may be overdone. The ancient warrior, so girt with mail as to be incapable of using his limbs, almost of employing his weapons, is a fitting type of much of the "para bellum" of the present day.

The amusements of the Danish Court, a century and a-half ago, were at least promotive of honest good-humour, if not very "correct." Christian the Fifth entered into them *con amore*, when the annual season of joust came round. Stag-hunting was the favourite pastime at Fredericksburg; and here the King so far unbent that even his domestics were permitted to eat and drink with him, the entertainment often degenerating into a carouse. After the emptied bottles had multiplied to a respectable number, what was called the hunting assizes were solemnly held, in the great court before the palace; and thus is the scene depicted by the painter of 1692:—

"The stag is drawn into the midst of it by the huntsmen, who are all clothed in red, having their great brass hunting-horns about their necks; and it is there broken up with great ceremony, whilst the hounds attend with much noise and impatience. One that is likeliest to give a good gratuity to the huntsmen, is invited to take essay, and presented with the deer's foot. Then proclamation is made, if any can inform the King (who is both supreme judge and executioner) of any transgression against the known laws of hunting that day committed, let him stand forth and accuse. The accused is generally found guilty; and then two of the gentlemen lead him to the stag, and make him kneel down between the horns, turning down his head with his buttocks up, and remove the skirts of his coat, which might intercept the blow. Then comes his Majesty, and with a small long wand

gives the offender some lashes on his posterior, whilst in the meantime the huntsmen with their brass horns, and the dogs with their loud openings, proclaim the King's justice, and the criminal's punishment. The whole scene affording diversion to the Queen, ladies, and other spectators, who are always assisting, and stand in a circle about the place of execution. This is as often repeated as there happen to be delinquents, who, as soon as the chastisement is over, rise up and make their obeisance,

— proudly boasting

Of their magnificent rib-roasting.

After all is done, the hounds are permitted to fall to, and eat the deer."

Another of the royal escapades took place regularly on Shrove Tuesday, when the family of the sovereign, and the ministers of state, put on the "garments of the boors," with great trunk-hose, short doublets, and thrum-caps, the ladies of the Court attiring themselves in blue petticoats and grotesque head-dresses. The party then repaired, in waggons, a man before and a woman behind, about three English miles, to a small town, where the day was passed in various diversions, all the company, and the peasants in the neighbourhood, being freely admitted to a temporary equality. Bagpipes and squeaking fiddles afforded music for the dancing. There was then a country dinner, and the King ate out of a wooden platter, and the Queen flourished a horn spoon. We do not know that the world is better for the increase of gentility before which all such old and quaint customs have succumbed. In this case there was at least the advantage that the King became acquainted with the manner of life of his humbler subjects, and they learned to entertain an affection for the person of the sovereign.

As Marryat travelled upwards through the seafaring village of Travemünde, he had the fullest opportunity of making acquaintance with those North Germans who have raised such a pother about their rights for above a century. We do not like them a bit the better for his Dutch pictures. At a table d'hôte in the place named, he was struck with the extraordinary "outer man" of these North Germans, of both sexes, not less than their alarming processes of cooking. They "appear as split asunder—all legs and no body: it is quite a miracle

where they find place to stow away the six meals they devour in the course of the day." Their dishes are "eel-soup, the reptile itself floating along in company with stewed peas, cherries, and spices; shrimps and open tart served together on the same plate; and veal, veal, everlasting veal, till you loathe the very sight of a cow and her offspring." The "old" ladies in Holstein wear plaited caps and are venerable-looking; the middle-aged careworn, with a household-drudge look; the young ones are passable; and the children, "unhealthy and ugly." "The back-view of a table d'hôte in those parts is quite a sight—the women, from fear of dirt, I suppose, hitch up their petticoats behind into a sort of hay-cock, causing an exposé of their feet, good, solid, and useful, for common purposes, capable of carrying them with ease when they weigh sixteen stone (!) and never breaking down; clad in gray boots, and twisted one within another in the most ungraceful fashion." These ladies, however, have two good qualities: they are industrious and economical. The fair damsel who dines at the table d'hôte, with beautiful blue rosettes (like a horse) in her "hind-hair," daily perpetrates "a fine wash of collars, sleeves, and such like." At Kiel, for the first time, the tourist became aware of the jealousies between the Dane and the Holsteiner; the former have a proverb respecting the college in that city running, that "To lie is always a science, as the devil said when he frequented the University of Kiel." Passing into the country around the Holstein capital, the most striking peculiarity is the extreme neatness and "concentration" of the farm-houses or homesteads. Everything is under one building, with a high roof, to throw off the snow. "You enter," says Mr. Marryat, "or drive in under a lofty archway, through folding gates, into a sort of oblong hall, which runs the entire length of the buildings, at the extreme end of which is a large open fireplace, ranged with bright pewter plates and china, good shining copper pots and kettles, rivalling a Holland interior in their brightness." The gable is a granary; at one side of the hall are the stable, cowhouse, and other such conveniences; on the

other side the rooms the family reside in, commonly well furnished, with double windows in winter, a stove, muslin curtains, and everything exemplarily clean. At Eckernförde, the only thing remarkable is a curious old church, where there are queer latticed pews, some like sedan-chairs, made for a single person, others large enough for a family numbering a score, and accessories that make the edifice more like an old curiosity-shop than a place of worship. The churches were greatly enriched, as well as the preachers connected with them, by the habit before noticed, on the authority of Lord Molesworth, as characteristic of Christian the Fourth's reign, of spending large sums on magnificent funerals. The Litg-predicamer, or coffin preacher, extolled the virtues of the deceased with wonderful unction, when he had the prospect of receiving, as a certain Dr. Jacob Matthisen did, according to the entry in his own diary, "two gilt cups, weighing one hundred ounces, for preaching the funeral sermon of the Lady Anna Lange, and ditto, a tankard, of one hundred and four ounces, for that of Niels Friis, in Aarhus Cathedral." The discourse was generally printed afterwards, prefaced by a portrait of the deceased, and a sketch of the monument about to be raised to his memory. These engravings, curiously enough, have, in recent times, proved, as records, very valuable to the families possessing them. There was a custom, however, of casting small medals, called "skue penge," also bearing the effigy of the deceased, for distribution among his friends. Although these rites of sepulture were carried to such an excess that families were beggared by them, there was at the bottom of many of them a very creditable sentiment, and the skue penge was certainly a kindly idea.

The town of Slesvig has lost much of its ancient glory, having given place, as the capital of the Duchy, to Flensburg. The Danish policy probably has been to encourage the latter town at its expense: but traditionally, Slesvig is still the spot of principal interest. It was here first that Christianity secured a footing in Denmark. It was here, too, that in 1120, the Synod of Haldéby proclaimed the celibacy of the clergy,

and unhandsomely ejected all the priests' wives from the country. It will not be supposed that these ladies departed quietly. The monkish chronicler adds that their expulsion was effected *non sine clade gravi*. Passing the Danevirke, the great brick wall of defence across the peninsula, built, partly by Queen Thyre and partly by Valdemar, behind which, it was supposed, the Danes would have been able to make a successful stand, the traveller enters Flensburg, where Marryat heard a curious legend, as accounting for the extraordinary heraldic device possessed by an old lady of the neighbourhood—a wooden beer-bottle pierced with an arrow.

"It was during the Swedish wars of the seventeenth century, that, after a battle in which the enemy had been worsted, a burgher of Flensburg was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a small wooden bottle, when he heard the cry of a wounded Swede, who, fixing his longing eyes on the beverage, exclaimed, 'I am thirsty: give me to drink.'

"Now, the burgher of Flensburg was a kind man, and, though he suffered greatly himself, he replied at once—'Thy need is greater than mine;' and kneeling down by the side of the wounded soldier, he poured the liquor into his mouth.

"But the treacherous Swede, taking advantage of the unarmed state of his benefactor, fired his pistol as he bent down, wounding him in the shoulder.

"Then the burgher sprang upon his legs, and, indignant, exclaiming, 'Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return: now will I punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle, but you shall only have half;' and drinking off one-half himself, he gave the remainder to his enemy. When the news of this action came to the ears of King Frederic III., he ordered the burgher into his presence, and asked him, 'Why did you not kill the rascal?'

"'Sire,' replied the man, 'I could never slay a wounded enemy.'

"'Thou meritest to be a noble,' said the King, and he caused him to be created one at once, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle pierced through with an arrow; which cognizance was borne by his children after him, till the family died out in the person of this maiden lady, his last descendant."

In the towns of Jutland the tourist will be at no loss for occupation. Besides the interest attaching to the churches and their tombs and traditions, together with the legends of the common people, he will discover

at every turn the quaintest peculiarities of manners and customs, showing how stay-at-home a people these Danes of the mainland are. A long delay is not necessary, however, to see all that is worth a journey in North Denmark, and the ultimate destination of the tourist is, of course, Copenhagen. On entering this city the visitor is attracted first of all by the obelisk erected to commemorate the abolition of feudal servitude by Christian VII.; the beautiful marbles of which were drawn to the spot in waggons by the serfs in the exuberance of their gratitude. Next he may rove, with advantage, through the street of coffins, Adleværge, where all the apparatus of pompous burial is paraded to the eye, and puffed in the style of Robins' advertisements of "Smukke ligkister," or—save the mark!—"pretty coffins," meet the glance of the passer-by. "Glazed frames expose to view shrouds and graveclothes, pinked out ready, and stamped in holes, like the *broderie Anglaise* in a workshop window; from the short petticoat of the little child to the cravat with flowing bow of the male adult." The spectacle is not pleasant. As to patronymics the town of Copenhagen has any number of Jensens, Petersens, Hansens, Thomsons—"sens," unending—and as many devices were required to distinguish the possessors of these not very euphonious names from each other as were adopted in Scotland to establish the distinctive identity of each member of the extensive Campbell fraternity, until a happy thought struck the Danish mind. Campbell black, Campbell red, Campbell short, long, fat, thin, however numerous these adjectives, they did not suffice for Danish purposes; and on a law being made, not very many years ago, that every one should for the future have a surname (conceived to be quite a superfluity before), most persons began to be described by their trade, and Hans Tailor, Catherine Butcher, Niels Carpenter, came into vogue. Very few of the nobility are of pure Danish descent. The majority of the nobles are families that have settled in Denmark within the last two hundred years. The two oldest of the Danish names are Hardenberg, which dates back to 1095, and Ulfeld, which goes back to 1396 only. Mr. Marryat has an

amusing paragraph on the matter of "who's who" in Denmark.

"Many names are marked as 'Gammel familie uddød,' or extinct; and I am sure for those that are blessed with sensitive ears it is a mercy they are so. And (duck), Alf (elf), Begger (pitch)—old Danish, Bott, Bier, Blas (blue), Daa (doe), Damp, Dan, Eek, Flob, Fos (waterfall), Flue, Gagge, Glib, Glob, Glud, Glug (hole), Grib (vulture), Grip, Grim (soot), Gamm, Grüs (pig), Grøb (dungfork)."

Among others there are Krum, Myg, Quie, Skyttle, Sot—fancy such an interesting inscription for a brass plate!—Snubbe, Steak, Suur, Svab, Sviin, and lastly Taa, or toe, which unhappily is among the extinct. Two other names, once in common use, meant Butter and Cheese, but both of these we have among ourselves. There are Scotch names in Denmark; and those who boast of them are generally well to do, the descendants of "canny" folk, who settled there at a period more or less distant, and contrived, notwithstanding the unpromising character of the country, to feather their nests. There are Sandersons, Sinclairs, Forbesses, Keiths, Dunbars, and Duncans; but not a single Irishman. The name, *par excellence*, for age and repute among the Danes is Grubbe, and rough as it sounds, even in England this name is of a highly respectable antiquity. When Lord Lansdowne, as Mr. Marryat reminds us, neglected, many years since, to place a gentleman of this name on the list of magistrates for Wiltshire, there was a *furor* in the county, and young Lord Kerry having asked alightingly who Mr. Grub was, received for answer, that Mr. Grub possessed lands in Wiltshire centuries before Lord Lansdowne's family were heard of in Ireland. We should certainly prefer the Danish "Grubbe," however, to the English "Grub." The sound is the same, no doubt, but there is something in making a name pleasing to the eye. So at least the race of Smiths think, as may be inferred from their ingenious conversions of the letters betokening the anvil and village forge, into Smyth, Smithe, Smythe, and the *ne plus ultra* Smijthe—which, indeed, imposing as it looks, is only the place put for the performer, and brings us back again to the murky faces and rough wit of

the smithy, whence this ancient family started.

At present Mr. Marryat's experience of the Danish language is peculiarly interesting. Let no one think he can master it as easily as French or German. The grammar presents little difficulty, but the pronunciation is nearly as bad as Welsh. Danish abounds in consonants, many of which are not uttered. The letters *g* and *j* are indescribably slurred over. As a sample of the puzzles encountered by the foreigner, the word *arbejdide* is given by Marryat. It is pronounced *arbeithethe*; and what would the reader think if a dozen such words came together, one demanding a more frantic effort than the other? Upon the similarity of the language, in Jutland particularly, to our own, the same writer says:—

"It is impossible to go through your *a, b, c*, without being struck by the analogy of Danish with our own native tongue; and more so still when you devote yourself to the ballads and literature of the early centuries; I am informed that the laws of King Valdemar's time have even more resemblance still; the terms which we now use having become obsolete in Denmark, just as the English of the New Englanders appears antiquated to London society of the present century, though all those quaint expressions were court parlance in the days of Charles II. One of the very early chroniclers declares, 'the English language as they spoke it in the time of Canute the Great, differs only a little from the Danish, because the Angles had come from Jutland, wherefore their language was called by the writer Cimbric, and this they spoke in the provinces which lay north of the Thames.'"

Whatever may be the views of antiquarians and philologists, under present circumstances it is not possible to refuse to echo the comment affixed to his very sparing notes on this knotty point of erudition.

"Who in his senses (he continues) will for one moment allow that the maritime glory of our country, the dominion of the waves, could ever descend to us from German forefathers—a race incapable of crossing a duck-pond without being sea-sick; or our love of colonization from a race who never possessed a single colony of their own? The Vikings of old—blackguards though they might be—were fine, bold, dashing fellows. They cared little to settle, but were ever ready to seek new adventures. . . . Your stay-at-home people, full of 'sweet home' (mutton 10*d.* a pound), and other like domestic comforts, may descend

from Anglo-Saxons if you will; but our sailors, our explorers, our missionaries, our adventurers of all sorts, have, depend upon it, running in their veins a dash of the seaking of Scandinavia."

Among other places visited by the author of "Jutland and the Danish Isles," was the curious old castle of Draxholm, a huge mass of semi-ecclesiastical buildings, in which Bothwell breathed his last. Mr. Marryat believes the story of the confession which he is said to have made when dying, exonerating Queen Mary from any participation in, or knowledge of, the assassination of Darnley. The witnesses of this confession, mentioned by her in a letter to her ambassador, he identifies with Otto Brahe, of the Castle of Helsingborg, father of Tycho of the golden nose, and with other persons of influence who flourished at the time. But neither Miss Strickland, nor the Danish traveller, can hope to exculpate Mary after Mr. Froude's labours. The Bothwell prison is now the wine-cellar of the castle, and the iron ring to which he is said to have been chained stands between two wine-bins. In a vault of the church of Faareville, they show the mummy-corpses of Scotland's Earl, in a plain wooden coffin. For ages the tomb has been known as that of "Grev Bodvell," and Mr. Marryat fully credits the popular account. When the coffin was first opened (it bore no inscription) the body was found enveloped in the finest linen, and the head rested on a pillow of satin. The face he thinks undoubtedly that of a Scotchman. The age is of a man about fifty—the hair red, streaked with gray. "The forehead is not expansive; the form of the head wide behind;" high cheekbones; long, hooked nose; wide mouth; hands and feet small and well-shaped—"those of a well-bred man." The corpse suits the description of Brantome—the only one in existence; it is really that of "one of the ugliest and awkwardest of men."

A very singular custom prevails in the Island of Fano, the inhabitants of which are an industrious, quiet race. The men are occupied on the high seas, and leave all the home work to the women. Even when these seafarers return, they do not trouble themselves about the little farms managed by their good dames, but

spend their intervals ashore in eating, drinking, and sleeping. The ladies, remarkable, first of all, for the extraordinary number and various colours of their petticoats, also, universally, wear a black mask when working in the fields, to save their complexion. The effect, as may be imagined, is anything but pleasing when a stranger meets a troop of those black faces driving home their cattle from the downs. Travellers see strange sights; and Mr. Maryatt adds that the wearing of these masks has an effect upon the ewes. He met several lambs with bodies white as the driven snow, but faces of ebony. Another singular feature of the place is, that most of the houses are decorated with figure-heads, many of very quaint carvings, the relics of ill-fated ships cast ashore in the neighbourhood. It is remarkable, too, that the people have quite an Oriental cast of countenance.

The Englishman who has a fancy for a temporary foreign residence, whether compelled thereto by the pressure of a necessity to economize, or, less honourably, by a desire to keep his countrymen in ignorance of his whereabouts, can live very comfortably for a comparatively small sum per month in any Danish town. There are, of course, the usual preliminary troubles. In Copenhagen, for example, when you hire an apartment nothing is afforded you but the bare walls. You must put in grates, and put up bells, as well as put down carpets. The tapisserie comes to your relief, and offers to furnish for you at a certain sum, but he has no idea of giving you such superfluities as curtains, china, or glass; these you must make out as best you may otherwise. Servants and houses alike are taken by the period of six months, and hirings for a less period are unknown. You cannot, in fact, get either house or servant except from the 1st of November, or the 1st of May. Poultry and game are abundant and cheap. In the way of birds the Danes seem to have a Chinese catholicity of taste. Twenty bullfinches, strung on a cord, sell for sixpence, their final destination being the pie-dish. But it must not be inferred that the Danes are careless in the matter of eating. Their food is clean, well baked and roasted, sound and wholesome. It

may be simple, but it is nutritive and palatable. Their cherry cordial takes the first place among drinks. A real Danish dinner, according to Maryatt, "rather confuses your appetite by the queerness of its arrangement, fish and sweets being served all out of order, and the roast frequently making its appearance long after the guest has satisfied all cravings of hunger." The intensity of the national feeling may be seen in the character of the prints which appear in the shops at Copenhagen. They are all Danish—views of public buildings having a historic interest; scenes in Jutland; prints illustrating the costumes of the country; or lithographs of the original portraits which once made the gallery of Fredericksborg celebrated.

As is generally known, this ancient palace was consumed by fire in December, 1859. The Danes sustained in the catastrophe an irreparable national loss. Those portraits which had previously escaped the conflagration of Christiansborg, in 1796, were all destroyed, not one remaining. Over two hundred years of Danish history were covered by these painted records. Among the rest the only existing portrait of Tycho Brahe perished. The astronomer shared the fate of the sovereign, his patron; "good Queen Sophia with her full, blue eyes; Christian IV., with his marlok, and frail Christiana Munk; the splendid family of Gyldenloves; Adolf of Holstein, garter on knee, and his giant race; then, too, our House of Stuart—Prince Henry, with his transparent hand and saddened brow; our Winter Queen—first as a joyful girl with her dog, then that exquisite picture as a widow, so sad, so beautiful, later again a discontented woman; Charles I. or Buckingham, which it was matters but little now; Henrietta, of Orleans; and Eleanor Ulfeld"—all were destroyed. Christian IV. was the builder of the palace, from which the late King was chased forth by the raging flames, exclaiming, as he went, "Quel malheur irreparable!—quel malheur irreparable!" This Christian IV. was an example of thrift and industry. When the plans for the building of the palace were submitted to his council, they resisted the extravagant expenditure which the design would entail, but Christian set about his task on the most economical plan, superin-

tending every minute detail, paying the workmen's wages himself every Saturday night seated on a stone near the edifice. With the money saved by his small economies, he built a pleasant summer-house in the forest adjoining. The monarch's nervous carefulness in little matters is seen in his letter on the refusal of medicine by his children—"As Doctor Arsenius thinks it proper that Dukes Ulrick and Frederic shall take medicine, and I hear they do not like it, and do not take it with a good will" (twenty-four pills before breakfast is the favourite prescription, says Mr. Marryat, of a modern Danish *Æsculapius*), "and, as I cannot go to them before Monday at noon, you will see that it is already taken before that time. Tell them that they must take it, and be pleased with it."

Some four or five and twenty years ago, the idea was first bruited of gathering the historic portraits of Denmark into this regal receptacle, and shortly afterwards a valuable collection having been bequeathed to the nation, the intention was carried out. There were ultimately included among them a series of portraits of the Royal House of England. First one met the eye of the visitor, of "James VI., King of Scotland," as a boy of twelve years old, habited in accordance with the costume of the period. Next to this was a painting of the same sovereign, when King of England; and both were supposed to have been sent by James to his brother-in-law, of Denmark, as a present. There were three portraits of James in all, in Fredericksborg, and likewise three of his eldest son, Henry. Elizabeth, Princess Royal of England, his sister, hung in the next place, a portrait taken when she was Queen of Bohemia, and eloquent of her sorrows. A small cabinet picture of Charles I., was also lost in this great burning, besides a full-length portrait of a young man, supposed to be Charles Stuart for a long time, but proved by Marryat to be that of the Duke of Buckingham, who was a favourite of Anne, Queen of Denmark. Charles II., James II., and a perfect gallery of later regal personages the more modern paintings being the worst executed—adorned these walls. In addition there were portraits of many

of Denmark's men of genius, or of valour. The "Danish Luther, Hans Tausen, Niels Kaas, the Chancellor of Frederick II., the type of integrity; Tycho Brahe; admirals, diplomats; among poets, Oehlenschläger and Ewald; and sculptors, authors, men of science—all were represented in this unequalled national collection, and the Danes were immensely proud of them. Strange to say, the pictures saved were the worst in every class.

One of the most romantic of the Danish legends gives Mr. Marryat occasion to notice the antiquity in Denmark of the military ruse made familiar by Shakspeare's "Macbeth":

"Tall and straight as a liliwand (the stalk of a lily) was the damsel (the fair Signe) and beloved of Prince Hagbard, the Danish king's son; but King Sigurd forbade the marriage. Lover's wits are proverbial—secret nuptials took place, and Hagbard visits his bride, as Romeo did his Juliet, in secret. A spy denounces the lovers to the King, who orders his warriors to seize the prince, but they refuse, for Hagbard is born of a giant race. Then speaks out the spy: 'Cut off first the hair of the Princess and bind him in her tresses; his love for her is too great for him to burst such chains asunder.' Hagbard is bound in her silken chains; the Princess Signe cries to him to break loose, but he refuses. 'Never can I,' he declares, 'injure one hair of your head.' The King orders him to be hanged. The lovers agree they will never survive each other, and Signe vows to set fire to her bower when Hagbard hangs in his chains. When he approached the gibbet, mistrusting the constancy of woman's love, he desired the soldiers to hang up first his scarlet cloak, to see how he would look hereafter. Scarce had the cloak swung in the air when a volume of smoke arises from the bower of the faithful Signe, and Hagbard, satisfied with her constancy, is launched into eternity.' Then in rushes the 'lille snaa dreng' before the King's board to announce the sad news, how Signe and her maidens burn in the 'hoie loft'—and all for love of Hagbard the Dane. 'Extinguish the flames,' cries the King, '—cut him down; I pardon them both.'

"But when they arrived at Signe's bower,

There she lay burnt in the flames;
And when they came where the gallows stood,

Young Hagbard hung in his chains."

"Do not imagine the matter to have ended here. In a short space of time arrived *from Scotland, where he was comfortably settled, Hakon, brother of the murdered prince. Silently,*

accompanied by his followers, he glides up the waters of the Suus Aa. To conceal their movements from the enemy, each warrior bears in his hand a branch of the beech-tree. Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane five hundred years before it was ever heard or thought of in Scotland. . . . This stratagem of bearing boughs occurs very often in the ancient Sagas. When a battle was fought near Restafarith, in Skaane, between the Danes and the Swedes, the former broke branches from the trees, and fastened them to their horses. When the villagers saw it from afar, they exclaimed—'May Heaven destroy this walking wood, for it will make us pay bloody forfeits this day before the sun goes down.'

At Feggeklit, the birth-place of Hamlet, or Amleth, as he is called in Denmark, Saxo Grammaticus' story of the Prince of Jutland has a special and powerful interest. According to the ancient Sagas, there were two brothers, Haardrevendel, the father of Hamlet, and Fengo. They lived in perfect friendship for many years, the one resting while the other went on a piratical expedition. On an occasion, however, when Haardrevendel returned, laden with spoils, and his wife, Geruthe, received him with extraordinary demonstrations of affection, Fengo, fired by jealousy, resolved to stop at home, and possess himself both of his brother's wealth and wife. Pretending that Geruthe is badly treated by his brother, he slays the latter. Then Amleth, fearful of a like fate, feigns insanity. The King, half suspecting that Amleth is only playing a part, orders him to be closely watched; but the vagaries of the Prince continue. Next, Fengo proceeds on a journey, ordering a confidant to secrete himself in the room when Amleth is engaged in conversation with his mother, in order to test his madness; but Amleth dashes through the room, throwing up his arms, and crowing like a cock.

"Jumping on a heap of straw [in her Majesty's bed-room], he feels something underneath, runs his sword through, and withdraws the dead body of the spy. He cuts it into pieces, boils it, and gives it to the pigs. Then, turning to his mother, who was weeping over his madness, he addresses to her the most violent reproaches—'If you will grieve, weep not over my madness, but your own shame and dishonour.'"

Fengo, more anxious than before to get rid of such a stepson, sends him

to England. In England Amleth still acts as a madman, and puzzles and alarms the King and Queen by his extraordinary parables and sarcasms. He eventually, however, obtains the English monarch's daughter in marriage. After a year's absence he returns to Jutland, on pretence of attending to "urgent family affairs," and arriving at the palace of King Fengo when the family and courtiers are in full carouse, joins the party in disguise, drugs their liquor, and when they are inebriated, burns the house, and slays Fengo. About a century and a half ago Fengo's grave was opened, and an iron sword taken from it; but where the weapon was placed is unknown. The sequel of the legend is curious enough. After Amleth has arranged all his affairs in Denmark, he returns to England to see his father-in-law. To add pomp to the visit, he causes a shield to be made, on which are engraven all the deeds he prides himself in, and among the rest, the entire story of his father's murder, his mother's shame, his own feigned madness, and his marriage, finally, with the daughter of the English king. The shields of his followers he also gilds richly, and after a propitious voyage, lands at his destination, is gladly welcomed, and soon after presented by his Queen with a prince. The English monarch inquires after Fengo. Amleth confesses all. Fengo had been the English king's ally, to whom he was bound by a sacred oath. He is, therefore, in a quandary—whether to keep his oath and avenge Fengo by destroying Amleth, or to spare the latter for the sake of his daughter? He resolves at last to repress his feelings for the present; but Amleth's queen dying, he is free to deal with the offender, and clear his long-burdened conscience. Accordingly, he sends Amleth on an embassy to Scotland, to solicit for him the hand of the Scottish queen, who, he knew, would refuse, and was in the habit of slaying all who approached her on any matrimonial errand. Arrived in Scotland, Hamlet sits down by a river's brink to rest. Here, as he sleeps, a spy of the Scottish queen removes his shield and the bag containing the English king's letters. After perusing the latter, the Queen changes the characters so that Amleth may be

ordered to demand her in marriage for himself. The spy returns to the spot, and replaces the letters as he found them. Amleth catches the spy, but goes before Queen Hermentrude, and she "proposes" straightway (probably it was leap-year). Amleth consents with a gushing readiness, and the nuptials over, they set out for the English Court. Amleth is there met by his former wife, whom he had supposed dead, to his utter amazement, and her estimate of his conduct is communicated to him in language of unmistakable plainness. She warns Amleth, however, against her father, who seeks to kill him. Several conflicts subsequently occur between Amleth and the King; and the former, finally victorious, returns to Jutland, with his *two* wives. In the village of Ramme, near the city of Lemvig, Hamlet settled himself, and raised fortifications, having found the kingdom in a state of insurrection, and a pretender, Viglet, aspiring to the throne. The remains of an ancient encampment appear there still, which are called Amleth's castle. A great battle ensues between Hamlet and Viglet, and Hermentrude, his Scottish wife, insists on accompanying him to the field. But Hamlet is slain; and Hermentrude, alas, simply turns about, and marries Viglet, her husband's enemy, for which the Danish chroniclers give her, her due.

In the olden time every Danish town boasted of some peculiarity, and among the rest, Nyborg was famed for its by-law, or by-law, a very summary enactment, under which hands were chopped off for trifling offences, and women thieves buried alive. For adulterating food the punishment was death. All adulterated goods were confiscated, and solemnly burned in the market-place. These last were certainly the wisest features of the Nyborg laws, though it was complained that even then there was a way made for the richer manufacturers or salesmen to evade the penalties of the wholesome statute. As the old Danish rhyme has it, in Mr. Marryat's version—

"When the mayor of the city sells ale and wine,
And the magistrate he kills sheep and swine;
When the baker weighs himself his bread,
The citizens might all as well be dead."

In Bornholm, again, the local peculiarity is of an ecclesiastical character, and possibly it might be imitated with advantage in these "long-winded" days. The Church of Ny has suspended to the left of the pulpit four hour-glasses, the gift of a good lady who lived in the seventeenth century, and had a natural abhorrence of long sermons. The hour-glass hint was intended for her own husband indeed—a certain Parson Bemholt, whose exhortations were full two hours long. This expedient was not resorted to until the evil to be remedied had become absolutely intolerable. People used to enter church when the sermon was half over, to prevent the risk of being placed into what were called the "yawning stocks," which stood at the church door, in case the endless harangue produced a criminal drowsiness. After the "stocks" failed to keep the good folks awake, another device was adopted, in the form of "Kirke-Gubber," or church-pushers, whose duty it was to go round and nudge the slumberers. After the struggle had gone on for some time, the clergy consented to do what they should have done at first—namely, shorten their sermons; but the people sometimes demanded that a discourse should be prolonged, and in that event it was customary for the congregation to exclaim unanimously, with regard to the hour-glass—"Turn it again—turn it again!" To many this will seem to have been an every way admirable arrangement. The Danish peasants have a good many legends in connexion with their churches. One of these is, that the church bells of the island of Seiro having been carried off by the Swedes in the long war under Christian V., were suspended in a steeple of the city of Gottenborg. Here, however, they became a very troublesome sort of spoil. Ring the bellman never so hard, no peal ever sounded from the sulky Seiro bells as long as the church doors remained open, and the design was to convene the parishioners; but the moment the doors were shut, and the service had begun, away rattled the mocking bells, ding-dong, ding-a-dong, rendering the service a farce, drowning the voice of the preacher, extinguishing the choir, and distracting the au-

dience. After many vain efforts to cure this extraordinary bell malady, the clergymen of Gottenborg gave it up as a bad business, and sent back the bells with a letter, said to have been long preserved in the Seiro records, in which the clerical writer "hoped and trusted, just as the bells have sounded in the aforesaid town (of Seiro), so may they henceforth during many years in their own home be rung peacefully for the performance of the service of God." The Danish clergy are to be classed among the "underpaid." They eke out their miserable stipends by farming. Some of them, indeed, are very considerable farmers, and their labours are seen rather on the face of the ground than in the Christian deportment of their flocks. The great proof of wealth is the possession of a large number of cows, and very often the Dane in orders has more quadrupeds than bipeds under his care. They are described, however, as a mild-mannered, well-educated set of men, fond of simple domestic comforts, generally married to very exemplary wives, equally free from pretension, and cheerful and hospitable. Their eggs, butter, milk, and poultry, are cordially offered to the stranger. The Jutland clergy are better paid than the island priests. From £120 English, with a house (worth fully half as much more than the same sum in this country) to £360, is the range of value of the benefices. They have often great difficulty in getting their tithes, which depend, in Aalborg and elsewhere, on the price of corn. It is remarkable that no young man of high family ever thinks of choosing the church as a profession in Denmark. Besides the church each village is provided with a school-house, partly sustained by the government, partly by local contributions, together with a gymnasium for the use of the boys of the neighbourhood. It is at the ancient cathedral church of Ribe that they tell the story of Bishop Peter, who was elevated to the episcopate on this wise. The canons of the cathedral on a certain occasion, could not come to an agreement in their choice of a prelate, and in despair addressed themselves to a poor but notably pious monk, Peter of Raa Ager, begging him to indicate to them an honest man, and offering to swear that they

would accept his choice. Peter consented to nominate the bishop, and said very sensibly, "Since ye, my very good masters, will have me, poor simple man that I am, to appoint your bishop, Peter of Raa Ager shall be the man. I have always heard that he who bears the cross, crosses first himself." The canons held to their pledge, and Peter proved a very worthy overseer. This Ribe is rather a queer place. Its sanctity was something unique. It had monks and brothers, black, gray, and white; and the administration of justice was so proverbial for its severity that the saying arose, "They only are sent to Ribe for justice who are ripe for hanging." "Thank God, my son!" cried an old woman when she saw her son on the gallows of Vaarde, "that you did not come before the Justice of Ribe." In this pretentious town, too, there was erected a gibbet of stone—an aristocratic structure upon which no one but a "burgher born" was allowed the privilege of dangling. The municipal laws of Ribe were in keeping with these rigorous arrangements. The government of the place was in the most odious sense, "paternal." A burgomaster could invite four and twenty couples to his wedding, with their daughters, and twelve young men to dance with the damsels. If there chanced to be a greater number of young ladies, they could not be balanced by the addition of a thirteenth swain. Only six dishes were allowed for dinner, unless the family was very wealthy. Disobedience entailed a fine of one mark Danish to the King. These edicts were meant, it should be added, to restrain the extravagance among the nobles which had at last infected the orders of society beneath them. Frederick the Third issued sumptuary laws against the wearing of pearls or gold on the hat and clothes. When great parties were given, the provision existed that the dishes should be cold; "warm food and delicatessen" were forbidden. These puritanic enactments, unhappily, soon banished from the public mouth the old hospitable saying of the Danes, "Drink as you will—the cask has a sister." Indeed, the natural tendency of this people is to simple mirth and plentiful cheer. They keep their holidays with regularity, and are gay-hearted and un-

affected. At Christmas the peasants make merry together, and have several curious superstitious and traditional customs. As the clock tolls twelve on Christmas Eve, they say the cattle rise in their stalls and stand upright. On that day the cattle are fed with the very best their owners have at command. Before sunset everything is made snug. The housewife then goes to the back of the house, and unloosing the watch-dog, brings him into the dwelling, and cutting off for his use the sweetest slice of the fresh, unbroken loaf, gives it to him with the words, "Here's for my husband, and here's for me." Then a slice is cut off for each of the children, and if there be twins, or trins, a single slice is cut into two or three parts for them. All this done, the guidwife adds, "Now, good dog, you shall run loose this night, for in a season when there is peace and good-will upon earth, you will surely harm no one." Christmas is a hearty time in Jutland, and the home-affections are vastly promoted by its pleasant celebrations. Even the little birds obtain a place in the thankful remembrances of the people, and a wheat-sheaf is placed in the garden over night, that the winter-pressed songsters may also eat and be glad.

But we must leave the inviting regions where these pretty Danish customs exist, and at the same time take leave of Mr. Marryat, thanking him for a really delightful book, whose interest has been revived by current events. For the tourist's satisfaction we may just quote a sentence or two from his valedictory. "For those more advanced in life," he says, "who have been everywhere, and have done everything—who abominate being whirled for pleasure, across the fair face of Europe, by a locomotive—who detest German baths and their wickedness—who, feeling they really know and are judges of what is good and beautiful in this world, can afford, without losing their dignity, to be pleased with what is not, perhaps, first-rate—who like to drive through a country, to study its history, its

customs, and its legends—who prefer civil and kind treatment, with moderate prices, to fawning obsequiousness and robbery;—to such people I can conscientiously promise much pleasure, especially in spring-time, in their travels through the ancient province of Jutland, and the fertile seagirt islands of the Danish Archipelago." After running over this ground with the light tread of the tourist, we have no wish to revert to politics, especially as the later conduct of our own Government towards the Danes does not bear sharp scrutiny. The *Sicile* and some other French prints, taunt us with having encouraged the Danes to fight, and deserted them when the real pinch came. It is to be feared that Englishmen have no very effective answer wherewith to repel the accusation; but these questions must be left to party leaders and publicists. The Danes have, at all events, demonstrated, by their courage, displayed since the Eider was crossed by the invading Germans, that they deserve a better fate than to be crushed by overwhelming numbers. While these lines are being written, they still hold their famous position at Düppel, and are therefore unsubdued. They have rejected the offer of an armistice, and, though isolated and unfriended, are still fighting bravely. The spectacle is inspiring. In a grovelling age it carries us back to the days of ancient heroism. Pity, indeed, if such a nation were blotted from the map of Europe, or a German princelet established within their legitimate territory, to perpetuate weakness, division, and bloody conflicts. If Slesvig be finally lost, by the glorious failure of the Danes against "fearful odds," then every true-hearted Briton can only hope that there may be sufficient self-denial and patriotism found in Denmark to bring about an incorporation with Sweden, and the constitution thereby of a Scandinavian Power, able not only to cope with Germany, but to confront the larger States of Europe, to moderate their malice, and restrain their ambitions.

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THE IRISH CHURCH: HER "REFORMERS" AND HER FOES.

THE enemies of the Irish Church in Parliament appear to have determined to brave the displeasure of the country, by renewing the attack which failed last year so signally. Their adverse notices of motion have been hanging over us since the session began—a prolonged menace. Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Osborne must surely suppose that they have now some facts to adduce in support of their indictment; for they cannot be unaware that neither the House nor the country is in a temper to listen to a repetition of rash and inaccurate statements, vapid declamation, and feeble jocularities. An impression may have prevailed to some extent in 1863 that many charges could be brought forward incapable of refutation; but the accusations which were thought serious enough to compromise the institution, turned out to be, on investigation, so entirely unfounded, that no such impression now exists. It is strange indeed that any class of politicians can continue to hope for success in the British Parliament from an antagonism not based upon the facts and truth of the case. The Irish Church was not only able last year to remove misconceptions, and to reassert her position, but also to reveal to English Churchmen the weakness of their own position, in the event of their abandonment of the Irish establishment. It became, moreover, remarkably evident, to the astonishment of the as-

sailants, that public opinion had shifted round to the side of the Irish Church. The very statesmen upon whose sympathy the Radical leaders counted came fearlessly forward to pledge themselves unreservedly to the maintenance of the Irish Church, upon grounds expressly religious and constitutional, and in all her rights temporal and spiritual. It was felt throughout the kingdom, consequently—in England and Scotland no less than in Ireland—that the issue of that contest was no common advantage to all the national churches. The identity of the English and Irish Churches—the constitutional position of both—the rooted attachment of the people to both, were never so clearly seen, or so generally acknowledged, as at the close of that great controversy. So assuring was the result, that discerning men and sage statesmen considered the Church of Ireland might hope for many years to enjoy peace, and might prosecute her missionary efforts undeterred by parliamentary hostility at a time rendered favourable by various social changes for the growth of her influence and the increase of her numbers.

The revival of the campaign, however, somewhat disturbs these fond conclusions. The following paper may suggest the ground of the fresh, though we firmly believe, delusive hopes on which the new assault is conducted. Before going further, it

should be stated that the observations on which we now venture were completed before the opening of Parliament, but withheld from publication in the hope that the Church might still escape this year alike the attacks of declared enemies and the mischievous interferences of fearful and injudicious friends. The writer had become aware of a project of so-called reform, hatched in secret, which would prove simply fatal to the Irish Church—a reform which Sir Hugh Cairns unhappily mooted in his speech at Belfast during the recess; and it can scarcely be doubted that we owe to the miserable scheme then timidly suggested, the revived hopes under the influence of which Messrs. Dillwyn and Osborne are now acting. It appeared as if the friends and supporters of the Irish Church were in such a fright that they were ready to propitiate their heterogeneous assailants by proposing a change in the territorial character of the Church—to accept, in fact, something very like a congregational system in its place, to be built up, too, by confiscation; and a system, moreover, attended by anomalies vastly more serious, as we shall show, than any of those proposed to be removed. The non-production authoritatively up to the present time of this vicious scheme would have still influenced the writer to withhold his manuscript from publication, had not the effect of Sir Hugh Cairns' early promulgation of the principle of this ruinous "reform" been, as has already been stated, to reopen the entire question. Under the circumstances produced by the untimely and selfish Belfast demonstration, it appears necessary to declare the danger that impends from the hands of weak and officious friends, and to examine the whole subject of Church Reform with freedom and candour.

Before entering upon this task, we protest against that fatal timidity which exaggerates small dangers, and creates serious perils by premature efforts to evade them. Last year there were some who trembled so unworthily in prospect of Mr. Osborne's attack as to seek safety in the suggestion of a Royal Commission. Happily their advice was not followed. The foe was confronted in a manly spirit, and the result was his utter

defeat. If the same result do not follow again, the fault will be entirely our own. The Dillwyn party can do us no harm, unless strength be communicated to them by the fears and feebleness of the false friends of the Church itself. It is only fair, however, to express here the opinion which we entertain, that Sir Hugh Cairns had no sanction, and would not have the support for the purposes of this project, of the Conservative party, or of its leader, the Earl of Derby. That nobleman's attachment to the United Church of England and Ireland is well known; the Irish clergy and laity gratefully remember his services in a former period of peril, and believe not only that the salutary legislation, then the result of his lordship's efforts, supercedes the necessity for any change in the institution of a revolutionary character, but also that they can rely upon him at this crisis for support equally against rash meddling and rude assaults.

We may state that the project of secret "reform" already alluded to contemplates, *inter alia*, the alienation of a certain portion of the revenues of such parishes, chiefly in the South and West, as contain but a small number of Protestant parishioners, in order that the moneys so confiscated may be disappropriated to the use of such civic and rural parishes at a distance as have not adequate endowment already for their growing wants. This scheme would be carried out by uniting three or more parishes, leaving behind only the income of one, and one incumbent, and substituting for the other incumbents in the widowed parishes a class of stipendiary curates on permanent and fixed salaries—somewhere about £100 per annum. We purposely omit all notice of the other plans of spoliation included in this scheme, as this one alone perpetrates every kind of wrong and injustice.

Before discussing the effects of the project upon the constitutional position, upon the nationality, upon the efficiency of the Church, and upon the rights of property and the indefeasibility and permanence of endowments and bequests, let us ask what are its objects. If to appease the Ultramontane party, everyone must see that as a mere shuffle of the temporalities it will fail. We appeal to

experience whether concessions of principle have ever rendered them reasonable. We can look back for a considerable number of years upon the results of such a policy, which have been uniformly disappointing. It must be obvious, moreover, that the temptation to future assaults would be greater after this change, as it would be a confession of weakness, and an acknowledgment of the justice of the agitation that designs the overthrow of the institution. In fact, if the payment of rentcharge were offensive to Roman Catholic proprietors, would not that grievance be vastly increased if the money of the landlord in Tipperary or Limerick were spent, not in the parish from which it was derived, and where its expenditure is a benefit, and the elevating influence of the clergyman's presence is felt morally, socially, and intellectually, but carried off to the town of Belfast or Londonderry, or the cities of Dublin or Cork, to support a minister and congregation on whom they never set their eyes, and from whom they never can derive a benefit of any kind whatever. It is impossible to conceive a state of things which would offer a stronger case for agitation and complaint. No one, of any party, would defend an iniquity so palpable.

Besides all the wrong and injustice suffered by the Roman Catholic landlord, the Protestant payer of rentcharge would have these additional and much stronger grounds for dissatisfaction with this scheme of *quasi* reform. First of all, as £370,000 out of £410,000 per annum—the whole rent-charge—is paid by the Protestant landlords, the grievance would be in proportion. The Protestant proprietor would feel the loss in a variety of ways. He would miss the sole representative of his church, as he never sees his bishop; he would miss his pastor on Sundays, and perhaps have to travel many miles to some large town to attend the ministrations of religion; he could not surround himself with Protestant servants or tenantry for whom he had no teacher, however much he would feel the need of persons about him on whom he could confide; his children would grow up uncatechized, and without the hallowing influences of the parish church, its services, and

its associations; he would miss the gentlemanly companion in the intercourse of life, the natural dispenser of his charities, the cordial sympathizer and co-operator in all his benevolent schemes for the elevation and enlightenment of his dependents, and the man whose education, convictions, and antecedents are the guarantee that he will assist him in promoting the principles of respect for property, loyalty to the throne, order, and peace. Furthermore, in missing the invaluable support which the minister, and the congregation gathered round him, furnish, he would become powerless against the demands of the people, led by their priest and the demagogue, who would then propound any code that suited them respecting liberty and property. Whatever other result therefore would follow the success of this project, we are solemnly convinced that it would inflict irreparable injury upon the landlords of the south and west of Ireland.

Nor is the inestimable value of the residence of an educated and sufficiently endowed Protestant clergy among the people to be left out of sight. The object of all reformers has been to induce the Irish gentry to live upon their properties, in order to the social elevation of the people through their efforts and example. So greatly was the necessity of this residence felt, that Grattan suggested and Flood actually proposed in the Irish Parliament to tax absentees. An authority not over-friendly to the Irish Church, and hardly less eminent than either, thus describes the value of the resident Protestant clergy, as a moral influence of a superior class over the peasantry. Speaking in the House of Lords at a time when the condition of the Church was under the severest criticism, the Marquis of Lansdowne said—

"If any improvement is to be effected in the condition of Ireland, it must be effected through the instrumentality of the Church, through the residence of a parochial clergy. I consider the permanent residence of a Protestant clergyman on his living to be most beneficial in its results. I can assure the House that the utility of having a Protestant minister permanently resident among his flock, even though he may not be the minister of religion to the majority of his parish, will be beyond all calculation.

The Protestant clergyman will be to his parish a minister of peace; for he will, by his station and his constant residence, have constant opportunities of conciliating their goodwill, by sympathizing in their cares and distresses, and by doing them a variety of good offices. . . . If we place in every parish in Ireland men of independence, as parochial priests, we shall establish a firm link of connexion between the Protestant clergy and the Catholic population, which will be found most advantageous to the Established Church, and which will lead to the welfare and happiness of the people of Ireland."

We are persuaded that this passage enunciates a wiser and better policy than a scheme which would effect the removal of all those salutary influences.

As regards the part of the plan which proposes the substitution of curates for the present class of incumbents, it must be obvious that they would lack the resources to gather the Protestant people around them; that they would be unable to maintain their schools; that they would be themselves placed at enormous disadvantage, without prospect of promotion, "out of sight and out of mind"—all the promotions taking place, in fact, at the other extremity of the island, at the expense of the parishes in which they would labour as stipendiary curates. Under such circumstances, what sort of men would the parishioners have to depend upon, and the gentry to associate with? Even now, from the competition of the civil appointments, and the miserable stipends paid to curates, with the uncertainty of ultimate promotion, there is one universal murmur of complaint from bishops, clergy, and people alike, that the higher order of men will no longer enter the Church. How, then, will the matter be when their position and prospects are made infinitely worse? The result must be the introduction into the Church of the "Richard Weaver" or *collier* class of clergy. That style of spiritual instructor may do very well as a Roman Catholic priest, who, if he has not the influence that intellect, gentlemanlike training, university education, and social position confer, compensates for it by the physical weight which the masses who follow him give him in all questions and controversies.

In fact, this "reform" would be the worst order of reaction, and carry us back nearly three centuries to the times when, for example, Sir Henry Sydney writing to Queen Elizabeth, said:—

"Your Majesty may believe it that upon the face of the earth where Christ is professed, there is not a Church in so miserable a case, the misery of which consisteth in these three particulars—the ruin of the very temples themselves—the want of good ministers to serve in them when they shall be re-edified—competent living for the ministers, being well chosen."

Writing in the reign of James the First, the Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns said, in like manner—

"Some of the parishioners being by me blamed for carrying their children to Popish priests to be christened, answered that they were compelled so to do, in regard they had no curate of our religion near unto them."

Until this time, the Roman Catholics had generally attended divine service in the churches.

Of the degeneracy here referred to, Sir John Davis supplied a sufficient explanation when he said—

"The incumbents, both parsons and vicars, did appear to be such poor ragged ignorant creatures, as we could not esteem any of them worthy of the meanest of those livings, albeit many of them are not worth more than forty shillings per annum."

The condition of the Irish clergy in those days of pluralism, poverty, and neglect did not, in short, materially differ from the graphic description given by Lord Macanlay of the state of the English rural clergy of some half-century later:—

"Hardly one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly, holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread: nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance: and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry—his boys followed the

plough, and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible, for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavourable a situation."

Another important question is opened by this proposal. It would seem unjust to visit the ministers' with confiscation while the bishops' incomes are left intact. It is complained at present that they do not visit, or exercise any substantial supervision over the parishes of their dioceses. If the project succeeds, they will not have the parishes to visit; and if reform proceeds on the basis of numbers, we either shall not need so many bishops, or their remuneration must be regulated according to the scale of services and numbers, in common with those who are really performing the rough and difficult services of the Church. This reduction would be all the less objectionable if it be true, as is commonly alleged, that their administration hitherto is fairly chargeable with the larger proportion of the consequences which are now made the ground of accusation and attack, inasmuch as the Church, the State, and the public vested in them the ordination of the clergy, the patronage of the parishes, and the supervision of ecclesiastical persons and services without control of any kind. They have never, that we are aware, been backward in claiming for themselves these prerogatives.

We have shown the disastrous effects of this alarming scheme on property, and on the Church itself; but there is yet another most important interest that will be injuriously affected. It may not be generally known that thirty-one livings are at the disposal of the University of Dublin, to be conferred upon the Fellows and other distinguished members of that body, in order to create vacancies in the institution for the rising talent of the country, and thus stimulate educational activity and literary ability. These livings represent property which is an educational endowment amounting to £24,139 per annum. The State, whilst giving large and liberal grants to educa-

tion in the National Schools and Queen's Colleges with one hand, is asked with the other to aim a deadly blow at the highest class of education conferred in the land;—for of course those of these livings which may happen to come under the new rule could not escape upon any principle of argument or of justice, any more than that other description of property which consists in the livings which are in lay patronage. And if we are right in considering the scheme as having the inevitable tendency to overturn the Church altogether, it must be plain that this educational grant cannot survive the destruction of the rest of the Church Establishment. In short, we put it to the reader whether any other species of property, after this principle is once established, can hope to escape assault, when solemn bequests, made without regard to considerations of numbers, are to be swept away by the revolutionary application of an arithmetical test. The Government of the country, in sanctioning the perpetration of such wrongs as these, would indeed be carrying into operation what their own Commissioners, including a Fellow of the University itself, and a dignitary of the Church, have recommended, when they advised the alienation of the bequests of individuals for Protestant education, in order to appropriate them to an education never contemplated by the donors, and for no better reason than the same kind of application of the same perverted arithmetic.

Finally, if the object of the scheme which we are discussing be to provide a sum of money to be expended in promoting the efficiency of the Church in more thickly peopled districts, the measure would be miserably inadequate, as the fund so provided must be comparatively small. But it would be worse than inadequate, inasmuch as it would put a stop to the natural development of the Church by voluntary efforts to meet the increasing demands of wealthy and well-populated districts, the residents of which have shown both the ability and the willingness to provide for their own spiritual wants. In arresting this outflow of Christian liberality it would deprive the Church of the source upon which it must depend,

in the main, for future extension and efficiency ; so that in robbing the parishes which most need the aid of endowment, the authors of this wild scheme would inflict deadly injury on the very communities they profess to benefit, and therefore upon the Church at large. What the voluntary principle, as an auxiliary to the Irish Church as by law established, has done in recent years, and is accomplishing, no one needs to be informed. It is rebuilding four of our ancient cathedrals at this moment, as well as erecting and endowing numerous churches and schools in every part of the land, in the faith of the principle of property which is thus immorally assailed.

If it be not superfluous to add, after we have proved it unprincipled, this policy is fatuous. It makes no provision for an altered state of facts and numbers, certain to occur in many cases. It would fix down the Church in the South and West to an unalterable loss of endowment, and close the door against improvement or remedy, no matter what accessions might be made to her numbers by the establishment of manufactures, by the redress of the inequality of the religions in the population now in progress, through the emigration to America, the immigration of English and Scottish Protestants, and conversions, in Kerry, Limerick, West Connaught, and many other places. We happen ourselves to know so many as six parishes, exclusive of the whole of West Connaught—and we do not doubt but that a hundred such parishes might be mentioned—which if this scheme were in operation would have lost their endowments irretrievably—places where within a few years there have sprung up churches, schools, ministers, and thriving congregations. As we write we have received a letter from an excellent clergyman in the county of Sligo, describing the parish from which he has been recently transferred to his present sphere. The former parish had been part of a union which the previous rector never visited, as he lived fifteen miles distant, but on his death there was a division of the union, and our correspondent was promoted in 1850 to the parish in the distance and in the mountains. He was the first resident Protestant clergyman since the Refor-

mation. He found no church, no school, no ecclesiastical organization whatever. There was one landed proprietor occasionally resident. This clergyman commenced Divine Service in his parlour, for his servant, a schoolmaster and Scripture-reader, and one policeman, in all about ten people. At that time the Protestants of the parish were as 1 to 254 of the population, and in 1862 when he was promoted thence they were as 1 to 10. He left behind him two excellent schools, a congregation of a hundred people, and in the parish 200 Protestants of the Established Church, and a beautiful church, built by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for which he collected three hundred pounds himself. We are in the midst of a process of change which is rapidly producing results of this kind, and we hope and believe will do so still more rapidly. We happen to be writing this article in a parish which, in Sergeant Shée's book on the Irish Church, is returned as having a Protestant population of nine persons, including the rector and his family, while the present rector is without a family ; and on the last occasion of Divine Service in the parish church, two days ago, we counted in the church sixty-eight persons, in the parochial school twenty-five children, in the Sunday-school thirty-five, all the regular attendants, and representing at least 120 residents, regularly ministered to by their pastor ; and this parish is not situated in West Connaught, nor in Limerick or Kerry, and has never been mentioned in public in connexion with conversions or accessions in any way. We are not in a position to say whether Sergeant Shée's statement was correct, but if it was, the argument is all the more conclusive. This parish is one of those which if the rule now projected had been adopted at the date of Sergeant Shée's book, would have neither minister nor congregation at present.

There was no period in the history of the Irish Church, in fact, and no diocese or district of the country, in which the policy now contemplated would not have been calamitous in its effects. Had it, for example, been applied in the case of the diocese of Derry a century and a-half ago the result would have been, instead of the

present prosperous state of Protestantism, an extinction of the Church there.

When Archbishop King became Bishop of Derry in 1691, he found the villages and plantations destroyed, the churches burnt or dilapidated, the clergy withdrawn, the parishes forsaken, the people poor, and tillage and cattle deficient. He did not acquiesce in this state of things, but contributed even of his own means to collect about him an efficient clergy. He compelled the incumbents to reside, and took measures to improve the revenues of their parishes, filling vacancies in this apparent waste with men of learning and moderation. He informed himself of the state of every parish in his diocese. He visited each several times within three years, and as he said in his address to the Dissenters of the diocese, "discoursed personally and individually with many hundreds, and informed himself particularly of the customs, manners, inclinations, and scruples of every sort and persuasion." Nothing could be more unpromising than the state of the diocese when he entered it. Yet, what was the result of this description of visitation and episcopal oversight? About 2,000 conformed in a short period. "Many souls were rescued" every year. Meantime, the surplus of the bishop's income was devoted to building churches, and the number of Protestant Churchmen so greatly increased that he was continually called on for enlarged exertions to supply the spiritual wants of additional congregations.

As it has been asserted that the Irish Church has proved a failure, it will be well at this stage to examine whether that allegation can be sustained in any sense in which the argument would justify a forfeiture of endowments. To take, first of all, the point upon which the Church is most commonly attacked, let us see what position she occupies in the tables of the late Census reports as compared with Roman Catholicism and Presbyterianism, and their status in the year 1834, when the previous religious Census was made. The Church population in 1861, adding to it the Methodists, who were numbered as Churchmen in 1834, reached a total of 723,193, being a decrease of

15·12 per cent. during the thirty years, while nearly fifty per cent. of the Church population emigrated during that period, taking even the low estimate that the emigration of Churchmen was one-eighth of the whole emigration. On the other hand, the decrease of the Roman Catholic population during the same period was no less than 30·17 per cent.; so that whereas the relative strength of Churchmen and Roman Catholics in 1834 was nearly as 1 to 8; in 1861, on the contrary, it was as 1 to 6. To prove that the decline of the Church population during this interval was owing entirely to emigration we need only show that the Presbyterian population also decreased at the rate of 17·66 per cent. between 1834 and 1861. Inasmuch as in the favoured North this could not have arisen from any aggression of Roman Catholicism, or any falling away of Churchmen, it really establishes that the Church has made decided progress during the period in question. If the relations to the sister country, the greater drain of their youth for the purposes of the army and navy, and into the colonies of the empire, be borne in mind, it will further appear that this progress has been very considerable.

It ought also, in justice, to be remembered that the period during which the Irish Church has been in a position really to advance in numbers, is at the utmost not more than eighty years. Indeed, when the disturbed condition of the country at the close of the last century is borne in mind, it must appear that her opportunity of progress does not date farther back than about the time of the Union. Between 1770 and 1800, despite her difficulties, she doubled the number of her glebe houses, added more than a third to her churches, and a fifth to her ministers; and how rapid the progress has since been, will appear when it is stated that, even at the Union, she could only muster 300 glebe houses, 689 churches, and 1,000 ministers. This progress, too, has taken place in the face of the fact, that in 1834 the 2,405 parishes in Ireland were reduced to 1,385 benefices, so that above 1,000 parishes were swallowed up at once. Commenting upon this remarkable progress, in spite of agitation and adverse

enactments, an external and unbiassed observer, Mr. J. C. Colquhoun, M.P., in an able pamphlet, wrote as follows :—

"I believe that there is not a greater contrast than is presented by the state of the Irish Church at this moment, and its state during the three previous centuries. In the first case a Church dilapidated, its fabrics in ruins, its ministers poor, or if rich non-resident, ruin written on its walls, corruption and disgrace in its services. At this moment its churches increasing in numbers, houses for the clergy built or building, residence enforced wherever it is possible, and a most laborious, disinterested, self-denying body of men, exhibiting the virtues, the forbearance, and the zeal of primitive Christians."

This real increase of Church Protestants, moreover, has been accomplished without the assistance of any additional endowment for the purposes of extension; whilst it would appear that the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterians has increased, as against the decline of their numbers. No outcry has been raised against that anomaly, nor has the statistical principle been applied to them. This *Regium Donum*, too, has been extending within these thirty years to the very towns and places which, by the project before us, would be denuded of their Church revenues, and is still being extended throughout the South and West. If it be supposed that this can be accounted for by any substantial existence of the Presbyterian body in the South and West, we have only to mention that the per-centage of the Presbyterians to the whole population of the province of Munster is only 0·24, of Connaught to 0·33, and of Leinster 0·75, though the latter includes the city of Dublin.

In this instance the statistical argument is altogether disregarded, and the *Regium Donum*, in the South and West, is afforded wherever demanded, under the very facile condition that twelve families, without regard to parochial boundaries, affix their signatures to the claim, who probably, with the exception of a solitary Scotch steward, have been wrung from the Church by various influences. We do not write without having particular instances in our mind. In one place, in a southern county with which we are acquainted, where a beautiful Presbyterian Church was built some years

ago by Northern funds, in a period of disaffection towards the Church clergyman, the meeting-house is now and has been for a few years closed; there having been, in fact, no Presbyterians in that locality, except the nobleman's steward and a few work-people previously well cared for, and attached to a neighbouring clergyman. Near us at this moment a similar experiment is in progress. An excellent Presbyterian minister is placed in a southern town, in opposition to an unpopular clergyman; and if he succeed in alienating the required number from the parish minister, he may accomplish two things—namely, establish himself permanently by the support of the Government, and by bringing the parish church under the operation of the new scheme, banish the incumbent, and put in his place one of the "collier" clergy. Probably the authors of the novel and dangerous plan which we are combating will be startled when we disclose to them this notable result of their project of reform.

Whatever else must follow from the application of the statistical test, one consequence must be to confine the *Regium Donum* exclusively to the province of Ulster, where 97 per cent. of the Presbyterians reside; only two per cent. being in Leinster, and one per cent. divided between Munster and Connaught; in fact, so localized is the Presbyterian system, that four northern counties, Antrim, Down, Derry, and Tyrone, comprise 81½ per cent. of the entire number. We may add that, though possessed of an extension endowment almost amounting to the salary proposed to be given to the "Richard Weavers" in stipendiary curacies, in twenty-two out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, their adherents do not amount to one per cent. of the whole population. We cannot conceive anything more suicidal than the apathy, not to say more, of this respectable body when endowments are assailed, or anything more imbecile than the conceit that the Established Church can be injured on such principles as we have noticed, and they remain scathless. They certainly have the same kind of interest in defending endowments that the Established Church has, and are in reality almost as much dependent upon them, as we under-

stand their ministers do not receive from their congregations, except in the large towns of Ulster, an average stipend, exclusive of the *Regium Donum*, much exceeding £30 per annum. Nay, their interest in defending endowments is peculiar, since they possess the privilege of obtaining incomes for the pastors of new churches—an advantage denied to the Established Church. Besides, the indefeasibility of the title of the Church of Ireland to her property is their only protection against the perils of a yearly vote in the House of Commons; and as a matter of fact, their Bounty has more than once escaped an adverse motion by being sheltered under the principle of Church endowments, and could not survive the downfall of the Irish Establishment a single hour.

But we have to take a wider view. The success or failure of the Irish Church must be determined by considerations very different from the jealousy and strife of sects, in which, to do her justice, she has seldom mingled. We remove the question from the estimate in which she is held by her attached members to the services she has rendered to the State and Constitution, to property, civilization, general enlightenment, and the strength of the empire at large. There is something besides numbers to be regarded in appreciating the weight and influence of such a body as the Protestants of Ireland. Though the franchise is so extended that the heads of almost the whole population can vote, and have the most perfect freedom in doing so; nevertheless, out of the 105 members representing Ireland in the House of Commons, seventy-three are of the Protestant religion, and, we believe, all Churchmen; whereas the whole power and passion of the Ultramontane priesthood are only able to send thirty-two Roman Catholic members to the British Legislature. Thus, in the parliamentary representation, which maintains the Constitution and supports the institutions of the country, the Irish Church does her part as effectively (if not more so) for the nation than the Church of England or Scotland. And if it came to be a question whether the principles of Mr. Bright or Mr. Cobden, or of the French or American systems, should be substituted for the English Con-

stitution, the representation of Ireland would, certainly, bear as decided a testimony by its Protestant majority as would the representation of Scotland or England. When Mr. O'Connell, in the zenith of his popularity, rallied round him the whole Roman Catholic population of Ireland, and clamoured for the separation of Ireland from the British empire, by whose support was it that the English connexion was maintained without trepidation or wavering, and the laws of the country administered? Was it not by the presence and power of the Irish Church? And would it have been possible for the Government to meet the crisis in 1848, had it not received the unanimous aid of the Irish Church and of the enlightened and patriotic Press which represented it? We shall ask another question. If anything be done to remove or enfeeble this institution, what is likely to be the result of any future similar conspiracy against the integrity of the British empire? One cannot contemplate without a feeling of national pride the contrast between the present numbers, resources, power, and influence of the Protestants of Ireland, and the state of things described, in so graphic and stirring a manner, by Macaulay, when the scattered Protestant gentry of the South and West fled on horseback before their relentless pursuers in 1690, leaving behind them their burning homesteads and devastated properties, to take shelter, and fight together with their Northern brethren, within the walls of Enniskillen and Derry. The Established Church cannot be said, in truth or justice, to be a failure, if she has secured that no such calamity can occur in Ireland's future. The late Sir Robert Peel, when denouncing Lord Morpeth's appropriation clause in 1835, used these words:—"There was another course, that which his Majesty's Ministers were now taking, and which neither recognised the principle of establishing the Roman Catholic religion, nor admitted the claims of the Protestant Church to support on high grounds, nor yet openly disavowed those claims, *but was, at the same time, sowing the seeds of a slow but certain poison, which must, finally, destroy the Established Church in Ireland, and, at the expense of much intestine discord and*

continued bloodshed, lead to the ultimate extinction of Protestantism in that country." Assuredly he would be a rash man who, considering all that has occurred since 1835, would disregard these wise and warning words of the great statesman. Should the institution which has effected so great a change from the state of things described by Macaulay, be overturned or pent up in a province, most grave results must follow. It would be impossible to prognosticate the political effects of so fundamental an alteration. We do not write as politicians; but, looking at the matter philosophically, it must be obvious to any one who thinks deeply on the subject, that the Protestantism of Ireland, being thus totally disconnected from the Church of England in every material interest, circumstances might at any time arise, such as did in 1782, wherein the Irish Protestants would feel that patriotism, their instincts, or their interests, would lead them to assume an attitude from which at present every consideration restrains them. And even if English statesmen retained the connexion between their Church and one province of Ireland, and thus went back again to the state of things when this island was divided into an English Pale and an Irish nation, would this be an achievement desirable in itself, or calculated to promote the peace and stability of the empire?

Again, the emigration of fifty per cent. of the Irish Protestant population to the colonies of the empire in the last thirty years, is not a loss, but a benefit—not a weakness, but a source of strength to the nation. We can speak from some experience, having visited a considerable portion of our Colonial empire, and found that the members of the Church of Ireland settled abroad are among the most intelligent, and earnestly attached to the British connexion and the institutions of the home country of all the population of those extended territories.

But we must further beg the projectors of the scheme under notice, and English politicians, to remember that they must be prepared to see the principle proposed to be extended to the Irish Church extended to England and Scotland, where anomalies of a similar kind exist. No one can be ig-

norant that the "political Dissenters" and Voluntaries of England dislike the Church of Rome much more than they do the Protestant Church of Ireland, and have no desire to weaken the latter with the object of assisting the former—their sole object in assailing the Church of Ireland being to establish a principle which they do not conceal their design and intention of immediately applying to the establishments of England and Scotland. Have they a ground for expecting a similar result if they succeed in Ireland? Have they kindred anomalies to deal with at home? We are, unhappily, without a religious Census of England and Scotland to aid us in this matter; but does any one, for instance, call in question the preponderance of Dissenters over Churchmen in Wales and Cornwall? And could the Welsh and Cornish people, only because they happen to be Protestant instead of Romish dissenters—to be loyal and peaceable, instead of threatening and turbulent—be denied the assumed relief which had been yielded already to Ultramontane clamour in Ireland? Nor is it necessary to take our argument from these outposts of the English Church; we may compare the whole territory of the English Establishment with that of her Irish sister, and not fear the result. We must suppose that Sir Robert Peel was well informed in the statistics, when he stated, in his speech last Session on Mr. Osborne's motion:—"In England there are 10,620 parishes, and the number of persons to each parish is 387. In Ireland the number of persons in each parish is 376."

Take again the case of Scotland, where by the disruption in the Establishment, and the existence previously of a powerful body of Dissenters under the name of United Presbyterians, the Established Church comprises but a minority of the people; indeed in some of the islands all, and in many parts of the North of Scotland the great majority, of the people went out from the National Church. There is in Scotland this additional danger—that these two dissenting bodies, the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, are at this moment engaged in amicable negotiations for a union; and one of the principal persons en-

gaged in thus conferring, has informed us that their difficulties were only as to details. When they are united they will, we doubt not, form a large majority of the population; and who can doubt that knows the circumstances, that the strength acquired by union will find prompt and continuous exercise in decided antagonism to the Established Church of the country? In England the "situation" is not materially different. In the large manufacturing towns, where public opinion is concentrated and powerful, and represented in Parliament by men of great earnestness and ability, the services of the Established Church are not attended by more than a fraction of the population. Is it to be imagined that these communities and their representatives will be satisfied with an inequality which has been removed elsewhere? We are informed, upon credible authority, that there are more churches of the Establishment in the rural districts of England, where the clergyman ministers to a congregation of less than 100, than there are such cases in the three least Protestant provinces of Ireland put together. We should like to put the question in the plainest possible manner to English Churchmen—whether, if they allow the Irish Establishment to be sacrificed to its enemies, they can expect any better lot than the privilege granted to Ulysses of being the last of his companions to be devoured? And to ask further, what interest or motive the Protestant people of Ireland, or their representatives, could have in assisting them in a struggle in which they had been themselves worsted through the apathy and selfishness of their brethren? Let them listen to the words of Sir Robert Peel in last year's debate upon the point before us:—

"If you want a select committee, you cannot limit it to the Established Church of Ireland, which is only part and parcel of the United Church of England and Ireland. If you deal with one you must deal with the other, and, indeed with all endowments—with the Church established in Scotland, and with the endowment to Maynooth. There are three different Establishments—one in England, one in Scotland, one in Ireland. The Church Establishment in Scotland, as in Ireland, is in the midst of a population differing from it.

The Church Establishment in Ireland is united to the Established Church of England and Ireland; and I contend that when the question is considered, *it must be by concert and combined action by the members of the Church Establishment in both countries.*"

The authors of the plot against which we contend directly contravene the definition of the position which even a Liberal Ministerialist has propounded under remarkable circumstances. How unaccountable and infatuated such timidity and base fear, too, in the face of such a declaration as the following in the same speech of the Right Honourable Baronet—

"There can be no doubt that the circumstances have greatly changed since this question used formerly to be discussed. My honourable friend (Osborne), in the course of his remarks was constantly alluding to the Liberal party. He asked why the Liberal party did this, and why they did that. He said this question was the stumbling block, or the stalking horse of that party. But the fact is *they could not proceed with it. The sense of the country was against them, and hence wisely they gave it up.*"

But there are wider considerations even than those already noticed, involved in the constant re-opening of questions, which must lead to perpetual agitation, perpetual unsettlement, and perpetual removing of the old landmarks which our fathers have placed. Whatever interest the revolutionary party and the Ultramontane faction would have in such a result, it can hardly commend itself to anyone who cherishes a suitable reverence for the ancient institutions under which our country has so long prospered—institutions which are the envy and admiration of other nations. The spirit of reckless interference with established interests has never yet, among any people, confined itself to the first professed design of its attacks; nor will it restrict itself to an assault upon religious societies. There are other objects which it has in view, though they cannot prudently be at present avowed. Religion is not the only barrier in the way of revolution. The Crown, the House of Peers, the territorial possessions of the aristocracy, and the sentiment of respect for rank and station and hereditary privileges, all stand opposed to its ulterior purposes. It is not necessary

to go back to the French revolution and trace the several successive steps of the aggressive warfare, which assailed first the monarchy, next the noblesse, then property, and finally abolished the Christian faith. The English people have still before their eyes, across the Channel, examples which they will not desire to imitate; we wish we could say that there exists no party among them desiring to follow a Transatlantic example equally undesirable, by "Americanizing" British institutions. If passing events in America do not serve to warn such persons of the consequences of their course, it would be hopeless to attempt it by reason or argument.

Notwithstanding all that has been said hitherto in this article, it is not to be inferred that the writer, or his brethren of the Church of Ireland, or the Protestant people, are opposed to, or do not desire and look for, such reforms as are really needful, and would prove conservative and salutary. It is essentially necessary, however, that they should be of such a character as to satisfy all who have a friendly interest in the matter, and not any one class or party in the Church. The bishops are not the Church, neither are the bishops and clergy, but the bishops, clergy, and laity; and though this will be readily admitted by all, nothing is, in fact, more frequently and injuriously forgotten in practice. No project, for example, plotted in a conclave, or in a series of conclaves, and concealed until the moment of execution, however well intended, can be accepted upon a question so momentous. Concealment of this kind is alien to the genius of Protestantism; questions so weighty require public discussion, and the authority which a public judgment thus arrived at will not fail to supply. If those conclaves be clerical, it is as contrary to the principles of the Church as it is to our own ideas upon the proper mode of treatment for all other important questions, that the clergy should decide in secret for the whole body. And if these conclaves be episcopal, it would be a still more violent shock to our principles and ideas, inasmuch as though things are so managed for our Roman Catholic countrymen, our affairs were never so arranged for us secretly on any former

occasion. The danger of such a conclave is greater, inasmuch as the episcopacy are more likely to be in contact with, and to be influenced by men in power—inasmuch as they are less in contact with, and less influenced by the masses of the clergy and people, from whom they stand so much apart, and above whom they conceive themselves so far exalted. We must add, that if the leaders of any party in the State should make the very absurd mistake of supposing that an arrangement concocted in any such way would be an arrangement with the Protestant Church of Ireland, they would discover their error in an ignominious expulsion from power.

It is equally our duty, and we do not regret the opportunity of discharging it, to warn them against imagining that the opinion of the Church on any important question is to be gathered from the proceedings of the spouting clubs called Church congresses, where a platform is provided for the most forward, shallow, and notoriety-seeking of the clergy, and from which we miss the men of weight, standing, wisdom, and experience. These irresponsible volunteer conventions, dangerous in any case, are the more so when originated provincially, in a corner of the land, by a few individuals who exhibit, as in Belfast, the deplorable inconsistency and shortsightedness of selfishly suggesting a principle of confiscation for the South and West that would lead to the destruction of the whole Church, only because they expect local and temporary benefit at the expense of their brethren.

Hitherto, the Northern part of the Church have not in any respect obtained such distinction over their Southern brethren as to warrant the transfer of the incomes of the South to Ulster, as a rate in aid of their shortcomings. They cannot claim it on the ground of an aristocracy of intellect or talent. If such exists, where are the authors or the great works which this pretentious province has produced? If her clergy are distinguished for learning, ability, and services to the Church at large, over their Southern brethren, the public do not seem aware of it, and Governments have not recognised it by elevating them to posts in the Church suitable to their ideas of their

own importance. There are somewhere about thirty-two deans, we believe, in the Irish Church at present, and not more than two or three at the utmost boast themselves of Northern extraction; and of the twelve bishops, not one has this distinction—though possibly the North is entitled to the credit of having converted some of the Southern bishops who have emigrated north to the adoption of provincial views. They have not been more active in the practical work of the Church than distinguished by position in its literature, or the attainment of its dignities. In the South, within the last twenty or thirty years, the Church has virtually abolished Dissent, and has made deep inroads upon the Church of Rome, which are felt and confessed by all; whereas it would appear, by the Census statistics already given in this paper, that with all the advantages of numbers, resources, and position, and the absence of the peculiar dangers and difficulties of the South and West, they cannot in the North show that they have made any proportionate inroads either upon Romanism or any form of Dissent.

Unfortunately for his own consistency and political reputation, this Northern party have found a Sir Hugh Cairns to lend the sanction of his name to a perilous innovation. We appeal from this Congress ill-informed to the great congress of the Protestant public, to be better informed, we trust, after the whole question has been fully and fairly discussed, and every man who can contribute anything to its elucidation has had an opportunity of expressing his opinion, and the grounds for it, for the general good of all.

It will be seen to be in keeping with the spirit of these observations if we proceed to lay before this great public, not dogmatically, but for their serious reflection and to invite thoughtful investigation and further suggestions, such improvements as suggest themselves to our own mind. We freely admit, that where endowment exists labour should be exacted and proportionate results expected. In too many instances, unhappily, this labour has not been given and these results have not followed, although at present the instances of such neglect are comparatively few

and are lessening daily. This wholesale change, however, is rather due to the influence of public opinion and an awakened energy and spiritual life in the Church, than to the exercise of that control to which we should naturally look for the same effects. There is still much room for progress in this direction, and need for the remedy which lies in the proper administration of the power vested in the Church itself. Where the clergy are blameable, which undoubtedly they are in some instances, others are so too. The people are to blame for not expecting and demanding those earnest services to which they are entitled. The University is not free from blame in neglecting all training for the practical and pastoral part of the work of the ministry, as her testimoniums have always hitherto been given without the attempt to ascertain the possession of spiritual qualifications or any of those gifts by which the *alumni* may be able to communicate to others what she can teach them. Nor is it merely in the training of the general ministry of the Church that the University is to blame: she, or rather her governing body, deserve very serious reprehension for the manner in which they have dispensed the vast Church patronage at their disposal. As we have already shown, they possess thirty-one of the principal livings in Ireland, amounting to an aggregate value of above £20,000 a-year. The clergymen promoted to such livings, and issuing from a body so distinguished and so endowed, and claiming to represent the erudition and worth of the whole body, may well be expected to be the best specimens of their class; but, unfortunately, in all that constitutes pastoral, parochial, and pious labour and services, they are proverbially the least notable. The unhappy obligation upon the Fellows of the University to take the solemn vows of ordination upon them, the equally unhappy rule of giving them a choice of those livings in the order of their college seniority, and the additional misfortune that some of these parishes are held by men continuing to hold most important lucrative Professorships of the University, and consequently obliged to abandon their parishes to the care

of stipendiary curates, fully account for the results so many deplore.

The bishops are seriously to blame, as with them rests the sole and absolutely irresponsible power of admission to the ministry of the Church. If their standard as to character and efficiency of candidates and ministers were what it should be, as a general rule, the ministers would be found faithful and diligent in the discharge of their functions. If after they have made all due and anxious inquiry with reference to the antecedents and piety of the candidates for ordination (a duty we deeply regret to say generally neglected), they are mistaken in some, as they well may, they have not the same excuse if in the promotions to benefices, in which they are equally irresponsible, they do not select for advancement the men "who have purchased to themselves a good degree" by the honest and laborious fulfilment of their ordination vows. How much worse is it when instead of bestowing the Church's bread on those who do her work, they depress and discourage them by conferring their best patronage upon sons and sons-in-law, until the best livings come to have the least work, because the drones put into them from other considerations than their capacity to serve have neglected to labour and have left to their successors, as the legacy of their unfaithfulness, the troubles which now disturb us. Neither is it from any lack of power or authority in the bishops that neglect is permitted, even after promotion; for, apart from the great power which they have in the circumstance that the advancement in life of so many educated gentlemen and their families depends upon episcopal favour, the canons and the common and ecclesiastical law vest in them an amount of power which is in many respects excessive, and we suspect would surprise the general public if they were but acquainted with its extent. With many of them it would not, in short, be out of place to remonstrate as Archbishop King did with Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, in 1714, for making his bishopric "a pompous sinecure." We heartily wish we could persuade the bishops to visit the clergy in their several parishes, enter into friendly intercourse with

them, and invite them in turn to their houses, talk kindly over their duties, give them paternal counsel in their perplexities, assist them by their experience, cheer them onward in their toils, and encourage them by cordial sympathy. We may venture to prophesy, that if the day shall come when the bishops will feel disposed to accept this advice, anomalies and reproaches will disappear together. This is one of the reforms the necessity of which we concede, and which has the merit of being capable of an easy and immediate accomplishment.

Whatever blame attaches to the bishops attaches to the Governments who have appointed them. It has been our desire in this article to speak with the most perfect plainness, and certainly without any party object or leaning. We feel that both parties in the state have inflicted an almost equal amount of evil upon the Church in this respect; and it ill becomes them now to inflict also the penalty of their own crime upon the body against which it was committed—committed, too, in total disregard of her and her people's remonstrances. It is notorious that the most indefensible appointments were made to the highest offices of the Church by each successive Government. We have no wish, nor do we deem it necessary, to go into particulars to prove that every consideration has had weight except the qualifications which the Church herself would have insisted upon had she the opportunity of making her own selection, or possessed any voice in the matter. Of all the reforms that can possibly be suggested the most beneficial would be the reversal of the whole policy of the past.

It may seem unkind, but it really is not so intended, that when we urge the bishops to increased exertions, we should at the same time throw out the suggestion that in future these may be made with somewhat diminished incomes. If we are rightly informed, their incomes were fixed on the present high scale in consideration of their being obliged, alternately, to attend their duties as Peers of Parliament; but surely if a large proportion of the Members of Parliament attend at Westminster every year, and during the whole session,

with incomes far below ten, eight, six, four, or even two thousand a year, so might the bench of bishops. Perhaps, after all, now that the importance of their presence is not what it used to be in days gone by, the two Archbishops (at an income each, say of £8,000 or £6,000 a year), and the two senior bishops (say at £4,000 each), would very suitably represent the Church without any alternation. We should thereby have an equal amount of representation. The other bishops would, we should imagine, be amply provided for by an income of £2,000 per annum, together with the other emoluments of their office. This would release over £22,000 a year, and enable us to retain the respectable class of incumbents in the South and West, and to prevent all the ruinous consequences we have already described. We can assure the Government of the country that this is a reform to which they need fear no violent opposition on the part of the clergy or laity of Ireland, or the sinister suspicion of unfriendly motives.

But in addition to the saving of £22,000, supposing the bishops' incomes to be fixed as above, in all probability about £20,000 a-year more would be saved for church purposes by a reform of another crying abuse connected with the leasing of episcopal lands, which, according to the present practice, are let from one-third to one-half of their real value. When bishops and dignitaries were empowered to grant leases of twenty-one years, the object was to encourage the improvement of the lands which form the endowment of their offices. But, unfortunately, this privilege has been made use of to found families, and the lands have been leased for twenty-one years to their sons, nephews, sons-in-law, and relations, by leases renewed from year to year, with trifling renewal fines. So that from the day of a bishop or dignitary's death or translation, the lands of his successor are leased against him for twenty-one years; and he has the option of running his life against the lease, as the phrase goes, receiving only the nominal rent for twenty-one years after his appointment, or of accepting the arrangement made by his predecessor and the yearly renewal fines, carrying on the burden and the abuse as before.

If, as a general rule, the average duration of an episcopal life has been ascertained to be fifteen or sixteen years, therefore, a bishop cannot afford to lose the portion of his income which arises from renewal fines. Several, however, do run their lives against the leases, and sometimes succeed; and sometimes their successors obtain the advantage. But, whether themselves or their successors, the Church gains no benefit, as they immediately use their power to lease these lands to their nephews and relations. Flagrant instances of the operation of this practice are known to us, which we forbear to mention. If we are rightly informed, bishops may be instanced as in possession of some thousands a-year of property of this kind, leased to them by their episcopal fathers from sees other than those from which their legitimate and ample income should be and is derived. Now, we make a proposal: and it is simply, that such a perversion of the intention of the law should be rendered illegal; and the lands let, like all other lands, for their real value, upon the basis of some public and authorized valuation, without disturbing the good objects of the leasing power referred to. The fund thus realized could not certainly be less than the £20,000 a-year at which we have estimated it, and would be an important addition to the resources of the Church, obtained, moreover, in a way entirely unobjectionable, and so as to wipe out the scandal which public opinion has not been able to suppress. No bishop or dignitary could complain of such a reform, as it is altogether unreasonable and unjust that they should claim a beneficial interest for their families in church property for generations after their decease. We have before us a letter of a dignitary, whose statement is, that his predecessor was fifty years in possession; that he leased severally to one one relative after another, as each dropped off, the lands from which came the emoluments of his office; and, finally, to his son, who for twenty years after his death is to hold the lands for one-sixth of Griffith's valuation (which, as every one knows, is, as a general rule, 25 per cent. under the rental), with a small renewal fine; so that though this dignitary did not

preach in any of his parishes, for he was a pluralist also, for nearly thirty years, and died leaving a very large sum of money, he managed to impoverish the successor, for the benefit of his heirs, for twenty years after his death. All the particulars and exact figures are in our possession. Before we pass from this part of the question, we will suggest, that it would be tantamount to an addition to the incomes of incumbents and curates, already so small, if the bishops would, as in all conscience they ought, cease to exact fees for letters of orders to deacons and priests, charges for seals, inductions, institutions, commissions of dilapidation, and visitations, in which latter they seem to act in the spirit of the decree of Cæsar Augustus in summoning the clergy, every one *from his own city*, that he may be taxed. Clearly a bishop's ten or six thousand a-year is given him to perform all these and similar functions; and, as a Committee of the House of Commons has reported, "that they could find no authority for ecclesiastical fees other than the practice of exacting them," they should be made to cease.

Upon another branch of this subject, we would throw it out for consideration, whether it would not be a useful reform to unite some representatives of the laity with the bishops in the distribution of patronage; in other words, to give them some voice, control, or influence, suggestive, negative, or affirmative, in the selection of their ministers, and the management of their own spiritual affairs. It cannot be contrary to the principles of episcopacy to do this, for it is done in the Episcopal Church of America; and, without exception, so far as we know, in each and all of our colonies. At home, too, we are familiar with it. In all the churches built by voluntary effort—wherever, in fact, the church extends her limits beyond the operation of her present endowments—this principle is found necessary, and is always insisted upon. The most staunch Churchmen, who build and endow these churches, show no disposition to vest the patronage in the bishops; and we have seen within a few months, £1,000 offered by the late Archbishop of Dublin towards building a church refused, only because he required as a condition that

the patronage should be in the bishop for the time being. Nothing could strengthen the Church so much, as the attachment and affection which would result from such a change. The landed proprietors, who pay the rent-charge—the communicants and congregations, who support the schools and charities—would feel a new and quickened interest in an institution in the management of which they had thus some share. The strength which the Church of Scotland derives in this way from below, saved her during the period of disruption, and is the main element of her security for the future. The Lord Chancellor of England, in carrying through Parliament last year his bill for transferring his patronage in a number of small livings, assigned as his principal reason for the step, his expectation that these presentations would be purchased by the local gentry, who, when they had thus obtained a voice in the appointment of their own minister, would be induced to take such an interest in their parishes as substantially to assist the minister of limited income. This reason commended itself to the Parliament and the nation, and has an obvious bearing upon the suggestion we have made. The working of this principle, to the extent that it operates in the city of Dublin and elsewhere, is seen in the crowded congregations who flock to the ministers thus selected. If the administration of the bishops, without control, was equally satisfactory, the parish churches, having everything else in their favour, would exhibit what, we regret to say, is more frequently witnessed in the other churches.

In the course of this article we have shown abundant reason why the clergy and Protestants of Ireland should prepare themselves for disastrous attempts at innovation. We have, further, fully stated the case of our adversaries, indicating what the political parties from whom we have anything to apprehend are in a position to effect. We have examined the accusation of failure against the Church of Ireland, and proved its falsity. We have forewarned the country of the consequences of any measure interfering with the integrity and permanence of the Church, in her national and territorial position. We have exposed the infatuation and

fatal tendency of the project we have discussed. We have undertaken to propose for consideration several reforms, to which, in their broad outline, we can scarcely imagine any well-grounded and disinterested objection; nor have we any doubt that they will commend themselves to the clergy and laity generally.

In bringing these observations to a close, we emphatically protest against any party in the Church or State attempting to steal a march upon the Protestants of Ireland on a question so momentous. Measures devised in the secrecy of a conclave, by timid friends, have more than once proved baleful; and we entertain a profound conviction that the Church can suffer at the present time only from the injudicious intervention of the weak and wavering among her own body. We are strengthened in this conviction by the opinion of those most capable of judging of the principles, designs, and strength in combination of political parties. The Protestant clergy and people of Ireland have seen their Church pass through real dangers and come forth from them purified and invigorated; but at that time they were united, and our only real weakness now arises from the prevalence of party feeling and intolerance of each other's differences. We owe it to these sources of weakness that English clergymen are not only appointed bishops, but placed over the bishops of Ireland, to the exclusion of her own able and excellent ministers, and without any reciprocity. When these high appointments are to be made, the feeling runs so strongly against the distinguished men of each party in the Church, that the Government find it easy and even popular to exclude them all. But weak as we are, in these respects, let no party in the Church or the State presume to concoct and negotiate measures so grave and vital as those we have canvassed, behind the backs of the people and their pastors. This is really not a clergy question. We are too much in the habit of defending the Irish

Church as if it were a clerical corporation. The present bishops and clergy have their life tenure secured from which no change will dislodge them. If the institution is valuable and worth preserving, it is so in the interest of the Protestant people of Ireland and not of the present ecclesiastical incumbents; though the clergy are entitled to all respect, inasmuch as though under no effective supervision, and ill-treated by Governments, they have not weakened the religion of the country by infidel or Romeward tendencies, and have acquitted themselves with faith, courage, and constancy, under many trials. The institution is deeply rooted in our affections, and we do not mean to surrender it to false friend or open foe. Its position was well and eloquently described by Sir Robert Peel, last year, in closing the speech we have already quoted:—

"In dealing with the Established Church of Ireland you are not dealing with a mere excrecence or a growth of yesterday, but with an institution which has existed for ages in that country. . . . It was founded by the piety of our ancestors, it has been sanctioned by Parliament, and by the coronation oath of the sovereign, and above all, it has been confirmed by the attachment and veneration of many generations."

This Irish Church includes everything great and good in the two races—Saxon and Celtic—of which it is composed. The question is of an incidence more comprehensive, and of accompaniments more serious, than the possession of emoluments by any body of men. It bears vitally upon all settlements, and bequests, upon property, loyalty, liberty, order, and peace. We have made manifest that as the Churches of England and Ireland are one, liable to the same assaults, open to the same objections, exposed to the same dangers, established upon the same principle, conferring the same benefits and blessings, and of the same importance to the empire and to civilization—they must stand or fall together.

LYRISTS.

HERRICK—BEN JONSON—CAREW.

THE merit of Ben Jonson—who, gifted with little imagination, was possessed of strong powers of observation and exquisite fancy (but, unfortunately, of more learning than either)—consists of having introduced greater regularity of design into his pieces than was displayed by any of his contemporaries except Shakespeare, who, however, excelled him and all others in the art of dramatic perspective. Nothing can be more laboured than the Jonsonic plays, in which a spontaneous touch of true nature is hardly to be found. His comedies, in which he photographs manners, are as hard as his tragedy is stilted and pretentious. In the former, whose elaboration is so manifest on the surface, and in which there is a strange dryness in the humour, and in the humours which the chief characters embody, it is evident that he had Plautus continually in view; and even his most comic delineation—Captain Bobadil—is in its ideal but a more tasteful, moderate, and inventive transcript of the outrageously extravagant Miles Gloriosus of the old Latin writer. In his tragedies, impregnated as they are with classic learning, how utterly he has failed to reflect the antique spirit may be seen by contrasting "Sejanus" and "Catiline" with the "Cæsar" or "Coriolanus" of Shakespeare. Perhaps "Cynthia's Revels" is his best, as it is the most spontaneous of the larger efforts of his erudite genius; and it is to be regretted that he did not devote himself more to compositions of purely fanciful structure than those based on current life or history. Wherever he can indulge in the exercise of pure fancy he is admirable, as in the characters of Volpone the Magnifico, in "The Fox," and Sir Epicure Mammon, in "The Alchemist"—in both of which, while finding an outlet for his most spontaneous gift, he has possibly reflected something of his own nature. But even in his famous passages, such as those in which Mammon revels in contemplation of the miracles of vo-

luptuousness with which he will surround himself by means of his magic elixir, it is curious to observe how his fancy has eclecticismised its images and accumulated the details of the picture of luxuries from ancient writers; and even the material of the witches' charm song, in another of his plays, is similarly derived. It is, indeed, in the lyrics scattered through his plays and masks that the genius of rare Ben appears under its most natural poetic aspect. The Elizabethan dramatists and lyrista fortunately wrote their songs before the public taste exhibited an advance so retrogressive as to prefer music to poetry—the opera to the theatre. They looked merely for beautiful ideas, and let the thoughts or fancies evolve themselves with rhythmical naturalness; unlike many of the moderns, who, without either imagination, fire, or sense of beauty, seek merely for sentiments likely to be popular; and, taking their cue and inspiration from the music composer, appear to address themselves exclusively to the extensive but low strata of the public, who appreciate sound more than sense, fire, fancy, image, or poetic emotion. Many of the lyrics of Beaumont, Herrick, Jonson, and of several of the occasional writers of the age of Elizabeth and James, combine the excellency of being at once poetic and popular—such as the song to Celia, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and those interspersed throughout "Cynthia's Revels"—The Song of Echo, "Slow, slow, fresh fount: keep time with my salt tears;" "Oh, that joy so soon should waste;" "Thou more than most, sweet glow;" the Song of Hesperus to the Moon, "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," in the same drama; and several, though inferior, in the masks or entertainments. As an instance of a lyric in which picture, sentiment, and tone combine and are evolved in natural musical utterance, take the following song, in which Echo laments the death of Narcissus:—

"Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with
 my salt tears,
 Yet, slower, yet; Oh faintly gentle
 springs;
 List to the heavy part the music bears,
 Woe weeps out her division, when she
 sings.
 Droop, herbs and flowers,
 Fall grief in showers,
 Our beauties are not ours;
 O, could I still
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
 Drop, drop, drop, drop.
 Since nature's pride is now a withered
 daffodil."

In this song, which evinces a fine musical ear, the art of Jonson is apparent, while the lyrics of Shakespeare, whose instinct, as in all other cases, acquainted him with the requirements of this sort of composition, are more natural. What can breathe more of the sea-beach or be more simply spiritual than the song—

"Come unto these yellow sands,
 And there take hands:
 Court'sied when you have, and kissed—
 (The wild waves whist,)" &c.

Where can we find a little ditty which so pleasingly unites the melancholy of reflection with airy gaiety, as in the "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," &c. Several of the other snatches introduced throughout his dramas are possibly not from his pen, which, however, is clearly seen in the "Take, oh take these lips away," the winter song at the end of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and the drinking round in Antony and Cleopatra. It is unnecessary to allude to Beaumont's lines to Melancholy—

"Hence all ye vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly.
 There's naught in this life sweet,
 Had we but wit to see it,
 But lovely melancholy,
 Oh, sweetest melancholy," &c.,

as one of the most perfect little poems, in sentiment, picture, and music which is to be found among the natural lyric poets of this or succedent periods.

It is a pity that the rich fancy with which Carew was evidently gifted was not utilized on a higher class of subjects than those which engaged the careless pen of the occasional verse writer and court poet. The greater number of his pieces, and the

best of them, are of an amatory cast, several containing brilliant fancies on the limited range of themes which formed the materials of the bards who tinkled on the little golden-stringed lyre of Cupid, about ladies' lips and eyes, smiles, sighs, moles, roses, lilies, &c., and the fluctuating phases of the divine passion. Such fancies Carew generally elaborates to the close, consistently with their ideal, in a symmetrical manner -- with *nettle*; and though not a few are very sparkling, many more are mere *con-cetti*, imitated from the Italians, the spirit of whose poetry was so largely infused into the literature of England in the days of Elizabeth and James. His lines on the contest between Celia's lips and eyes, as to which are the most beautiful, are very pretty; also the prayer to the wind to waft one of his sighs to his innamorata; the songs, "Give me more love or more disdain," and "He that loves a rosy cheek." The "Elegy on the fly which flew into his mistress's eye," however, is a still better specimen of his complimentary, witty, fanciful manner:—

"When this fly lived she used to play
 In the sunshine all the day;
 Till coming near my Celia's sight
 She found a new and unknown light,
 So full of glory as it made
 The noonday sun a gloomy shade.
 Then this amorous fly became
 My rival, and did court my flame.
 She did from hand to bosom skip,
 And from her breath, her cheek, her lip
 Sucked all the incense, all the spice,
 And grew a bird of paradise.
 At last into her eye she flew,
 Then scorched in flames and drowned in
 dew,
 Like Phaeton from the sun's sphere,
 She fell; and with her dropt a tear,
 Of which a pearl was straight composed,
 Wherein her ashes life enclosed.
 Thus she received from Celia's eye
 Funereal flame—tomb obsequie."

A GLANCE AT HERRICK'S NEAPRIDES.

"Lo! this immensive cup
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus, I drink up
 To that terse muse of thine,"

sings Herrick, in one of his merry-making songs; but though he was well acquainted with, and in the selection of subjects has followed in his wake, his genius bears much less resemblance to that of the Roman poet, of

whose intense feeling and passion he was incapable, than to Anacreon. Herrick's book, entitled "*Hesperides*," is the most charming collection of lyric trifles in English literature, a little tome of fancies on all sort of subjects, thrown off with the careless spontaneity of the old bard of Tios, - to whose verses, however, with a few exceptions they are inferior. They resemble each other in their simplicity and sparkle, but those of the English child of song lack the symmetrical grace which characterizes all the poetry of Greece, when its intellect and language were still in their creative phase. If, however, there are no poems in the *Hesperides* of equal length, so perfect as Anacreon's Pigeon, his address to Venus, to the artist who was to paint Bathyllus, or to the Lesbian odes of Catullus, there are here and there little strings of verses running to six or eight lines, and single lines in many places, which are complete perfections of music and colour, and which evince the unmistakable presence of imagination - a quality seldom seen in writers of occasional verses. Some of the best occur in his lines to his pretty housekeeper, Julia - a mistress for whom the reverend amorist and bacchanalian entertained a platonic passion, which never went beyond the fanciful admiration of those numerous beauties which his muse delighted to reflect in painted lines -

"Black and rolling is her eye,
Double chin'd and forehead high,
Lips she has all rosy red,
Cheeks like cream enlarded."

Of which latter image he was so fond as to have introduced it twice, as a good thing which could not be too often repeated.

Again he sings of her in her chamber, where she was singing -

"Melting melodious words to lutes of
amber"

of her eyes, her hair, her ribbon
girle, &c.

"As shows the air when with a rainbow
graced
So smiles that ribbon 'bout my Julia's
waist
Or like - nay 'tis the coulet of love,
Wherein all pleasures of the world are
wove;"

a couplet, by the way, much inferior to Waller's on a similar subject :-

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

The *Hesperides* commence with a cluster of invocations to the muses, and addresses to his book, - in the number of which he surpasses Martial himself. Then come amatory and Anacreontic odes and verses, epithalamium, pastoral, and descriptive pieces, poems relating to Fairy Land, charms and ceremonies, moral and pathetic verses, and aphorisms. Of these the best are the poems celebrative of love and wine, and those relating to fairy superstitions. His idyllic verses show that he had no eye for the picturesque in scenery, and he was of too gay and versatile a temperament to produce much impression in the pathetic and moral orders of poeie. He merely paints externals and seldom shows a sense of beauty below the surface. His is not the bright and spacious genius in whose shrine, as Marlowe says,

"Beauty, mother of the muses sits
And comments volumes with her ivory
pen;"

but rather resembles a little bower of blossoms through which by day the butterfly flits, through which at night the firefly sparkles. He delights to shape fragmentary graceful fancies about eyeballs and dimples, kisses, wine-bubbles, - girles, and other articles of female attire; the sight of a willow wreath gives birth to a pathetic fancy, and he can write a woeful ballad of a few verses on his mistress' eyebrow. All sorts of little objects of beauty, which he catches at a glance, elicit playful, pretty, and bright fancies, a drop of dew on a cherry, the bag of a bee, a fly in amber:

"About the sweet bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds,
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vowed to ask the gods;
Which, Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And taking there from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them;
Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them."

Some little verses as those on a fly in amber and such like, are embellished with fancies minute and delicate as the tracery on trinkets; but, though he has written several times on the above subject, none of his verses equal Martial's on a bee similarly entombed in a drop of transparent electrum:—

"Et latet, et lucet Phaetontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo;
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum,
Credibile est ipsum sic voluisse mori."

He delights in the beauty and associative fancies connected with all pretty articles of attire—

"Rara labefactes numere vestes,
Aut pelluciduli deliciis lapillis."

Never were verses more charming composed than those entitled "Delight in Disorder"—a theme which, albeit, naturally suited to mere fancy, has been, in this case, treated with the finest and truest imagination, picturesque and sensitive.

"A sweet disorder in the dress,
A happy kind of carelessness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, that here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons that flow confusedly;
A winning wearer, deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than where art
Is too precise in every part."

Herrick has written two epithalamiums, one to Sir Thomas Southwell and his lady, the second to Sir Clipseley Crew and his lady. In the first of these compositions, both of which are among his longest efforts, he has throughout closely imitated Catullus's nuptial song to Manlius Torquatus and Julia, both in its arrangement and in the freedom of its pagan spirit. Several of the verses are little more than a paraphrase of those of the Veronian; but in none has he equalled the beauty of imagery which flows here and there through the antique marriage song. The second epithalamium, though less carefully written as far as metre is concerned, is much finer, more spontaneous, and original, and everywhere indicates the fine

abandon of the imagination, both in its spirit and expression. Perhaps Tennyson, in the exquisite nuptial song introduced into the "In Memoriam," had the latter part of this poem in view;—and the idea in the last verse of the old poem has been introduced in a nobler spirit in the modern.

It would be too long to enumerate the pretty songs and verses scattered through the "Hesperides," among the best of which are the well-known lines, "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may," "The Kiss—a dialogue," "To a Primrose filled with dew." Nowhere, however, has he shown more descriptive fancy than in his fairy poems, viz., "Oberon's Chapel," "Oberon's Feast," and "Palace." With the exception of Shakespeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," no poet of that age or any succeeding has excelled Herrick in the imagination of appropriate fairy imagery, or in delightful pictorial diction, in illustration of which take "Oberon's Feast."

"OBERON'S FEAST."

"A little mushroom table spread,
After short prayer they set on bread—
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit to eat
His choice bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice,
But all the time that it is served
We must not think his ear is starved,
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now we must imagine first
The elf is present to quench his thirst
A pure seed pearl of infant dew
Brought and beseeched in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done
His kitten eyes began to run
Quite through the table when he spies
The horns of paper butterflies,
Of which he eats, and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle;
A little furzeball pudding stands,
But not yet blest'd by his hands,
That was too coarse, but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sagg
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag;
Gladdening his palate with some store
Of emmets' eggs—what would he more,
But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly,
With the red-capp'd worm, that's shut
Within the kernel of a nut
Brown as his tooth: a little moth
Late fathered in a piece of cloth;
With withered cherries, mandrake's ears,
Moles' eyes; to these the slain stag's tears,

The unctuous dewlips of a snail,
 The broke heart of a nightingale
Overcome with music : with a wine
 Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
But gently pressed from the soft side
Of a most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height : this done, commended
 Grace by his priest—the feast is ended."

The verses on "Charms and Ceremonies" are interesting, apart from their poetry, inasmuch as they reflect a number of pleasant old customs and superstitious practices, which were still followed, in town and country, during the days of Herrick. Among the epitaphs, also, there are some pretty ideas and lines, especially those on the deaths of children. But neither any of those, or Ben Jonson's lines commencing—

"Weep with me all you that read
 This little story,
 And know for whom a tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child that did so thrive,
 In grace and features," &c.

though very natural, can be compared, for beauty and finish, to those of the French poet, Parny, "On the Death of a Young Girl," inscribed on her tomb, which exhibit the delicacy of the French sense of beauty :—

"Son âge échappait à l'enfance,
 Riante comme l'innocence ;
 Elle avait les traits de l'amour,
 Quelques mois, quelques jours encore,
 Dans ce cœur pur et sans détour
 Le sentiment allait éclore.
 Mais le ciel avait au trépas
 Condamné ses jeunes appas.

Au ciel elle a rendu sa vie
 Et doucement s'est endormie
 Sans murmurer contre ses lois.
 Ainsi le sourire s'efface
 Ainsi meurt sans laisser de trace
 Le chant d'un oiseau dans les bois."

Among English lyrist and minor poets of fancy, Herrick, both for the versatility, sparkle, and beauty of his verses, will always be treasured. He is more natural than either Carew or Jonson, and though devoid frequently of the fine taste of the latter, his verses exhibit in their diction the presence of an imagination sensitive and picturesque, which is not to be found among song-writers since the age of Elizabeth until the present, and in the present in scarcely the lyrics of any other poet except Tennyson. Though he has not composed any song equal to any of the best of Moore or Beranger, the natural spontaneity and scintillation of fancy which his verses display, gives them a charm hardly inferior to the masterpieces of art ; and the warm, brilliant, airy, and simple soul of the modern Anacreon, instinct with May, embalmed in his Hesperides, will always invite the leisure of poetic students to his volume—a little monument of his genius, on which might be fitly inscribed the lines of Shelly :—

"Music, when sweet voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory ;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken ;
 Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, now thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on."

SPRING.

WHEN with its perfumes rare and lively light,
 The odoriferous and shining east—
 The winds and rain of winter wild surceased—
 Pours fruit and flower, and herb, and foliage bright,
 On the spring world ; when fair Ponentes' bowers
 Unite all charms of the reocant hours
 As thou, my Laura sweet, all beauties' charms,
 And with them all the heavenly virtues' arms,
 Thou bearest, seated near thy God and mine ;—
 Then let thy gentle shade appear once more,
 As once unto my hearth it came before,
 When snows were on the roof, and make divine,
 With airs of heaven, the fresh renaissant year,
 That, near thee, love, to God I may seem near.

UNFORTUNATE DOCTOR DODD.

A NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.—PART II.

I.

STILL, though such a pleasant after-dinner impression was left on Mr. Hoole, there was a growing belief abroad that something was wrong. The extravagance, the entertaining of the "noble pupils," and the city feasting, were spoken of; but in that day public opinion in reference to the cloth was in a state of utter unsoundness, and so far from attempting to check, seemed rather to encourage a degraded tone among the men who wore the gown. A coarse jest, or a broad scoff, was, at most, the only reproof uttered by the lax society of "fine" ladies and gentlemen of the time. A popular print of him about this time, which I have seen, is, in itself, significant—for it exhibits him as a smooth, smirking full-length, in a studied attitude, dressed, not in gown and bands, but in a richly flowered dressing-gown, and elegant smalls; while one ruffled hand rest ostentatiously on a tremendous volume, which may be assumed to represent his Bible Commentary.

Sir John Hawkins had a tenant who was brother to Mrs. Dodd; and it may be conceived that, for the knight, such a conduit pipe of information, would have been very welcome. Through this channel he obtained some particulars about the Doctor, about his habits of expense and extravagance. Mr. Perkins said he was the most importunate suitor for preferment ever known, and that he himself had been the bearer of endless letters and messages to all manner of great men, and had often "narrowly escaped being kicked down stairs."

One of Dodd's most faithful friends, who did not desert him in his extremity, Governor Thicknesse, owns he "was as good and pleasant a tempered rascal as ever lived, or ever was hanged;" and gives him such commendation as one would give to a free, jovial, easy-mannered friend, who was amusing, but not very strict in

principle. "An excellent companion," says Governor Thicknesse, "when he fell into such company he *could trust*, as he called it. I have heard him often making all the old women cry at church in the morning, and make his trusty friends laugh as much in the evening, with his song of Adam and Eve on—

"Stopping in the Land of Nod
To have their horses shod."

It was known, too, that the gay divine was in the habit of frequenting a tavern with his wife, and dining there "*tête-à-tête* in the most voluptuous manner;" and afterwards, on the very same day, would sup at a second tavern in the same style. These were not heinous transgressions in themselves: but they are sure marks and tokens, which the skilful in reading character and moral descent can readily interpret, as significant of more fatal delinquency.

To Horace Walpole, who disliked him as he did the bishops, and as he did Sterne, had drifted some stories, which he set down in certain entries in his recently published diary. His pen is sharper and his ink mixed with more gall than usual, as he deals with the luckless Doctor. He raked into his *chiffonnier's* scandal-basket, some shameful stories—that Mary Perkins, the verger's daughter, had been a handsome woman, for whom Lord Sandwich had been anxious to provide. She had an incurable passion for drink, which the Doctor encouraged, in order that he might have opportunity of the evening to go forth upon town and entertain himself in his own way without hindrance. The same authority found out and jotted down an uncharitable remark of Bishop Newton, when the Doctor was in his last sore distress. "I am sorry for him," said the prelate. Some one asked, "Why?" "Because he is to suffer for the least of all his offences." The behaviour of Mrs. Dodd, all through her husband's dreadful probation, and his testi-

mony to her merits, does not square with Walpole's bit of scandal. True or untrue, the town were in possession of these stories.

Whether he feasted at taverns or no, he was still busy, at what might be called his religious hack-work for the booksellers. Presently came out the huge three volumes of sermons to the young men, his translation of sermons from Massillon, and other "job work" of the same order. It was indeed no other, and he and his faithful Weedon Butler laboured at this duty with great industry. His name was in good esteem with the booksellers.

It was now come to the end of the year 1772, and this year brought with it an encouraging bit of preferment. He obtained the rectory of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire, which was worth about £160 a year; and with this came a little later the vicarage of Chalgrove. The two together went a little in ease of the devouring annuities, and the "voluptuous" tavern dinners. But this preferment brought with it also, an adventure which had near been fatal. He was coming up in his postchaise with Mrs. Dodd, from his new living, when he was stopped near the Tottenham-road turnpike, by a mounted highwayman. This was the common probation for travellers making London; but this freebooter, who had some reputation, and was called William Griffith, as he was riding away, turned back and discharged his pistol full at the windows of the chaise. The ball did no more damage than breaking the window of the chaise: "happily, as it was *then thought*," adds "an editor" of one of the Doctor's books. Personal courage was said not to be one of his qualities; and in his evil day, when men with a strange lack of charity went about raking from corners and sewers, and dust bins and publishing, too, every degraded rumour and vulgar story that could be found, some one came with a legend of boyish London days, when he was in his teens. That he had attended a "Robin Hood" debating society, and that on one occasion, when a false alarm of fire had been given, he quite lost his wits, and was with difficulty restrained from dashing himself from the window. "This,"

says the person who reports the incident, "strikingly shows the *inbecility* of his character."

Doctor Dodd was, however, able to identify Mr. William Griffith, who was taken not long after, and brought to trial. The Doctor appeared in the witness box, on December the 17th and on his evidence the prisoner was found guilty. Twelve more were "capitally convicted" on the same day. A "long day" was allowed to Mr. Griffith, and on the 20th January, the following year, he went forth in one of the usual Monday morning dismal processions to execution. "When the malefactors," says the reporter who attended, "stopped opposite St. Sepulchre's to hear the dying words from the bellman Bird," (one of Griffith's companions, "threw his face on the shoulder of the clergyman, and his form was agitated in a manner not to be described."

These horrible spectacles, reaching almost to barbarity, had affected Doctor Dodd very seriously, as indeed they had affected every good and thinking man in the kingdom. These human sacrifices were a disgrace to the age, and a greater disgrace to the country—for it was truly stated at the time, that there was no country in the world where such savage exhibitions were tolerated. Doctor Dodd whose nature was all through amiable and philanthropic, put together a sermon on the subject; but curious to say it was in the very year that he had suffered from the attack of Mr. Griffith, and only a few months before the dismal procession, to which his evidence had contributed Mr. Griffith, had stopped before St. Sepulchre's. This sermon was "On the Frequency of Capital Punishment;" and even in the introduction there is something very characteristic. "The following sermon," he says, "was intended to have been preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James, but was omitted on account of the absence of the Court, during the author's month of waiting." Thus, everything he did was more or less to be marked with a little discolouration; and this flourish of court-plaster was only another instance of that weakness in all the purposes of life, which was side by side with all his good intentions. He said justly that "it may seem

strange, if not incredible, that of all the nations upon earth the laws of England are the most sanguinary; there being in them, as I am credibly informed, over a hundred and fifty capital cases. In a note he adds oddly, "See Ruffhead's Index to the Statutes." Then follows one of these curious passages in which he seems to anticipate his own crisis, and appears to plead pathetically for himself. If a civic crown was the reward of a Roman who saved a fellow-creature from death, what shall be his "who by such a reformation, shall save from an ignominious end numbers of subjects and citizens, hurried into eternity in the very bloom and flower of life, with all their sins and imperfections upon their heads, and cuts them off at once from all power of reformation, from all possibility of making amends to the state they have injured, to the friends they have alienated, and the God they have so daringly offended!" This was indeed the substance of that bitter cry, that was to come from his Newgate cell not half-a-dozen years later.

II.

THE following year Lord Chesterfield, of manners and deportment celebrity, died, and the "young Stanhope," over whose training Doctor Dodd had watched, became an earl. One of his first acts was to make his tutor his chaplain—another office of honour, in addition to the long roll of titles he already enjoyed. But mere honours were not sufficient for one of his tastes—money was what he required. At the very height of his popularity he yet scarcely knew what side to turn. Walpole, peeping out as it were from his private box upon the London theatricals—the paint, powder, patches—and prying even to the wings and the *coulisses* corners, with a powerful double glass, wrote down about this date, the estimation he was held in by men of the world, who had no scruples of giving things their right names—"a precise, affected, and popular preacher—an enemy but mimic of the Methodists—director of the Magdalen Chapel, and Chaplain at Court for his hypocrisy and popularity." If Walpole thought this, and wrote it down, we may be sure he did not scruple to speak what he thought.

With this character, then, at the beginning of the year 1774, and with those who ministered to his pleasures pressing terribly and clamorously for food, he was at his wits' end for money. Suddenly, in January of that year, a Doctor Moss was advanced to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, and the rich and fashionable living of St. George's, Hanover-square, became vacant. Nothing could be more suited for one who was a fashionable preacher and embarrassed in his means. It was given out to be worth £1,500 a-year. It was not certain in whose gift was this prize—it being claimed by Lord North the minister, by the Bishop of London, and by the Chancellor, Lord Apsley. It was assumed, however, as it eventually proved to be, that it was in the gift of the latter.

One day the Chancellor's wife, Lady Apsley, received a letter—of the kind known as anonymous—asking her to exert her influence about this living, and offering her £3,000 down, with an annuity of £500 a-year out of the living, if she would procure it for a person to be named later. She showed it to the Chancellor, who, thinking it a more serious affair than either she or the writer imagined it to be, had inquiries set on foot. It must have been a clumsily done affair, for it was easily traced to a common law-clerk, and from the common law-clerk to Mrs. Dodd, the verger's daughter, and wife of the Rev. William Dodd, LL.D., one of his Majesty's Chaplains. Mrs. Dodd, said the law-clerk, had dictated the whole to him.

At first the Doctor denied it boldly, and said he was not privy to the "officious zeal of his consort." Then, when he found the Chancellor in earnest, begged delay, and offered to go abroad. Lord Apsley, however, went to the King, and laid the whole matter before him, who indignantly ordered his chamberlain to strike the name of the Rev. W. Dodd, LL.D., from the list of his chaplains. Then the scandal became public. The news flew from coffee-house to coffee-house. When Lord Hertford told him of what he had been ordered to do, he complained bitterly of the cruelty with which he had been treated, and denied the whole charge again. In truth, his best excuse was the rude mechanism of the trick; and only for the fatal

evidence of previous indiscretions, he might have successfully had he chosen to brazen out his denial—tided over the accusation. But the public feeling became so angry and noisy against him, that he actually addressed a weak, piteous letter to the public journals, begging for indulgence. It was dated on Feb. 10, 1774, and ran thus:—

"Sir,—May I earnestly entreat, through the channel of your paper, that the candid public will suspend their sentence in my case? Under the pressure of circumstances exceedingly adverse, and furnished with no proof of innocence, but which are of a negative nature, there is left for me at present no mode of defence, but that of an appeal to a life passed in the public service, and an irreproachable attention to the duties of my function. How impossible it is to oppose the torrent of popular invective the world will judge. It is hoped, however, that time will, ere long, put some circumstances in my power which may lead to an elucidation of this affair, convince to the satisfaction of mankind my integrity, and remove every ill impression with regard to the proceedings which have justly incensed a most respectable personage, and drawn such misfortunes upon me.

"WILLIAM DODD."

Strange to say, he succeeded in dividing the jury, as it were. One half of the town took his side. The congregations of the Charlotte Chapels were a good constituency. The city people held to him; and strange to say, the Methodists, whose enemy he was said to be, but whose style he mimicked, were coming round to his party. But for the present the current was too strong for him, and he thought it prudent to retire abroad, and hide his head for a while.

But when he was away he was to suffer a heavy penalty for his offence. Foote was then pouring forth that stream of farces which are mirrors for the manners of the day, and to which he gave a vitality and vigour, by imparting a rough coarse satire on all the weaknesses and follies. He dashed these sketches in boldly, and with much force and personality; and being at work on "The Cozeners" introduced a "Doctor Simony" and a "Mrs. Simony," whom there was no mistaking. It has been said always, and repeated pretty often, that in this piece Doctor Dodd was introduced upon the stage, but this was not so. He is merely spoken of; and

it is Mrs. Simony, put for unhappy Mrs. Dodd, who was brought before the audience. Mrs. Fleecem, an intriguing lady, negotiates such delicate matters as the procuring of places at her house of business. Mrs. Simony, Doctor Dodd's lady, comes to pay her a visit, fresh from "Cox's Museum," where Sir Antony Absolute saw the bull whose eye "rolled" so terribly. "The Doctor knows nothing about it," she says, and then gives a sort of portrait which the pit knew and roared at.

"The Doctor's powers are pretty well known about town; not a more popular preacher within the sound of Bow Bell; I do not mean for the mobility only—these every canting fellow can catch; the best people of fashion aren't ashamed to follow my Doctor. Not one, madam, of the hundred drawing, long-winded tribe; he never crams congregations, or gives them more than they can carry away—not more than ten or twelve minutes at most. . . . Even the Duchess Dowager of Drowsy was never known to nod at my Doctor; and then he doesn't pore with his eyes close to the book like a clerk that reads the first lesson; not he, but all extemporary, madam; with a cambric handkerchief in one hand and a diamond ring on the other; and then he waxes this way and that way, and he court-sies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are ready to— But then his wig, madam! I am sure you must admire his dear wig; not with the bushy brown buckles hanging and drooping like a Newfoundland spaniel, but short, rounded off at the ear to show his plump cherry cheeks, white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as close as a cauliflower.

"Mrs. F. — Why, really, madam—

"Mrs. Simony. — Then my Doctor is none of your schismatics, madam; believes in the whole thirty nine, and so he would if there were nine times as many. . . . Not a step I beseech you. Lord bless me! I had like to have forgot. . . . Besides all I have said, my Doctor, madam, possesses a very pretty little poetical vein. I have brought you here a little hymn in my pocket.

"Mrs. F. — Hymn! Then the Doctor sings, I presume.

"Mrs. Simony. — Not a better pipe at the playhouse; he has been long notorious for that; then he is as cheerful, and has such a choice collection of songs; why he is constantly asked to the great city feasts, and does, I verily believe, more indoor christening than any three of the cloth."

This is gay and very amusing; but, after all, it was an unwarrantable freedom. Doctor Dodd was fair

game; but it was unmanly, gibbeting the poor foolish lady, whom even the law of that day would have assumed to have acted under her husband's influence. She was no more than a mechanical agent. But Foote only cared to find grist for his satirical mill, no matter where he had to look for it. It was a profitable and successful game, thus introducing notorious persons to excite the laughter of the pit, and he carried on his trade even at the sacrifice of the common feelings of gratitude and delicacy. He was treated hospitably in Dublin, and received in uproarious welcome; but when he got back to London sneered at the lieges who had welcomed him. He repaid Alderman Falkener by "taking him off" in one of his "entertainments." Johnson he was burning to "take off" also, but that bluff, sturdy moralist asked his bookseller to send out for a thick cudgel—a sort of remonstrance which soon drifted to the professional satirist's ears, and caused him to change his purpose. Women could not wield cudgels. But it is curious to think that another such coarse attack upon another woman, who had been similarly unfortunate, was his ruin. His onslaught on the Duchess of Kingston destroyed him.

Long after, in his prison, this exposure came back on him. How deeply it affected him may be seen in these bitter lines which form part of the retrospect of his entire life.

Yes, yes, thou coward mimic, pampered
vice,
High praise be sure is thine. Thou hast
obtained
A worthy triumph. Thou hast pierced to
the quick
A weak, an amiable female heart—
A conjugal heart most faithful, most at-
tached;
Yet can I pardon thee; for, poor buffoon,
Thy vices must be fed; and thou must live,
Luxurious live, a foe to God and man;
Commissioned live, thy poison to diffuse,
And taint the public virtue with thy crimes.
Yes, I can pardon thee—low as thou art
And far too mean an object e'en of scorn.

III.

DOCTOR DODD, going abroad went straight to Geneva, where his old pupil and constant patron was staying. The new Earl's patronage was not disturbed by the late escape.

He either disbelieved it, or what is more probable, was careless whether it was true or no. He must have been almost attached to him or have had that sort of tendency to his company which men of pleasure have for each other's society, and which stands in the room of affection; for we have it on good Walpolean authority that the noble pupil actually rode out several miles to meet the arriving Doctor in some severe icy weather—so severe that the noble pupil got frostbitten, and was laid up for some time in consequence. In those times Geneva was very far away, and we cannot tell how the story got twisted in travelling home to the clubs and coffee-houses, and from them to Arlington-street. The noble pupil treated him with great distinction, gave a round of dinners in his honour, introduced him to English and French, resident as well as vagabond, and made much of him in a fashion that should have been a warranty against the character in which he was later to appear. Nay, he even presented him to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, so that really he was almost incumbered with preferment.

Parting from this useful patron he set off home, by way of Paris. There it was likely, that with his weak, foolish, unballasted disposition, he should be shipwrecked. What a place Paris was then; what a vortex of pleasure, Mercier tells us in his wonderful "*Tableau de Paris*"—on the tone and details of which marvellous phantasmagoria, it has not been noticed how much Mr. Carlyle has modelled his French Revolution. So strange and vivid a bird's-eye view of a city has never yet been taken. Our Doctor was drawn into the gay whirl. He left his gown and bands at his hotel, and some Englishman, who had gone out to the Plains of Sablons on some festival day, brought back word to London how, to his amazement, he had recognised the Magdalen preacher in a carriage at the show, dressed in a mousquetaire uniform, and in very doubtful company.

IV.

WHEN the scandal had blown over, and Dr. Simony was a little forgotten, he came home to England again. The

state of London society at this date has been dwelt on before*—its shameful toleration, and utter absence of moral purpose; so that it is no surprise to find our Doctor gradually gliding into his old pious groove. With some, he was an impostor; but with a far greater number he had been persecuted for justice' sake. So his popularity had scarcely diminished; and by new exertions in a sort of philanthropic and charitable direction, he brought over many more to his side. He is said to have founded a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, which is now flourishing and full of vitality, in spite of the unsound touch that helped to raise it up into life. He was a goodly man still with the crowd. "I do my best," writes one Hoaddy Ashe, who may be accepted as a fair type of these admirers, "*and even the great Dr. Dodd can do no more. Oh, for his pen, and his melodious voice! Pray give my respectful compliments to him.*" But with the good works were other works. The old extravagance, and the devouring annuities that fattened on the extravagance, were strong as ever. About this date we get a glimpse of him, characteristic enough, meeting him, as it were, in the fashionable Parks.

That odd Governor Thicknesse—before alluded to—who was essentially the man of a grievance, and who had the knack all through life of stumbling from one grievance to another, had for his arch-grievance of all a quarrel with a Colonel Vernon. It seems as though he had been harshly treated on the whole. By-and-by, Colonel Vernon bloomed into Lord Orwell, grew old, as did Mr. Thicknesse; and finally, meditating a tour to the south of France for his health, received, on the eve of starting, a letter from his enemy. It was to the effect, that as the peer was going to France for his health, and Mr. Thicknesse for his purse—also sadly out of sorts, they might both contrive to meet "*and settle the little matter so long pending between them.*" Of this significant proposal no direct notice was then taken. But next day Mr. Thicknesse was wandering about the Park, when he fell in with the gay

Dr. Dodd, also taking the air. The Doctor told him that only the day before he had been dining with Lord Orwell, and (we now hear the Doctor speaking for the first time), that the receipt of the letter had been mentioned. "I have seen it," said Dr. Dodd, "and though I cannot justify his conduct to you, still I think it was cruel towards him. I do not think he will live six months. You have hindered his southern expedition. He will not go, lest you should follow him. I who have often attended such *high-crested* men upon their death-beds, could understand his real condition." Mr. Thicknesse parted from the Doctor, but was so affected by this picture that he went straight to a coffee-house, and wrote a letter to Lord Orwell, of quite another tone and pattern—possibly as the Doctor intended he should do. For it requires little penetration to see that the smooth Doctor was sent, as an envoy, to skilfully smooth the down this troublesome fellow, who had a grievance, and to arrange for his lordship's quiet travelling. So was that other Doctor accredited by Selwyn to arrange his unpleasant business. With this squares wonderfully a story whispered by Walpole—a torn rag of gossip from his *chiffonier's* basket. It deals, too, with an embassy. The noble pupil, whose chaplain he was, required some return for his favours; and, anxious to make some sort of reparation to a young person whom he had injured, sent his chaplain as his ambassador, with no less a sum than £1,000. Such a trait was not very common in the fine gentlemen of the day, who were as cruel as they were fine. But it was said—with what truth we know not, but it is to be feared with some probability—that the reverend envoy kept back £200 of the sum for his own devouring emergencies! If it be true, it was a far more capital offence than the one for which he suffered. He was sinking deeper and yet deeper in the bogs of embarrassment. "He descended so low," says the servants' hall style of memoir, before alluded to, as *to become the editor of a newspaper.*" What the fatal journal was which had become the instrument of his abasement I have not

* S. J. "Life of Stowe," Vol. iii. p. 30.

been able to discover. A more certain token of his embarrassment is, that he tried to have himself discharged from his debts by a commission in bankruptcy, but failed. He was hurrying fast to the end, and it was now come to the year 1776.

In the March of that year we hear him appealing from the pulpit in the "Anniversary Sermon of the Society for the Recovery of Drowned Persons," at St. Anne's, to "a very numerous congregation." We hear him, too, from a less becoming stage, making an "Oration at Freemasons' Hall," with what aim or purpose we know not. Finally, on February the 24th, of that year, he resigned his Pimlico chapel, and Dr. Courtenay, of St. George's, Hanover-square—a name which could not have rung pleasantly in his ears—succeeded him. Our Doctor, however, retained a little interest in the chapel, and "by purchase," says the account, "acquired a fourth part of the concern." It was, no doubt, pecuniary pressure that forced him to this step; and, indeed, the luckless Doctor was now being hemmed into that fatal corner whence he was to strive to escape by a step yet more fatal.

He was still popular, and those sermons of his were always crowded. There must have been something attractive, and even "sensational," to use that hackneyed word, in a preacher who was to ascend the pulpit with a bouquet, and a diamond ring glittering on his finger, whose robes exhaled sweet perfumes, and the snowy white of whose hand was conspicuously displayed. These might have been idle West-End stories, but they got into print. The sermons themselves must have been welcome, for their manner merely, which was in contrast to the cold sterility of the pulpit oratory of the day; for the Doctor used to get his by heart instead of reading them, and deliver them with much energy and dramatic effect. As a sarcastic critic, there was "a general appositeness of his genteel action to his eloquent discourse." The admiration of an enraptured auditor found expression in the following lines:—

"ON HEARING DR. DODD PREACH.

"Heard but the libertine thy pulpit lore,
Pathetic Dodd! the wretch would sin no
more.

Touched with thy preaching, dulness waves
his sleep,

And *levity* itself is seen to weep.

Let flattered greatness still by fools be sung;
With *Dodd's* applause what temples have
not rung?

Go on, judicious pastor!—awe the bold,
And still improve the young, reclaim the
old;

With pleasing energy the Saviour preach,
And virtue animate, and candour teach.
Still make fair chastity the darling theme;
Whilst Magdalens support and prize its
fame.

Then—nor till late—may Heaven reward
thy care,
And make thee *angel* in a brighter sphere!"

In a scurrilous magazine of the time, of the date of 1773, it was said, with a curious spirit of prophecy, that "gaiety and dissipation soon convinced him that he was pursuing a career that must terminate in his destruction." And actually in that year we find him held up for public fustian, if not for public scandal (for then the town was not to be scandalized by anything), framed in one of the well-known little *tête-à-tête* medallions, and joined with another of a Mrs. Robinson. True, he was merely set down as "The Macaronic Parson, Mr. D—," and the lady as Mrs. R—n; but there was no misunderstanding the allusion, rendered more plain by bringing in C— chapel.

If we are to accept this pasquinade as authentic, it would seem that about this date his extravagance had led him to the King's Bench Prison. And there, it was said, that he made acquaintance with this Mrs. R—n, also in durance for a life of extravagance. "Compassion," we are told, "induced her first to extend her benevolence to our hero, who found her acquaintance very convenient and eligible about three o'clock, where he had always had a strong *punch* for a good dinner." When he obtained his liberty, and recommenced his sermons, he found himself receiving several presents from an anonymous donor, whom he presently discovered to be Mrs. Robinson; and, in return, "he sent her some game, of which he was requested to partake." This contemptible chit-chat, in the very lowest style of scandal-mongering, is worthy of no notice here, beyond this significance, that it shows with what freedom the idle tongues of the day

dealt with his name. They were presently to be yet more busy; for we are now at the year 1777, when, for a month and more, the whole kingdom shall do nothing but talk of Dr. Dodd.

v.

To his living in Bucks—one of his little benefices—he had paid but four flying visits and had preached four times; and it was remarked afterwards by the inhabitants, who were so seldom gratified by hearing the fashionable London preacher, what a strange significance there was in the texts he had chosen. When the story of his fate drifted down to them from London, the sermons and the texts of the sermons were recollected, and it was thought how they shadowed forth a glimpse of coming destiny. It did seem as though he had some such uneasy sense hanging over him, when he could choose such a theme as this:—

“Rejoice not against me, O, mine enemy. When I fall I shall arise!”

Or, upon another Sunday, a still more significant text:—

“Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shall have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even; and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!”

But, as I have said, all through his life this sense of a gloomy end seemed to oppress him.

It was now the beginning of the year 1777, and Dr. Dodd was being very hard pressed, indeed. He had moved to Argyle-street. But the Doctor owed rent which was heavily in arrear, and the furniture, which was his own, was already burdened with two bills of sale or executions. Some heavy “tradesmen’s bills” were pressing him, and he literally knew not which side to turn. Money *must* be had.

There was a Mr. Robinson in the city, a stockbroker, who procured moneys on discount, and on him, about Saturday, the 1st of February, Doctor Dodd called, bringing with him a bond. The tutorship and patronage of Lord Chesterfield was matter of notoriety in London: it was one of the secrets of the reverence with which the Doctor was re-

garded; and that such a wealthy and influential friend should assist his old tutor was to be expected. (On this occasion the Doctor brought with him a bond, which the noble Earl had filled in, for £3,700, and on which thought some money could be raised. It was left with the broker, who undertook to negotiate the affair. Sunday intervened, on which day the Doctor preached with great pathos and effect. On Monday Mr. Francis of Fenchurch street, gave a large dinner party to the popular clergyman and others, and in the evening the broker saw him there, and brought the bond with him to show it. A Mr. Fletcher had been discovered in the city, who would furnish the money on the terms of an annuity of £700; a proper warrant of attorney to confess judgment had been prepared, and all was, in fact, arranged. The bond was left with the Doctor for his noble patron’s approbation; and the next morning the broker attended in Argyle-street to complete the business. The Earl’s signature had been obtained. The intimacy of the two was so well known, that in a pleasant, informal way the Doctor merely mentioned that he had *seen* him sign, and would now attach his own signature as witness. With the same friendly irregularity the broker became another witness to the Earl’s signature, and took the Doctor’s word that all was right. There was another document too—a receipt of the Earl’s for the money; and both were completed with all formality, and the money was paid. Next day the instruments were transferred to Mr. Manley, an intelligent London solicitor, who acted for Mr. Fletcher, the lender.

While looking through them, his attention was attracted by “a very remarkable blot” on the *e* in the word “seven” part of the description—“four thousand seven hundred pounds.” There were scratches of pen, too, above and below the blot. There was really nothing suspicious in this; for, as the solicitor frankly owned, he “could see no end it would answer.” It was only part of the unlucky fatality that pursued the Doctor. It was so odd, possibly so unmeaning, that he thought he would see his principal, or, at least, have a clean, new bond made out. However,

the result of seeing the principal was the more sensible course, which should have been thought of at first—of seeing the noble Earl himself in person. The solicitor called on Thursday—then “took the liberty” of writing to say he would call again the following morning. He came at ten. Lord Chesterfield met him on the stairs, and said—“You have come about a bond? But I have paid it, and burnt it,” he added. This mystified the solicitor a good deal. It was then explained that the Earl had given a bond for £500 before he came of age, but when he was of full age he had destroyed it. He added that the whole matter was secret. The solicitor, still more perplexed, told him he did not understand his meaning, and then “introduced the bond in question to his lordship.” Then all was explained. The signature was repudiated. The whole was a *forgery!*

The next question was what was to be done. The money had been paid; and the pupil suggested that, most likely, the Doctor had gone off. Assuming this to be the case, they went straight to the Lord Mayor, at Guildhall, and obtained warrants against both the broker and the clergyman—an unfortunate assumption, as well as unfortunate action, founded upon that assumption. Had they gone to look for Dodd first, the thing would never have gone beyond a town scandal, and the Doctor might have finished his life—disreputably—as a sort of loose privateer parson, of which there were many then upon the social high seas.

With two officers and the warrant, they went first to look for Robinson, the broker, whom they found in Sir Charles Raymond's banking-house. They then set off for Argyle-street, for the Doctor. They were shown into the parlour. The wretched man came down to them all aghast, and asked their business. The attorney told him he “was sorry to attend him upon so unhappy occasion.” (So public a character was the Doctor, that every one seemed to be making him apologies through every stage of the process.) He was much struck, says the attorney, and remained silent for some time. They then asked him what could have induced him to do such a thing. The Doctor, not at-

tempting any denial, said, that it was urgent and terrible necessity—that he was forced to meet some tradesmen's bills—that he meant no injury to Lord Chesterfield, or to any one—that he meant to pay all back in six months—and that he had certain resources—with more in the same piteous strain.

The solicitor then asked him, if he had any of the money to give back, as that was the only possible means that could save him. He said that he had some of it; and desired to go up stairs to fetch it. To this the officers demurred; and it was only on the solicitor going with him, and not allowing him out of sight, that it was allowed. The Doctor went to his bureau, and, from a pigeon-hole in the bureau, took out six notes of five hundred pounds each, on Sir Charles Raymond's House. That made three thousand of the £3,700. He then got out his banker's book, by which he tried to show that some nine hundred pounds or so were to his credit there; and the solicitor said it seemed to be so. But he owned, previously, that he could not draw for more than five or six hundred of this sum. A cheque was then filled in on the Exchange Banking Company, in St. James's-street, for £500 (how the unhappy Doctor's pen must have quivered as he wrote!); and then they came down stairs again to the parlour.

It must have been at this time that a strange chance of deliverance was purposely offered to him—for when they were at the bureau, Mr. Manley left him a moment alone. The bond was on the table, and a bright fire was burning in the grate. When Mr. Manley returned, the bond was there still. A foolish presumption of the Doctor's conscious innocence was afterwards based on this forbearance; but those at all familiar with criminal cases, will set it down to be ignorance, or want of thought; or, perhaps, to hesitation of a weak mind at so bold and dangerous a step.

It was between five and six o'clock in the evening. Everything seemed to be done in great agitation. The broker, whose position was almost as critical, hurriedly drew a cheque on his own bankers, for one hundred pounds—the commission he had received. That left just six hundred

pounds to be accounted for. The only thing now was to see Lord Chesterfield—report to him this partial restitution—and hear his determination.

Meanwhile, the officers and the unhappy Doctor were to retire to the York coffee-house, in St. James's-square, and await their return. After, no doubt, a sickening interval of suspense, the solicitor appeared again with Fletcher the lender, and a Mr. Corry, Lord Chesterfield's confidential solicitor. A private room was ordered up stairs, to which they all removed.

Dr. Dodd was then asked if he could give reasonable security for the balance? He answered, "Very readily;" that he was willing to give any in the world. It was proposed, that he should execute a warrant of attorney to confess judgment upon his goods and furniture, which, though already under a distress and execution, were valuable enough to meet this claim also. This document was drawn out on the spot—attested by Corry and Manley. Then the Doctor said, he thought he could draw for a couple of hundred more on his banker. "If you can," said the solicitor, "it will be much better;" and this reduced the judgment to £400, only. Things, therefore, were in a fair way of being adjusted. There was hope for the wretched Doctor. The thing would be accommodated. It was too late that night to set him free from the officers; but to-morrow that could be all arranged. Meanwhile, an agitating, fluttering day was over.

All seemed to have behaved with great consideration in this unhappy affair, and to have tried to help off Doctor Dodd in every way they could; and he went to bed that night relieved by the assurance that no further steps would be taken against him.

VI.

THE next morning was Saturday. Lord Chesterfield came down to Mr. Fletcher, at the banking-house of Sir Charles Raymond; and a message was sent over to the Lord Mayor's, then sitting, to know when he would be willing to receive them. The answer brought back was, that the prisoner was then actually before

him. They hurried over. But the Lord Mayor insisted on going into the case. Indeed, all parties seem to have been under some strange misapprehension about the powers of magistrates as prosecutors, and to have forgotten that compounding a felony is a serious offence against British law. On the process of law has been put in motion, it is almost impossible, requires infinite skill and something like collusion in the authorities, to check it. The charge was entered both Mr. Manley and Lord Chesterfield had to give their evidence; and both were bound over to prosecute. They must have come like a thunderbolt on the wretched prisoner, who had considered his escape all but secure, and he made an agitated, incoherent protest to the magistrate.

"I cannot tell what to say in such a situation, I had no intention to defraud Lord Chesterfield. I hope his lordship will consider my case. . . . I mean it as a temporary resource. I have no satisfaction and I hope it will be considered. . . . Lord Chesterfield has certain some love towards me. He knows I love him. He knows I revere his honour as dear as my honour. I hope he will accord to me the mercy that is in his heart, and show clemency to me. There is nobody wishes to prosecute. Pray, my Lord Mayor, consider this and discharge me."

There is something wild and very piteous in this appeal. It *could* bring no fruit, as Mr. Manley could have told him. His friends were powerless—mere instruments in the hands of the law. And on that Saturday morning, the well-known Doctor Dodd, the fashionable preacher, was committed to take his trial. A London read it in their evening papers and there was no sermon in Bedford street that night.

VII.

THIS was the eighth of February. The Old Bailey sessions were on the 22nd—an interval of only a fortnight. How the business was talked over, wondered at, and even relished, may be conceived, when we think what a season of nine days wonder it was. It was only the beginning of the wretched clergyman's agony, as it might be called. For no one was ever to atone so terribly for such a transgression.

He was committed to the "compter," to await his trial, and the name of the Lord Mayor who committed him was Sir John Halifax. But, all through, he was treated with the greatest consideration, and rules were stretched almost unwarrantably in his favour. He had friends in the Lord Mayor's Court, among the aldermen, and the prosecution having obtained an order to bring up Robinson, the broker, who had been also committed with Doctor Dodd, and this being obtained irregularly from some inferior clerk of the court, the superior members interfered, and had it cancelled. Much confusion and argument was brought about by this step; and one of the Judges, at the trial, alluded in strong language to, what he called, "the improper lenity" that had been shown the prisoner, in putting him on a different footing from his fellows. For it seems that, with a view of sparing him, he had not been brought up six days before the sessions, as the ordinary accused had been.

The Grand Jury found the bills, at Hick's Hall, "before me," says Sir John Hawkins, with great complacency.

Saturday, the 2nd February, came round, and Doctor Dodd was placed at the bar. The Judges who were to try him were, Mr. Justice Willes, Mr. Justices Peryn and Gould. For the Crown, appeared Mr. Mansfield, and Mr. Davenport. For the prisoner, Cowper, Buller, and Howarth; the two first of whom were to be judges later. The popular preacher was not likely to want the best assistance that money could procure. They must have felt, however, that it was a desperate case, and they could rely but on the feelings of the jury, and on a preliminary objection. When the prisoner was being indicted, he begged leave to read a paper, and the severity of those days not allowing the accused the benefit of a speech from his counsel, and even forcing him to open matter of legal objection himself, Dr. Dodd proceeded to say, that as Robinson's name was on the back of the bill found by the Grand Jury, and as his testimony had been placed before them by surreptitious means, and in defiance of the order of the Court, he was advised, the indictment could not be sustained;

and thereupon his counsel proceeded to argue the legal question.

It was, what might be called, a "nice point," and on account of the greater indulgence extended to prisoners in the construction of criminal doubts, might seem to offer a fair chance; and a very spirited argument followed. It was evident that the counsel for the defence strained every nerve to carry this point. Lord Hale, and many other authorities were quoted; and it did seem founded in justice that the prisoner should not be affected by a witness who was himself open to the same charge, and whose evidence, as it was illegally obtained, should practically be assumed not to have been before the Grand Jury, and therefore not before the present court. Mr. Mansfield, on the other side, in a calm and logical argument, disposed of the objection; declared that it was "perfectly new" to him; that it was no concern of the Court what evidence was before the Grand Jury, or how it came to them; neither were they to weigh its legality or illegality; but it was quite sufficient that the bill was found.

The Judges inclined to this view, but offered the Crown to let them prefer a new indictment, or else go on with the present one at their peril, and have "the point saved" for the opinion of the Judges. By this latter course, even if the prisoner was found guilty, and the Judges decided with him, he never could be indicted on the same charge again—so there was a good deal of risk in adopting it; but so confident were the Crown in this view of the law, that they elected to take the chance.

It has been mentioned how he had managed to attach the "city people" to him. It was not therefore surprising when, after the argument had closed, Alderman Woolridge stood up, and in a warm and excited speech, in which we almost hear his voice trembling, spoke of the proceeding as "an order wickedly, fraudulently, and maliciously obtained," and perhaps by something worse than all these epithets. "It strikes me with astonishment," the Alderman went on; "I know nothing of the law; I speak from what I feel in my own heart. I say, if the prisoner at the bar is convicted by

means of this order being surreptitiously obtained, *I would not stand in the clerk's place for all it is worth! I say let him hold up his hand and say whether he does not think the blood of the man at the bar will not fall upon his head!*" This strange burst signifies something more than mere displeasure at an irregularity in the court, and shows how excited men's minds were about the unhappy Doctor's case. No notice was taken of these remarks, and the trial went on.

The Doctor was accordingly indicted in eight counts, framed with the usual ingenious variations, so as to cover every degree of moral delinquency comprised in the offence. Mansfield stated the case in a calm and temperate discourse, opening his speech with an allusion to the extraordinary degree it had been a subject of conversation for the past fortnight, and exhorting the jury to dismiss all rumours from their minds. Witnesses were then called, whose testimony, dovetailed together, make up the story of the fraud I have given. There were some singular violations of the law of evidence tolerated by the Judges. For instance, the whole of the Doctor's behaviour, speeches, and confession, and admissions, on and after his arrest, when *no caution* had been given to him, were received. So, too, Mr. Manley, the solicitor, was allowed to tell all that passed between him and Lord Chesterfield, when he called on him with the Earl's remarks and denial of the bond. And when this was faintly and doubtfully objected to by the prisoner's counsel, the Judge remarked, "Surely we have only to ask Lord Chesterfield himself," as though it was to save time.

Presently the Earl was placed in the witness-box, amid great sensation in the court, for the relation between the pupil and patron was well known, and to the great agitation of the prisoner in the dock.

"O, that eternal night."

He wrote from his cell—

"Had in that moment screened me from myself.

My Stanhope to behold!"

But his evidence was decisive.

Everything was only too clear. The case for the prosecution closed, and then Mr. Justice Peryn said, "Now Doctor Dodd, this is the time for you to make your defence to what the witnesses have said." And Doctor Dodd then spoke his defence—a very pathetic and moving address, but which was yet no defence. He said he was advised that the Act of Parliament "runs perpetually in that style—with an intention to defraud," but that in his mind there could have been none such, for he had restored and meant to restore what he had taken. He had made a perfect and ample restitution. "I leave it, my Lord, to you, and gentlemen of the Jury to consider, if an unhappy man does transgress, what can God and man desire more!" He then added, that he had been "pursued with the most oppressive cruelty, prosecuted after the most express engagement, after the most delusive and *soothing arguments*" (a curious expression) "from Mr. Manley." Death, he owned, would be the most pleasant of all blessings after this place. But he would be glad to live for the sake of his wife who, for twenty-seven years had been "an unparalleled example of conjugal affection to me, and whose behaviour in this crisis would draw tears of approbation from the most inhuman. He then urged that his creditors would suffer cruelly by his death. All of which were idle topics, and could have no effect with men who consider their oath, and the stern duty cast upon them by that oath. So indeed the Judge hinted, who owned that this had been "a very pathetic address." But he could scarcely pass by the weakness of the Doctor's defence. As to his having no intention to defraud, and a purpose to make restitution, he very gently pointed out that if excesses of such a kind were to be admitted, it would be a defence for criminals of every kind and degree—for how could the law take notice of what was passing in their minds. He could scarcely answer for himself that he would have restored the sum to which the Judge might have added that the restitution on which the prisoner leant so much was *after* his arrest—a step which we may be sure any detected criminal would gladly take, if it was to help

him. We might add, too, as to the point of *intention* supposed by the Act of Parliament, that to certain acts the law *presumes* a certain natural intention; and it was for the jury to say whether this getting money by the use of Lord Chesterfield's name was not a fraud.

At the close of the charge, an ingenious "point" was made by the prisoner's counsel. These were the days when "a flaw" in the indictment was fatal. If the prisoner was *accused* of an offence ever so little differing from the one proved, he escaped. Now, the indictment can be amended on the spot. It was laid in the charge that he had forged an instrument for *seven* hundred pounds annuity; but the bond produced to support that charge had the word *seven* all blotted, so as to be illegible. The proof and the charge did not therefore correspond. It was ingenious; and the Judge admitted its force, but neutralized it by telling the jury it was for them to consider whether the blotted word was meant to represent *seven*.

They retired. They were only ten minutes away. In a broken voice (it was said "weeping"), they brought in their verdict—"GUILTY!" The court resounded with sobs, and his weeping friends gathered about him. A memorial for mercy was drawn up by the jury, and signed.

VIII.

HE was removed that very night to Newgate. He had actually passed through those grim, vault-like crypts, which only yesterday were traversed by the miserable "Flowery Land" pirates. Then set in for him that miserable season, which might be almost called an Agony; and which, by an unhappy complication, became really worse than ten thousand deaths.

Curious to say, he had visited Newgate to attend prisoners; and his wife, with that untiring affection which no neglect could wear out, had always been careful to furnish him with "an-

tidotes preventive," as he called them, against the terrible contagion of the dreadful place.

Newgate was then very much in the state of the prison to which the good Doctor Primrose was consigned. It was an abomination, and one of the plague-spots of the land, though Mr. James Hanway was even then trying to bring about some amelioration in the condition of the prisoners. But as criminal life was then held so cheap, it was only natural that what ministered to the support of his life should be equally disregarded.* In all the agitation of this terrible change, with death hanging over his head, and his wife just torn from his arms as the hour for locking up drew near, on the second night of his arrival—a Sunday—how will it be supposed the prisoner spent his hours? In writing vapid, stilted, unprofitable *blank verse*—the mass of weak, vain, ill-judged lines that go to make up "The Prison Thoughts"—a task he continued steadily for five weeks. The vices that shipwrecked him leavens the whole of this production—vanity and theatrical effect. The cantos are labelled *The Trial, The Retrospect, &c.*; and every line furnishes a peg on which to hang some personal reference to his private glories. There are notes that show off his erudition; references—"See my Commentary;" allusions to "My Tully," to theatres, pictures, travels in France, deceased comedians—interrupted every moment with unworthy appeals for mercy, whining Jeremiads over his fate, and the exaggerated self-laudation of ostentatious penitence and complacent conversion. These "Prison Thoughts" are a sure index of that "unsoundness" which may be traced all through the pattern of his life, and which threw off, even to the last hour of his life, those wild flashy lights, which are wholly inconsistent with sincere, steady repentance. All through, he harps on what he calls his "foes" and his "persecutors"—as though, indeed, he had been the victim of some conspiracy.

Mr. Akerman was the governor—a

* I find that there was at this time a hulk upon the Thames, packed with prisoners, the working of which as an experiment was regarded with great curiosity. It was announced that some sixty had died, but still it was considered most satisfactory as an experiment.

kind and benevolent official—who, from the day of his incarceration, seems to have given every indulgence. He was allowed a large, comfortable room, carpeted, and a fire, which faced the door. He had books, and indeed everything he desired. But nothing could shut out the grim and terrible associations of the place. Through the walls, the horrid riot, the awful saturnalia, arising from the promiscuous herding together of prisoners of every shade of crime, came to his ears. He began his "Prison Thoughts" at eight o'clock—"the hour when they lock up this dismal place;" and then, and even up to midnight, was shocked and appalled by "the din of rough voices shrieking imprecations, roaring bursts of loud obstreperous laughter, and strange choirs of gutturals," which were heard even at midnight. The more hardened criminals had a habit of clanking their chains, as if in wanton defiance of authority. In short, it was a terrible medley of horrible sounds, dreadful to a sensitive mind. More chilling still, was the booming of St. Sepulchre's bell, close by, which, "by long and pious custom," was tolled the night before an execution, for the purpose of announcing to criminals that their end was near; and as Monday was execution-day, this lugubrious memento was heard nearly every Sunday night. It seemed doubtful if he was in real danger after all. Great hopes were entertained of the law point. Still, exertions were being made outside faint, however, as compared with the exertions to be made later. Petitions were signed. Nearly three months passed over, and it came to the 18th May, when eleven of the Judges—the Chief-Justice De Grey being absent—met at their chambers in Sergeants'-Inn, and discussed the question of Robinson's evidence. They were unanimous in holding that it was legally admitted.

The ground was fast slipping from beneath him. It shows how deep the interest was in the matter, that on that very same day a Privy-Council was held at St. James's, at which Lords Mansfield, North, Hertford, Hunsdown, Curteis, and others, with the Lord Chancellor, assisted,

where they debated upwards of an hour on the propriety of suffering the law to take its course. There can be no question but that Lord Mansfield formed a harsh and adverse opinion from the very outset. This was a popular belief; and it is confirmed by a bitter newspaper remark, nearly the same date, which shows him taking then a strong line of severity to the wretched prisoners who were rotting away in the Thanet Hulks.* To the same Privy-Council Lord Weymouth was seen to go carrying "a bundle of petitions" but no decision was arrived at.

Now began the agitation outside. From this time forth, he was to be spoken of as "the unfortunate Doctor Dodd," everywhere, in conversation as well as in newspapers—a title, &c. J. Hawkins remarks, in one of his very few just observations, who contributed a good deal to spread abroad a false idea of his situation as though he had been altogether a victim of circumstances. The matter filled the air. He was the universal subject in club, coffee-house, and drawing room. It was mentioned with commiseration; yet if we are to accept the following story as true it is hard to suppose that he could have been in a frame of mind suited to entertain a project of the kind at any time, much less now about to mention; but the authority seems too satisfactory to reject the story.

The very day after the conviction Mr. William Woodfall, the well-known printer of *The Morning Chronicle*, received a note from Doctor Dodd, begging that he would call upon him. He was a little distressed at the notion; but, being a person of humanity, hastened at once to the prison. On being shown in, he began with some commonplaces of sympathy and commiseration; but to his surprise the Doctor interposed, and said composedly, "that this was not the business on which he had called for him;" that he had heard that his newspaper naturally brought him in contact with managers and players, and that he thought of something which he could serve him. The printer immediately "offered his services." The Doctor then pulled on

* The paragraph is curious.

a play! It was "Sir Roger de Coverley" and based on the story in *The Spectator*; had been begun long before, and had been finished in the gaol. He begged of the printer to receive it, and to use his interest with the managers to get it brought forward. Much relieved at this business-like proposal, the printer agreed with alacrity, and took it away with him. He, later, suggested a few alterations, which were adopted; and actually corresponded with him on the subject until a week before his execution. The comedy was said, many years ago, to be in the hands of Mr. Harris, of Covent-Garden celebrity.*

IX.

BUT now another actor was to step upon the stage, and a grand massive nature to stand beside that miserable shrinking figure, overshadow it, and lift it into something like dignity. But for the brave, honest, manly, and even chivalrous countenance of Johnson, the last scenes of the last days of the miserable man would have lost even that decent semblance of pathetic interest which seems to hang about it, had not the "grand old Samuel" so resolutely, so earnestly, and so unselfishly, too—for his interference scarcely brought him credit—lent him his strong arm. Of all Johnson's many acts of true Christian behaviour, I know none we can look to which shows him so noble as this aid to the doomed parson.

Hawkins said they had never met; but this was incorrect. Johnson recollected having been once in his company, and relished him as little as he did "the man Sterne." The two natures were indeed as unlikely to mix as oil and water. Johnson shrank from the flash and tinsel of the ecclesiastical macaroni. Johnson did not well recollect the occasion, but he made a very great impression on Dodd, who, the very next day, sent a perfect photograph of the "great moralist" to his friend Parkhurst—the same who had been so impressed after dinner by Dodd's soliloquy upon divine things.

"I spent yesterday afternoon," he wrote,

"with Johnson, the celebrated author of *The Rambler*, who is of all others the oddest and most peculiar fellow I ever saw. He is six feet high, has a violent convulsion in his head, and his eyes are distorted. He speaks roughly and loud, listens to no man's opinion—thoroughly pertinacious of his own. Good sense flows from him in all he utters, and he seems possessed of a prodigious fund of knowledge, which he is not at all reserved of communicating; but in a manner so obstinate, *ungentle*, and boorish, as renders it disagreeable and unsatisfactory."

He had even tried secretly to force his way into the Literary Club; but the overture was not very warmly received, so it fell to the ground. He now thought of that powerful pen, and that weighty moral influence, and tried to secure its aid. One morning, Allen, Johnson's landlord in Bolt Court—a warm friend of Dodd's—came with a letter from a person whom Johnson did not know—the Countess of Harrington. Dodd possibly knew of Johnson's prejudices against him, and had secured this intercessor. Johnson read it, walking up and down, "with much agitation," and then said, "I will do what I can." Never did that promise—often one merely of course—receive so large and generous a measure of performance. He set himself to the labour at once.

The Old Bailey sessions were now at hand, and on the 26th May he was brought up to receive sentence; and being asked what he had to say why it should not be passed upon him, he delivered what was called "an animated and pathetic address," written for him by the manly hand of his new friend. It merely touched, very lightly and judiciously, on the merits of a past life—on the sudden fall—and moderately took credit for thirty years passed in charity. Can we not hear the voice of Johnson in this passage?—

"I have fallen from reputation which ought to have made me cautious; and from a fortune which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn; my name and my crime fill the ballads—the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked."

It was truly Johnsonian to say he did not mean to be "finally fraud-

* This history will be found in Cooke's life of Foote.

ulent," which expressed in two words all the refinements and excuses about meaning to restore the money. And with this pathetic close it ended:—

"Let not a little time be denied me, in which I may by meditation and contrition, be prepared to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge who shall distribute to all according to their works, who will receive to pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy.

"For these reasons, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live; and most humbly entreat that I may be recommended by your lordship to the clemency of his Majesty."

Yet it may be questioned if these studied periods of weighty English would have been as effective for an audience, as the agitated, unprepared address fresh from Dodd's own heart. But Johnson wisely saw that all was dependent on argument; and there is real skill all through these papers, in the way the very delicate topics are put. Of those ballads, which were hoarsely chanted in the open street, we too may hear a snatch. Here is the fashion in which the "Unfortunate Dr. Dodd" was sung:—

I.

"Come let us all pray for protection
To our gracious Heavenly God,
Lest we have cause for deep reflection,
Like the unhappy Doctor Dodd;
Who though so great, so fine a preacher,
And once a chaplain, as they tell,
This reverend and learned teacher,
How alas, alas! he fell.

II.

"He forged the bond, it was purporting
To be the bond of a noble peer,
Four thousand two hundred pounds it mentions,
Which Dr. Dodd received were clear.
He paid the broker he employed
For his trouble, without doubt;
And in a very few days after,
This forgery it was found out.

III.

"His yearly income, we are informed,
Was five or six hundred so round,
And if he could not live upon it,
How must a curate with forty pound?
But pride and luxury bring ruin,
And to the greatest misery.
Now this was Dr. Dodd's undoing,
And set him upon forgery."

For this assistance he wrote Johnson a letter of fervent gratitude. He said he could not conceive "my ever dear sir," the use that speech "on the awful day" had been to him; "I experience every hour some good effect from it." Johnson was busy, too, composing a sermon for him—"your kind and intended favour" he calls it. "I am sure, had I your sentiment: constantly to deliver for them, in all their mighty force and power *not a soul could be left unconverted*"—a strain of compliment that must have jarred on Johnson. He winds up by calling him "*the first man of our times*."

From this time his life became, as Walpole put it, "a series of protracted horrors." It was more a flurry and a fever than a life; and in this fever the sands of life were fast slipping away. Nor was this agitation inside the prison only; the whole country was in a ferment. Monster petitions were presented from various sources.

The Methodists, to whom he was not thought to be partial, took up his case with extraordinary eagerness: a petition was drawn up by Johnson—"one of the most energetic compositions ever seen," says Hawkins; conceived in a tone of lowly contrition, praying for mercy for "the most distressed and wretched of your Majesty's subjects, *William Dodd*."

The petition was engrossed upon a large sheet of parchment, in an exquisite specimen of calligraphy, by "Tomkins, of Sermon-lane," one of the most famous penmen that ever lived. He made his way to the Doctor's cell, and offered these charitable services, such as they were. The heading was a miracle of flourishes and scroll work. He even tried to get Richard Wilson, the painter, and other artists, to decorate it with effigies of Mercy and Benevolence, thinking that this would have a powerful effect on the royal mind. It was then taken round; signatures were canvassed for. A fashionable fencing-master of the day, well recollected a sort of deputation of the elder Sheridan and the Rev. Dudley Bate, going round to all the houses in Soho-square, with the large roll of parchment, and inkblots at their button holes, "like tax-gatherers," as indeed Horne Tooke told them when they came to him.* The same

* Angelo's Memoirs.

free-spoken clergyman said to them roughly—"Indeed, neighbour Bate, I think it would be as well that you and I should have nothing to do with this business; three such persons (*i.e.*, Dodd, Tooke, and Bate) will not be very welcome to the King."

Mrs. Dodd found her way to Johnson; got this petition, with some difficulty, signed by the grand jury, and by the jury that tried him; then sent it abroad—circulated it everywhere, and in a very short space it was signed by some 23,000 persons. All the while paragraphs in the newspapers, in the same key, about "the unfortunate Doctor Dodd," kept up the excitement. Johnson himself wrote some editorial remarks in one journal, in which were some admirable Rambler-like arguments, the strongest of which was, "that no arbiter of life and death has ever been censured for granting the life of a criminal to honest and powerful solicitation." He also prepared one for Mrs. Dodd, to be laid at the feet of the Queen. Earl Percy, then very popular with the people, was got to present the petition. Another petition was also prepared by the same hand, to be sent up by the common council, which, however, he said they had "mended." These repairs which escaped Boswell, Mr. Croker succeeded in discovering.

On Friday, June 6, was witnessed in the chapel of Newgate a very strange spectacle, and one of a very tragic significance. The convicts were all gathered there; and from the pulpit a sermon was delivered to them by a clergyman who was himself a convict—and a condemned convict. It must have been an awful and deeply impressive sight. And indeed we can conceive that nothing could have more weight, or have been more profitable for the abandoned miscellany of convicts about him, than some earnest words addressed to them from one who was addressing them, as it were, half way out of his grave. A truly sincere penitent would have eagerly seized on the opportunity. But it looks as though this hapless Dodd had clutched at it only as another possible plank, to which he might cling, and get to shore. Johnson

was made to write the sermon. It was then carefully altered, pruned, and added to, in Newgate—and even furnished with notes; for it was in fact to be preached, not to the miserable convicts, but to the great London congregation outside. All this looks like some of the old theatricals; but still, in dark, desperate straits, it is hard to deal severely with him.* Very shortly "The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren" (a melodramatic title) was published, and greedily read.

Great hopes were now begun to be entertained, and not without reason. At times his fate did seem to rest on, literally, the turn of a card. It was debated many times. The King could not make up his mind. Walpole represents Lord Mansfield as playing a most malignant part. It was artfully put, as a question between that dreadful and dangerous entity, "the people" and the royal power. The people were growing very daring, and this looked like pressure. It was said even before the judges had given their opinion, he had declared that the law should be carried out.

It has been popularly said that the King had declared, that if he pardoned Dodd, he would have considered that he had murdered the Perreaus—two forgers who had been executed the year before. This was actually imputed to Johnson, which was improbable on the face of it; but with more likelihood was said by Hawkins to have appeared in a newspaper. By whoever spoken it was a stupid and illogical consequence, for it assumed that the cases had precisely the same shade of guilt.

It had now come to June. The exertions were being redoubled and made with almost frantic ardour. In the second week of this month the Recorder "made his report to His Majesty of such prisoners as were lying under sentence of death in Newgate—viz.: Doctor William Dodd and Joseph Harris." It is a horrible testimony to the barbarous code of the times, that Joseph Harris's offence was the robbing of a stage coach passenger of "*two half guineas and about seven shillings.*" But no one seems to have ever dreamt of inter-

* Boswell gives some of the alterations in this sermon, which are characteristic enough.

fering for the life of luckless Joseph Harris.

On the 15th of June the Privy Council assembled, and deliberated for the last time on the case of the several prisoners. A final decision was at last arrived at; and it was to be read in the London papers of that evening that a warrant had been made out for the execution of Dr. Dodd, on Friday the 27th. This announcement only induced more desperate exertions.

Johnson had done all he could, but there was more required from him. It was Sunday, June the 22nd, and the terrible day, fixed for Friday, was drawing on rapidly. Johnson had gone down to Streatham, and was sitting in the Thrale pew of the little church of that place, his mind perhaps wandering away to the miserable prisoner up in London—when a letter was hurriedly brought in to him, during the service, which he read as hurriedly, and then left the church. He said afterwards humbly, that he trusted that he should be forgiven, if he for once deserted the service of God for that of man. It would be only a Pharisee indeed that could bring him to task for such a dereliction.

The letter was an agitated letter, written that very morning by the miserable prisoner, and sent down by express to Johnson. It is in a tone of prostration almost of despair. "If his Majesty," it said, piteously, "could be moved to spare me and my family the horrors and ignominy of a *public death*, which the *public* itself is solicitous to wave, and to grant me in some distant, silent corner of the globe, to pass the remainder of my days in penitence and prayer, I would bless his clemency and be humbled." Johnson went home, and wrote a letter to the King—a well-written document; but, like all the rest, fatally betraying the hand that wrote, and the head that dictated. It ended in the same sentiments with which Dodd had written to Johnson, only Johnson put "to hide my guilt in some *obscure* corner of a foreign country," instead of that, "*silent*, distant corner of the globe." After all, a simple letter from the prisoner might have been more efficacious than this vicarious entreaty. But with this letter he sent a wholesome caution, which yet reflects his honest sympathy, and goodness of heart.

"Sir,—I must seriously enjoin you not to let it be at all known that I have written this letter, and to return the copy to Mr. Allen in a cover to me. I hope I need not tell you that I wish it success. But do not indulge hope. Tell nobody."

He had interpreted truly and sagaciously the little signs of mercy.

But this true and manful ally went yet farther. We know him to have been full of a rough, sturdy pride, which made him always disinclined to ask personal favours, especially where a poor chance of success would bring with it the mortification of a refusal. But he did not scruple to sacrifice all personal feelings. He actually brought himself to write an application, in his own name, and signed with the well-known "SAM. JOHNSON," to Mr. Jenkinson, then Secretary-at-War, begging his interposition—a very short letter, but a very close and admirable letter, in which he urged the topics he had put forward in the newspaper article; and it will be seen, by a single dramatic expression, how forcibly he could put it. One motive he urged was, that he was "the first clergyman of our church who has suffered public execution for immorality; and I know not whether it would not be more for the interest of religion, to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile than to *expose him in a cart*, and on the gallows, to all who, for any reason, are enemies to the clergy." This was well put, in days when the cry was, that there were many such enemies abroad. And he added to it another weighty motive. "Supreme power," he said, "has in all ages paid some attention to the voice of the people; and that voice does not least deserve to be heard when it calls out for mercy. There is now a *very general desire* that *Dodd's life should be spared*. More is not wished; and, perhaps, this is not too much to be granted."

He was naturally reluctant to make this personal application, but he said later, that when Dodd was on the scaffold he would say to himself, "I would not have been here, if he had written;" and then added a little vehemently, "Sir, I could not bear the thought of that." He could not; for with that great, feeling heart of his, the idea of a fellow-man suffer-

ing through some moral omission of his was indeed agony.

Mr. Jenkinson was Secretary-at-War—scarcely the proper source of mercy to apply to. That letter was never noticed. Perhaps, it was thought “an intrusion,” as Johnson put it in his letter; but it does not seem likely, as Mr. Jenkinson (later becoming Lord Hawkebury) wrote in his “polite answer” to Boswell, that it never reached its destination. That noble person said, he never received it; which may be read, however, that he never *collected* receiving it.

Mr. Thicknesse made his way in to visit him, in the stream of “friends.” Justly he says, that the wretched man “suffered a thousand deaths” before he died. He found Mrs. Dodd there, delirious, and in a fever. The prisoner, himself, had not closed his eyes all night, on account of the crash of fetters being unriveted, for the execution of some criminals in the morning. “Every blow was a shock.” He got Thicknesse to go to Lord Orwell to get his signature. But that nobleman, who was glad to have the fashionable clergyman to dinner, declined to have anything to do with him, now that the blight of Newgate had settled on him—a truly characteristic trait.

I wonder, on this, did that curious passage in his early novel occur to him, which seems a curious anticipation of his own act. “The time for his execution is fixed. . . . He applied to all those great friends . . . and begged them to use all their interest in his favour. *One of his friends*, more especially with whom he had lived in great esteem, gave him the severest shock. In answer he received the following letter . . . ‘It surprises me, that you have the confidence to make any application to me, when you well know that I am perfectly convinced *you deserve the fate you are about to suffer.*’” Precisely the answer Lord Orwell gave.

The “friends” were still exerting themselves. As the interval narrowed, the expedients grew more desperate. A thousand pounds were easily got together; and, it is said, his gaoler’s fidelity was tempted with this large

sum; but Mr. Akerman declined.* During his last days, a man hung about the gaol, with £500 in his pocket, seeking to gain over some of the meaner officials. A yet more difficult plan was then laid out.

There was a Mrs. Wright in London about this time, very cunning in wax modelling, and of some reputation in that art. She told Mr. Thicknesse how she had actually modelled Dodd’s, and “carried it to him under her petticoats.” The plan offered some favourable chances. The room was large and long. There was always a stream of friends coming and going, and it did seem feasible to dress up a figure in the Doctor’s clothes, place it at the table, with his “large hat flapped down over his eyes.” The keeper, who would look in at the door, would be quite satisfied. But Doctor Dodd, it was said, had not the intrepidity to carry out the scheme (and it did require intrepidity); and what is a more honourable motive of his not adopting it, he was afraid of compromising the generous governor, Mr. Akerman, who had shown him great indulgence and relaxed the prison rules. But the truth was, the chances were only desperate, and an escape after the pattern of Lord Nithsdale, only thirty years before, was not to be so readily compassed. It was accordingly given up.

As I have said, a stream of friends kept pouring in, and passing out, comforting, planning, talking, so that the unhappy man had small opening for the serious thought his situation required. This excitement, I am afraid, to his very end buoyed him up with the hopes of a reprieve—shut out from the world, and with such powerful agencies at work, reporting to him every hour *how* they had been at work. He was shocked and over-whelmed when he was told that there was in truth no hope. But in a short time he recovered himself and behaved with calmness. Yet horrors only seemed to gather. Mrs. Dodd’s sister, “Eleonora,”† had actually sunk under the wearing anxiety. Yet the friends continued to come and go to the very end, eager to see, to comfort,

* Johnson, and other sources, confirm this story.

† She was the wife of a “Mr. Warcup, cheesemonger, in Carey-street.”

possibly to talk, certainly to disturb.* Those well-meant offices must have kept him in a perfect tumult, and hindered him from getting ready for the tremendous ordeal before him.

On this day he wrote a farewell letter to his faithful Weedon Butler.

"As this is the last letter you are likely ever to receive from me, I have taken a large sheet of paper. . . . Oh, pray for me, my friend, in the last dread scene! I am all weakness and imperfection! May the Lord Jesus vouchsafe to support and strengthen my feeble soul. . . . On Friday, my friend, my beloved, I shall be no more! Weep my sad fate, and with tender affection remember that you knew a man once, by God's love, the happiest that could be in his blessed service, but who, seduced by the world and sin, plunged into woe as bitter as ever was experienced on earth. Adieu! Adieu!"

At last it was come to the Wednesday, and at midnight of that day, perhaps the first disengaged moment he could find, he sat down and wrote a few lines to Samuel Johnson, dated June 23, midnight.

"Accept," it ran, "thou great and good heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers;" and then alludes pathetically to having sought his knowledge at an early hour in life. "I pray to God most sincerely to bless you with the highest transports, and admitted, as I trust I shall be, to the realms of bliss before you, I shall hail your arrival there with transport, and rejoice to acknowledge that you were my comforter, my advocate, and my friend. God be ever with you!"

In the morning Johnson sent him the following letter, admirable, as it seems to me, for its brevity, for its weight, and for its words of true comfort; and, in truth, worth pages of the commonplaces which another person might have written:

"DEAR SIR.—That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances in the eyes and thoughts of men are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude; it corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life; it involved only a temporary and repairable injury. Of this and of all other sins you

are earnestly to repent, and I pray God, who knoweth your frailty and desireth not your death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son, JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

"In requital of these well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you may in your devotions one petition for eternal welfare.

"I am, dear sir, your affectionate servant
"SAM. JOHNSON."

We almost hear these manly practical words. Let us think, too, he delicately he modulated his strongest sentiments, without at the same time any delusive flatteries—for there was no one who thought so awfully of the terrors of death and the tremendous responsibilities it brought with it. There is even an artificial topic of comfort suggested in the first sentence, as though what was coming on Dodd was only a little in anticipation of what was coming on all.

There were people who had the hardihood to bring Johnson's task for the charitable close of his letter. The criminal, on receipt of it, put it into his wife's hand and charged her never to part with it; for that was now his last day, and she was to come to take leave of him. This well-meaning but intrusive thicknes found his way in even at this sacred moment, and describes with much natural pathos a scene of dreadful anguish. "A situation," he says "not to be described or conceived." "I walked up to them," he goes on "and found their hands locked each other's, and their minds as much departed as if they had both been dead. Plainly perceiving that they neither saw me nor one another, I quitted the room. At that moment," he says "I coveted sovereign power." Going home he wrote the Doctor a letter containing some proposals "such as no rational man would have given and received this reply, which is even now almost distressing to read, and which seems actually to reflect agitation and despair.

"DEAR SIR.—I am just at present in a very well, and am capable of judging. I shall communicate your kind paper to my friends. Many thanks for your attention. I rather think it would do hurt and be deemed mob.

"Yours in great misery,
"W. D."

* It suggests very forcibly the last hours of Palmer, as reported.

Yours in great misery ! This was his last day, and yet the friends were coming and going, distracting him with plans. A terrible day. Outside, the exertions went on. Toplady, a Methodist preacher, put up public prayers for him ; and a Methodist woman actually got close up to the King's carriage window and poured in a volley of imprecations on him for his inhumanity. On this day too was the man with the £500 in his pocket skulking about the gaol ; but there was no hope. But a wild scheme for the day of execution had been thought of, and the eminent Dr. Hunter had been retained for a strange purpose.

His friends stayed with him late ; some of them were comforting him with the old "common form" of conversation, that it was "a wretched world," and the like. "No ! no !" said the hapless prisoner, "it has been a very pleasant world to me." "I respect him," said Johnson, "for thus speaking the truth." "Sir," he said later, in his forcible way, "Dodd would have given *both his hands and both his legs to have lived.*" He was, indeed, hungering and thirsting after life, and it was growing sweeter to him as it was growing shorter. Later the friends departed—the last night of life ended for him. He went to rest—and slept.

X.

It was now the morning of Friday, the 27th. When they went to call the hapless criminal, he did not at first recollect what was to take place, but presently, on its coming back upon him, suffered the most dreadful horror "and agony of mind," and became outrageously vehement in his speech and looks ; but, on coming out of the chapel, his face was seen to exhibit the greatest calmness and composure.

Mr. Villette, who filled the dreadful office of "Ordinary of Newgate," attended on him, together with the chaplain of the Magdalen, Mr. Dobey. The friends who had been there the preceding night also appeared upon this occasion ; and all moved on to the chapel. In the vestry they met the other criminal, who was to suffer also

Harris, the youth convicted for the "two half sovereigns and some silver,"

and who had attempted suicide in his cell. Him Dr. Dodd addressed with "great tenderness and emotion of heart" on the heinousness of his offence, and begged that the other clergyman might be called in to assist in moving the heart of the poor youth. But "the Doctor's words," says one who stood by, were the most pathetic and effective." All who looked on were greatly affected, and shed tears.

Coming from the chapel, he prayed aloud for his friends ; then said to some one near him—"Now, my dear friend, speculation is at an end ; all must be real." It was now half-past eight, and they were waiting for the officers. He bid his friends, who were all weeping round, pray for him, to whom they said, "We pray more than language can utter." They were then summoned down to the press-yard, and some one told him there was yet a little humiliation he must pass through—that of being bound. He looked up, and said—"I feel I am free. My freedom will be there !" Even the men apologized to him for their duty ; but he thanked them for their kindness. He was offered assistance as they crossed the yard, but he declined it with "seeming pleasure." "No," he said, "I am firm as a rock." Then they passed out at what was called "The Felons' Gate," through which the malefactors always left the gaol, and ascended the fatal cart ; but, as this was the case of a clergyman, a mourning-coach was provided, in which the convict was allowed to ride.

From an early hour all London had been astir. Tens of thousands had come in from the country to see the spectacle. With the lower class of workmen "hanging days," as they were coarsely called, even on common occasions, were always taken as holidays ; and customers pressing to have orders hurried were reminded of this. Among the bucks of higher rank it had become a favourite sensation ; and Selwyn's craze is well known—a taste, too, that was shared by Thomas Warton, the poet, and the Duke of Montagu. Among a less distinguished class it was common to meet at "The Rainbow" in Bedford, and notably "The Shakspeare," to make up little pleasant parties to go and see the "hanging" next morning. A strange, almost brutal, sensational

taste, but quite in keeping with the savage tone of manners of the time.

The hapless Doctor's last procession was about to begin. This, too, was another stage of the barbarity; for he was to be led along slowly a distance of three miles, all through London, to Tyburn. A crowd of the sturdier ruffians waited round "The Felons' Gate" to see him ascend his mourning-coach, and these were to be his attendants to the end; for they put their strong thews to profit, and took pride in keeping their place through the whole journey.

Can a more terrible pageant be conceived than that funeral, as it were, of the living, trailing by slowly past the Old Bailey, through Newgate-street, Snow-hill, and Holborn, and into Oxford-street—for we have the whole details of the day from one who was actually present, and who stood in Mr. Langdale the distiller's window, with Abel and Bach, the musicians, and saw it go by.

All along that three miles the whole of London was out in the streets, waiting and expectant. Every window was open up to the roof, and eager faces filled every window, looking out. There was a fever of expectation and a roar of voices. Then the crowds were seen coming—specially the strong ruffians, who had begun their march at "The Felons' Gate," heading the dismal progress, and gathering as they came; and that lugubrious mourning-coach moving along slowly; and the cart behind it, on which was the other criminal. As it passed a glimpse was seen of the wretched Doctor within, whose face, of a "ghastly and sepulchral" paleness, struck every spectator. People in the windows sobbed aloud. But the strangest effect is described, when, with a decorous respect, 10,000 hats were swept from 10,000 heads; and the strange, chameleon-like change of the seething, floating mass from darkness to light and whiteness, struck one who was looking down from above. What contributed, too, to the tragic effect was the father of the other convict, who sat on the cart and supported his son's head on his lap, and whose gray hairs and streaming eyes moved every heart.

Opposite St. Sepulchre's they stopped to receive "nosegays," according to an old custom, and to hear some

solemn words from "the Bellman exactly as William Griffith, the highwayman whom Doctor Dodd convicted, had stopped not long before. Then they moved on again. At St. Giles's the block became tremendous, and they had to stop off. It must have been an agonizing grimace for the chief actor, who, "corpse-like face," says one who saw it, was framed, as it were, in a mourning-coach window. No wonder he said that he would gladly have died in the prison yard. He prayed all the way. They had actually pass by his former house—I suppose in Argyle-street—and it affected him greatly. At last it ended, and they were at Tyburn.

Johnson had written an address for him, a sort of contrite confession which was to have been read at the gallows; but, owing to the enormous crowds, who would not have heard word of it, it was wisely and decisively omitted.

He ascended the fatal cart, and, would seem, kept his firmness to the end. He prayed aloud for the wretched self, for his wife, and for the youth who was to suffer with him, and implored mercy for all his sinners. Then the rope was fitted to his neck. But even then, at the end, I fear the suitable tone of mind was to be disturbed, and a dismal, ghastly William the-wisp of a hope, was to flutter in dying agony; for the hangman, gaining over by his friends, whispered to him as he adjusted the knot, "*Do not say for your life!*" And going down to perform the last office of the tragedy, left it arranged in some way over the cart, so that the neck would not be broken. John Hunter, the famous surgeon, was waiting close by in a neighbouring house, where was a warm bath ready, and all manner of restorative appliances. But the end of his life was to come now. The cart moved away, and the dark figure swayed into the air. But it struggled convulsively, as was, indeed, to be expected. At such a moment, with the great gates rolling back, it was hard to think of that humane precaution. In a few moments all was quiet, and Dr. Dodd, the fashionable preacher, hung there lifeless.

After some time the body was taken down. Then the friends came, and tried to bear it away. But the crowd was

so massed, so eager, so curious, and so frantic, that it was impossible to get through. Hours were lost—precious hours, it was fairly believed; and when John Hunter was reached, the eminent surgeon's skill could do nothing. They laboured far into the night with their warm baths, "fomentings of the chest," and the other recipes of the new system; but John Hunter, M.D., could not raise the dead.

A model was made of his face by a faithful parish clerk. His body was taken away down to Cowley, in Buckinghamshire, and interred in the church there, but without a stone to mark the place. Hapless Mrs. Dodd survived some years, but all these horrors unsettled her wits.

This concludes the tragic story of Dr. Dodd.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOM RYDER'S EARLY COURTSHIP.

THUS the Pilmers left Yaxley. The parting between Lizette Stutzer and her dearly loved friend was very affectionate; but there was a buoyancy in the air of the former, and a bright light in her eye shining even through tears, which betokened an inward happiness that could scarcely be clouded by the separation from her interesting little friend. Sad indeed was the blank in poor Lizette's heart when her companion was gone from her. It is true that the Miss Ryders were still very often at Meiklam's Rest; but they were too different from Bessie, too boisterous and unrefined to compensate for her loss; yet Lizette liked them too, and they certainly seemed to like her. Their brother Tom rather frightened her with his rough behaviour; and the more she appeared terrified, the more pleasure he found in exciting her fears, by running himself into imminent dangers, at all hazards, such as leaping over the widest streams, raising the ire of terrific bulls who would chase him fiercely through the fields, roaring terribly; or climbing up the highest trees, and then seeming as if he had hardly anything to cling to, to keep him from tumbling to the ground, and being dashed to pieces; while his sisters looked on at his antics with great unconcern, merely expressing an occasional hope that he might yet get a good fall. Lizette's cheeks often turned pale at Tom's hardihood, and indeed for this reason, perhaps, he liked to rouse her fears, she looked so interesting when

alarmed. At length, the young gentleman began to send valentines to the fair little girl at Meiklam's Rest—effusions of admiration written in round, school-boy hand, and bearing strong evidence that the writer was no poetical genius; they were all signed with the initials T. R., in a most glaring and palpable manner; and of all the teasing practised against her, Lizette disliked this most, though Tom was quite in earnest, for he had come to the conclusion that little Miss Stutzer was the dearest, prettiest creature in the world. She was so unlike his sisters, and, above all, so unlike himself, so fragile and delicate, that she possessed a powerful attraction for him. Therefore he must needs write love letters to her, and walk with her, and waylay her as she is going to visit the sick and poor, and in short commence a system of attention that Lizette looks upon as persecution; but, she is so quiet and gentle, he is not deterred by her openly expressed wishes that he would let her walk alone—"Now, Tom, I wish you would go away—I do, indeed," were words often repeated: but the soft eye was not scornful enough to let them have the least effect, and Tom's reply would generally be something like this—"Oh, I can't leave you till I get to old Nancy's; you know there may be a fierce dog on the way, or a horrid ruffianly-looking beggar, like the one that frightened you so much the other day, so I feel it my duty to protect you on this lonely road;" and then Lizette would declare that she

did not want any protection, and that she wished indeed he would just go away; but it was all of no avail. Tom would walk and talk as long as he liked, and that was very long indeed.

"Ah, Master Ryder," said Jenny Black one day, as he was going from Meiklam's Rest, "you needn't think Miss Stutzer will ever give her heart to you. She isn't fit for you, nor you for her. She isn't made of the same clay as other people; yet you are a good gentleman, too—I wish you well; but don't think of that young lady: don't."

"Why not, Jenny?" asked Tom, laughing, but not as over-pleased as if old Jenny had prophesied that Miss Stutzer would surely love him and marry him one of these days, though he had no more faith in her seership than he had in ghosts or other supernatural things; yet who is there that will not rather hear pleasant than unpleasant nonsense!

"Give up thinking of her—give it up," muttered Jenny, gathering brambles from the brushwood, and not heeding the explanation he had demanded; "it will be worse for you both, if you don't."

"You wicked old wretch!" thought Ryder, feeling inclined to pitch something at her, as he jumped over a stile and disappeared. What was Lizette Stutzer, that she should think of rejecting him, the son of Doctor Ryder, the rich physician of Yaxley?

The letters from Bessie Pilmer to Meiklam's Rest were at first very frequent; Lizette got one nearly every day for the first month of her absence; then, during the next month, one came every week; in the third month they appeared once a fortnight; and in the fourth month of separation, there came only one altogether. At the end of a year Mrs. Pilmer herself wrote all the letters from Markham House to Meiklam's Rest, and very endearing epistles they were, all addressed to Mrs. Meiklam, and all full of homely sentences. Bessie paid no visits to Meiklam's Rest; once or twice she was invited there very pressingly, but she really could not accept the "kind invitation," she was so busy, &c.; till at last she was asked no more. Mr. Pilmer, however, was despatched frequently to the Rest to keep its mistress in re-

membrance of him and his family and from him Lizette learned a few interesting facts concerning Bessie, such as that "she was now a great big woman, taller than her mother, or, "oh, very well and blooming, or, "just as merry as ever," which did not impart much information respecting the way she spent her time, who her friends were, or what she was learning. Lizette's hours were always occupied, except when she amused alone in the garden, or when sitting out in distant quiet meadows and even then, if she seemed to fill her mind, at least, was busy. The Rest was a very retired home, yet the young girl was surrounded by elegance and refinement. Her flower-her books, all carefully selected, her needlework, her visits to the post office, filled up nearly every little spare time; and then she occasionally drove out with Mrs. Meiklam. Her natural delicacy of thought and feeling had much effect upon her manner, which were graceful and courteous. Although dressed generally with much simplicity, she was permitted to wear elegant attire, pure and neat, and fashioned with taste—for Mrs. Meiklam did not entertain lugubrious views on the subject of dress; she disapproved, of course, of vanity, but she liked to see her young favourite prettily attired, without appearing over-dressed, or eccentric from wearing stiff, unhappy-looking garments such as some serious-minded individuals seem to think necessarily consistent with piety. Only for Tom Ryder's unwelcome attentions, Lizette would have nothing to disturb her mind; his sisters spoke much in his favour, declaring him to be much kind-hearted, though he had the "rough, boisterous way," and she might have tolerated him as a friend if he did not wish her to regard him as a lover. Had she been older, she might have known better how to be or put a stop to a courtship that was not agreeable to her; but young, and too gentle to speak unkindly to anyone, even an enemy—she found it quite impossible to repel the youthful advances. Tom, on the other hand, was by no means overburdened with modesty, and he was most persevering in whatever he undertook: so that Lizette had to feel very unhappy and embarrassed about this foolish lo-

of his, which she was ashamed to say anything about to Mrs. Meiklam, though she showed her all the valentines she had got since she was twelve years old. But Mrs. Meiklam could not fancy who "T. R." was; and Lizette's voice was not very audible when she ventured to say the initials might mean Tom Ryder; and even if they did mean Tom Ryder, the old lady could only fancy it was a piece of child's play, very amusing and innocent; for she remembered when Tom's father was born, and had often nursed him herself when he was a sturdy infant; and she could not fancy his son anything but a child, even when he was six feet high, with shoulders nearly as broad as his father's. He was truly a youth of giant size, and strength, and Lizette could not help often recalling to mind the awe she felt on first seeing the doctor himself, on that dark winter evening when Dillon Crosbie brought him to see her senseless father, long, long years ago. And where was Dillon Crosbie now! The question often occurred to Lizette. The only thing she had heard of him for a very long time was, by a letter from Mrs. Pilmer to Mrs. Meiklam, in which information was given that her nephew, at his own desire, had got his commission in a light infantry regiment, stationed at Gibraltar, which Mrs. Pilmer lamented in affectionate and dreary terms, saying that in her opinion, the army was a foolish profession for a young man who had not ample private means to defray the many expenses attending it; and that she was sure dear Dillon would find himself very straitened in circumstances, especially as she feared he had extravagant notions, like his poor father; adding that Mr. Pilmer would be delighted to allow him something yearly from his own income, if he could possibly afford it; but really he had not a farthing to spare, their expenses in London were so high, notwithstanding their marvellous economy and self-denial; and she really did not know what Dillon was to do; she was in great anxiety about him, poor foolish, headstrong boy. Mrs. Pilmer had written that letter in a state of much excitement, as her husband had expressed a de-

cided intention of allowing Dillon, at least two hundred a-year, till he should get his company, and she was driven to the pitch of throwing the burden from his shoulders to those of the Mistress of Meiklam's Rest, though she hated and dreaded the alternative. Mrs. Meiklam at once replied to the communication, in her own handwriting, addressing her letter to Mrs. Pilmer, to whom she gave an order to apply to her bankers in London for one thousand pounds for Dillon Crosbie, for the purchase of his outfit, and other matters. This was more than Mrs. Pilmer had wished or looked for. A thousand pounds was a great deal of money; fifty pounds, now and then, would have been quite enough to give Dillon, till he should get his lieutenancy, when he might very well live on his pay; she almost regretted that she had mentioned him at all to Mrs. Meiklam. That was the last news, then, that Lizette had heard of Dillon Crosbie, for he did not come to say good-bye to Mrs. Meiklam before joining his regiment at Gibraltar, though warmly invited to visit her, when he returned from Germany. The invitation was conveyed in a letter to his aunt, who never delivered the message to him, but wrote back to Mrs. Meiklam that he was in too great a hurry, preparing his outfit, to be able to leave London, as it was his wish to sail for Gibraltar at once, in a troop-ship going out immediately. Mrs. Meiklam was a little offended—especially as he did not even write to thank her himself; but still she did not lose her interest in the son of one whom she had dearly loved. Once or twice the thought crossed her mind that something wrong was going on—something that she did not understand—something, in short, very like the truth. Some months after that, she thought she would make an alteration in her will which had been made many years before; and so her lawyer was despatched for by Luke Bagly, who was a man much in her confidence. Indeed one of Mrs. Meiklam's few faults was her blind trust in some unworthy people, whom she never could be persuaded to regard in a true light. Luke Bagly was one of these.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW WILL.

CUNNING in a remarkable degree, this man had for more than twenty years held supreme sway at Meiklam's Rest, where he first commenced his career in life, under the patronage of Colonel Meiklam, the late husband of his present mistress. Colonel Meiklam, who was adored by his wife, requested her never to part with this faithful steward, as long as he conducted himself in a manner befitting his responsible calling; and she promised she would not. Tyrannical and oppressive to his inferiors, he, at the same time, treated all the servants, who had particular access to the mistress, with so much consideration and attention, that the old lady rarely ever heard a word breathed against him; and yet Luke was detested sorely by many a workman, and many a humble peasant. Boastful of his influence at the Rest, he felt jealous of other favourites, even in a rank far above his own; he disliked the young lady who was now allowed such rule and governance in the house, a person whom he considered "no better than one of his own daughters, for what was her father but a poor starved tutor, who had to beg, as you may say, after he was dead?" And he likewise had always felt an enmity to Dillon Crosbie, another supreme favourite in childhood. In many ways Luke and the young gentleman had had differences of opinion; they had quarrelled more than once, and the man always felt afraid that the youth would tell his mistress of these disputes, which were unfavourably very much to the discredit of himself; but Dillon never mentioned them to Mrs. Meiklam; he regarded tale-telling as derogatory to the character of a gentleman; while, on the other hand, Luke dared not breathe a word against the lad to his mistress, though he did not scruple to make complaints of him to Mrs. Pilmer, whom his sagacity soon taught him, was but too willing a listener to such stories. With all her own cunning, Mrs. Pilmer was, yet, far behind Luke Bagly in keenness of wit. Anyone, even not very deeply skilled in human nature, could see through that manoeuvring lady; and

when she talked familiarly to the wily steward of her affairs, her hopes, her regard for his mistress, &c., he knew very well, that she no more cared for him, or valued his confidence, than she cared for old Jenny Black, one of his mortal enemies. One of the few people who had ever dared to speak openly against Bagly to Mrs. Meiklam was poor old Jenny; and of course the lady did not particularly heed her observations, though she frequently requested him to treat the crazy creature kindly, and not to mind her gathering firewood in winter in the wild parts of the demesne; but nothing would have pleased Luke better than to chastise with stripes and blows the said being, had he dared. Bagly was a clever man; he could write a good hand, having in his youth attended a respectable school, and for a short time he had acted in London as an attorney's clerk, till some misdeemeanor of a grave kind sent him home in disgrace. He loved the law mightily; and his great delight was to send to gaol boys caught robbing the orchards, or poachers of hares and pheasants. He managed the estate well enough, being a skilful agriculturist, enlightened enough to approve of new plans of farming. That he put money due to his mistress into his own pockets was very certain; as also that he rode her horses without her knowledge, and sold sheep and lambs without mentioning the matter to her; but, withal, Mrs. Meiklam got what she considered enough for the produce of her lands more than many an honest, stupid steward of former days, had ever been able to hand over to her. And then Luke kept such clear account books—drew out such comparisons between different manures and their products, that his authority was often quoted in the agricultural notices of the *Yaxley Herald*. Indeed, Mr. Bagly had written more than one little article on guano and its fertilizing qualities in the said newspaper, greatly to his own satisfaction, and the increase of his self-importance. From various hints and conversations, Luke knew very well how Mrs. Meiklam wished to dispose of

her property by will; in fact, he knew the spot where she kept her will in the old-fashioned desk in the study, where he was wont to repair often to make up accounts for the lady, or receive instructions from her. One day she said to him, laughing and pointing to this little inner drawer, "Luke, if I am carried away suddenly you will know where to find my will, so that there need be no searching all over the house for it." And Luke had replied: "Ah, God grant, ma'am, that the time may be long distant, when your will can be of any account;" and, indeed, he spoke the truth, for it would be surely a bad time for him. Again, Mrs. Meiklam had said, "Bagly, I am going to make a codicil or other will altogether; so you may ride over for Mr. Hill to-morrow, early, and desire him to come to me without delay." Accordingly, Luke rode away, looking full of importance, and pretty shrewd, too. He was not an ugly man; his figure was tall and stout; his features well shaped, and his eye penetrating; his age about fifty-three, yet no one would have thought him so old, as he was almost as active as in youth, both as regarded mental and bodily qualifications. While riding over to Yaxley, that fine spring morning, he felt very brisk, and some thoughts, that had long floated vaguely through his mind, seemed coming out clearer and clearer, as the freshening breeze swept over his forehead. On reaching Mr. Hill's office, he found that worthy individual busy, as usual, with lots of countrymen awaiting an interview with him, in the hall.

"Well, Bagly, what news, now? What new idea has seized the good lady of the Rest?" called out Hill, when he saw Luke among the group of men waiting to speak to him.

"Hang me, if I know, Mr. Hill," replied Luke, as he stepped into the office and closed the door; "but it's something about her will, that's all; and if she doesn't make a dozen wills yet before she dies, my name's not Bagly."

"Pooh!—a dozen!—no, but a score; there never was an old woman yet that had an acre of land that didn't leave it to every relation she possessed, and in the end die without a will at all; or, maybe, leave it to some charity!" said the attorney, with a twinkle of his eye, as Luke came near to him.

"Oh, just so, sir—it's the way of them all. But I daresay Miss Stutzer will come off well in this will, for she's in high favour."

"I must be mum about that," said the attorney, shutting one eye. "I can't blab, you know. Tell Mrs. Meiklam I'll be at the Rest in two hours; I can't hurry any sooner."

So Bagly rode pompously home, glancing scornfully through shop-doors, and at servant-men cleaning windows, or gossiping outside houses—glancing scornfully at almost everything.

"Well, is he able to come?" demanded Mrs. Meiklam, when Bagly stood deferentially before her, hat in hand.

"Yes, ma'am; he is to make all the haste in his power; he would not disappoint you for anything, though he is up to the eyes in business—he'll be over from Yaxley in about two hours."

"Very well," said Mrs. Meiklam, who was in the study, reading over her old will, which Luke eyed pretty sharply, though he had long known every word of its contents; he looked well at the old-fashioned desk, too, and knew *where the key was kept*.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNFORTUNATE MEETING.

"LET me carry that basket for you?" said Tom Ryder, as Miss Stutzer appeared before him in the elm grove, at Meiklam's Rest, bearing a somewhat heavy basket, containing cordials and other comforts for a sick peasant in the neighbourhood. It was late in the evening.

"Thank you, I can carry it myself,"

replied Lizette, her colour faintly rising.

"But I will not allow it," was the response, as the young man forcibly and suddenly seized the basket. "How can you be so cruel as you are, Lizette—always refusing me everything? And for a whole week I have never seen you, though wandering about

watching for you. Do you really wish to avoid me?"

"No; nor do I try to do so. If you have not seen me, it has been through chance. I have no wish to avoid meeting an old friend," said Lizette, with dignity, though her heart was palpitating.

"An old friend?—standing, in your estimation, on the same terms as Hilbert or the parish clerk, I suppose?"

Lizette made no reply.

"What in the world is the use of being so demure as you always are? Surely a little flirtation cannot be set down as a terrible piece of wrongdoing. Starched and stiff as old Mother Meiklam now is, she had her own fun once, you may be certain; so she needn't want to lock you up."

"Mrs. Meiklam never wishes to prevent my doing what I please, or going where I choose," said the young girl, colouring again; "and I do not think her in the least starched."

"Evidently you do not agree with me in anything," said Tom, hoisting the basket on his shoulder.

"You will let the basket fall, and break the bottles in it," said Miss Stutzer, in alarm.

"Do not fear; I could carry it on my head quite safe: let's have a look inside," and Tom stopped to examine the contents.

"I have no time to spare," cried the young girl, imploringly. "Oh, Tom, do not delay me!"

"Hah! that's a nice cordial—suppose I tasted it!—and here a cake!—Pon my word, you give away fine dainties!" And Mr. Ryder was a long while replacing each article taken out, and apostrophized at great length.

"Poor old Mary will have gone to sleep before I get to her house," said Lizette, half crying. "Indeed, Tom, you are very unkind to annoy me in this way."

"Unkind?" repeated Tom, emphatically. "You see, Lizette, how little you can bear the smallest trials of life, and yet you have not the slightest compassion for an unfortunate fellow ready to blow out his brains for you! Here, now, I will carry the basket all safe on my arm, if you will listen quietly to something I wish to say to you; for I am going to London by the mail to-night."

"Do not say anything to me," said the young girl, *unwillingly*; "I am in too

great a hurry now. See, the shadow of evening is coming on fast—the sun has set long ago."

"Well, and of what consequence it, if it has? Am I not here to escort you?"

"Mrs. Meiklam does not wish me to stay out after the dew falls."

"That is only an old woman's fancy. The dew is very wholesome—you know how it makes plants grow."

Lizette smiled faintly, and despaired of influencing her provoking companion to hurry his pace. They were a dark wood, very far from the house, starting hares and rabbits as they went along, while the air was getting cooler each moment, and the dew already heavy on the grass and fern.

"Lizette, I remember you when you were a little child—so high," said Tom, laying his hand near the earth, "and yet you treat me as if I were a perfect stranger to you; you have never given me a kiss in all the years we have known each other, and as we are about to part so soon, you might give me one now."

In his efforts to gain what had been so long denied, Tom let the precious basket fall, and all its contents rolled out on the ground—the bottles were broken, as poor Lizette had prophesied.

She was too greatly offended and confused by the liberty he had taken of addressing her in this way, to feel so much for the loss of poor Mary's cordials as she might otherwise have done; but, nevertheless, she was ready to weep from mortification every kind. Her face was flushed and tearful.

"You do not behave like a gentleman!" she exclaimed, really angry while he stooped to pick up the things not injured by the fall.

"Come, Mr. Ryder, this is not proper conduct, sir!" said a voice, that made Lizette start; and in a moment Luke Bagly stood beside them. "Miss Stutzer, I am sorry to see you here—very sorry to see things going on this way."

"What the deuce is it to you?" demanded Ryder, indignantly. "I want to know what you mean?"

"I never bandy words when I can help it, sir," rejoined Bagly, gravely and looking highly respectable; "but this young lady is under my honourable mistress's protection, and it is my duty to see that she is not led into

error, or insulted. Don't be offended, young gentleman, at plain speaking."

"You are confoundedly mistaken, Mr. Bagly; I meant no insult to Miss Stutzer. I consider that you, a rascally knave of a servant, are insulting her, though, and most insolent!"

"I am sorry, sir, such things should occur," returned Luke. "Miss Stutzer, I'll wait to see you home."

"I need not now go on to Mary Brown's," said Lizette, trying to appear as dignified as she could. "I think I shall go home."

"You had better, miss," said Bagly, significantly; "home's the best place for young ladies."

Unwilling to let the steward think she had met any very serious insult from Ryder, the young girl bade him good evening with apparent coolness, but requested him not to think of coming home with her, which he acceded to, seeing that she was really distressed and serious. He was sorry that he had been the means of lowering her in the estimation of such a person as Luke Bagly, who either thought, or pretended to think, something very reprehensible had taken place.

"Miss Stutzer," said the man, gravely, as he and she were walking towards home, "Mr. Ryder is not a fit young man for a companion this way—he's a scamp, take my word for it; and if you meet him out in lonely places, the world 'ill talk—that it will."

"Mr. Ryder may be a little rough and ungentelemanly, but I do not think he deserves such a character," said Lizette, feeling much hurt.

"Oh, it's natural for young ladies to take the part of their lovers, and all that—they can't see clear, like men, who is to be trusted, and who not; but you know, Miss Stutzer, how many a salt tear Mrs. Meiklam would shed, if there was a whisper of anything against your prudence."

Poor Lizette was mortified in the extreme; she longed to speak a rebuke to the man who had the impertinence to offend her by such insinuations, but she was too gentle to give utterance to any sentence of the kind. And so she went on silently with the steward, who did not walk behind her, as formerly, but beside her. This, however, might have been because the evening was closing in. From the grieved, humbled aspect of the young

girl, an observer might surely believe she had been doing something of which she was ashamed; while, on the contrary, Bagly had the appearance of a highly respectable, fatherly individual, distressed at the wickedness of mankind.

"I should be loath to fret Mrs. Meiklam, Miss Stutzer," he continued, clearing his throat, "but I'm afraid it's my duty to mention Mr. Ryder's ungentelemanly behaviour to her; don't be vexed, Miss, it's only for your own good I take this liberty of cautioning you. I'm an elderly man, and I've got daughters of my own, and I know what the charge of young girls—ladies, I mean—is. No young woman can be too guardful of herself."

Ah, if somebody could have throttled that man for his impertinence!

It is our own idea, reader, not Miss Stutzer's; though she was scarcely able to move on, so great was her astonishment at Bagly's hardihood. Speak of her and Mr. Ryder to his mistress! Really such impertinence was not to be borne.

"My dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Meiklam, as Lizette and Bagly entered the house in the dim light of the summer evening, "you look very tired and jaded; and what is this—your basket not empty? Have you been ill?"

"No, not ill, but I did not go on," whispered the young girl almost inaudibly.

"What has happened, Luke?" demanded the lady, looking sharply at the steward.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am, nothing to signify; it won't happen again, I'm sure," said Bagly, kindly.

"What won't happen? Did you hurt yourself, my dear Lizette? Speak, my darling, you quite alarm me with your pale looks."

"No; I am quite well, but I feel fatigued; I shall go and rest," said Lizette, hurriedly, leaving down her basket, and repairing to the red-room, where she sank at once on the sofa. Mrs. Meiklam did not immediately follow her; a glance at Bagly's face told her that he had something to communicate, though he pretended he did not like to speak.

"Look at these broken bottles," said the old lady, taking a fragment of glass from the basket, and ad-

dressing Bagly who lingered on the door steps, "I must have an explanation of this affair. I greatly fear Miss Stutzer has met with some accident that she will not tell me of."

"No, ma'am, she hasn't; she's only just a little frightened, and put out at something; she's young, Mrs. Meiklam, and she's a sweet young lady, God bless her, and I'm as sure

as that I stand here, she has no more harm in her than the baby that's born yesterday."

"Explain yourself," said Mrs. Meiklam, with dignity, as she motioned the man to enter the hall, and preceded him to the study, where she generally received the steward's communications.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BELL THAT LUKE BAGLY HEARS.

"You know, Mrs. Meiklam," said the wily man, standing humbly before her, "that I'm only a servant, and I trust I never will conduct myself in a manner to give offence to my superiors. If I have ever forgotten my station, or spoke too freely to anyone above me, I may have done it in haste, or thinking to advise them; but, thank God, I know my place, and what I ought to say, and what I oughtn't."

"That is all very proper, of course," said the lady, lighting a taper, that only threw a faint light on the old-fashioned desk, and the numerous papers strewn on the tables, "but I do not know what you mean exactly. I merely wish to understand if anything unpleasant has occurred to Miss Stutzer; I know there are some fierce dogs about that I must get rid of, and perhaps one of them has attacked her. She has a great terror of dogs."

"No, ma'am; thank God it isn't a dog; no, you may rely on it, she's safe, and be sure it won't happen any more. She's a sweet young woman—lady, and I have every faith in her."

Mrs. Meiklam stared at Bagly, and a faint colour stole over her face as she said,

"I wish you to speak clearly. Tell me in plain words, why Miss Stutzer has returned without visiting Mary Browne's cottage. Has anything occurred of an unpleasant nature at Mary's house?"

"No, ma'am; nothing at all at Mary Browne's house; there's nothing in the world to be uneasy about. I'm a father, Mrs. Meiklam, and I have a feeling for young people, and I wouldn't wish to be making mis-

chief, only I'd try to have things going right wherever I was. I can't, of course, control what's going on in other places, but what's under my own eye, I'll be mindful of. The poor dear Colonel, my late honoured master, used to say: 'Luke, it's your especial charge to watch over every interest of your employers; nothing that happens under their roof is without importance to you, though it mayn't just be within your own calling; that's what constitutes a good servant. If the coachman's ill, act for him; and if the butler's away, don't be above doing his work.' Ah! the Colonel was a fine spoken gentleman!"

Whenever Luke wished to win over his mistress particularly, he generally brought in the name of her husband; sometimes making imaginary speeches for the defunct Colonel, which was intended to elevate himself in her opinion. Certainly, if Colonel Meiklam had ever given any such piece of advice touching the points that constitute a good servant, Bagly had not profited by it. No servant at Meiklam's Rest ever remembered him to offer his assistance to them in the smallest matter, beyond his own particular station; and even in the busiest haymaking time he never was known to lend a helping hand in the fields. Mrs. Meiklam listened patiently to his long-winded speech, and then demanded, once more, an explanation of his hints. Bagly drew his handkerchief over his forehead, slowly and thoughtfully, as if striving to delay what he had to communicate, and then, supporting himself by laying one hand on the back of a chair, he commenced:

"You know, Mrs. Meiklam, that

I wouldn't presume to speak of this matter, only you have so much wished to hear it; and then, as I said before, being a father of grown-up daughters, I feel that the well-being of every young woman, in whatever rank she may be, is of concern to me. Then, you know, if I am aware that a young lady, innocent and gentle as an angel, is likely to be deceived by any unpromising young man in the neighbourhood, I'd blame myself for allowing her to fall into the snare—that's all."

"All? I do not understand to whom you allude."

"I wish you never might know it, ma'am; I allude, however, to Miss Stutzer and Mr. Tom Ryder; they're a-courting, ma'am, and a-meeting more times than anybody knows, in evenings, through the grounds; and I have every reason to know Mr. Tom's a wild young man, not to be trusted; he's full of his scampish tricks."

"And they met this evening?" asked Mrs. Meiklam, looking with penetration at Bagly's face—a new light all at once flashing over her mind.

"They did, ma'am; I saw them myself, and I am sorry for it—indeed I am; there was no mistaking it. Mr. Tom had his arm round her, ma'am, and he kissed her, though it was against her will, that I must say."

"Are you not aware, Bagly, that these young people have been intimate since childhood?" asked the lady, trembling in her speech, though she still fixed her eyes unflinchingly on the man's countenance.

"I know that, ma'am; but kissing isn't right, seeing they're both grown up; and God knows I wouldn't have mentioned the matter, only I thought it my duty. Perhaps you may take it as a great liberty, ma'am."

"I do take it as such," said the lady slowly, and with her face kindling up proudly. "I know Mr. Tom Ryder is a rough, uncouth young man—apt to forget himself occasionally; he would think it no harm to kiss his old playmate, though I strongly disapprove of such liberties; and I know also that Miss Stutzer, so far from encouraging his attentions, always endeavours to stop them; she has never mentioned the subject to me,

through her natural modesty; but I am fully aware that Mr. Ryder admires her, at the same time that I see equally clearly that she does not like him."

"You may be mistaken, ma'am," said the disconcerted steward, a gleam of malice and anger darting into his eye, not unseen by the lady watching him so narrowly.

"Do not dare to insinuate another sentence against Miss Stutzer," said Mrs. Meiklam, calmly but firmly; "if ever any servant of mine again takes such a liberty, he or she leaves my house and my service for ever!"

"I humbly beg your pardon, ma'am," said Luke, lowering his head and his voice. "I only spoke for the best, and most glad I am you take the matter easy."

"Silence," said the lady, quietly.

"You may now leave the room."

Never before had Mrs. Meiklam so addressed her long-favoured steward—never spoken such degrading words to him. Bitterly he resented them; bitterly he hated Miss Stutzer. He would have revenge most certainly. Mrs. Meiklam, herself, felt very much perturbed that evening. She remained long in the study, meditating. Dear to her as a child of her own, she felt most keenly the audacity of Bagly in speaking of Lizette as he had spoken. Had he entertained the respect for the young lady that she wished all her servants to feel, he never would have dared to breathe such words in her hearing. In fact, the good mistress of the Rest grew quite excited, contemplating the insult directed to her protégée, by a person of Bagly's position in life. She went to find Lizette, but the young girl had lain down on her bed, where, after a long fit of violent weeping, she was fast asleep. "I will not disturb her, poor child," said the lady, softly leaving the chamber.

They met no more that night—nor nevermore as they had met of old—oh, nevermore!

Bagly always sat up very late in his room now—long after the rest of the inmates of the house had gone to bed. His accounts seemed very intricate at present. Softly he sometimes went through the lobbies and corridors, far past the midnight hour, stealing to the study, and rummaging through various docu-

ments, and reading things that did not concern the farm in the least : and then he would take out the unsealed will so lately made, and lying in the little inner drawer of the desk, and peruse it, and bring it away to his own room, where, with door locked, and shaded light, he would write, and write, and copy sentences, and feel all the time that he could make nothing of it ; he never could succeed in a skilful forgery, though he had tried his hand at forging since he was in the lawyer's office, years upon years ago. Well, upon this particular and memorable night, when the house was quiet, he determined he would, at every hazard, endeavour to accomplish his longed-for task—a codicil, at least, might be completed. So he went to the study, and secured the will, and was carrying it away in his pocket, when it struck him that he would first go out and see about poachers, &c., before he sat down to write. He left the house accordingly, and sallied forth. The night was still and lovely—so lovely, that no one would have dreamed that the presence of death was approaching where he was not expected, that the grim king was careering upon the wings of the soft summer wind. Somehow, Bagly missed his footing and fell among sharp, brambly underwood, which tore his coat, and scratched his face and hands, and he had some difficulty scrambling out of it. At length, however, he was free, and he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his visage carefully, returning to the house at once. On reaching the study he sat down to write, and put his hand in his pocket for the will, when, lo ! it was not to be found. He searched, he turned the pockets

inside out, but in vain. The will was gone—pulled out of its resting place, probably, in the fall among the strong underwood, or when drawing out his handkerchief. Again out in the moonlight, searching vainly ; looking all over the paths he had lately trodden ; hunting among the fern and brushwood—all in vain. Great Heaven ! what would become of him in the morning, when perhaps Mrs. Meiklam might rise to look at her will ? Would she suspect him of having meddled with it ? Would she make another and leave his name out of it—his name, which had been noted down for a legacy of one hundred pounds ! In agony, the guilty man sat in his room thinking many awful things—more awful than we would dare to write ; and while he sat, he cursed Lizette Stutzer, vehemently. Poor little Lizette, who was sleeping still, lying outside her bed, moaning occasionally in her slumbers, fancying Tom Ryder was going to shoot both her and himself, and that Mrs. Meiklam was looking on indifferently with a cold, stony eye, and a bleached face. You may moan and sigh, indeed, poor child ! For a mighty change is coming to you. Little barque, anchored for so many years in a quiet haven, shut in from the storms of the wild ocean, prepare to sally forth o'er tempestuous seas—loose thy moorings and drift out towards the unknown.

The small hours of the night strike clearly on the still wakeful ear of Luke Bagly, when another sound makes him start like one stabbed. What is that bell ringing so violently—clanging all through the wide old house, with a fearful vibration—one great peal, and then silence, when it dies out tremulously ?

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SUDDEN CALL.

Do you know what it is, reader, to hear the quick tramp of horse's feet on a lonely road at dead of night ? Is there not something sinister, as one lies awake in bed, or perhaps sits up engaged with some occupation, beyond the due hour of rest, in the clatter of horse's hoofs breaking the stillness of the air, as, with lightning speed a horseman dashes by ?

One soft summer night, when the starlight was fading before the coming dawn, and the wind scarce rose above a breath, any one awake at Yaxley might have heard the sounds we refer to. The calmness of the night suffered them to be borne distinctly upon the light breeze. Tramp ! click, click ! click, click ! click, click ! on they sounded, at first far

in the distance, then coming nearer—always nearer, till horse and rider, with mad impatience dash into the principal street of the town, and stop—listeners know where they will stop—at Doctor Ryder's large house; and the hall-door bell is rung violently, almost wildly, and in a few moments the physician is out of bed, hurrying, like one frantic, to get on his clothes. Oh! very few minutes elapse till the herculean doctor is dressed and down stairs, and springing upon the back of the panting steed at the door, for he has his whole heart—his whole heart, indeed—in that sick call. And now the horse is flying back to the place from whence it came—flying, if possible, quicker than before, while the messenger who rode it first is hurrying behind on foot. What road is it flying on? a road you should know well, reader—a quiet, country road, whose green hedges are well defined by the starlight. On, on, horse and rider are flying, and they come to a wide-open, old fashioned gateway, with gray stone eagles on the pillars at either side, and many fine old trees, extending dimly beyond it—now scarcely waving their heavy, verdant branches, so faint is the wind of the summer night. Up, up the avenue faster, faster, for there is no moment to lose! The house is reached at last; the doctor dismounts—the hall door is open—he bounds up the steps; there is light in the hall—lights seem everywhere. A woman is at the door, awaiting his arrival—no speech is exchanged between them, for the doctor is a man of few words; she leads him swiftly up stairs; and there on the lobby he is met by an elderly woman, holding up her hands and sobbing grievously.

"Oh, doctor, doctor! I'm afraid it's no use—I'm afraid all's over! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" But Doctor Ryder hates ebullitions of feeling, especially when in a hurry, and suffering mentally himself, and he pushes on to a chamber, whose door lies open, without paying attention to anything else. Softly he enters here—treading noiselessly—his lips trembling—his forehead furrowing into a frown. It is very hard for him to contain one great outburst of surprise and grief. Yet why surprise? Does not

he, above all others, know that in the midst of life we are in death? On the bed before him is lying a motionless form with closed eyes, seeming to sleep—yet sleeping no earthly sleep; the features are composed, but rigid; the hands cold, the pulse silent. The doctor looks hopelessly on, and you, reader may look on, too; for that stiff form is an old familiar one: it is all that remains of the benevolent mistress of Meiklam's Rest. Ay, it is Mrs. Meiklam that lies dead there. In the silent watches of the night, the enemy entered the dwelling, with noiseless step, and his freezing fingers touched her heart. A sudden pain seized her—a pang of mortal agony—and loudly her bell rang through the house. Servants rushed to her room, and found her expiring.

"Had anything annoyed or agitated her lately?" asked Doctor Ryder of Miss Stutzer, who was sitting in the room of death, not sobbing or weeping, but pale and petrified.

"Not that I am aware of—she seemed in her usual spirits yesterday."

"I have known for some time that her heart was diseased, but I thought she might with care have lasted for some years. I always impressed upon her the great danger of exciting herself upon any topic."

"I do not think anything annoyed or excited her," repeated the young girl, confidently; and then, all at once, the thought struck her—"Suppose Luke Bagly had told her, as he said he would, about her *rencontre* with Tom Ryder, last evening?" Oh, the dark horror of that thought!

"You must feel this sudden call of your friend very deeply," said the physician, looking pityingly at the orphan girl, who, all at once, seemed overpowered by a great pang of sorrow.

"Oh, it is hard to bear!" cried the poor girl, clasping her hands wildly. "I do not know how I shall learn to be resigned, though I feel so confidently that she has entered upon her eternal rest."

The kind-hearted physician inwardly hoped provision had been amply made in the deceased lady's will for the forlorn young person, who otherwise would find the world a harsh school, where she would learn much

she never knew before. Unwilling to leave the distressed girl, he remained at Meiklam's Rest till the sun was high in the sky, and then, in the bright summer morning, he rode home to Yaxley. Did it seem strange that the sunlight glittered upon tree, and shrub, and meadow as of yore? For a moment Lizette thought that it did—but only for a moment. Was not she who had loved every nook and corner of the Rest basking in eternal sunshine—everlasting light? Yes, the sun might shine warmly and brightly upon all outward things, for death had only been there, setting a purified spirit free.

There was great weeping among the numerous domestics for the much-esteemed mistress, so suddenly sum-

moned from them. Mrs. Copley was in despair; Peggy Wolfe, Bingham, and the other lower servants almost equally distressed—while old Jenny Black ran frantically from her wretched hut, far off among the woods, in hopes of being allowed to lay her eyes on the corpse of the good lady, which Lizette good-naturedly permitted, very much against the wishes of some of the servants. Luke Bagly, in great grief and perturbation of mind, kept aloof from fellow-sufferers; and, probably, to relieve his agony, went about wandering through the grounds, with his eyes fixed upon every path, and brake, and briar as he passed along—searching wildly everywhere, but in vain. Surely he had cut a rod to beat himself as well as others.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME UNPLEASANT REPORTS SPREAD ABOUT YAXLEY.

As soon as Lizette could compose herself to think of present things, she began to reflect upon what should now become of herself, and where she should go to. Of her own friendless condition, and the debt she owed to Mrs. Meiklam, she had long been aware; and it did not enter her head to dream of the probability of her being provided for by the kind lady's will. A letter was immediately despatched to Mr. Pilmer, who was Mrs. Meiklam's nearest living relative, and nothing was, of course, done about the funeral till he arrived from London. Doctor Ryder shut up all rooms where there were any papers and documents of importance, and locked them, as the will was not to be looked for till Mr. Pilmer came. People at Yaxley were in a high state of expectation and surmise about affairs at Meiklam's Rest. They were dying to know what would become of Miss Stutzer, and if the nice boy, Dillon Crosbie, who used to live at the Pilmers' long ago, was coming in for the property, as was anticipated formerly. Oh, it was all most interesting. Mrs. Ryder thought of asking poor little Lizette to come and stay at her home, till she settled where she would finally go to; and she would have put the idea into execution, only for something Luke Bagly told the doctor, which the doctor told her.

"You see, sir," said Luke, wiping his eyes, which did not need the operation, "that young lady wasn't as prudent as you'd suppose from her demureness in public; she gave Mrs. Meiklam great anxiety now and again. Shortly before she died, dear lady, she said to me here, in this very spot, 'Luke, I'm afraid I must still alter my will—I'm not satisfied with it—I don't want to leave to unworthy young people more than they deserve; and so if I burn this one as well as the last, don't let Mr. Hill or any one be surprised; only I'll be sure to give yourself a couple of hundred pounds for a legacy, whatever may come.' I've great reason to believe Miss Stutzer behaved ungratefully, latterly, to the mistress; in fact, sir, I know they had a quarrel the very night she died, about some imprudent behaviour—walking out too late, or so—and *that's a fact*; but where's the use of my telling these things now? It's all over, and my dear mistress can grieve nor fret no more."

"The devil!" exclaimed Doctor Ryder. "I would not believe any such stories, Bagly. If ever there was a pure-minded being in the world, Miss Stutzer's one of them. I'd stake my life on it!"

"So I thought, doctor, for many a long day; and I'd gladly think it still. What is it to me whether the young

lady is prudent or imprudent ? I can gain no advantage by maligning her, or any one like her ; but I like truth, Doctor Ryder."

"So do I," said the physician, drily, as he quitted Bagly's presence in disgust. As a piece of consummate impudence on Luke's part, Dr. Ryder told his wife of what he had said respecting Miss Stutzer, which she did not regard in the same light as her husband. At all events, she would now defer her invitation to her till the will was read—when it would be proved if his words were correct. Somehow or other, it forthwith got rumoured about Yaxley and its neighbourhood, that Miss Stutzer had been acting a deceitful part for some years ; that she was carrying on a flirtation greatly to poor Mrs. Meiklam's annoyance—in short, that she broke her heart. The Miss Hilberts and Miss Ryders were much shocked ; but Doctor Ryder vowed openly it was all a confounded lie of Luke Bagly, whom he declared to be a perfect scoundrel. However, people only smiled incredulously when they heard him so vehemently taking the girl's part. It was natural that men should look leniently on faults which women were called upon to censure in one of their own sex. Poor Lizette, meanwhile, wept and mourned, and awaited the coming of Mr. Pilmer. Owing to his having been late for the train the first morning of setting out from London, this worthy, but indolent, individual was longer in arriving at Meiklam's Rest than had been expected ; yet he came at last, looking pretty brisk, for there are some things that can even rouse an habitually lazy being from stupor. Very dull, indeed, must be the spirit that is not animated by the thoughts of rich relatives being dead, and of large sums of money, and unopened wills. Immediately on his arrival, search was made for the wondrous document, so long a mystery and a matter of conjecture. Very mysterious it was still—for it was nowhere to be found. High and low—in drawer and desk, in trunk and wardrobe, in the large book-cases, between the leaves of the books, in all places, possible and impossible—search was made, in vain. Mr. Hill, the lawyer, remembered drawing up a new will for Mrs. Meiklam some months previously, and John Bingham and a workman

swore they had witnessed it ; but what became of it nobody knew.

"Then, Mr. Pilmer, as it is most likely our friend burnt or otherwise destroyed her will, and therefore died intestate, you, as nearest relative and next of kin, must be her heir-at-law," said Mr. Hill.

"Indeed—yes—so I believe : but I'm certain there's a will, if it could only be found."

"Mrs. Meiklam sometimes used to carry letters and papers in her pocket, going about the place," suggested Bagly, mildly, "and maybe she lost it accidentally."

"Pooh !" exclaimed Hill, contemptuously. "Very likely, indeed, that she would carry her will in her pocket ! No ; depend upon it the woman put it in the fire. I knew when I made it there was where it would go. Didn't I say so, Luke ?"

"Well, you did, sir, it's a fact ; and I know it's a great loss to me."

"A loss to more than you," said the lawyer, significantly. "What in the world, Ryder, will become of that pretty little girl now ?"

"It's a horrid business altogether !" said the doctor, angrily.

"The will must be somewhere," said Mr. Pilmer in a drowsy tone ; "couldn't there be some secret drawers or recesses in the house that nobody knows of ?"

"The best plan," observed Doctor Ryder, "would be to act, Mr. Pilmer, as you think Mrs. Meiklam ought, and naturally wished to have acted."

"Very likely ; but how in the world could any one possibly find out what she wished ?"

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed Mr. Hill, rubbing his hands.

"We all know what humanity is, Mr. Pilmer ; and how wretched it will be for Miss Stutzer, brought up as she has been, to be left friendless and penniless all at once, at her age."

"Let her get a husband," suggested Hill, chuckling ; "she's pretty enough to make a good match."

Bagly laughed, too, for he was getting tired of feigning a grief he did not feel, except for selfish motives ; and seeing that nothing was to be gained by deceit, his true nature was gradually revealing itself ; so he began to enter into jokes about Miss Stutzer and the capricious old lady, speaking grossly and irreverently of both, even

in presence of Doctor Ryder; for what was the physician to him? Luke always felt ready to snap his fingers at anybody who could be of no advantage to him—he was very independent when it suited him. And

did not Mrs. Copley and all the house servants wonder what had come over him—he was grown so unmannerly, and insolent, and scoffing; blaspheming now and again, too, in a way never known before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. PILMER HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO MRS. COPLEY.

MR. PILMER found it necessary to remain at Meiklam's Rest longer than he expected; but he bore it very well; in fact, he liked staying there, all was so quiet and dreamy. He was pleased at being put in possession of all Mrs. Meiklam's large property, though of what great use any further addition to his income would be to himself cannot be determined; for he could not eat more, or sleep more, or get more copies of the *Times*, than he did before, and he took very little pleasure indeed in the gaieties that his wife and daughter enjoyed so much. But still, it was gratifying to get a large and unexpected sum of ready money, and to be master of Meiklam's Rest, and other estates. So he attended his old friend's funeral, with grave feelings of satisfaction, mingled with some sincere regrets for the deceased lady, and a few sombre thoughts upon the gloominess of being buried and leaving all the good things of this life; and he put crape on his hat, and ordered mourning, and paid the undertaker, and remained on at the Rest for many days, arranging matters. In the evenings, after dinner, he sat in the red room, sleeping very comfortably in the old-fashioned arm-chair, placed near the fire; for, though it was summer, he liked a fire; and poor Lizette Stutzer sat in the red room, too, not knowing whether she had any right to be there at all; yet unable, from habit, to stay anywhere else. Some dreary thoughts crossed her mind that perhaps she should go down to Mrs. Copley's room below, and take her humble place there; but she could not do it—it was, yet, too hard to sink down into a low station. Occasionally, Mr. Pilmer tried to form some project respecting her future lot, for Doctor Ryder was unceasingly ding-ing it into his ears that she should be provided for. One day the physician had plainly asked him what the young

girl was to do. "Do?" said Mr. Pilmer. "Really, I don't know; anything she likes; of course, I have no objection to her doing anything."

"But you know she is quite friendless; the sudden death of her friend places her in a most embarrassing and painful position."

"Yes, Mrs. Meiklam did wrong to bring her up as she did; but that is not the poor girl's fault."

"No, certainly not, though it may prove her misfortune; yet, it would not take much to keep her from being thrown completely on the world. Five or six hundred pounds sunk upon her life, would insure her some independence."

"Yes, so it would; and I ought to do something for Mrs. Meiklam's sake—for the credit of her name, you may say—I am glad you suggested that. I'll mention it to Mrs. Pilmer."

"Oh, Lord! if you mention it to your wife it will fall to the ground," shouted the doctor, bluntly.

"No, it will not; I will certainly remember Miss Stutzer; she is a pretty, quiet girl; she never disturbs me more than if she were a mouse."

Doctor Ryder talked to his wife also, and besought her to ask the poor girl to Yaxley; but Mrs. Ryder knew better than that; she knew her son was the person suspected—indeed openly named—as the person with whom Lizette was accused of flirting, contrary to Mrs. Meiklam's wishes; and though she might have been regarded as a good match for a young man formerly, she certainly was not so now; therefore she had no idea of paying her attention: it would be lowering herself and her daughters. Nobody knew whether Miss Stutzer would not have to turn a governess, if any one would take a giddy girl like her for one; and then how shocking it would be to have had her on a visit on terms of equality! And yet Mrs.

Ryder was not a demoniac woman, with a sinister eye, or a dreadful expression of cunning, mingled with one of cruelty. No, she was a hearty, comely lady, very like a great many "excellent" wives and mothers, doing all she could for her own children; and very good-natured when it suited her to be so. She was unfailingly kind to the members of families who employed and fed her husband largely—she was, indeed; to do her every justice.

Mr. Hilbert was much grieved to hear the reports rife touching his quondam favourite, Lizette Stutzer; but not being in the least simple-minded, like the favourite ideal of a country parson, he feared, nay, he believed the tales to be founded on something akin to fact. It is true that his own square-shouldered, red-faced daughters had never acted imprudently in their whole lives; they had sewed, and read, and painted on canvas, and sung pretty airs, rather out of tune; but then they were girls beyond comparison with any others. And so, he would either lecture the naughty young woman himself, or tell somebody else to do so. The deputy fixed upon, after due reflection, was Mrs. Copley, that highly respectable woman, who always wore such a proper, large black bonnet and sombre cloak on Sundays in church. Mr. Hilbert thought it his duty to visit Meiklam's Rest often at this gloomy time of death and burial (and he was curious, too, as to how temporal affairs were going on); so when he asked one day to see the housekeeper, she was not surprised.

"How are you, Mrs. Copley?" he said, extending his hand with a bland smile to her. "I hope you are well."

"Oh, as well as I can expect to be, considering my great trouble, sir," replied the woman sorrowfully.

"We should not let our grief extend too far, Mrs. Copley," returned the worthy pastor, shaking his head. "We must bear up cheerfully against every stroke of Providence. I wish to say a few words to you here, in private, about Miss Stutzer."

"The poor lamb!" said Mrs. Copley, sadly.

"I am much pained to hear some reports about her which are spread at Yaxley—recollect I speak in confidence—respecting an imprudence of

behaviour very sad in a young woman of her age. It seems that she was in the habit of distressing Mrs. Meiklam, by carrying on a courtship in a clandestine and reprehensible manner, meeting in evenings in the woods, and all that."

"Lawks, sir! people were making fun of you, if they said that," exclaimed Mrs. Copley.

"It was not told merely to me; it is spread abroad everywhere," continued Mr. Hilbert, seriously, and looking rather annoyed. "It is well known that she and young Mr. Ryder have been flirting, as it is called, for many months." The Vicar found it hard to mention that undignified word "flirting."

"Well, and my goodness, sir, there's no harm in that!" said the housekeeper. "If young people are in love, nobody can help it."

"But they should not meet without the consent of their guardians in a clandestine manner," returned Mr. Hilbert, growing rather stern. "Miss Stutzer lays herself open to very unpleasant remarks; in fact she *has* laid herself open to them; and so I wish you, as a respectable and responsible matron, to warn of the importance it is to her to preserve an unblemished reputation."

"Certainly I will tell her of what you say, sir," said the surprised Mrs. Copley, "for, though I may run the risk of offending her, it's better to let her know what sort of a world it is."

And with this view Mrs. Copley actually did mention to poor Lizette all that Mr. Hilbert had said, and she was much surprised and grieved at the manner in which the young lady received the information. Instead of laughing at it as something absurd, as the housekeeper had hoped, Miss Stutzer trembled and grew pale. Humbled as she felt, she had no power to utter a word. Could Mrs. Meiklam have really believed her to have been guilty of light conduct or deceit? Why would the clergyman have spoken so of her, if he had not good reason and authority for his assertions? Reports about her spread all through Yaxley! Very sorry, indeed, would Tom Ryder have been if he had known how much grief he had unwittingly caused the poor girl; but he heard nothing of her from home except vague accounts. His mother

knew well that if he heard a whisper of such rumours as were afloat about her he would leave London and dash down to Yaxley, and, perhaps, propose for her at once ; so it was well to tell him nothing of them ; and, as it happened, she was perfectly right.

Luke Bagly's wicked tongue was busy insinuating many false things, but somehow there were not many that put faith in his sayings ; and at all events the young lady at the Rest had staunch adherents in Peggy Wolfe, Bingham, and Mrs. Copley. Also, poor crazy Jenny Black was full of bright prophecies that everything would yet turn out fortunate for her.

"Depend upon it, my jewel," said the demented creature, as Lizette was walking with her in the woods, "you'll be rewarded for all your good deeds : and though you may be poor, as they say, and desolate, there's a blessing for you fathoms deep that'll be dug up one of these days."

"Not in this life, Jenny," said Lizette, sorrowfully. "I cannot look for any good-fortune on earth."

"You mustn't doubt me, Miss Lizette," continued Jenny. "I won't bear that even from you— not from you. Tell me, Miss Stutzer," asked Jenny, lowering her voice and laying her hand softly on her arm—"tell me what's become of Miss Pilmer, the pretty young lady that used to be often here long ago!"

"She is going out in great company in London, Jenny," replied Lizette—"a beautiful young lady now—very rich and grand."

"I dreamed of her some nights

ago," said the woman, still speaking scarcely above a whisper, "and I saw her as clear as I see you now. She was here at the Rest ; but—oh, Miss Lizette, I daren't tell you any more. I wouldn't scare you for the world. Do you think she'll ever come back here?"

"No, I do not think it likely."

"She'll come here yet—*she must*," murmured Jenny. "I never dreamed that dream for nothing. Look, Miss Lizette, I haven't sense like other people, and I am thought little more of than the wild beasts of the forest ; not half as much of as the horses and oxen in the fields. If I'm ill-used, who cares for it? If I'm starving, who frets? It's God's will. But I have an insight into things that no one else sees through. *I know what's coming.*"

"Poor creature!" thought Lizette, looking compassionately at her.

"You have a loving, pitiful eye, child, but you needn't turn it on me now. I don't deceive myself. I'm not raving at all. But mark my words, Miss Pilmer must come back here sooner or later, and Heaven pity her when the time comes! The old and hardened can bear trouble, Miss Lizette, for they're used to it—their hearts get horny-like ; but God pity the young and tender—above all, the rich, that have to suffer what money nor rank can't cure, nor pride keep off. Money may be a fine thing sometimes, Miss Lizette ; but it's only a mock and a sneer when you have got it and find that it can't save you from one mortal pain of mind or body."

CHAPTER XXV.

FAREWELL.

MR. PILMER had come to a bold conclusion at last. He saw that nobody came forward to offer to take Miss Stutzer under their protection in all Yaxley and its neighbourhood ; and therefore he must make some arrangement about her himself. The Ryders, the Hilberts, all the aristocracy of the good little country town, looked coldly on the poor girl, so young and friendless, and, unless Mr. Pilmer exerts himself, she must launch out at once on the wide world. He did

exert himself, and had actually the temerity to determine he would bring her to London with him when he was returning there. Business at the Rest was nearly over ; the servants were to be discharged, and the house left, in silence and gloom, to the care of the gate-keeper. Luke Bagly had taken all that he could lawfully and unlawfully take from the farms. He had declared various horses and oxen belonged to himself, pretending they had been given him as presents by

his mistress in her lifetime. He had whined and threatened Mr. Pilmer, till the latter granted him the hundred pounds which Mrs. Meiklam had really designed for him. He had sold unknown quantities of corn and wood from the estate, all in the space of a marvellously short time; and then he departed on his way satisfied. Mr. Pilmer's communications to his wife, all through this exciting period, were of the most unsatisfactory description. He never answered any of the innumerable questions poured in upon him through her most voluminous epistles, and his letters rarely contained more than one or two lines. His first letter after his arrival at Meiklam's Rest ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MARY,—No will, and I am to have everything. Searched everywhere. No use.

"Yours,

"ARTHUR PILMER."

The second epistle was equally explicit:—

"MY DEAR MARY,—She was buried yesterday. Very busy. Tired to death.

"Yours,

"ARTHUR PILMER."

The third and last was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MARY,—Things all arranged. Expect me Wednesday evening. London Bridge. Eight o'clock. Barham train. Bringing Miss Stutzer. Can't leave her here.

"Yours,

"ARTHUR PILMER."

Mrs. Pilmer scarcely expected any better from her spouse than this sort of correspondence. It *was* enough for her to hear that there was no will; yet her good-humour was considerably damped by hearing that Miss Stutzer was about to be intruded on the goodly company at Markham House. Lizette had, certainly, lost her importance as an enemy, but still she was a "plague" in the lady's estimation. What could be done with her? Girls were so hard to get employment for—and then they were a horrible charge! Ah, if Mrs. Pilmer had known what the Yaxley people were saying, would she not have rejoiced?

When Mr. Pilmer mentioned to Lizette that he wished her to leave the Rest and accompany him to London,

a vague horror stole over her. She had seen all her old friends depart from her. Mrs. Copley went to her relations in Staffordshire, Bingham got a situation in Gloucestershire, and Peggy Wolfe went near Westmoreland. The rest of the servants were scattered likewise, most probably never to meet upon earth again. All had parted from Lizette with tears of real grief—all except Luke Bagly, who never bade her adieu at all. And now she was alone, with more than mere sorrow for her dear friend to make her weep bitter tears. But she must be brave, and bear her lot, *whatever* it is to be. There were some friends in the neighbourhood of the Rest who were still sorry to think of her leaving them; these were the halt, the feeble, the old, and the invalid, whom she had been wont to comfort and console. Many parting blessings were poured upon her; many a white-haired man and woman wept when she came to say good-bye; many a gay young peasant girl looked sorrowful, too; and the girls of her Sunday-school class brought her offerings of their own needlework as gifts of remembrance, shedding tears as she shook each one by the hand for the last time. Doctor Ryder bade her adieu with much emotion. He had long looked upon her as one of those bright beings sometimes, but unfortunately rarely, to be met with in the world, in whom good-nature and kindness, mingled with good sense and purity of thought, seemed thoroughly to exist at all times.

"God bless you, Miss Stutzer," he said, wringing her small hand in his own of giant size, on the last evening of her stay at the Rest; "and if ever you are in any distress or difficulty, or want of assistance, just write to me and tell me all about it. I am a father and getting an old man, and you need never feel awkward in confiding in me."

"Thanks—many thanks, my dear sir," said Lizette, gratefully; "this is, indeed, kind of you."

The physician shed some tears as he went home after that parting; and then Lizette ran out to look once more, in the shadowy light of the summer evening, at the haunts familiar since early childhood—through the bushy gardens, where the young fruit hung green on the trees, and

the perfume of roses loaded the air ; round the shaded ponds, where the swans that knew her call were resting on the still waters ; down through bosky dingles, and up over green slopes. Farewell, loved scenes—farewell ! Nevermore can you be what you once were, in the eyes of her who breathes her adieux in the twilight hour !

But this parting is not for ever, Lizette. The dark web is progressing steadily and surely, determined to wind itself round many people. You will yet again be at Meiklan's Rest

when the old house will stand under the shadow of such a gloom as never overspread it before. Speak not of the future, wind of the summer night ; breathe no whisper of coming events. Come out, pale stars, and shine softly ; let peace reign while it may. Tell not of shame or woe, or wailings of agony, that might make the woods and the walls of the old house tremble. Tell not of retribution, or stricken conscience, or heavy punishment. Let the gentle mourner take her farewells quietly. Raise not the veil drawn over the future.

IRISH MAGIC IN THE DAYS OF CORMAC.

FROM descriptions entering more or less into detail, and from various allusions in the works of writers in the ages of classic and romantic literature, it is possible to acquire some notion of the processes used by impatient folk of all times for the purpose of learning their future misfortunes, of obtaining present advantages for themselves, or of inflicting ills on their enemies. We have already examined some authorities in *re magica* in general, and laid the results before our readers, and in a late paper, gave in little, several old Celtic tales characterized by supernatural agency. Absolute certainty as to the exact mode in which the deified influences of nature were invoked by our forefathers, cannot now be attained. No historian or divine has bequeathed any reliable information on the subject. We are obliged to depend on what the old poets and story-tellers have said, and they were as likely to invent modes and forms of action as to relate what was handed down to them. It would be a satisfactory thing if we could get at the genuine proceedings of a druid or fervent worshipper of the Celtic divinities, when calling on one or other of them for information or assistance. The satisfaction, at least, of the more credulous would be increased by knowing whether evil powers were permitted or not to respond to these calls in any way, and interfere with operations in the physical world, or events in the social order of things. It is intimated in

the history of the Jews that such was the case among them, and that it was not until the establishment of the Christian faith that the oracles, sham or diabolical, became dumb, and demoniacal possession ceased.

So the real conditions and character of sorcery in the pagan times of our own history being now unattainable, we have nothing for it but to examine what our poets and romancers have left us on the subject, and endeavour to secure the few grains discoverable in the quantity of chaff they have bequeathed us.

Some notions of the *modus operandi* of druids and sorcerers may probably be obtained by comparing accounts left in different legends, and making allowances for poetic colouring and invention.

Omitting from present consideration the undoubtedly ancient fictions preserved in our colleges and libraries, there are several which, after many oral deliveries were committed to parchment from the sixth to the twelfth centuries, and continued to be thumbed and abused till they were quite worn out, copies being taken in most cases before the "doom of future destruction" came on them. Nearly every transcriber adopted the orthography used in his own day, and the original poetic form often degenerated into prose, some of the best remembered metrical passages still standing in relief like deep-coloured fairy rings in low-lying meadows.

This modification of the original

work might have thus taken place. As the poetic tale was learned in succession by story-tellers of various gifts, and as every one of the profession was obliged to be qualified to recite from fifty to three hundred and fifty such, it was but natural that the exact phraseology of portions of the narrative should escape his memory. In this case he would either clothe the substance of the vanished part in verse of his own composition, or relate it in homely prose. Even after the poem had been taken from the precarious custody of the *Sealuchi's* memory and confided to the surer keeping of ink and parchment, thorough integrity could not at all times be calculated on. Copies would be lost, or worn out, or torn, and where new ones were undertaken, gaps would occur in the poetry, to be filled in by the inferior material. This accounts for the motley appearance of many of the remains of old-world romance. The manuscripts of popular lays and romances never printed, can seldom boast of great age. The editors of the Ossianic remains have not claimed for the manuscripts used in the publication a higher antiquity than various periods of the last century. Even printed books of folk-lore and cookery, are rarely met of the venerable age of sixscore years.

Cæsar, Sallust, and Tacitus in 24mo, and published by Louis and Daniel Elzevir, are somewhat rare. Still they are to be met with in the libraries of collectors; but if any of our savants have in his library a copy of the cookery book published by these estimable printers in 1633, he possesses a treasure which we know, on the authority of Alexander Dumas, that Charles Nodier, after unheard-of researches, was glad to obtain at an outlay of three hundred francs. There are few literary curiosities that grace the stalls or old-book shops in this our city of Dublin, unknown to us, yet we have not discovered for years a copy of "Reynard the Fox," "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," "Don Belianus of Greece," "Laugh and be Fat," "Lady Lucy," or the "Battle of Aughrim," printed by Jones and Wogan in the end of the past century and beginning of the present one,

VOL. LXIII.—NO. CCCLXXVI.

and the delights of the play hours of rustic school-days. Whither have they vanished? No doubt, not in the current of an export trade. They have been simply worn out in the service, or perished by attrition.

So, in pronouncing on the antiquity of any poem or prose story attributed to Oisín, or Fergus, or Caoilte, we must not be influenced by the water-marks of the paper nor the hue of the ink, but by the character and local colour of the tale; and if we find united with other qualities, a spirit thoroughly destitute of Christian morality and modern colour pervading the work, it may afford good grounds for attributing a hoar age to the literary relic.

And it may be remarked that in these Celtic fictions, as well as in the people's stories, current through all Europe, the Christian element is altogether absent, or very sparingly introduced, and everything supernatural deeply tinged with magic hues. No stories connected with the fortunes of the early Christian kings; no spirit-stirring tales of victories by Christian knights over the fierce heathens of Lochlann, have come down to the successors of the old Irish story-tellers. No professed *Bolg an T-Seanchais* (budget of stories) can find after the closest search into the bottom of his satchel, a single legend embodying any episode of the early struggles with the Anglo-Normans. Where did there ever live a Blue Beard, or ogre, or truculent tyrant, that could match Murrogh the Burner in acts of savage desolation? yet, he is scarcely remembered in the traditions of the peasants, much less in their fireside stories. So, the conclusion to which we have come, and to which we wish to lead our readers, is, that the popular relics of Celtic story extant, as well as the general collection of the folk stories of the different countries of Europe, have come to us modified and corrupted from early and pre-Christian times.

It was our intention, as in the former paper of the same character, to give in abstract a few of those old wild legends of which magical action formed a part. But we became interested, whether we would or no, in the story first taken up; and when it came to an end we found there was

no room for more. The manuscript which the writer has in some portions literally copied, and which in others is given in an abridged form, and with as close an imitation of the style as could be effected, has been obligingly lent to him by John Windele, Esq., of Cork, to whom he as well as other labourers in the fields of old Irish literature, has to record his obligation. When are we to see the *Algod-lamh na Seanorach* (dialogues of the sages), which has been so long promised to the members of the Ossianic Society, edited and annotated by Mr. Windele?

The tale, as will be felt, is sufficiently wild and extravagant, but is, nevertheless, provided with a substratum of fact. King Cormac did invade Fiacha Muilleathan, with little or no reason or justice on his side, and suffered a severe defeat, and the good Fiacha was afterwards treacherously slain as described, and in the locality mentioned. The original inventor of the tale was evidently a Munster man. He does not, by any means, allow due honour to the King of Leath Conn, who was one of the wisest and most capable of the kings that sat at Tara. His life has only to be told with some ability, to be as interesting as a romance. Some of its episodes will probably be furnished in the UNIVERSITY at some convenient season. He composed a body of wise instructions for the use of his son Cairbre, who succeeded him, and appears to have died a believer in one God, while all about him were pagan polytheists. It is said that his chief druid brought him an idol, and requested him to adore it. On his refusal he took it away, but soon returned with it again, having first dressed it up in the most magnificent manner. On the king giving another and a more decided refusal, he finally withdrew; and blame is laid on him and his brother druids for the death of Cormac, which took place shortly afterwards. He was dining or supping on a Bayne salmon, at Sighe Cleithig, and one of its bones, either left to itself, or influenced by a druidical charm, settled across his throat, and caused his death. He

was a man of expediences, as well as the monarch of Ithaca, and would do a little evil to produce what he looked on as a great good; but this failing is here magnified in the same ratio as the other adjuncts of the story.

We have met with no old Celtic tale that deals with druidic practices (whether truly described or not, who can say?) so largely as this. One circumstance is pretty certain, that the *bona fide* addresses and spells made to their divinities by the old priests were couched in metre; and that oftentimes successful results waited on their incantations—results proceeding either from their knowledge of natural philosophy, or from permitted assistance given by the powers of evil.

But it is time to enter upon the story; the title of which, translated, is the "Victory of the Hill of Bellowing Oxen," the locality being in the neighbourhood of Limerick.

Doibuir Uíomha Dámgoíre.

IN the reign of Cormac, one of the wisest of ancient Irish kings (wise after the fashion of Ulysses, be it understood), and in the third century of our era, a cause of quarrel arose between him and the king of the southern part of the island (i.e., all to the south of the *Eicir Riadha** connecting Dublin and Galway).

This King of the South, Fiacha by name, was born on the same day with Cormac. Their fathers, i.e., Eogan of Munster, and Art the Melancholy, were slain on the same day, in the bloody battle of Macroom, fighting side by side against Mac Con the ally of the foreigners. The two princes, of whom our tale will treat, were relations; and both were born after the death of their fathers. Yet these circumstances did not prevent one from making war on the other. The causes and the circumstances of this war being differently related by the dry annalists and by the poets, we, for obvious reasons, take the latter pleasant authorities for our guides.

Not having seen in any of our museums coins stamped with the effigies of Cormac the Wise, we do

* *Eicir*, a low ridge, remains of which may be traced from the Green Hills near Dublin to the shores of Galway.

not suppose that he had his hand often in his pouch for the purpose of flinging money to bard or soldier. However, he was no gainer by the absence of a circulating medium. Cloaks, drinking-cups, shields, swords, serving-women, and cows, were known to be in his possession; and at a time when he was almost as poor, by reason of the liberality imperatively exacted from every king and chief, as one of his poorest bodachs, there came into his presence Mainne, the keeper of the royal herds; and, at the instigation of Crom or Moloch, he asked the distressed sovereign for a present of cows, more in number than I care to mention.* "Where am I to get them, you son of a short-horned bull," said the perplexed king; "and why did you not apply before my yearly tributes were dispersed?" Saying this, he retired into his inner room, and remained there studying wisdom for three days and three nights, without anyone to interrupt him.

At the end of that uncomfortable period, Mainne,† the keeper of cows, disturbed his solitude. "Cormac," said he, "is it what I have asked that grieves you?" "It is, indeed," was the answer. "Then, by your hand, my king, I will soon relieve you. Have you made the circuit of Erin?" "I have not." "Well, I have; and out of the five provinces, the two that belong to Fiacha Muilleathan give you but the tributes of one; and Fiacha, that rules them, is the successor of Mac Con, son of Mac Nia, son of Luacha, who slew your father in the field of Macroom; and my advice is, that you demand of the King of Leith Mocha‡ that unpaid tribute." "Blessings on you, Mainne; that is a just demand. You are no longer son of the bull, but son of good counsel."

So eager was the embarrassed king to discharge his debt to Mainne that he would, without further ceremony, have incontinently invaded

Munster for his cattle-spoil, but Irish and Gaulish monarchs enjoyed but very limited authority over their farmers or fighting men. So he was obliged to convene his *Flaiths* (chiefs) and *Urmaidhes* (tributaries), and propose the subject. By their counsel, he despatched Tairreach the Traveller and Bearraidhe the Rover to Cnoc Rathan, near Cashel, then called *Tulach na Righ* (hillock of the kings), the regal abode of Fiacha. These worthies demanded, with all suitable ceremony, that fifty cows with silver horns, as well as the tribute of a province, should be forthwith forwarded to King Cormac at Tara. Fiacha called his chief people to him, and stated Cormac's demand. He then betook himself to his *gríannan* (sunny chamber), or his garden, leaving refusal or acceptance to the decision of his "best men." At the proper time, he re-entered the hall of wise counsel, and asked the result of their consultation. "To the king at Tara," said they, "we will (seeing that he is in a strait) make a gift of a cow from every lis in Munster; but the value of a goat's ear we will not pay as tribute." "Had you come to another resolution," said the king, "I would never again lead you to battle, but go and dwell amongst a strange people. But, lest these should prove unauthorized messengers, we will send our decision to Cormac, son of Art, by Cuilleán the Swift and Leithrinde the Robust."

The swift and robust messengers having reached Tara, stood in the king's presence, and said, "Cormac, sovereign of Leith Conn, Fiacha, king of Leith Mocha, desires to know if Tairreach the Traveller and his companion have been authorized by you to demand," &c., &c. The result of the debate which ensued was a declaration of war.

So Cormac summoned the five chief druids that had spoken true prophecies through the reigns of Conn, Art,

* It may seem rather strange, that a cowherd should ask a present of cattle, but it is probable that some great claim was made on Cormac's hospitality at the time, and Mainne merely appealed to his master to find ways and means to get out of the difficulty.

† In Irish words *c* and *g* have uniformly the hard sound, and final vowels are always pronounced.

‡ Con of the Hundred Fights came off worse in a few. Some years before this incident in the life of his grandson, Cormac, the eiscir before mentioned extending east and west across the centre of the isle, was set to divide his northern domain, *Leath Conn*, from that of Eogan the Heberian, King of the South, whose portion was called *Leath Mocha*.

and Cormac—namely, Cithach, Cithmor, Cecht, Croda, and Cithrua, and he bade them prophesy in truth what should be the result of the expedition. They asked for time: and they went into the depths of their knowledge and learning, and revelations were made to them, and they were brought one by one before Cormac—viz., Cithach, Cithmor, Cecht, Croda, and Cithrua, and all their prophecies pointed to the one result. These are some of the verses they recited before the king's seat:—

"Cormac, son of Art, unjust is the claim.
Make not your bravery known for the
sake of a herd-man.
It is not just to press on freemen
With warriors of the same race.
Sad to enter the land of Mocha.
Mouths will whiten, ravens will belch."

But Cormac would not be turned from his purpose. And as he was hunting near the *sighe* (fairy hill) of Cleithig, his dogs swept after a hare which just rose before him, and a fog, dark as night, surrounded him, and deep sleep fell on him, and through his slumber he was enchanted with the sweet music of the *cuishlunta* (bag-pipes). It was the two beautiful hands of the daughter of the king of the Sighe of Baire that he first saw when he awoke from his drowsiness. Her gown was of gold thread, and over it hung a beautiful mantle; and the first words that came from her red lips were a reproach to Cormac for hunting a hare, instead of the wolf, or stag, or wild boar. "But," said the maiden, "I know what is nearest your heart, and I will supply you with three female druidic champions, Eirgi, Eang, and Eangan, daughters of Maol Miscadach. Each has the fight of a hundred, and they are in the forms of three gray sheep, with bony heads and jaws of iron. None can escape from them, for they are as swift as the swallow, and all the swords and axes in the world could not hurt them.

"And moreover, for the love I bear thee, I will give thee the two renowned druids, Colpa and Lurga, sons of Ciul. They are gifted with all knowledge: they are invulnerable,

and the whole people of a province shall fall before them." So Cormac went with the lady into the *sighe*, and staid there three days, and was bound in favour to her druids, men and women, and no more regarded the true revealers of secrets, Cithach, Cithmor, Cecht, Croda, and Cithrua.

So Cormac, taking with him the three druidesses—Eirgi, Eang, and Eangan, and the two druids, Colpa and Lurga, proceeded southwards. The first evening, they set up their tents in Cluain, and the next at Ath na Nirlaun; and at the dark shades of evening on the third day, they reached Formail na Fian.* The fourth resting-place was Ath Cro, and the fifth Imluich Iban.

On the first evening, Cithrua went forth from the camp, and an aged druid, the chief one of Leinster, stood on the far bank of the stream, and questioned him about the host and its chief; and he answered him in a poem, bewailing the loss that was awaiting the king and the men of Leith Conn from the terrible druid, Mocha Rua, of the western island,—Mocha Rua, most sage and powerful enchanter within the four seas.

But the hewers of wood, the messengers, and the charioteers, heard the druids conversing, and foretelling evil, and they told the king. "Go," said he, "kill the strange druid, and beat the other till there is but a little of the life in him." So they advanced to where the sages had been talking; but Cithrua passed through them, armed and equipped as a fighting man, and the stranger, Fia, son of Aithfis, turned his face thrice on the host, and he breathed on them a powerful spell, and every man's appearance became even as his own at the moment—that is to say, aged and gray-haired. Then each began to strike with his fists the man before him, imagining him to be Fia, son of Aithfis, till there was not a man of the great force that was not bruised and sore.

Now Cormac, beholding the confusion and hearing the cries, reproached Colpa and Lurga for their negligence; and they blew the breath of druids on the host, and they played

* Formails are supposed to have been hospitals for the ancient militia of the *Fiauna Éirionn*.

the power of enchantment on them, and the spell was removed. But they remained sore, and were obliged to use remedies; and they became low-spirited and ashamed.

The next evening, the druid Croda went out to view the sky, and saw coming to him Fear Fatha, the enchanter of that country, who thus questioned him in a poem:—

“What noise is that, north by the ford,
tell me, agreeable Croda?

What has brought the hosts? name it,
if it be proper.

What land they go to as foes, and each
adventure they are on,” &c.

And when Crotha had informed his brother sage of the name of the chief, and the object of the expedition, he replied:—

“The hosts of Munster of the hills are not
here, or they’d give thee a blow on
thy head.”

But the hewers of wood, and the messengers, and the chariot-drivers, had an ear for the discourse of the wise men, and they told the army, and the armed men pursued Fear Fatha across the stream. But he struck the waters with his magic rod, and they overflowed and surrounded the troops of Cormac till next day. And there they remained, dispirited, till the sons of Miscadach made the river sink back into its bed.

At the flight of the third day Cecht began to scan the east, and the firmament over the host, and he went eastwards to Glean Salach and met Artan the druid. Very sore were the words they uttered against each other, and they spoke in verses such as these:—

“‘Cecht, what has brought you from the
north, from the land of Moy Sleacht?’

‘A cow-destruction that came to Tara—
alas, great was the loss!’

‘You shall not carry a cow from the men
of Munster above all,

As a cumhal, nor as tribute, by your
hand, but only my malediction.’

‘If Cairbre the renowned heard the words
thou sayest, Artan,

Or Cormac the stout tower, thou wouldst
be without a head.’

‘I care no more for Cormac and Cairbre
than for two chattering giollas,

In the country of Mocha Corb the just,
and of Fiacha Muilleathan,” &c., &c.

When the troops heard this they went out in pursuit of Artan, beyond the glen westward, and they said, “we will bring death and final fate on this druid.” But he turned his face upon them, and he put confidence in his gods; and he put the breath of a druid in the air, and in the firmament, and he made a dark cloud over the host, which falling put a bewildering fairy spell upon them. And they were seven days and seven nights pursuing him, and every morning he put his tracks in the openings of passes to mislead them. But when Cormac feared his army would be lost, and upbraided Colpa and Lurga, they entered into the depths of their wisdom and their learning, and they dispelled the spell of the troops, and they returned at the end of the seventh morn.

At the next twilight in Ath Cro, Cithach *happened* to go out to scan the air and the firmament, and there met him a man of his own age, that is, Dubhfhís son of Dofis, and they asked a story of each other; and Dubhfhís said and Cithach answered, and they composed a poem, which was no better and very little worse than that composed eight days before by the wise men Ceht and Artan, and need not be related at length.

But when the hewers of wood, and the drivers of chariots, and the foot giollas, related what they had heard to King Cormac,* he would not allow his host to wage battle and conflict on Dubhfhís son of Dofis, for he remembered former punishment. And on the next evening the men of Leith Conn reached Imluich Iban, where Cithmor went forth to view the clouds and the sky, that he might know the fate of the army.

He there got sight of the wise man of magic, Meadhran. And they got into conversation and discourse, and Meadhran said the poem, and Cithmor answered:—

“‘What are your doings to be Cithmor,
without untruth?’

‘We will be in your country, O Meadhran,
a month, a quarter, and a year.

Distressing to Leath Mocha will be our
stay; hard will be our work, Meadhran.’

* It may strike some readers that it showed great ignorance or negligence on the part of the wise men to allow their evening conferences to be overheard by the camp-followers. They are certainly obnoxious to the censure if they did not talk at their listeners with set purpose.

'What you will do of evil to them, will be revenged in one day.
If yonder he go, little will be his strength;
justly weak will he be, Cithmor.'

At last they reached *Cnoc na Ceann* (hill of heads), called afterwards the "Hill of Bellowing Oxen" (*Knoc Long* near Limerick), and there Cormac fixed to set up his royal tent, and summon *Leath Mocha* for tribute. "Set up the pole of my tent, O Cithrua," said he, "for this thou hast done for my father and grandfather." And Cithrua essayed to do it, and though his strength was as that of a score, yet neither the brown clay nor the grass would admit the hard, sharp point of the tent-pole. "Be this a last warning to you, O Cormac, that your claim is unjust, and that you are here to meet defeat from the host of Fiacha."

"Colpa," said Cormac, "hear you what Cithrua says! but I turn not back for the glaive of the hero, nor the druid's wand of power. Set up the pole thyself." And Colpa raised the tall, thick staff, and with the strength of two-score strong men he dashed it against the ground. The brown earth and the green grass resisted it as a flat rock, and the hard, tough wood was shattered into small atoms.

"What's to be done now?" said Cormac. "This is to be done," said Cithrua, and the other druids; "here are numerous companies of men—let them collect sods and cover the hills, and so shall the royal tent be set up." This was done. Three days and three nights were spent in settling the camp, and Cithrua and his brothers were rebuked by Colpa for their backwardness in helping out the designs of Cormac. But they said they foresaw their own deaths, and the defeat of Cormac in the expedition. "Nor will you be better off," said they; "yourself, and Lurga, and the druidesses, Eirgi, Eang, and Eangan, will perish by the dread power of Mocha Rua, chief of living druids."

At the end of three days messengers went to the king of *Leath Mocha* demanding *cumhal* and tribute, or single combat. *Cumhal* or tribute was refused, but a single combat was offered on the third day. So the men of Munster were marshalled in twentys. Every commander of a score was equal in skill and valour to

twenty men, and every one of warriors to nine. There were *Fionn xx*, *Feargus's xx*, *Doncha's xx*, *Donn xx*, &c. And *Mocha Corb*, son of *Cormac Cas*, son of *Oilioll Olui* was to be their eulogizer; and twenty score and eight men marched. *Ath Colpa*, to meet the same number from *Leath Conn* in strife and fier battle. *Cairbre Liffeachair*, son of *Cormac*, was to be the eulogizer of warriors from the north, but not man of them would put the right foot beyond the left, when the morning the fight lighted up the hills.

Then went on Colpa alone, and engaged the adverse warriors at *A Colpa*, and fierce was the contest, as powerful were the blows. It was blow for blow they dealt each other and a reply to the reply. Three times that day were his arms and arms forced from Colpa, and his blows and his fury were only increased. Through the wounds in *Fionn's* body you could see the sky, but still he fought three days, and then was slain.

And so Colpa, by going into the secrets of his knowledge, and learning, and deviltry, and by putting confidence in his gods, slew *Fionn* and his twenty men. Then did *Lurg* maintain battle and conflict with *Failve* and his twenty men; and after day the fight was fought, until eighty and two hundred were slain the men of *Leath Mocha*; and there was not a wound on the bodies of Colpa nor *Lurga* so large as the wing of a fly's wing.

Then did Cormac demand the fight of three against three hundred; and *Eirgi*, *Eang*, and *Eangan* came to the ford in the appearance of three great sheep, with bony heads, with iron jaws, with strength to destroy a hundred in the day of battle, and the swiftness of swallows in flight. At all the point and edge of the weapon could not cut wool nor hair from the And so did the warriors of the South prepare, each man his hard red-stained darts, his hard, starry shield, three heavy glaives (*chloidhim*), his ready spears formed for forming deeds of destruction and slaughter. And during all that day they were occupied in defending themselves against the charges of sheep, and striving in vain to pierce them with their sharp darts, and cast from their long, heavy, sh

lances, or wound them with their sharp cutting glaives; but not so much as a tuft of wool or a lock of hair were they able to shear away. Nor did the sheep do them more harm on that day than break with furious blows from their hard, bony heads, the arms and armour of the warriors. And at night both parties retired to their camps.

Next morning began the strife of death and destruction for the men of the South. The loud, ringing, very heavy blows of the swords on the bony heads of the sheep, and the battering of the hard shields by the same heads, were heard in the two camps, while the three druidesses charged under them, over them, and through them, till the ford was filled by the bodies, and the banks were covered by them. And the sheep made a pile of the dead bodies, and the silken shirts, and the arms, and the armour; and those who remained alive carried their dead brothers to the camp, and all raised a loud shout of grief over the slain heroes. But from that day forward the Munster men would no more stand in battle array against the druids of Cormac, son of Art.

Once more Cormac demanded tribute of the chiefs of Fícha, and they would not pay it; and then he gave directions to his druids, and they entered into the depths of their learning, and they had confidence in their gods, and they breathed a strong druidical breath on the clouds, and the heaths, and the spring heads; and all the streams, and rivers, and lakes in the South were dried up, and the men were afflicted with unbearable thirst.

Then Cormac again demanded cumhal and tribute, and it was refused, for they brought from all parts of Leath Mocha to the camp, curds and whey, and cheese, and the warriors, were able to keep the life within them.

At last the druids got new orders from Cormac, and they flung a baleful druidical breath on the horses, and asses, and cows, and sheep, and goats of Leath Mocha, and their milk was stayed, and nothing was heard through the land but the neighing, and lowing, and braying, and bleating, and sneezing of the cattle.

The tribute was again asked, and again it was refused, for they mixed the blood of the cattle with dew gathered from the grass and the leaves before the sun rose. But at last the warriors became as weak as infants of a week old, and Fiacha finally agreed to pay cumhal and tribute.

Then did pride and haughtiness enter the heart of Cormac, and he laid heavy tributes and burthens on the people of Leath Mocha, so that were it not that death and the doom of final fate waited at their doors, they would not agree to the demand of the people of Leath Conn.

At this time Dil, grandfather to Fiacha, came to the camp from his fort of Druim* Dil in the Desies; and when they told him their straits and their distress, he said to them, "There is only one man within the four seas of Erin that can relieve you, and that is Mocha Rua, your foster father, O Fiacha, whose abode is in the Isle of Dairbre (Valencia). He is the only man in Erin that entered a sighe to acquire knowledge of enchantment, and the sighe he entered was Cairn Breachtanah, and his tutoress, the Druidess Banbuanane, daughter of Deargdualach.† There is no one within or without a sighe, that can equal him in magic. But I am sure he will require a fine tract of land, and will not choose to be a Roy Damhnat (successor elect) to this or the other prince, for he finds himself too solitary and too confined in his island of wave-beaten rocks. Said Fiacha and his chiefs—"Bring Mocha Rua

* *Druim*, ridge of a hill.

† The constant reference to the loves of mortals and the fairy ladies of the sighe, probably arose from such circumstances as are related concerning Rhea Sylvia and Norma, the lovely inhabitants of our fairy caverns being the priestesses or druidesses attending the altars of the divinities of the streams, the forests, and the hills, and in time taken for the goddesses themselves. As inferior worship was paid to the clouds and the winds, the druidical breath "infused into the air" was probably a poetic incantation addressed to the powers that were supposed to direct these modifications of air and water.

‡ The succession to kingdoms or chieftaincies being elective, the successor was always chosen during the life of the reigning sovereign. A great deal of rioting and anarchy was prevented by this judicious arrangement.

to us, O Dil, and promise him whatever his soul or heart desires."

So Dil went westwards, and nothing is said of his journey till he stood before Mocha Rua; and the man inquired, and the other answered, till the druid deeply skilled in magic, knew of the sufferings and the straits of the people of the south country.

Then said Mocha Rua "Great is the distress of the people of Muinihe, and it is I only who can relieve them. These are the things I demand, and Mocha Corb, son of Cormac Cas, son of Oilioll Oluin, and Donn Dairine, and other princes must ensure their delivery: that is to say, 100 milch cows, 100 swine, 100 oxen capable of labour, 100 steeds with their trappings, fifty handmaidens, and the daughter of the second best man in Munster for my wife. I must get as much land of my own choosing as my giolla can walk round in a day, and be appointed master of the ridhairs (cavalry) of Leath Mocha. I am also to be the king's chief adviser, and my son, and his son, and all my direct heirs are to enjoy these rights after me."

So Dil returned to the camp, and told all that the man of deep knowledge had said; and Mocha Corb, and Donn Dairine, and the other sureties arose and proceeded to the dwelling of Mocha, and he entertained them with the best, and he and they bound themselves to each other in words of poetry, and then he prepared for his journey.

Mocha Rua desired his disciple, Ceanvar, to bring him his travelling equipage, that is to say, his two fair straight-horned oxen from Slia Mis, and his handsome, strong, mountain-ash chariot, with its spokes of bronze, and many carbuncle stones, and night and the light of day were alike to those who were in it, and his shining sword, and his yew-tree bow, and his two well-made spears, and his untanned bull's hide in his chariot, on the sides and on the seat beneath him, and his host of 130 followers along with him.

As they journeyed eastwards these nobles asked him who would choose land and territory for him, and he answered, "To no living person will I intrust that but to myself; give me the earth of each country we pass through, and I will choose the best

by its smell, and I will blame no one for the choice, be it good or be it bad."

They came to Glen Beithvé, in the country of Corca Duine, and he put the earth of it to his nose, and said this poem, refusing it:—

"Hilly, boggy, hungry, Beithve, unpleasant vessel,
Sheltering place of wolves, dread way
adventurers,
No residence of valiant hosts.
Straitened they would be in the Glen
Beithve."

After that they came to Eoganach in Corca Duine, and to Aescuié, an Ealla (Duhallow), and he said the lines, refusing lands and possessions in these last two districts:—

"Small hilly valleys, Ealla of nooks and
hairs;
Meeting place of strangers and thieves!
Abode of wild swine and of the wild
deer;
Unfriendly, unfortunate, dirty, thin bare
woods."

They passed Muskerry, and at Cea Abhra there was brought to him the earth of Min Mairtine, and he would not accept it. This is part of the poem he made when he had put the earth to his nose:—

"A wet laky place; great its firs;
Great its waters; great its rivers;
Great its battle; great its cliffs;
The centre of the diseases of Munster.
The highway of foes and plunderers."

Then was brought to him soil from the country of Fir-Muighe (Fermoy free land), which is also called F^o Muighe Mené, for minerals are in its mountains, and minerals are in every field of it. On the earth of the country being brought to him, he said these words, choosing it as his reward:—

"Woody mountains, woody plains!
A plain abounding in pleasant streams,
With large rivers, with rivulets, where
hunts were arranged;
Where will be multiplied generations,
Hosts, assemblies, mighty men of wound
Warriors of pointed arm—iron under
them, iron on them;
Valiant men of Leath Mocha!"

Mocha Rua then began rooting up the ground in search for the water, and he began this poem:—

"I pray for pleasant, flowing streams—ye gods be willing;

I pray for well-tasted springs north-west in Munster;

I pray for cooling cascades—water that time will not diminish.

• • •
They will drink of the rivers by deeds of art—

Drink quickly, drink mightily;

The Mullachine will drink, Mocha Corb will drink,

The steels will drink with skittish prances, the Martiné will drink,

The King will drink, the Deirthiné will drink

Draughts of refreshment—I PRAY."

When this was over the water burst the fastnesses of the earth, and great was its noise; and he told them all to save themselves from the waters. And Ceanvar (Mocha Rua's familiar), on seeing the waters flooding forth, pronounced an exultant charm on them, and prophesied all the benefit they would bring to Fiacha and his long-enduring and heroic warriors.

Mocha Rua invited the king to drink, the flaiths to drink, the keepers of large herds and owners of fertile lands to drink, and the common people and their cattle to drink; and they went to the water in groups and in companies, and they all stooped down, both men and steeds and herds, until they were satisfied. After this the water was let flow to all the people, and it was let flow through the glens, and rivers, and springs of the province, and the magic spell that was laid on them was removed.*

After this the men of Munster raised their shout of triumph, and it was heard in the camp of Cormac; and messengers were sent to say that neither ransom nor tribute would be given to the King of Leath Conn. They were seized with wonder when they saw the flowing of the waters; but their fright and terror was very great when Mocha Rua raised a clear druidic cloud between the two camps, and magnified his own form through it. His head appeared like a high hill

covered with wood, his eyes like two fires, and his mouth a dark cavern.

If they were terrified at this druidic appearance of Mocha Rua, the terrors of desolation were on them when they saw his foster-brother, Gaura, sister's son to Beanbuanane, the druidess, walking round their high camp. He made his hair like the firs on a hill, and his knees were turned backwards. His dress was hung all over with the teeth, and bones, and horns of wild deer, and rams, and boars, and he swung an iron club in his right hand, and he gave three deafening screams that turned the blood in the men of Leath Conn to cold ice.

When he returned to the camp of Fiacha, his foster-brother thus addressed him:—

"Thou hast come, O Gaura,
To bring on Leath Conn dark powers of sorrow;

To bring trembling and fear on their hosts.
The hosts of Cormac will fly, will scream with terror.

Is it in companies of twos and threes,
Or in bands of twenties and hundreds,
they will fly?"

The camp of Cormac was raised by the sods gathered by the soldiers, and by the draoidheacht of Colpa and Lurga, to a great height; and the troops of Leath Mocha could not see what was passing therein. So now they besought Mocha Rua to reduce its pride and its elevation, and he pronounced this charm against it:—

"I subdue, I subdue ramparts, I subdue clouds of darkness;

I subdue enchantment, I subdue magic spells and deeds;

I unsat hill off hill till they lie beneath my feet;

I defy, I defy in the glory of my strength
The power of the son of Conn and of Colpa,

And of Lurga the Swift, till they be slain in the ford,

And of Eirgi, Eang, and Eangan."

The hill soon went to nothing in dark clouds and wreaths of mist; and it was terrifying to hear the shouts of the army, the rushing of the steeds,

* As there was in reality a descent made by Cormac on Leath Mocha, and the Munster forces suffered much from want of water, the probability is, that instead of two camps placed opposite to each other, the northern forces had invested the camp of the Southrons, and cut off their supplies. In this case the relief would come from the skill and engineering talents of some one. There is nothing to prevent a druid from performing that good work, nor is it out of the order of things that his name might be Red Mocha.

and the smashing of arms, as the hill swiftly sunk to its base. Then Cormac reproached his druids, and Colpa went forth with his iron-rimmed shield, with his two-edged, heavy glaive, that shot light from its blade, and with his two black, smoky, very ponderous lances, and by his magic he made himself of gigantic size. Cairbre Liffeachair came with him to sing his praises, till they stopped at the ford of Raheen an I Maraig (ford of ravaging).

When the warriors of Leath Mocha saw the dark, threatening form coming to the ford, they called on Mocha Rua, and he forthwith armed and equipped his best man, Ceanvar, to meet the druidic champion. He put on him his star-sparkling shield, his broad-bladed very heavy sword, and he gave his two precious spears into his hands, and Mocha Corb was selected as before to witness his deeds and extol his heroism. When they were setting off to the ford Mocha Rua called out to Ceanvar—"Bring me my stone of power, and my hand-stone, and my combatant of a hundred, and the slaughterer of my enemies." And it was brought to him; and he was praising it and putting spells on it, and he composed this poem:—

"I beseech my hand-stone that will break helmets in valiant fight.

My strong flaming-stone, be a red watery serpent.

Woe to him around whom thou twine-st!
Be a serpent of nine folds round the body of Colpa.

Be a briar rough and strong, my brave, faithful stone!

Woe to Colpa and Lurga when thou enfoldest them!

Let their bodies be under dogs in the red ford of slaughter!"

This druidic stone was put into Ceanvar's hand by Mocha Rua, and he was told its use and its power; and Colpa did not see his foe till he came to the edge of the ford. Then Ceanvar put the *Lai Miludh* (hero's stone)

into the water, and it became a fier rough, very formidable serpent, and it glided through the water to meet Colpa. When Ceanvar's foot touched the bed of the stream, he became, the spells of his master, a huge stone in the centre of the water, and the substance of that stone took his shape and defied the druid of Leath Cor. Colpa rushed on to meet it, and the gash he made in the hard stony shape with his large heroic sword would have held in its lips the body of a full-grown child. Then did the serpent seize on Colpa, and locked his body in nine folds, and three times they struggled round the ford, and for every two times they fell Colpa was one time uppermost. At last the serpent forced away Colpa's arms and armour, and getting one fold under him and another over him, and striding him on the forehead, hurled him to the bottom of the stream. So Mocha Corb to Ceanvar, "Wilt thou quit the ford without any trophy show thy prowess and thy victory Fiacha, to Mocha Rua, and to the warriors of Leath Mocha!" Then arose Ceanvar from his enchantment shapeless form, and with a mighty blow from the heavy, sparkling glaive of Mocha Rua, he smote the head of Colpa from his body. To the bottom he came staggering, and there fell into a death—resembling a woe and Mocha Corb bore the fear-causing head of the druid to the camp; and from that time the name *Ath Corb* has remained on the ford.*

"Why is not Ceanvar the bearer of the head of Colpa?" said Mocha Rua. "He lies in a weakly swoon the ford," said Mocha Corb. "That is a pity," said Mocha Rua. Had brought me the head of the fier druid of Leath Conn, no warrior's arms and armour should ever come one of his race in single fight. And because you have filled his duty your descendants shall sit in the royal chair of the South, and victor in the fight of two men shall ever

* Even as the readers of the Iliad transfer their sympathy towards the end, from invincible and ruthless Achilles to the devoted Hector, so here we find ourselves lean towards the brave Colpa and his party, while striving against the more powerful druid of the South. Our good wishes pass over to the side of the wronged Southrons till the strife turns in their favour. Then, and not till then, our sympathies begin to sway for the champions of Cormac, as it begins to be seen that his humiliation is rapidly approaching.

theirs! When the head of Colpa was seen by the warriors of Fiacha they raised a shout of joy and triumph; but the shout that went up from the camp of Cormac was full of anger and very deep sorrow.

Next day Lurga came to the ford, and Ceanvar went to meet him with the champion-stone and the charmed spears of Mocha Rua. Deep was his dread of the wise and valiant Lurga; and as he went, thus he did. He began praising and beseeching his hand-stone, and prophesying the destruction it would make; and he put his confidence in his gods, and in the arch-druid of the world; and he said:—

"Stone flag, stone of friendship, without deceit;
Slender, thin stone, choice arm of destruction;
Stone of reward, stone of victory;
Stone of great injury, stone of colours;
Friendship of Munster-men, without disgrace!
A stone that triumphs is my stone."

When the champions met in the ford, they gave blow for blow to each other, and reply to the reply. They grasped each other with the might of heroes, and twisted and swayed each other, and at last the strength of the battlestone, and the conqueror of a hundred went between them. The enchantment of hosts, the great valiant eel, whose name was Mongach, passed between them; and she flew at Lurga as she did at Colpa; and when she touched him the draoideacht quitted his body, and he became like another man. Then did Ceanvar rush at him with the magic blade of Mocha Rua, and separated his head from his body; and no more was seen of Lurga.

While the battle was going on, how the armies were looking at it from the heights, and praying to their gods for the victory.* But when the monster

slew Lurga, she went in pursuit of Cairbré Liffeachair, and to slay the hosts of Cormac; and Ceanvar followed, curbing her, and speaking to her, and telling her that it was displeasing to the men of Munster† to have her in pursuit of the enemy without justice, and to lose their honour thereby; and he uttered these verses to her:—

"Stop, Muinceach Maeth-Reamhar, you monster!
You broad, proud, slender thing, you brown otter!
You red, fiery tongue with the flaming mouth;
Powerful, black-clouded breath-like mist on high mountains!
Let the fair youth depart: it was not to fight he came.
He oppressed not the free-born round Fiacha Muilleathain.
Darling of the royal druid, return to thy first disposition;
Lie on the smooth hand of the great Mocha Rua!"

Hereon she resumed her own shape and appearance again, and Cairbré went northwards to his people unmolested; and nothing more was done until morning.

At that time the three druidesses, Eirgi, Eang, and Eangan, came to the ford in the likeness aforesaid—that is, as three gray sheep, with hard, bony heads, with iron jaws; with the speed of swallows; with the power of a hundred in the hour of battle and slaughter. "Mild man of years," said the men of Munster, "here are coming three enemies in the shape of gray sheep, and a hundred armed warriors are invariably slain by them in battle." "I will defend you from them," said Mocha Rua; "and be not dismayed. Where are the three magic talismans which I gave you?" said he to Ceanvar. "I have them," replied he; and these were the fire-stone of Simon, the

* Our peasantry have retained such native forms of expression in their use of English.

† In the early times in Ireland—if any faith is to be placed in the Bardic annals—terms of conflict were generally made before engagement, and rigidly observed, and stealthy or night attacks were unknown. One great exception occurred at the battle of Moy Lena (King's County), in the wars of Conn, Cormac's grandfather. Perceiving Eogan's forces to be greatly superior to his own, he proposed to his chiefs to fall on the Munster men in the night. When it came to the turn of Goll Mac Morna to utter his sentiments, he exclaimed—"On the first day that arms were put into my hands, I solemnly vowed never to attack an enemy at night, by surprise, or under any kind of disadvantage. To this day I have religiously adhered to my promise; nor will I now break it." The attack was made; but Goll did not unsheathe his sword till daylight.

sand-stone of Daniel,* and the sponge of Etheor the Fair. Mocha struck the fire-stone on the sand-stone, and the spark that flew out fell on the sponge. Then did he pass the stones through the fire, and he muttered words of draibleadh over them, and then extinguished the flame. He then passed them through the hands of Ceanvar, and they were laid on the ground. "What see you now?" said he to Ceanvar; and he answered, "Two bitches and a dog-hound are made of them." He then turned their heads northward towards the sheep. They were weak as young whelps at first, but the nearer the sheep approached the more did the size, eagerness, and strength of the hounds increase. Mocha Rua said, "How do the sheep appear?" "They come," said Ceanvar, "displaying their jaws; the oldest sheep in front, and the youngest in the rear." "And the hounds?" "They are like whelps opening their eyes, and it is the sheep they gaze at." "How are the sheep now?" "They are sweeping towards us—two in front and one in the rear. And now they are like three mighty oxen under one hard, equal yoke, and swiftly, and powerfully, and preparedly they come to the battle." "And the dogs?" "Their ears are raised, so is the hair on their necks; and they hold down their heads, with their mouths shut." "Those are their gifts; for if they opened their mouths, evil powers would steal their forces. Therefore it is with closed mouths they do victorious deeds. How now?" "They have become large, strong, and fierce. They are rushing forwards; they are at Raheen an Imaraig on this bank, and the sheep in the rath on the other bank, and they are examining each other."

Then burst flames from the breasts of the sheep, and burned up the grass and the bushes on each side of the ford, and both parties began the fight with showers of stones and earth, which they flung at each other across the ford. After a while, the male dog sprang across, and seized the

largest sheep, and his companion each seized one, and the flames that blew from their mouths left neither lock of hair nor tuft of wool which they did not consume. But the fire which flashed from the sheeps' breasts did no harm to the dogs. For when Mocha Rua first came to the host of Munster, he blew a weighty druidic breath on the air, which drew all the magic power from the wise and powerful men of Leath Conn.

So the sheep, finding themselves bereft of their magic powers, mightily smote the ground with their feet, as is the manner of their tribe when they wish to strike terror into their enemies, but the enchanted dogs regarded them not. So they turned and fled and ceased not till they came to Dubheaire, and sunk into the depths and bowels of the earth. Down after them went the dogs, and they ceased not till they ate up the sheep to the smallest bone. Then they leaped up to the level of the earth, and they went westwards into Munster; and all the mad dogs through Erin have sprung from these druidical hounds. Mocha Rua, and all the mad dogs that shall be for ever.

The two armies of the South and the North were looking from the hill on the fierce battle of the dogs at the sheep, and sad and spiritless was the army of Leath Conn, and the king. "To my grief," said Cithrua "is Leath Mocha glad to-night; would rather my own house were burning. And you," said he to Cormac, "must fly in the battle, as thousands will be slain. And it will not be better for my two brothers and myself, for we shall be changed in three stones by Mocha Rua, when he comes in pursuit." "Alas for us at Leath Conn to-night!"

"Prophecy for us something joyful O Cithrua," said Cormac, "for you were my grandfather's and my father's chief druid; and we are not here but for your advice, and to you we have no given due honour." "I have no prophecy," said Cithrua, "but that which I prophesied before flight and death."

* These Jewish names were evidently introduced by later scribes. Mr Windel opinion is, that the earliest copy of the tale was made in the twelfth century, from an earlier recitation. But it was in the minds and on the tongues of the story-tellers for some centuries previous. We have as yet made no acquaintance with Etheor the Fair.

† Either the framer of the tale, or the copier, forgot to mention the fate of the other two brothers, or it has escaped our search.

grace to you, and death to my brothers and myself." "Go to Mocha Rua," said Cormac, "and remind him that his father and grandfather were of Leath Conn, and offer him the sovereignty of Uladh, and the tribute of the sons of Uisneach, and a cow from every lis from Teamor to Carig na Bracnidhe, 300 steeds, 300 cups, 300 mantles, and the honour of being on my right hand when drinking."

Cithrua goes with this message, and he finds Mocha Rua on the eve of his departure for the sighe of Ban Buan Aine, his foster-mother; and he took him aside, and reminded him of his old relationship with the nobles of Leath Conn, and entreated him not to bring that country into trouble and slavery. He then made him the offers as he had received them from Cormac. "I ought to be severe upon them," said Mocha Rua, "for they brought Fergus Mac Roy into exile, and deprived him of the sovereignty of Uladh, and they bereft him of lands and fairs; and, by my word, I will deprive them of sovereignty, and their free-born children shall be in bondage for *eriz* of it. And I would not forsake my ward, Fiacha, for all the gold that is on the earth; and if Munster contained but Mocha Corb alone, I would not give up his friendship. So Cithrua returned to the camp, and sad and sorrowful were Cormac and his warriors when Cithrua told his news. But Mocha Rua departed for the sighe of Ban Buan Aine the druidless, and he stayed with her a day and a night; and she gave him advice as to the order and mode of battle in which the men of Leath Mocha would fight with the men of Leath Conn.

We are now to speak of Cormac's doings. He asked Cithrua if he had any relief for the army. "I have not any," said Cithrua, "but to make a druidical fire. Let the army go to the wood, and bring wild ash with them, for in that the power of our art is, and in likelihood it will be answered from the south. When the fires kindle let all be watching, and if they turn to the south, I do not advise you, O Cormac, to follow farther the men of Munster; and if the fires turn towards the north then betake yourselves to flight." Then the army went to the wood, and they brought

bundles of wild ash with them to the camp.

The men of Munster on seeing this said to Mocha Rua, "Mild man, what is that which Leath Conn is doing?" "Making great piles of wild ash they are, not less than the hill we levelled for them." "Truly," said the men of Munster, "it is right to answer that, for Cormac has turned to his own druids, and that is an enchanted fire which they have made." Said Mocha Rua, "Let all go to Caill Leathard, southwards, and let not your gathering be less, and every man bring a bundle of branches with him. But let Fiacha go alone, and bring an armful with him from the moist side of the mountain where are the three shelters, that is, the shelter from the red March wind, shelter from the sea wind, and shelter from the scorching wind, in order that the fire may blaze at the first kindling." When every man had his bundle of boughs of the mountain-ash they all returned to the camp; and these are the instructions which Mocha gave to Ceanvar for the construction and kindling of the heaps. They made each pile like a little stack, with three ventholes and three angles on each, and there were seven times seven doors on the southern piles, and but three on the northern, and there was no arrangement observed in the last but the wood piled up.

Then Mocha Rua directed every warrior to cut a thin chip from his spear-shaft, and all these chips he rolled into a ball, and said:—

"I mix a blazing powerful fire:

It will thin the woods, it will wither the
grass.

A powerful blaze—enough its speed;

It will soar upwards, a heavenly stream."

And he put to it fire struck from his druidic firestone, and it blazed forth with a great flame and a great noise, and he spoke words of power as the first flash burst forth.

"A victory will be given me this time," said Mocha Rua. "Prepare my chariot, and let every warrior be at the side of his steed. And if the fire turn northwards let all pursue, and let delay be avoided; but if the wind turn south shelter yourselves from your foes, and give them battle in the glens, passes, and fastnesses of

the province." He brought a thick, gloomy cloud overhead, and drops of blood were falling from it, and he sung this poem :—

"A man in a mist in a cloud's strength.
Let there be drops of blood on the grass!
Bruised will be hosts; be there trembling
on the race of Conn!
May each strength from the South be
there."

While he made the incantation the shower of blood passed over Claire (the site of Cormac's camp), and thence to Teamor, and the hosts of Conn were dismayed.

There were then woods and extensive forests in middle Munster, and the two contending fires were contending above them, and Mocha asked "How are the fires?" They answered "They are jostling one another along the mountain ridges, and down to Druim na Sail, and to the Sionan." Again he asked "How are the fires?" and they answered "They are as before, and they will not leave unburned tree or grass on the middle plain of Munster." And that tract has been a plain ever since. Mocha Rua again asked "How are the fires?" and they replied, "They have ascended to the firmament and the clouds of heaven, and they are like two powerful, robust heroes, or two fierce lions combating each other."

Then was brought to Mocha his raw bull's hide, his bird-headed steel, and his enchanted dress, and he began urging the fire northwards, and he chanted a druidic spell, and Cithraa acted in the same way on the other part. But Mocha forced the fires northward, over Cormac's camp, and the power of Cithraa, and of his druids, and of his fairy host was at an end. Then did he marshal Cormac's host for retreat by battalions, and dispose the shield-bearers in the rear. The army of Leath Conn went homewards, for their druids would not allow them to stay and give battle, but they exhorted them to defend their lives like valiant men when assailed.

Mocha Rua mounted his fair-covered chariot, to which were harnessed fierce, powerful oxen, with the speed of the March wind and of wings, with the raw bull's hide laid thereon. He went in front of the warriors, and

he appointed Ceanvar to excite the men of Munster in the pursuit. When they came to Ard Cluain na Fei (upland plain of the Fenians), they were even with the rearguard Leath Conn; and they attacked them from the east and the south, and they went through them, and across them, as dogs through a flock of sheep, and slew them as far as Ma Nuachtar (in Upper Ossory).

Here Mocha Rua asked, though was in front, "Who is before us here?" And well he knew. "There are the gray old men," replied they; "those are Cecht, Croda, and Ciarua." "My gods have promised me," said he, "that when I would overtake them, and blow my breath on them, they would become gray stone. So he blew a druidical breath on them, and they became stones; and it is these that are called Leaca Raidh at this day.

From that place and that day Mocha became more arrogant and more powerful, also, in bringing victory to his side; and he did not allow them to stop till they reached Slí Fuaid, where Fiacha's pavilion was erected, and to this day it is called *Públa Fiacha* (Fiacha's people).

Leath Conn here offered such tribute, hostages, and rent as Leath Mocha might impose on them. Neither Mocha Rua, nor Mocha Corb, nor Fiacha would accept it from them till they had been two months, quarters, and two years in the Nor. Moreover, they would then receive no terms until Cormac himself should come to offer them at the house of Fiacha. And as Cormac was unable to defend himself, or to save his country from being wasted and plundered, he came and gave them rent and tribute.

Fiacha and his men arose, and they marched homewards; and nothing was told of their adventures till they reached Cnoc Raffan, the royal fen. After this, the men of Munster asked Mocha about the loss which the North and South had suffered; and he uttered this poem :—

"Of the men of Munster were slain by a
gigantic arts,
Five druids of Cormac who uttered chaos
on Leath Mocha.
I made three shapely bounds to slay
valiant sheep;

I made an eel under water to destroy
Colpa and Lurga;
I sent fires northwards into Leath Conn
of hard swords;
I reduced the children of Conn of the
Hundred Fights,
So that they possessed but the strength of
a seemly woman.
The battle was not won over Leath Conn
by swords,
But by bringing the end of life on their
learned men.
Of Cormac's army four hundred fierce
giollas
Were slain, fiercely fighting, between
Formaol and Raidhne.
Croda, Cecht, Cithrua of the plain,—
Dru'ids of the court of Conn Cead
Cathach,*
Were overcome in the plains of Raidhne,
And their seemly bodies converted to
hard stone,—
Hard druidic stones standing like monu-
ments,—
Upright dallans, to endure to the end of
time;
It will be pleasing to Leath Conn to call
them Leaca Raidhne.
At Ath na Tolnagh, northwards of
Raidhne's plain,
Seven-score of the men of Cormac per-
ished,
And forty and two hundred eastwards of
that ford;
Twenty-eight men and ten hundreds fell
by arrows;
And this was the loss of Leath Conn,
without gainsaying;
Warriors that perished by the sons of
Oilioll Oluim.
From the fort of Bellowing Oxen† to far
Sligo,
No such feats were ever achieved in one
day
By Fians, of deeds of valour and bra-
very."

After these things, the chiefs of
Leath Mochla departed from the royal
fort of Cnoc Raffan to their several
duns and lisses; and Cormac re-
turned to Teamor, bringing with him
Conla, son of Fiacha's uncle, whom
by treaty he was to educate, and en-
tertain at his court. Conla grew up,
and learned the skill, and accom-
plishments, and duties of a *curiadh*
(knight), and great was his fame
through Erin, till he used violence
towards a beauteous woman of the
sighe of Loch Gabhar. She after-
wards asked of him a boon, and she
requested that he would enter the

sighe where her people were; but he
would not. "Then, at least, come
opposite the mound, with your face
turned towards it." This he did;
and while her tribe had their eyes on
him, she told them his crime. "Wilt
thou make her satisfaction?" said
they; and his refusal was given.
"Then," said they, "you have abused
our hospitality, and a blight shall
you suffer while life endures." They
blew their breath on him, and a scurf
of leprosy fell upon him—head, face,
and body. He repented deeply in his
soul for the wrong he had wrought,
and thus returned to the palace of
Cormac. Cormac looked at Conla
and wept. "Why do you weep, Cor-
mac?" asked Conla. "For the great-
ness of my grief," replied Cormac,
"that you should be in that state,
and for my great love for you. Also
it is by you I hoped to avenge my
wounds on Fiacha, in defending the
sovereignty of Munster for you."
"Have you heard of anything that
will cure this disorder?" asked Con-
la. "Though I have heard it," re-
plied Cormac, "you could not get it."
"What is it?" asked Conla. "The
blood of a noble king," replied Cor-
mac. "Who is he?" asked Conla.
"Fiacha Muilleathan is the noble,"
replied Cormac; "but it would be
treachery in you to kill him. How-
ever, if you were to procure it, it
would relieve you." "I prefer the
death of a friend," said Conla, "to
be in this condition, were I but cer-
tain of the cure." Cormac swore an
oath that it was true, and Conla said
he would make the trial.

Conla thereupon went to Cnoc Raf-
fan to the house of Fiacha. Fiacha
was greatly grieved to see him in that
condition. He bade him welcome, and
sought remedies. He gave him the
third of his confidence, and Conla's
bed was as high as Fiacha's, and it
was he who brought and carried
stories to and from him. They lived
a long time thus, and he used to go
in and out along with him, and Fiacha
was often alone in his company; and
so it was till they came one day to
the bank of the Suire.

Here Fiacha prepared to bathe, and
he threw off his clothes, and left his

* Conn of the Hundred Battles.

† The site of Cormac's camp, near Limerick.

broad shining spear on the bank with Conla. Conla treacherously took up the spear, and thrust it through Fiacha, to where the wood and the bronze met. "Alas!" said Fiacha, "grievous to friendship is that deed, and at the instigation of foes has it been done." And he said the poem, "Instigation of foes," &c. "Bathe as you have been told, but it will avail you nothing, and pleasing to your foes will be this deed." And that was the cause of the death and the fate of Fiacha Muilleathan, King of Munster.

Where that deed was done was at Ath Leathan (*Ford of Leathan*), which is now called *Ath Isid* (Athassel, ford of treachery), from the foul deed of Conla. Conla derived no relief from his crime; and it was hunger and leprosy that caused his death, for none of the race of Egan would allow him into their houses, scorning to revenge the deed in any other manner.

We do not mean to offer many concluding remarks upon this story, which will, to our mere English readers, possess, at least, the quality of novelty in its matter and form. The extra-

vazance and improbability of these old lays are calculated to prejudice the readers of modern fiction, which deals chiefly with the ordinary affairs of life, and has little of the extravagance of the supernatural in it.

Let it, however, be taken into account, that they were originally recited before impressionable and artless crowds, easily disposed to pardon trifling defects, provided their imaginations and national or clannish sympathies were pleasantly excited. It is a circumstance of the commonest occurrence to read, speech or play, by the fireside in a state of the mildest emotion, when listening to the delivery of the one, and seeing and hearing the other performed will produce a high state of excitement or enthusiasm.

But it is chiefly for the incidental lights thus thrown upon the regal, the domestic, and the military usages of a bygone race and a primitive period of history, and further, as illustrating the superstitions, the morality, and the tastes of that cyclopean age, that such narratives deserve to live. And with this apology, we consign our ancient fable to the judgment of the reader.

FELON BIOGRAPHY.

THE memoirs of Jane Cameron* are in the strictest sense a biography, not a romance. In such a life, of course, there are passages impossible to be given in detail. There are others which required modification, in tenderness, for the feelings of some, and even for the safety of others, connected more or less guiltily with the narrative, but whom it would have been, at a long distance of time, unfair to compromise. The characters and events, the substance of conversations, and the record of emotions, are all presented with a conscientious literality. It is well at starting to allow the writer to speak for herself upon this point, which essentially affects the value of the narrative. She says, with these exceptions—"I claim the

story to be considered as a true relation of a criminal career."

This biography is hinted in the previous work, "Female Life in Prison," by the same author. It is there a rapid outline, quite destitute of detail, but touched at a few strong points with a sharpness that leaves no question as to the identity of the subject, though the name there given is not Jane Cameron, but Mary Graham. The writer, however, fairly warns us that her nomenclature is altogether arbitrary, and in no cases has she given us the real appellatives of the prisoners. This slight anticipatory sketch, it is fair to add, is, so far as it goes, in perfect accord with the expanded narrative on which we are commenting, and is itself, there-

* "Memoirs of Jane Cameron, Female Convict." By a Prison Matron. London: Hurst and Blackett.

fore, a corroboration of the author's claim, if indeed that needed to be corroborated.

If this work had been a fiction in the form of a memoir, and the character of Jane Cameron a product of fancy, the book would have indicated that highest type of genius—the wild and creative—which can summon from the unseen that which mortal thought did not conceive before, and impress the world with, in Coleridge's phrase when speaking of *Ondine*, a totally new idea.

As it is, it has fulfilled the latter condition with respect to that immensely preponderating class, whose knowledge of the world of crime is limited to the conventional London night-cellar and Hounslow Heath, with their tribe of melodramatic Dick Turpins, Jonathan Wilds, and Sarah Malcoms. We do not deny the special merit of the Harrison Ainsworth school—it has for many its fascination—but it is not that of truth. It is a portraiture which, in fact, no more resembles the real children of darkness than the laced and powdered shepherds and shepherdesses, whom we see in pink and sage-green lute-strings, and satins, and buckled shoes, making love on old Dresden china, do the actual herds and helpers who tend, or ever did tend, living sheep on prosaic plain or mountain.

Of criminal life in prison we have a great deal of reliable information; none more interesting than that furnished by the same author, the "Prison Matron," in that striking book, "Female Life in Prison." It is there, however, exhibited under restraint, in its artificial state, under the discipline of silence, order, and labour; and we should more favourably study natural history among the tanks and cages of a menagerie than the genuine character and nature of the convict classes within the cells and pentagons of a prison.

In the "Memoirs of Jane Cameron," however, we see them, not in their period of punishment and reserve only, but in their day of liberty and enjoyment. The spectacle is new, and appallingly impressed with that undefinable sense of reality which belongs to sharp and unexpected details, and to a sort of portraiture wholly unlike what fancy might have pictured, or anything

we could have conjectured from the materials that are accessible to non-official inquiries.

The "Prison Matron" heard from her own lips the story of Jane Cameron's life, with all its details, all its traits of passion and of character, and with all its revelations concerning that subterranean system of crime, which is so finely organized, so unspeakably formidable, and yet so impenetrably concealed.

With the exception of her last imprisonment, and that portion of her life which succeeded it, and one pleasure trip, undertaken under curious circumstances, the scene of Jane Cameron's adventures is laid in the populous town of Glasgow, pronounced by competent authority to be the wickedest town, not in proportion to its population, but absolutely, in the British dominions.

"Croiley's Land," described as a nest of tall gaunt houses, not far from the High-street, and known to the police as the New Vennel, or Crescent, stands pre-eminent among all rival nurseries of crime—the Havannah Burnside, the Old Wynd, the Old Vennel, the Tontine Close, &c., as the worst haunt in Glasgow.

The construction of these houses is very much alike. "On each floor are four or five doors, opening into as many rooms, eight feet in length by six or seven feet in width; in each of these rooms men, women, and children, from four to five in number to ten or twelve, eat, drink, sleep, and live." Thieves here flock together in numbers unpleasantly large. The rents of these rooms—each termed in Scotch parlance, "a hoose"—are about fifteen pence a week—lower or higher according to circumstances, and "in every hole and corner of the place, foul disease is lurking." These dens are "well-paying property on the whole, although the rent-collecting is objectionable and at times a trifle dangerous." We can easily conceive this when we learn, that a few years since it was estimated that "the average number of robberies in one room alone of this densely populated quarter, was twelve a week!"

In a corner of a small room in the New Vennel, then, was Jane Cameron born on "a litter of shaving." Her mother was a drunkard and

worse; her father, "whose trade it was difficult to guess at, who disappeared for weeks and months together, and turned up again, was a brutal, morose, drunken vagabond, whom Mrs. Cameron loved after a fashion, and of whom she was jealous after a wild beast fashion also."

Jenny Cameron was not permitted to enjoy a life of idleness. Even in early childhood she was expected to bring home money, and was employed at the wages of "a shilling or two a week" before she had reached her tenth year, at a Glasgow factory. This money was greedily seized upon, every Saturday night, by her mother, and generally expended in whisky, which she drank largely. Her putative father was a particularly base and cowardly villain, to whom Mrs. Cameron was attached with that strange but powerful affection which, without any assignable reason, kindness, fascination, or even one act of honest duty to account for it—binds the female to the man with whom she has mated in a lawless concubinage, with a devotion and fidelity so much exceeding in strength and even in purity, that which we often see in the more respectable regions of society. The diabolical homilies which this scoundrel addressed to the child Jenny, then just ten years of age, deserve to be recorded as evidences of the atrocious school of life and morals to which they belong. "He told her with terrible plainness," says her biographer, "what was the best manner of living, young as she was; how it was possible to benefit the family by an easier method than working at a factory. This was actually attempted not tempt his daughter, but managed his counsel with fierce oaths, and threatened to turn her out of doors if she did not earn more money presently." She had often known before what it was to be turned out. How uncertain, even at the early age of seven years, was her right of domicile, appears from the fact that she was always liable to be turned out on the common stairs to make room for people with money in their pockets. "Being turned out on the common stair in the winter time," says the Prison Matron, "for late arrivals to tread upon or kick aside with an oath; for the police, always on the

alert and in search of some one, to stumble over and remonstrate with, and insist upon the mother taking her indoors again; to be turned out again when the officials' backs were turned"—was what often befell the poor child, and such were the consequences which this procedure of "turning out of doors" primarily meant.

In the midst of this hideous agglomeration of crime, debauchery, and idleness, was found one tenebment, like Lot's household in the midst of Sodom.

"In the New Vennel there lodged at that period one honest couple—only one honest pair—working hard and struggling for a subsistence in the midst of the crime that was seething round them. This couple consisted of a mat-maker and his wife, renting a room on the same floor as the Camerons—a couple who worked late at night and early in the morning at the mats which they hawked all day about the Glasgow streets. 'Hard-working, brave, industrious—if this kind but poverty-stricken couple had been religious also, their influence upon little Jenny Cameron might have been alike more powerful and enduring. As it was they pitied her, received her into their room as often as she was shut out on the common stairs by her mother, gave her good advice with a quiet and earnest iteration, and even quarrelled with that unnatural mother on her behalf—quarrels of a very serious sort, for the poor mat-maker's wife was beaten, and her clothes torn by the termagant. Finally, however, this little gleam from a better life was shut out. The mat-maker's business declined; all the resort, denial and exertion could not make up the rent. They, in their turn, were put out on the common stairs, and their mats and stools, and other humble trumpery sold off. So Mr. and Mrs. Maevie vanished utterly, and the Vennel, Glasgow, and little Jenny Cameron saw their careworn faces no more."

In the constant companionship of precious thieves and prostitutes, this wretch of child was speedily introduced to "the streets." Perhaps the worst of the many evil influences that beset her was the dancing school or "Penny Skel."

These penny dancing rooms had

their origin, we are told, in Liverpool, and to them half the girls, from ten years old and upwards, in poor Jenny's destitute and vicious level of society flock with the pennies they can beg, borrow, or steal.

Here, then, was what seemed to Jenny and her class something to dazzle, delight, and almost intoxicate—more genuine excitement and pleasure than the Belgravian belle finds in the west-end ball-room—"music, company, and a mad whirl of spirits." In this place she, like her fellows, was happy. The description of these resorts of Glasgow rascality is too minute and curious to be omitted:—

"Entrance to these dancing skeels is generally by an unlighted close, up a common stairs, to a large room on the first floor. The door of this room—on which DANCING HERE is legibly inscribed—is kept by a scowling individual—probably the proprietor of the establishment, who receives the pennies of his young patrons, unlocks the door, admits them, and locks them in.

"In this room, lighted by gas or candles, according to the taste or means of the proprietors, a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, are speedily assembled, ranged around the room on forms placed against the wall. They are of all ages, from the boy and girl of seven or eight years old, to the man and woman of two or three and twenty; but the majority are boys and girls averaging from twelve to fifteen years. The boys are chiefly apprentices or young thieves; the girls are of the usual poor class—more than usually poor, perhaps—three-fourths of them without shoes and stockings, and all of them bonnetless, as is usual among the Scotch girls. The boys are several degrees removed from clean, but the "lassies," as they are generally termed, are, without an exception, bright-faced, glossy-haired damsels, who have evidently been at no ordinary pains to render themselves attractive and presentable. Here and there is evident a little effort at finery, in the shape of a pair of ear-rings, or a necklace of sham coral, and their poor and scanty garments are, in many cases, destitute of any signs of raggedness."

Let us now see how these assemblies are conducted:—

"The master of the ceremonies, carrying a fiddle or kit under his arm—(occasionally bag-pipes are substituted for the violin)—calls out the dance: in all cases a Scotch dance of the simplest character is chosen. The dancers are arranged, music is struck up, and the festivities begin with a hideous clatter of thick soles and heels from the

masculine portion, and a soft pattering of naked feet from the majority of the feminine. There is much setting to partners, and an infinitude of solo performances, winding up with the usual twirling and twisting common to Scotch dances in general; and in the midst of all this heat, and dust, and bustle, the man sits perched above his scholars, fiddling rapidly, and glaring at them, like the evil genius of the place."

So far the "skeel" is the scene of a revel. We are now to view it in another aspect—its perverted, but by no means unnatural subserviency to crime. This demon musician, reminding one of the famous piper seen by Tam O'Shanter on the altar of "Kirk Alloway's auld haunted kirk," knows familiarly every face in the room.

"To the elder girls who may have encouraged strangers there he is friendly, and fatherly, and watchful; he knows that before the evening is out the strangers will probably be robbed and there will be an uproar, and it may be necessary for some kind friend to turn the gas out or knock the candles over, and leave the entire company to grope their way down the common stair into the close; or the man at the door, who is a prizelighter by profession, will be called in to keep order, silence the remonstrants, or turn them out of the room. As a rule, the proprietor objects to robbery in the skeel itself, and has a room on the other side of the landing where such things may be conducted with greater ease, and save the skeel from falling into disrepute."

A few well-placed words, directed against these baleful institutions, deserve quotation here, both on account of the information they supply and the experience which enforces them:—

"Night after night in those Scotch cities still goes on this hideous revelry; still are attracted girls and boys from their homes; still are engulfed the heedless youth of both sexes. Many innocent children of poor, even respectable parents are lured hither to imbibe a love for dancing and bad company. The apprentice robs to go there. The girl begs in the street, or thieves harry way to admittance. Step by step to ruin, surely and swiftly, proceed these untaught, uncared-for children, and they are past hope and have left all childhood behind them at an age that is horrible to dwell upon.

"Let us urge here the great importance of sweeping away these nurseries of crime at once. They are on the increase, and are working greater mischief daily. Surely there must be a law to expunge them from our cities. They must be evading the law by their very presence in our midst. There

is no difficulty in finding them; they are well known to every police officer. The evil that they do is incalculable. In Glasgow at the present moment, within a stone's throw of each other, are two of these vile places of amusement."

Here, before the age of twelve, Jane Cameron had her first "sweet-heart." John Ewan, or "Cannie Jock," as he was called, a professional thief, though only two or three years her senior, was the object of her passion. "She was not twelve years of age when she thought herself a woman old enough to consider this lad her lover, one for whom she would go through fire or water, were the occasion necessary to stand by in the face of all opposition from the mother in the New Vennel." In after-life, when he and she had been separated, she often wondered at this fascination, for even according to the thieves' standard he was undeserving—untrue to her, "a sneak," and unskilled in his evil art. Yet so it was.

Her profession was, of course, now a settled point; and though occasionally her one good adviser—now that poor Mrs. Macvee had vanished—"a kind-hearted detective," who saw and compassionated her among the polluted frequenters of the "skeel," would take the trouble to warn Jane of the way she was drifting, she had plenty of counsellors the other way, who sought to confirm her in her dangerous choice, and sooth her apprehensions. "Prison's naething," said Mary Loggie, her close friend and contemporary, who had herself made a trial of it; "they take care of ye, and gie ye eno' to eat—more than ye get at hame. There's naethin' to frighten ye a bit." The Prison Matron records this encouragement offered to a trembling probationer in the school of crime, in no harsh spirit, and apparently without seeing its bearing upon a great question. Those, however, who are for making imprisonment a reclamation will do well to lay this evidence of the tendency of the system to heart.

Her lover was untrue to Jane, whose wild paroxysms of jealousy amaze one in a child of twelve. The Frazer lasses were the objects of his divided attentions, and to gain access to the "skeel," when she learned that he and they were at that moment possibly dancing together, was the object with which her first theft

was committed. "Jane was de rate that night, and went into H street like a young lioness, foiled by the breathless Mary Log; After much debate the only reso available was to try her luck: first essay at shop-lifting:—

"Jane, full of the perfidy of her juv lover, and buoyed up with the hope of fronting him at the 'skeel,' went sud into the shop, and took her place a side of the two women deep in the chase of a few triling articles. The s keeper glomed at Jane, and then rest his attentions to the earlier arrivals. cheap goods that had been examined within handy reach of Cameron: 'i would only turn his face for a moment forget them!' thought the child, wi heart which throbbed fearfully with excitement of the first experiment. thought my heart would burst,' was comment on this incident. 'I was sare al o'bein' foond out—na thin' else. I d think o' anythin' but my Johnnie dan with the Frazers, and if I could only at the ribbons or the gloves and t awa' wi' them!' She forgot Mary Log injunction to sweep something off the c ter with her elbow; she was anxio secure a roll of ribbon. 'It was narrow ribbon with a silver edging—I can s now,' was her remark. 'It was very h to her grasp, if the shopkeeper's vigil would only relax for an instant. A did relax—the man turned aside, and sli the ribbon off the counter, and i holding it in her hand whilst tremblir the boldness of the crime which she committed.

"When I had got it, I did not what to do wi' it," she related. "I stood stupid like, holding it in my hand b me. If he had only looked at me, he w have guessed at once that I had a somethin'."

"But the man suspected nothing, and fore he had turned round, Jane felt theri taken softly from her hand by Mary Log. How to get out of the shop herself was her perplexity. She stood revolving in mind what to ask for—what it was pos to ask for which the man possessed not. W he turned round she found that he w miss the little blue roll of ribbon and ch her with the theft, and her knees cont to kn ck together with fright. The pence of waiting was too much for her, she asked at last, whilst the man speaking to his customers, if he had gloves as low as three halfpence a pair wild question, which the man answered sharp 'no,' and bet Jane with an ex to r ture. He looked along the cou again, missing not the ribbon, but dray the other articles, with which it was str nearer to him, as if by instinct, and

crept slowly, painfully out of the shop, as though there were leaden weights at her heels. In the street she flew like a mad thing down the nearest close, and made her way towards the dancing school, expecting to meet Mary Loggie at the door thereof."

There is a curious and dramatic episode concerning this Mary Loggie, the companion, the tempter, and, in her strange way, the friend of Jane Cameron. It so happened that these two girls were alternately several times imprisoned, so that their close intimacy was a good deal interrupted. When Jane Cameron emerged upon one of these occasions she found that her friend Mary had disappeared from her accustomed haunts. Her family and friends took the matter easily. There was little curiosity and less interest about her. She had written to tell Jane, while in prison, that she had left her old ways and married a carpenter, and the letter seemed to intimate a sort of farewell. It seemed improbable, and Jane did not know whether to believe it. She could learn nothing of her from her former associates, and she had given up the idea of discovering anything more about her; when one morning, in the depth of winter, about four months after her discharge from prison, she met Mary Loggie, on Hutcheson's-bridge.

"Jane had strayed that way in a listless fashion. She had had a headache from deep drinking yesternight, and had ventured forth in search of fresh air, when she came face to face with the old friend. The old friend was well but plainly dressed, and there was so quiet and *new* a look upon her face, that Jane did not recognise her until she had passed her. When she had gone by, Jane felt a little aggrieved at the "cut direct," and turned and looked after her. Mary Loggie had increased her pace, as though she had been afraid of Jane following her; but Cameron merely stood on the pavement, and gazed at the receding figure of her whom she had liked best in the world. At this moment Mary Loggie looked over her shoulder, paused, and then turned and came rapidly back.

"Jennie!"

"Mary!"

"Jennie shook the outstretched hand of the past friend, and continued to stare at the transformation before her.

"It's a' true then, Mary?"

"That I'm married? Ay!"

"How did ye manage it? How was it

that ye dropped into luck's way like that, and got a real honest man to marry ye?"

"Coom this wa' ower the bridge, and let me talk to ye a bit?"

Then Mary told the story, which is worth repeating.

"Whilst Jane Cameron was serving her time at Glasgow Prison, Mary Loggie had taken to cotton-spinning again—hands had been wanted. The trade of thieving had been slack, and Mary joined the mill hands. Here she became acquainted with a poor little factory-girl—a delicate child of ten or eleven years of age. This child fainted away one day in the mill, and after recovering from her stupor, was too ill to continue her work for the day. Mary accompanied the child, who was still very faint, to her mother's house—whereat was lodging at that period the carpenter who took a sudden fancy to Mary. The carpenter was out of work, and at home; and a conversation ensued between him and Mary before the latter went back to the mill. He was a middle-aged Englishman, who had recently crossed the Tweed in search of better fortune; and he had hoped in Glasgow to find some distant relatives, who, however, had contrived to elude his search. Mary was a native of Glasgow, and might recollect some one of the name; and Mary recollected one or two people in the city who bore the very name which he had been anxious to discover."

Next day the carpenter met her coming from the mill, whither he had gone to thank her for her information which had conducted him to a second-cousin, who promised in a week or two to find work for him.

"So the intimacy commenced, and Mr. Simmons, the carpenter, began to cross Mary Loggie's path with a suspicious frequency. Mary did not understand it for a while; he was a plain, matter-of-fact man, who paid no compliments, and put one or two awkward questions to Mary that were difficult to answer. One day he asked her where she was living—how she managed to live on the money earned at the cotton-mill. Mary told him that she went shares in one room down a close, and that she had no relations in the world. When he informed her that he was a widower, and had had one little child, who had died before it was five years old, Mary began to suspect that he had taken a fancy to her; and when he asked her one afternoon if she would go to church with him next Sunday, she felt ready to burst out crying, with a strange, new sense of happiness."

So they were married—he suspecting nothing, she avoiding her "auld acquaintance" with a sort of terror.

But she had confidence in Jane Cameron, and was proud of her happy position in life; and so, with a strange rashness in one so trained in caution—there being “nothing to fear, her husband would not be home till one o’clock”—Mary invited her old “pal” in to see her “bonny hoose.”

“Mary opened the door with her key, and the two old “pals” went upstairs to the room on the first floor—a large room, forming bedroom, parlour, and all, plainly furnished, but in its size and general appearance, a palace to the astonished eyes of Cameron.”

Mrs. Simmons née Loggie exhibited all her treasures of furniture—pots and pans, her best china tea-things, her Sunday gown, for “Kirk”—and expatiated upon her comforts. The place was indeed, in cleanliness and dimensions, a palace compared with the miserable den she had been accustomed to inhabit.

“‘It’s na like the Vennel.’

“‘Naethin’ like it—naethin.’

“Jane’s description of this new ‘hoose,’ of her feelings at the sight of it, of the envy that stole into her heart and disturbed her equanimity; I should have liked to set down in her own broad Scotch accent. It affords an insight into that natural character which adverse circumstances had warped and disturbed.

“She felt as if she would have liked to have had a good cry at Mary’s luck—then aggrieved that Mary should have attained to such an eminence above her, and been made an honest woman by doing so little to deserve it. There was a lump in her throat which she thought would suffocate her, and her knees knocked together in a strange manner that was altogether unaccountable. Here was a contrast between honesty and vice; and she felt how far she had drifted away from all that was good and praiseworthy, and how past praying and hoping for she was.

“Still Jane Cameron was not an envious girl; and the first pang over, her evil temper subsided, and she congratulated Mary in her own fashion, and Mary, who had strangely altered for the better, laughed and cried, told Jane of her fears lest the truth should escape, and her husband turn her out of doors, spoiling her love for this confiding, hardworking, earnest man, whom she was trying to deserve by a new and exemplary life.”

In the midst of these confidences, and poor Mary’s display of her household treasures—

“Mr. Simmons came home ten minutes before his time, and found a Glasgie lassie sitting on the edge of a chair, talking to his young wife.

“‘That’s his step,’ Mary had said. ‘My God, Jennie, sit ye still, and say naething, or it’s a’ up wi’ me!’”

Terror lest her old friend should be ruined was now the only feeling in Jane Cameron’s breast. She would have done or said anything to save her. “I felt,” she said, while relating the adventure, “it was a narro’ squeak then, and my heart beat unco’ fast.”

“Mr. Simmons entered—a middle-aged man with a fierce expression of countenance, with iron-grey whiskers, and eyes that were very sharp and piercing—and looked hard at Jane Cameron, who rose, and in her embarrassment, dropped a courtesy—the courtesy which she had been accustomed to make in Glasgow prison to the governor, chaplain, head warder, matron, and all visitors.

“The carpenter stared at Jane’s respectful demeanour, and then turned to his wife, who was standing by the mantelpiece looking as white as a ghost.

“This is Jennie Smith, who used to work wi’ me at the cotton mill, John.”

“‘How do you do, Miss Smith?’ he said, nodding toward her. ‘Sit down, my lass—you’re welcome.’”

Jane, however, notwithstanding the unsuspecting urgency of his invitation, got away as quickly as she could; and at the door, Mary, who had followed her, and was still white with horror at the jeopardy in which she stood, caught her by the arm, and said—“‘Dinna coom again, Jennie; dinna ken me ony mair, or I shall gae mad. Dinna tell ane that ye hae met me to-day.’”

A month after this, one Saturday night, Mr. Simmons was walking up the Bridge-gate when he met Jane Cameron face to face, and instantly recognised her. She was embarrassed, and at the moment was walking with one of her worst companions, Ann Ryan, who was dressed “Glasgie fashion” with a shawl over her head.

“About both girls there was something suspicious that evening—their hair was glossy with pomatum, their cheeks had a tinge of artificial colouring, and there was a boldness in their looks, telling unmistakably of the cruel life of the streets.

“Mr. Simmons stared at Jane, and then stopped, saying ‘Jennie Smith!’

"Jane stammered out 'Mr. Simmons,' and asked for Mary.

"'She's quite well. Where are you going so late at night?'

"'Only a little way.'"

Ann Ryan, however, accosted him in a style perfectly in keeping with the appearance they both presented, and the carpenter's suspicions being now effectually aroused, he crossed the street, keeping them in view, and obtained from a policeman a true and astounding relation of Jennie Cameron's adventures, occupation, character, and name. He went home and cross-examined his horrified wife, but still keeping his worst suspicions in the background.

Piece by piece, he gathered, from others, the whole history of Jane Cameron—worse than that, the whole past history of Mary Loggie; and then he sought Cameron again, and asked her to come with him to see Mary. When they entered the room together poor Mary "dropped down in a chair by the fireside and stared at them."

"'I never saw in my life before sic a luke as hers,' commented Jane Cameron long afterwards upon the scene.

"'This woman's name is Cameron—let her deny it if she can now?' he said on entering.

"'I dinna deny it,' said Jane defiantly.

"'And she was a bad character when you knew her, Mary, and you knew that too, and was a bad one yourself. There, that's the truth, and you can't say no to it.'

"'Mary wrung her hands and looked piteously towards her husband. There was no sympathy with her alarm, and she turned on Jane like a fury.

"'Ye hae doon this—ye hae told him a', ye jealous, wicked woman; ye hae turned against me, because ye could na bear aye to live honest, or be anythin' but the thief I was before I married him.'

"'I hae said naething,' screamed Jane, anxious to put Mary on her guard against self-confession; 'I knew naething. I hae only come hither 'cause he a-aked me, Mary.'

"'But I know all; don't let us have any lies,' said he roughly. After a while he turned to his wife, saying—

"'Mary, I took you for an honest girl, and married you. If I had known what you had been all your life—a thief, and worse—I would have blown my brains out first. You led me to believe that you were a good girl, and made me play the fool and marry you. You've disgraced me, and you must go!'

"'Oh! John, John, dinna say that!'

"'Mary flung herself on her knees before him, and clasped his legs round with her

arms; she begged him to hear her; she prayed him to believe that she loved him very dearly, and had been living an upright life ever since she had known him. She told her whole story between her choking sobs, and called God to witness how she had lived only for him, thought only of him since their marriage; how the secret of her guilty life had preyed upon her, because she feared to tell him the whole truth.

"'You are in league with this girl still?' said Simmons in reply to this.

"'Cameron took a fearful oath on the spot, that they had only met once by chance on Hutcheson's-bridge, and that Mary had made her promise never to see her again. Cameron, in tears, too, moved by this scene as she had never before been moved in her life, pleaded for the old friend until he bade her be silent—he did not want to hear her speak again.

"'Mary Loggie continued to plead like one whose life was at stake. She had had a glimpse of a new existence, and fought hard not to be hurled back to the old; she swore to be always true and faithful to him, and keep away from such as Jane for ever; she lay on the floor at last and moaned for mercy at his feet. The fate of Mary's future trembled in the balance, but the man had a generous heart, and was moved by his wife's pleading. He was a poor man, with not over-refined feelings, and she had been a help, even a comfort to him. Before the discovery they had lived very happily together, and it did seem hard to cast her back to the streets. When he was convinced that Mary had wished to keep away from all who belonged to the past, he softened, and at last he told her to get up and give over crying—he would not say any more about it—he would try her.

"'You can go as soon as you like,' he said to Cameron, and Jane went down stairs wondrously relieved in mind to know that it had all ended satisfactorily.

"'So the romance ended; and it is to be trusted that Mary made Simmons a good wife. Jane believed that she did; acting on her belief, I think so too. Jane saw her again once or twice in the Glasgow streets, but Mary had always turned her head away when they met and hurried past for her life.

"'I was too bad for her,' said Jane in this place, 'and I dare say her heart was gude eno' to speak, if I had wished, which I didn't for her ain sake.'

Jane Cameron's next love—Cannie Jock having absconded—was a thieves' hero. He had made his reputation in London, which as it establishes that of an actor or an author had "made" this man. "He was a thieves' modern Jack Sheppard; he had earned thousands of pounds in his day; he

was clever as a burglar, and he was inimitable as a garrotter. He had broken out of gaol twice, and this feat of prison-breaking was the nimbus of glory round his head." Black Barney, his appellation in these pages, was a lady's man, and his wooing is worth recording. He had, no doubt, excellent reasons for his quitting London just then, and to these, be they what they might, the profession in the provinces owed the privilege of beholding the "star":--

"Barney was a man of sudden fancies, even eccentric tastes. Though there were many prettier girls in the room, he devoted himself to Jane Cameron, till some jokes, more forcible than select, at his preference showered upon him from all sides. Still Barney loved a jest, and was not to be laughed out of his preference, and Jane was elated at her victory, and took no heed of invidious comments. The lion of the night was a low-browed, villainous fellow, short, thick-set, and with one shoulder higher than the other; but he was the clever thief who had made money, and been more than commonly successful; and that we are valued according to our success rather than our merit, a writer of old days has observed very satirically, but very truthfully.

"Therefore Jane Cameron may be said to have fallen in love with this successful scoundrel. He singled her out and flattered her, and Jane's head was turned on the instant. She felt that she could go through fire and water, even die for him, if need were. If she were lucky enough to secure him for a companion she would consider herself the happiest woman in the world—happier than even Mary Loggie, who had so fine a home of her own! She did her best to captivate this hero; she was a quick-witted girl, with a certain amount of humour; she had a good voice, she could dance well, she was young and rather pretty, and the villain, Barney, was smitten by the Scotch lass.

"Matches between this vessel and scoundrel struck up, and generally in vain. Barney's choice was reversed, and Barney's choice repeated in the time fatal."

With this room Jane was seated until the frequent perpetration of the crime for which she was threatened and rewarded for last night's separation of them finally. Together they effected, in a sort of masquerade in a railway train, a robbery which placed them in possession of a good watch and chain, and more than a hundred pounds in bank-notes and gold. With this they re-

solved on "a holiday," and away they went, as lady and gentleman, to London, where they lived like princes and visited a different theatre every night; but, determined to enjoy themselves thoroughly, never once attempted a stroke of "business" during this frolic, which, however, terminated in a ludicrous way, by Black Barney's pocket being picked by a clever brother of the craft of every farthing of their store. He, however, was expert and shifty, and repaired his loss by the exercise of his profession, sufficiently to enable them to return to Glasgow, where—in their room, to which Jane invited an unwary sea captain—was committed by her partner that "robber with violence," which very nearly amounted to murder; and which consigned her for many years to penitentiary servitude. In estimating Jane's character, however, it must be borne in mind, that she was as much horror-stricken, probably, as the victim himself, when Black Barney, declining to rely on the effect of the drug which had half "dazed" him, felled him to the earth with a night protector, and repeated his blow as he lay there.

The account of this poor woman's love of her dying baby, for she has one in her precocious girlhood; of her devotion to the Prison Matron who had spoken kindly to her; of her wild, tender, and most grateful and affectionate nature; of her strange but inflexible honesty; her pride, daring, and good nature; her struggles against her habits, and ultimate establishment in an honest way of life; her agonized parting with the Maroon, who had been her first real friend; and her early death, not a break-up, but a gradual subsidence of the vital powers, in a strange land, but among kind and Christian people, complete one of the most singular and touching pictures of human nature, strength and weakness, sorrow and hope, which has yet been studied by the psychologist and the moralist. The book gives us at one higher and lower notions of the class in which Jane Cameron was taken and is on the whole one of the most peculiar and powerful we have ever happened to light upon.

WICKED CAPTAIN WALSHAWE, OF WAULING.

CHAPTER I.

PEG O'NEILL PAYS THE CAPTAIN'S DEBTS.

A VERY odd thing happened to my uncle, Mr. Watson, of Haddlestone; and to enable you to understand it, I must begin at the beginning.

In the year 1822, Mr. James Walshawe, more commonly known as Captain Walshawe, died at the age of eighty-one years. The Captain in his early days, and so long as health and strength permitted, was a scamp of the active, intriguing sort; and spent his days and nights in sowing his wild oats, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible stock. The harvest of this tillage was plentifully interspersed with thorns, nettles, and thistles, which stung the husbandman unpleasantly, and did not enrich him.

Captain Walshawe was very well known in the neighbourhood of Wauling, and very generally avoided there. A "captain" by courtesy, for he had never reached that rank in the army list. He had quitted the service in 1766, at the age of twenty-five; immediately previous to which period his debts had grown so troublesome, that he was induced to extricate himself by running away with and marrying an heiress.

Though not so wealthy quite as he had imagined, she proved a very comfortable investment for what remained of his shattered affections; and he lived and enjoyed himself very much in his old way, upon her income, getting into no end of scrapes and scandals, and a good deal of debt and money trouble.

When he married his wife, he was quartered in Ireland, at Clonmel, where was a nunnery, in which, as pensioner, resided Miss O'Neill, or as she was called in the country, Peg O'Neill—the heiress of whom I have spoken.

Her situation was the only ingredient of romance in the affair, for the young lady was decidedly plain, though good-humoured looking, with that style of features which is termed *potato*; and in figure she was a little too plump, and rather short. But

she was impressible; and the handsome young English Lieutenant was too much for her monastic tendencies, and she eloped.

In England there are traditions of Irish fortune-hunters, and in Ireland of English. The fact is, it was the vagrant class of each country that chiefly visited the other in old times; and a handsome vagabond, whether at home or abroad, I suppose, made the most of his face, which was also his fortune.

At all events, he carried off the fair one from the sanctuary; and for some sufficient reason, I suppose, they took up their abode at Wauling, in Lancashire.

Here the gallant captain amused himself after his fashion, sometimes running up, of course on business, to London. I believe few wives have ever cried more in a given time than did that poor, dumpy, potato-faced heiress, who got over the nunnery garden wall, and jumped into the handsome Captain's arms, for love.

He spent her income, frightened her out of her wits with oaths and threats, and broke her heart.

Latterly she shut herself up pretty nearly altogether in her room. She had an old, rather grim, Irish servant-woman in attendance upon her. This domestic was tall, lean, and religious, and the Captain knew instinctively she hated him; and he hated her in return, and often threatened to put her out of the house, and sometimes even to kick her out of the window. And whenever a wet day confined him to the house, or the stable, and he grew tired of smoking, he would begin to swear and curse at her for a *diddled* old mischief-maker, that could never be easy, and was always troubling the house with her cursed stories, and so forth.

But years passed away, and old Molly Doyle remained still in her original position. Perhaps he thought that there must be somebody there, and that he was not, after all, very likely to change for the better.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLESSED CANDLE.

He tolerated another intrusion, too, and thought himself a paragon of patience and easy good-nature for so doing. A Roman Catholic clergyman, in a long black frock, with a low standing collar, and a little white muslin fillet round his neck—tall, sallow, with blue chin, and dark steady eyes—used to glide up and down the stairs, and through the passages; and the Captain sometimes met him in one place and sometimes in another. But by a caprice incident to such tempers he treated this cleric exceptionally, and even with a surly sort of courtesy, though he grumbled about his visits behind his back.

I do not know that he had a great deal of moral courage, and the ecclesiastic looked severe and self-possessed; and somehow he thought he had no good opinion of him, and if a natural occasion were offered, might say extremely unpleasant things, and hard to be answered.

Well the time came at last, when poor Peg O'Neill—in an evil hour Mrs. James Walshawe—must cry, and quake, and pray her last. The doctor came from Penlynden, and was just as vague as usual, but more gloomy, and for about a week came and went often. The cleric in the long black frock was also daily there. And at last came that last sacrament in the gates of death, when the sinner is traversing those dread steps that never can be retraced; when the face is turned for ever from life, and we see a receding shape, and hear a voice already irrevocably in the hand of spirits.

So the poor lady died; and some people said the Captain "felt it very much." I don't think he did. But he was not very well just then, and looked the part of mourner and penitent to admiration—being seedy and sick. He drank a great deal of brandy and water that night, and called in Farmer Dobbs, for want of better company, to drink with him; and told him all his grievances, and how wretched he and "the poor lady upstairs" might have been, had it not been for flars, and pick-thanks, and tale-bear-

ers, and the like, who came between them—meaning Molly Doyle—whom, as he waxed eloquent over his liquor, he came at last to curse and rail at by name, with more than his accustomed freedom. And he described his own natural character and amiability in such moving terms, that he wept maudlin tears of sensibility over his theme; and when Dobbs was gone, drank some more grog, and took to railing and cursing again by himself; and then mounted the stairs unsteadily, to see "what the devil Doyle and the other—old witchers were about in poor Peg's room."

When he pushed open the door, he found some half-dozen cronies, chiefly Irish, from the neighbouring town of Hackleton, sitting over tea and snuff, &c., with candles lighted round the corpse, which was arrayed in a strangely cut robe of brown serge. She had secretly belonged to some order—I think the Carmelite, but I am not certain—and wore the habit in her coffin.

"What the d— are you doing with my wife?" cried the Captain, rather thickly. "How dare you dress her up in this—trumpery, you—ye cheating old witch; and what's that candle doing in her hand?"

I think he was a little startled, for the spectacle was grisly enough. The dead lady was arrayed in this strange brown robe, and in her rigid fingers, as in a socket, with the large wooden beads and cross wound round it, burned a wax candle, shedding its white light over the sharp features of the corpse. Molly Doyle was not to be put down by the Captain, whom she hated, and accordingly, in her phrase, "he got as good as he gave." And the Captain's wrath waxed fiercer, and he chucked the wax taper from the dead hand, and was on the point of flinging it at the old serving-woman's head.

"The holy candle, you sinner!" cried she.

"I've a mind to make you eat it, you beast," cried the Captain.

But I think he had not known before what it was, for he subsided a little sulkily, and he stuffed his hand

with the candle (quite extinct by this time) into his pocket, and said he—

"You know devilish well you had no business going on with y-y-your d—— *witch*-craft about my poor wife, without my leave—you do—and you'll please to take off that d—— brown pinafore, and get her decently into her coffin, and I'll pitch your devil's waxlight into the sink."

And the Captain stalked out of the room.

"An' now her poor sowl's in prison, you wretch, be the mains o' ye; an' may yer own be shut into the wick o' that same candle, till it's burned out, ye savage."

"I'd have you ducked for a witch, for two-pence," roared the Captain up the staircase, with his hand on the banisters, standing on the lobby. But

the door of the chamber of death clapped angrily, and he went down to the parlour, where he examined the holy candle for a while, with a tipsy gravity, and then with something of that reverential feeling for the symbolic, which is not uncommon in rakes and scamps, he thoughtfully locked it up in a press, where were accumulated all sorts of obsolete rubbish—soiled packs of cards, disused tobacco-pipes, broken powder-flasks, his military sword, and a dusky bundle of the "Flash Songster," and other questionable literature.

He did not trouble the dead lady's room any more. Being a volatile man it is probable that more cheerful plans and occupations began to entertain his fancy.

CHAPTER III.

MY UNCLE WATSON VISITS WAULING.

So the poor lady was buried decently, and Captain Walshawe reigned alone for many years at Wauling. He was too shrewd and too experienced by this time to run violently down the steep hill that leads to ruin. So there was a method in his madness; and after a widowed career of more than forty years, he, too, died at last with some guineas in his purse.

Forty years and upwards is a great *edax rerum*, and a wonderful chemical power. It acted forcibly upon the gay Captain Walshawe. Gout supervened, and was no more conducive to temper than to enjoyment, and made his elegant hands lumpy at all the small joints, and turned them slowly into crippled claws. He grew stout when his exercise was interfered with, and ultimately almost corpulent. He suffered from what Mr. Holloway calls "bad legs," and was wheeled about in a great leathern-backed chair, and his infirmities went on accumulating with his years.

I am sorry to say, I never heard that he repented, or turned his thoughts seriously to the future. On the contrary, his talk grew fouler, and his fun ran upon his favourite sins, and his temper waxed more truculent. But he did not sink into dotage. Considering his bodily infirmities, his energies and his malignities, which were many and active,

were marvellously little abated by time. So he went on to the close. When his temper was stirred, he cursed and swore in a way that made decent people tremble. It was a word and a blow with him; the latter, luckily, not very sure now. But he would seize his crutch and make a swoop or a pound at the offender, or shy his medicine-bottle, or his tumbler, at his head.

It was a peculiarity of Captain Walshawe that he, by this time, hated nearly everybody. My uncle, Mr. Watson, of Haddlestone, was cousin to the Captain, and his heir-at-law. But my uncle had lent him money on mortgage of his estates, and there had been a treaty to sell, and terms and a price were agreed upon, in "articles" which the lawyers said were still in force.

I think the ill-conditioned Captain bore him a grudge for being richer than he, and would have liked to do him an ill turn. But it did not lie in his way; at least while he was living.

My Uncle Watson was a Methodist, and what they call a "class-leader"; and, on the whole, a very good man. He was now near fifty—grave, as bebecmed his profession—somewhat dry—and a little severe, perhaps—but a just man.

A letter from the Penlynden deo-

tor reached him at Haddlestone, announcing the death of the wicked old Captain; and suggesting his attendance at the funeral, and the expediency of his being on the spot to look after things at Wauling. The reasonableness of this striking my good uncle, he made his journey to the old house in Lancashire incontinently, and reached in time for the funeral.

My Uncle, whose traditions of the Captain were derived from his mother, who remembered him in his slim, handsome youth—in shorts, cocked-hat and lace, was amazed at the bulk of the coffin which contained his mortal remains; but the lid being already screwed down, he did not see the face of the bloated old sinner.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE PARLOUR.

WHAT I relate, I had from the lips of my Uncle, who was a truthful man, and not prone to fancies.

The day turning out awfully rainy and tempestuous, he persuaded the doctor and the attorney to remain for the night at Wauling.

There was no will—the attorney was sure of that; for the Captain's enmities were perpetually shifting, and he could never quite make up his mind, as to how best to give effect to a malignity whose direction was being constantly modified. He had had instructions for drawing a will a dozen times over. But the process had always been arrested by the intending testator.

Search being made, no will was found. The papers, indeed were all right, with one important exception, the leases were nowhere to be seen. There were special circumstances connected with several of the principal tenancies on the estate—unnecessary here to detail—which rendered the loss of these documents one of very serious moment, and even of very obvious danger.

My Uncle, therefore, searched strenuously. The attorney was at his elbow, and the doctor helped with a suggestion now and then. The old serving-man seemed an honest deaf creature, and really knew nothing.

My Uncle Watson was very much perturbed. He fancied—but this possibly was only fancy—that he had detected for a moment a queer look in the attorney's face; and from that instant it became fixed in his mind that he knew all about the leases. Mr. Watson expounded that evening in the parlour to the doctor, the attorney, and the deaf servant. Ananias and Sapphira figured in the

foreground; and the awful nature of fraud and theft, or tampering in anywise with the plain rule of honesty in matters pertaining to estates, &c., were pointedly dwelt upon; and then came a long and strenuous prayer, in which he entreated with fervour and aplomb that the hard heart of the sinner who had abstracted the leases might be softened or broken in such a way as to lead to their restitution; or that, if he continued reserved and contumacious, it might at least be the will of Heaven to bring him to public justice and the documents to light. The fact is, that he was praying all this time at the attorney.

When these religious exercises were over, the visitors retired to their rooms, and my Uncle Watson wrote two or three pressing letters by the fire. When his task was done, it had grown late; the candles were flaring in their sockets, and all in bed, and, I suppose, asleep, but he.

The fire was nearly out, he chilly, and the flame of the candles throbbing strangely in their sockets shed alternate glare and shadow round the old wainscoted room and its quaint furniture. Outside were the wild thunder and piping of the storm; and the rattling of distant windows sounded through the passages, and down the stairs, like angry people astir in the house.

My Uncle Watson belonged to a sect who by no means reject the supernatural, and whose founder, on the contrary, has sanctioned ghosts in the most emphatic way. He was glad therefore to remember that in prosecuting his search that day, he had seen some six inches of wax candle in the press in the parlour; for he had no fancy to be overtaken

by darkness in his present situation. He had no time to lose; and taking the bunch of keys—of which he was now master—he soon fitted the lock, and secured the candle—a treasure in his circumstances; and lighting it, he stuffed it into the socket of one of the expiring candles, and extinguishing the other, he looked round the

room in the steady light reassured. At the same moment, an unusually violent gust of the storm blew a handful of gravel against the parlour window, with a sharp rattle that startled him in the midst of the roar and hubbub; and the flame of the candle itself was agitated by the air.

CHAPTER V.

THE BED-CHAMBER.

My Uncle walked up to bed, guarding his candle with his hand, for the lobby windows were rattling furiously, and he disliked the idea of being left in the dark more than ever.

His bedroom was comfortable, though old-fashioned. He shut and bolted the door. There was a tall looking-glass opposite the foot of his four-poster, on the dressing-table between the windows. He tried to make the curtains meet, but they would not draw; and like many a gentleman in a like perplexity, he did not possess a pin, nor was there one in the huge pincushion beneath the glass.

He turned the face of the mirror away therefore, so that its back was presented to the bed, pulled the curtains together, and placed a chair against them, to prevent their falling open again. There was a good fire, and a reinforcement of round coal and wood inside the fender. So he piled it up to ensure a cheerful blaze through the night, and placing a little black mahogany table, with the legs of a Satyr, beside the bed, and his candle upon it, he got between the sheets, and laid his red night-capped head upon his pillow, and disposed himself to sleep.

The first thing that made him uncomfortable was a sound at the foot of his bed, quite distinct in a momentary lull of the storm. It was only the gentle rustle and rush of the curtains, which fell open again; and as his eyes opened, he saw them resuming their perpendicular dependence, and sat up in his bed almost expecting to see something uncanny in the aperture.

There was nothing, however, but the dressing-table, and other dark furniture, and the window-curtains

faintly undulating in the violence of the storm. He did not care to get up, therefore—the fire being bright and cheery—to replace the curtains by a chair, in the position in which he had left them, anticipating possibly a new recurrence of the relapse which had startled him from his incipient doze.

So he got to sleep in a little while again, but he was disturbed by a sound, as he fancied, at the table on which stood the candle. He could not say what it was, only that he awakened with a start, and lying so in some amaze, he did distinctly hear a sound which startled him a good deal, though there was nothing necessarily supernatural in it. He described it as resembling what would occur if you fancied a thinnish table-leaf, with a convex warp in it, depressed the reverse way, and suddenly with a spring recovering its natural convexity. It was a loud, sudden thump, which made the heavy candlestick jump, and there was an end, except that my uncle did not get again into a doze for ten minutes at least.

The next time he awoke, it was in that odd, serene way that sometimes occurs. We open our eyes, we know not why, quite placidly, and are on the instant wide awake. He had had a nap of some duration this time, for his candle-flame was fluttering and flaring, *in articulo*, in the silver socket. But the fire was still bright and cheery; so he popped the extinguisher on the socket, and almost at the same time there came a tap at his door, and a sort of crescendo “hush-sh-sh!” Once more my Uncle was sitting up, scared and perturbed, in his bed. He recollected, however, that he had bolted his door; and such inveterate materialists are we

in the midst of our spiritualism, that this reassured him, and he breathed a deep sigh, and began to grow tranquil. But after a rest of a minute or two, there came a louder and sharper knock at his door; so that instinctively he called out, "Who's there?" in a loud, stern key. There was no sort of

response, however. The nervous effect of the start subsided; and I think my uncle must have remembered how constantly, especially on a stormy night, these creaks or cracks which simulate all manner of goblin noises, make themselves naturally audible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXTINGUISHER IS LIFTED.

AFTER a while, then, he lay down with his back turned toward that side of the bed at which was the door, and his face toward the table on which stood the massive old candlestick capped with its extinguisher, and in that position he closed his eyes. But sleep would not revisit them. All kinds of queer fancies began to trouble him—some of them I remember.

He felt the point of a finger, he averred, pressed most distinctly on the tip of his great toe, as if a living hand were between his sheets, and making a sort of signal of attention or silence. Then again he felt something as large as a rat make a sudden bounce in the middle of his bolster, just under his head. Then a voice said "oh!" very gently, close at the back of his head. All these things he felt certain of, and yet investigation led to nothing. He felt odd little cramps stealing now and then about him; and then, on a sudden, the middle finger of his right hand was plucked backwards, with a light playful jerk that frightened him awfully.

Meanwhile the storm kept singing, and howling, and *hui-ha-hoo*, and hoarse-ly among the limbs of the old trees and the chimney-pots; and my Uncle Watson, although he prayed and meditated as was his wont when he lay awake, felt his heart throb excitedly, and sometimes thought he was beset with evil spirits, and at others that he was in the early stage of a fever.

He resolutely kept his eyes closed, however, and, like St. Paul's shipwrecked companions, wished for the day. At last another little doze seems to have stolen upon his senses, for he awoke quietly and completely as before—opening his eyes all at once, and seeing everything as if he had not slept for a moment.

The fire was still blazing redly—nothing uncertain in the light—the massive silver candlestick, topped with its tall extinguisher, stood on the centre of the black mahogany table as before; and, looking by what seemed a sort of accident to the apex of this, he beheld something which made him quite misdoubt the evidence of his eyes.

He saw the extinguisher lifted by a tiny hand, from beneath, and a small human face, no bigger than a thumb-nail, with nicely proportioned features peep from beneath it. In this Lilliputian countenance was such a ghastly consternation as horrified my Uncle unspeakably. Out came a little foot then and there, a pair of wee leg, in short silk stockings and buckled shoes, then the rest of the figure; and, with the arms holding about the socket, the little legs stretched and stretched, hanging about the stem of the candlestick till the feet reached the base, and so down the Satyr-like leg of the table, till they reached the floor, extending elastically, and strangely enlarging in all proportions as they approached the ground, where the feet and buckles were those of a well-shaped, full-grown man, and the figure tapering upward until it dwindled to its original fairy dimensions at the top, like an object seen in some strangely curved mirror.

Standing upon the floor he expanded, my amazed uncle could not tell how, into his proper proportions; and stood pretty nearly in profile at the bed side, a handsome and elegantly shaped young man, in a by-gone military costume, with a small faced three-cocked hat and plume on his head, but looking like a man going to be hanged—in unspeakable despair.

He stepped lightly to the hearth, and turned for a few seconds very

dejectedly with his back toward the bed and the mantel-piece, and he saw the hilt of his rapier glittering in the fire-light; and then walking across the room he placed himself at the dressing-table, visible through the

divided curtains at the foot of the bed. The fire was blazing still so brightly that my uncle saw him as distinctly as if half-a-dozen candles were burning.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISITATION CULMINATES.

THE looking-glass was an old-fashioned piece of furniture, and had a drawer beneath it. My Uncle had searched it carefully for the papers in the day-time; but the silent figure pulled the drawer quite out, pressed a spring at the side, disclosing a false receptacle behind it, and from this he drew a parcel of papers tied together with pink tape.

All this time my uncle was staring at him in a horrified state, neither winking nor breathing, and the apparition had not once given the smallest intimation of consciousness that a living person was in the same room. But now, for the first time, it turned its livid stare full upon my uncle with a hateful smile of significance, lifting up the little parcel of papers between his slender finger and thumb. Then he made a long, cunning wink at him, and seemed to blow out one of his cheeks in a burlesque grimace, which, but for the horrific circumstances, would have been ludicrous. My Uncle could not tell whether this was really an intentional distortion or only one of those horrid ripples and deflections which were constantly disturbing the proportions of the figure, as if it were seen through some unequal and perverting medium.

The figure now approached the bed, seeming to grow exhausted and malignant as it did so. My Uncle's terror nearly culminated at this point, for he believed it was drawing near him with an evil purpose. But it was not so; for the soldier, over whom twenty years seemed to have passed in his brief transit to the dressing-table and back again, threw himself into a great high-backed arm-chair of stuffed leather at the far side of the fire, and placed his heels on the fender. His feet and legs seemed indistinctly to swell, and swathings showed them-

selves round them, and they grew into something enormous, and the upper figure swayed and shaped itself into corresponding proportions, a great mass of corpulence, with a cadaverous and malignant face, and the furrows of a great old age, and colourless glassy eyes; and with these changes, which came indefinitely but rapidly as those of a sunset cloud, the fine regimentals faded away, and a loose, gray, woollen drapery, somehow, was there in its stead; and all seemed to be stained and rotten, for swarms of worms seemed creeping in and out, while the figure grew paler and paler, till my Uncle, who liked his pipe, and employed the simile naturally, said the whole effigy grew to the colour of tobacco ashes, and the clusters of worms into little wriggling knots of sparks such as we see running over the residuum of a burnt sheet of paper. And so with the strong draught caused by the fire, and the current of air from the window, which was rattling in the storm, the feet seemed to be drawn into the fire-place, and the whole figure, light as ashes, floated away with them, and disappeared with a whisk up the capacious old chimney.

It seemed to my Uncle that the fire suddenly darkened and the air grew icy cold, and there came an awful roar and riot of tempest, which shook the old house from top to base, and sounded like the yelling of a blood-thirsty mob on receiving a new and long-expected victim.

Good Uncle Watson used to say, "I have been in many situations of fear and danger in the course of my life, but never did I pray with so much agony before or since; for then, as now, it was clear beyond a cavil that I had actually beheld the phantom of an evil spirit."

CONCLUSION.

Now there are two curious circumstances to be observed in this relation of my Uncle's, who was, as I have said, a perfectly veracious man.

First.—The wax candle which he took from the press in the parlour and burnt at his bedside on that horrible night was unquestionably, according to the testimony of the old deaf servant, who had been fifty years at Wauling, that identical piece of "holy candle" which had stood in the fingers of the poor lady's corpse, and concerning which the old Irish crone, long since dead, had delivered the curious curse I have mentioned against the Captain.

Secondly.—Behind the drawer under the looking-glass, he did actually discover a second but secret drawer, in which were concealed the identical papers which he had suspected the attorney of having made away with. There were circumstances, too, after-

wards disclosed which convinced Uncle that the old man had deposited them there preparatory to burn them, which he had nearly made his mind to do.

Now, a very remarkable ingredient in this tale of my Uncle Watson's, this, that so far as my father, had never seen Captain Walslow the course of his life, could get the phantom had exhibited a homely and grotesque, but unmistakable semblance to that defunct scamp the various stages of his long life.

Wauling was sold in the year 1 and the old house shortly after pulled down, and a new one built near the river. I often wonder where it was rumoured to be haunted, if so what stories were current about it. It was a commodious and stately old house, and withal rather handsome; and its demolition was tainly suspicious.

HALF A CENTURY OF LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

It is hardly required of us to say that Mr. Charles Knight's services to Popular Literature during a period of fifty years eminently entitle him to the place he holds in the affections of the British people. Throughout that period he has been engaged in a noble pursuit, and all men know that his motives have been the highest and purest. In the sixth chapter of the really charming book which we purpose making the text of these observations, he tells us that he was first moved, as early as 1819, to devote his energies to the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge† by the excessive circulation of cheap publications, "exclusively directed to the united object of inspiring hatred of the government and contempt of the religious institutions of the country." "I noticed," he adds, "the singleness of purpose in connexion with the com-

mercial rivalry with which this object had been pursued. With Cobbett's 'Two-penny Register' a paper was run in London by Wooll 'Black Dwarf,' 'The Republic,' 'The Medusa's Head,' 'The Cap of Liberty,' and many more of the same stamp; whilst every large manufacturing town had its own peculiar hie of seditious and infidel opinions. It is well that these prone to decay of present times, from the vast extent of popular ignorance still existing, and the tendency to a fashionable scepticism manifestly gaining upon society, should look back to days when the case was so much worse, and the preachers of immorals and true religion had yet found a voice. The improvement effected since Mr. Knight began an uphill work is incalculable, and strict justice demands that a la

* *Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century, with a prelude of Early Reminiscences.* By Charles Knight. Vol. I. London: Bradbury and Evans.

† It is right to say that the title adopted, in 1827, by the famous Society whose labours have since been of world-wide and happy influence, was first used by Mr. Knight in his earliest venture, the "Plain Englishman," as a brief description of the design of the publication and the aim of its editor.

share in the glory of it should be accorded to him. Others have toiled earnestly and successfully in the same field, but Charles Knight is the Nestor of cheap literature. It is no small merit, either, that he can recall to the public memory every stage in his career and every line he has written, without a reserve or reason to blush. The people have ever found in him a sound educator, who has not degraded the literature of the country in popularizing it, but, on the contrary, has elevated the taste of the middle classes, and fostered among them a capacity to enjoy the richest products of the national genius. Mr. Knight's pen has been incessantly busy, even whilst his commercial undertakings involved the most serious responsibilities. Still, from the proper ordering of his time, he states that he has not found the two occupations incompatible. Of his success as a writer and skill as an editor it would be superfluous to speak. Among his many labours the "History of England" is that, perhaps, which does him most honour. It will long occupy a distinguished place in the general libraries of English-speaking people in all parts of the world. The edition is a beautiful one, typographically, like all Mr. Knight's books; but the style of the composition is also charming in its ease, picturesqueness, and variety.

In these "Passages of a Working Life," there is an abundance of amusing detail, without any of the feebleness or garrulity of age. With more than his customary skill, Mr. Knight paints the Windsor of his boyhood, with the doings of the Court when George the Third was king, and all the quaint incidents of a social condition as far removed from present ways as if centuries intervened. It is intended that the autobiography shall be completed in three volumes, and we sincerely hope the author will carry out his intention by the publication of the other two. In this, the First Epoch only is given, coming down to 1827, when Mr. Knight became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. But however crowded the subsequent volumes may be with reminiscences of literary celebrities passed away, or of men still living whose earlier struggles are but par-

tially known, nothing to be contained in them can well surpass in interest the Windsor scenes of the "prelude" of Vol. I., or the tender recollections of Praed, with which it closes.

The scene opens in 1800, when there were celebrations in Windsor on account of the Union with Ireland, and the regal style and title were changed, some thought ominously, by the omission of "France" from the declaration of sovereignty. Mr. Knight's father was a respectable bookseller in the town, and his son, being then ten years old, and of an observing disposition, stored up in his memory many curious things—"old customs," as he beautifully says, which linger about his early recollections, "like patches of sunlight in a sombre wood." The good dames of Windsor then, in mid-Lent, were careful to prepare the dish called "furmety," according to ancient usage. This dish, once famous, was composed of boiled wheat, which was a second time boiled with plums, and served, spiced and sugared, in a tureen. The Rogation days of procession were observed. On the 10th of May, mayor, vicar, curate, charity children, citizen, marched two and two round the parish boundaries, and sung a psalm—gave public thanks "in the beholding of God's benefits," as good Queen Bess had directed, and were entertained, the common folk on bread, cheese, and ale, and all the better sort with wine. The Royal Family, at the same period, having no carriage road from the Castle or the Queen's Lodge, except through the town, were constantly in the public eye, and beloved by the people. Of the old King Mr. Knight speaks with affectionate respect. "There was a magnanimity about the man in his forgetfulness of petty offences," and a general kindness, which took all hearts. "Farmer George" was sneered at for his economics by a rhymester of the time, but this was not his reputation at Windsor; and an incident related by Mr. Knight probably promoted his popularity among a certain class of the people.

"At St. George's Chapel, the instant the benediction was pronounced, vergers and choristers blew out the lights. Perquisites were the law of all service. The good-natured King respected the law as one of our institutions. He dined early. The Queen.

dined at an hour then deemed late. He wrote or read in his own uncarpeted room, till the time when he joined his family in the drawing-room. One evening, on a sudden recollection, he went back to his library. The wax-candles were still burning. When he returned, the page, whose especial duty was about the King's person, followed his Majesty in, and was thus addressed, 'Clarke, Clarke, you should mind your perquisites. I blew out the candles.' The King's savings were no savings to the nation. In 1812 it was stated in the House of Commons that the wax lights for Windsor Castle cost ten thousand a year."

In juxtaposition with this reminiscence of the King, let the reader place Mr. Knight's portrait of his Majesty's faithful and highminded servant:—

"Soon was the minister walking side by side with the sovereign, who, courageous as he was, had a dread of his great servant till he had manacled him. It was something to me, even this once, to have seen Mr. Pitt. The face and figure and deportment of the man gave a precision to my subsequent conception of him as one of the realities of history. The immobility of those features, the erectness of that form, told of one born to command. The loftiness and breadth of the forehead spoke of sagacity and firmness—the quick eye, of eloquent promptitude—the nose (I cannot pass over that remarkable feature, though painters and sculptors failed to reproduce it), the nose, somewhat twisted out of the perpendicular, made his enemies say his face was as crooked as his policy. I saw these characteristics, or had them pointed out to me afterwards. But the smile, revealing the charm of his inner nature—that was to win the love of his intimates, but it was not for vulgar observation."

The same brilliant pen sketches the interior of the Windsor playhouse.

"One side of the lower tier of boxes was occupied by the Court. The King and Queen sat in capacious arm-chairs, with satin playbills spread before them. The orchestra, which would hold half a dozen fiddlers, and the pit, where some dozen persons might be closely packed on each bench, separated the royal circle from the genteel parties in the opposite tier of boxes. With the plebeians in the pit the Royal Family might have shaken hands; and when they left, there was always a scramble for their satin bills, which would be afterwards duly framed and glazed as spoils of peace. As the King laughed and cried, 'Bravo, Quick!' or 'Bravo, Suett!'—for he had rejoiced in their well-known mirth-provoking faces many a time before—the pit and gallery clapped and roared in loyal sympathy: the

boxes were too genteel for such emotional feelings. As the King, Queen, and Princesses retired at the end of the third act, to sip their coffee, the pot of Windsor ale, called Queen's ale, circulated in the gallery. At eleven o'clock the curtain dropped."

Mr. Knight tells a capital story of a Windsor magistrate of those days.

"Late in the evening an offender was brought before one of our mayors, having been detected in stealing a smock-frock from a pawnbroker's door. 'Look in "Burns's Justice,"' said his worship to his son, 'look in the index for smock-frock.' 'Can't find it, father. Not there.' 'What! no law against stealing smock-frocks? D—my heart, young fellow, but you've had a lucky escape.'"

There was a yeomanry corps composed of the "best fellows" in Windsor. A purvey wine-merchant was the commander, and it happened on a certain occasion that, not being as well mounted as his men, as he headed a charge, they opened right and left, leaving him in the rear, when he roared out with a sublime indignation—"Unparalleled in the annals of war, gentlemen." Those were times of excitement, in comparison with which our late little invasion-panic was a mere ruffle on the surface. The King was accustomed then to invite the volunteer officers to the front of the castle on Sunday evenings to hear sacred music played, but as he walked on the terrace, and as his spirits rose with the inspiring strains, he would interrupt the celestial melody with a stentorian call for "Britons, strike home," when the bandmen of course instantly obeyed, and tremendous enthusiasm was the result. The Royal Family went annually to Weymouth, performing the journey of a hundred miles very differently from a flight by "express." The King, as they stopped to change horses, stepped forth, and joked with mine host, and acknowledged the huzzas of the villagers with a beaming countenance. No railway directors then obtruded themselves with fulsome and ungrammatical addresses.

Among Mr. Knight's first efforts in a literary direction was his successful attempt to "restore" the defective portions of an imperfect copy of Shakspeare—the first folio—with which he had been presented. The occurrence is a proof that at a very

early age he had that habit of industry by which he has since been enabled to accomplish so much :—

"Sadly defective it was in many places. I devised a plan for making the rare volume perfect. The fac-simile edition, then recently published, was procured. Amongst the oldest founts of type in our printing-office was one which exactly resembled that of the folio of 1623. We had abundant fly-leaves of seventeenth-century books which matched the paper on which this edition was printed. I set myself the task of composing every page that was wholly wanting, or was torn and sullied. When the book was handsomely bound I was in raptures at my handiwork. I was to have the copy for myself; but one of the Eton private tutors, to whom my father showed the volume, and explained how it had been completed, offered a tempting price for it, and my treasure passed from me. Some real value remained. The process of setting up the types led me to understand the essential differences of the early text, as compared with modern editions with which I was familiar, especially those which had been maimed and deformed for the purposes of the stage. What would I not now give, could I obtain this testimonial that I had not been altogether uselessly employed in the morning of my life, before a definite purpose for the future had given energy and consistency to my pursuits!"

On the death of the Princess Amelia, the task was imposed upon our author of making a catalogue of her library, and there he found in a blank leaf of her prayer-book a touching prayer, which he considers it "not now a violation of confidence to print":—

"Gracious God, support thy unworthy servant in this time of trial. Let not the least murmur escape my lips, nor any sentiment but of the deepest resignation enter my heart; let me make the use Thou intendest of that affliction Thou hast laid upon me. It has convinced me of the vanity and emptiness of all things here; let it draw me to Thee as my support, and fill my heart with pious trust in Thee, and in the blessings of a redeeming Saviour, as the only consolations of a state of trial. Amen."

The King never recovered the death of the Princess. About six months after, in April 1811, he seemed to rally, and Windsor was astir, the report having got abroad that his Majesty's physicians would allow him to appear in public. His horse was got ready. The inhabitants crowded to

the park and castle-yard. "The venerable man, blind but steady, was soon in the saddle, as I had often seen him—a hobby-groom at his side with a leading-rein. He rode through the little park to the great park. The bells rang; the troops fired a *feu-de-joie*. The King returned to the palace within an hour;" but he never went forth those walls again. What must have been the monarch's thoughts during this gleam of returned reason? Was he conscious of the dismal mockery of that farewell procession?

Soon after his brief school-days had come to a termination, Mr. Knight settled down to the regular work of journalism. In this department of labour, high and varied qualities are necessary; and but few of the many men who attempt the pursuit are found to possess them. The author of the "Passages" ranks among the successful. The paper which he started in Windsor, when only twenty-one years of age, obtained considerable circulation, and made him known in London. A revolution has occurred in newspaper management since that time, and men of maturer political experience, and longer training, are required for such positions now; but Mr. Knight entered upon his functions as a public instructor with a lofty idea of their importance, and spared no exertion necessary to their fulfilment. That habit of industry, acquired at an early period of his life, which has stood him in such good stead throughout his honourable career, enabled him to give his newspaper a literary position superior to that of many of its contemporaries. *Essays on social topics of importance, comprehensively conceived, appeared in its columns; and it was during the preparation of one of these compositions that Mr. Knight's attention was first seriously turned to the pestilential character of the cheaper class of publications popular at the time, many of them infidelitous, others socialistic. In order to counteract their unhappy effects, he laboured even then to create among the working classes a taste for sound and profitable reading. He was constantly on horseback in the neighbourhood, picking up information for the "Windsor and Eton Express"—he seems to have filled the positions of reporter, manager, and editor, at*

CHAPTER II.

THE BLESSED CANDLE.

He tolerated another intrusion, too, and thought himself a paragon of patience and easy good-nature for so doing. A Roman Catholic clergyman, in a long black frock, with a low standing collar, and a little white muslin fillet round his neck—tall, sallow, with blue chin, and dark steady eyes—used to glide up and down the stairs, and through the passages; and the Captain sometimes met him in one place and sometimes in another. But by a caprice incident to such tempers he treated this cleric exceptionally, and even with a surly sort of courtesy, though he grumbled about his visits behind his back.

I do not know that he had a great deal of moral courage, and the ecclesiastic looked severe and self-possessed; and somehow he thought he had no good opinion of him, and if a natural occasion were offered, might say extremely unpleasant things, and hard to be answered.

Well the time came at last, when poor Peg O'Neill—in an evil hour Mrs. James Walshawe—must cry, and quake, and pray her last. The doctor came from Penlynden, and was just as vague as usual, but more gloomy, and for about a week came and went often. The cleric in the long black frock was also daily there.

And at last came that last sacrament in the gates of death, when the sinner is traversing those dread steps that never can be retraced; when the face is turned for ever from life, and we see a receding shape, and hear a voice already irrevocably in the land of spirits.

So the poor lady died; and some people said the Captain "felt it very much." I don't think he did. But he was not very well just then, and looked the part of mourner and penitent to admiration—being seedy and sick. He drank a great deal of brandy and water that night, and called in Farmer Dobbs, for want of better company, to drink with him; and told him all his grievances, and felt wretched, he said, "the poor lady upstairs might have been, had it not been for Hars, and pick-thanks, and tale-bear-

ers, and the like, who came between them—meaning Molly Doyle—whom, as he waxed eloquent over his liquor, he came at last to curse and rail at by name, with more than his accustomed freedom. And he described his own natural character and amiability in such moving terms, that he wept maudlin tears of sensibility over his theme; and when Dobbs was gone, drank some more grog, and took to railing and cursing again by himself; and then mounted the stairs unsteadily, to see "what the devil Doyle and the other—old witches were about in poor Peg's room."

When he pushed open the door, he found some half-dozen cronies, chiefly Irish, from the neighbouring town of Hackleton, sitting over tea and snuff, &c., with candles lighted round the corpse, which was arrayed in a strangely cut robe of brown serge. She had secretly belonged to some order—I think the Carmelite, but I am not certain—and wore the habit in her coffin.

"What the d— are you doing with my wife?" cried the Captain, rather thickly. "How dare you dress her up in this—trumpery, you—you cheating old witch; and what's that candle doing in her hand?"

I think he was a little startled, for the spectacle was grisly enough. The dead lady was arrayed in this strange brown robe, and in her rigid fingers, as in a socket, with the large wooden beads and cross wound round it, burned a wax candle, shedding its white light over the sharp features of the corpse. Molly Doyle was not to be put down by the Captain, whom she hated, and accordingly, in her phrase, "he got as good as he gave." And the Captain's wrath waxed fiercer, and he chucked the wax taper from the dead hand, and was on the point of flinging it at the old serving-woman's head.

"The holy candle, you sinner!" cried she.

"I've a mind to make you eat it, you beast," cried the Captain.

But I think he had not known before what it was, for he subsided a little sulkily, and he stuffed his hand

with the candle (quite extinct by this time) into his pocket, and said he—

"You know devilish well you had no business going on with y-y your d—— *witch*-craft about my poor wife, without my leave—you do—and you'll please to take off that d—— brown pinafore, and get her decently into her coffin, and I'll pitch your devil's waxlight into the sink."

And the Captain stalked out of the room.

"An' now her poor sowl's in prison, you wretch, be the mains o' ye; an' may yer own be shut into the wick o' that same candle, till it's burned out, ye savage."

"I'd have you ducked for a witch, for two-pence," roared the Captain up the staircase, with his hand on the banisters, standing on the lobby. But

the door of the chamber of death clapped angrily, and he went down to the parlour, where he examined the holy candle for a while, with a tipsy gravity, and then with something of that reverential feeling for the symbolic, which is not uncommon in rakes and scamps, he thoughtfully locked it up in a press, where were accumulated all sorts of obsolete rubbish—soiled packs of cards, disused tobacco-pipes, broken powder-flasks, his military sword, and a dusky bundle of the "Flash Songster," and other questionable literature.

He did not trouble the dead lady's room any more. Being a volatile man it is probable that more cheerful plans and occupations began to entertain his fancy.

CHAPTER III.

MY UNCLE WATSON VISITS WAULING.

So the poor lady was buried decently, and Captain Walshawe reigned alone for many years at Wauling. He was too shrewd and too experienced by this time to run violently down the steep hill that leads to ruin. So there was a method in his madness; and after a widowed career of more than forty years, he, too, died at last with some guineas in his purse.

Forty years and upwards is a great *edax rerum*, and a wonderful chemical power. It acted forcibly upon the gay Captain Walshawe. Gout supervened, and was no more conducive to temper than to enjoyment, and made his elegant hands lumpy at all the small joints, and turned them slowly into crippled claws. He grew stout when his exercise was interfered with, and ultimately almost corpulent. He suffered from what Mr. Holloway calls "bad legs," and was wheeled about in a great leathern-backed chair, and his infirmities went on accumulating with his years.

I am sorry to say, I never heard that he repented, or turned his thoughts seriously to the future. On the contrary, his talk grew fouler, and his fun ran upon his favourite sins, and his temper waxed more truculent. But he did not sink into dotage. Considering his bodily infirmities, his energies and his malignities, which were many and active,

were marvellously little abated by time. So he went on to the close. When his temper was stirred, he cursed and swore in a way that made decent people tremble. It was a word and a blow with him; the latter, luckily, not very sure now. But he would seize his crutch and make a swoop or a pound at the offender, or shy his medicine-bottle, or his tumbler, at his head.

It was a peculiarity of Captain Walshawe that he, by this time, hated nearly everybody. My uncle, Mr. Watson, of Haddlestone, was cousin to the Captain, and his heir-at-law. But my uncle had lent him money on mortgage of his estates, and there had been a treaty to sell, and terms and a price were agreed upon, in "articles" which the lawyers said were still in force.

I think the ill-conditioned Captain bore him a grudge for being richer than he, and would have liked to do him an ill turn. But it did not lie in his way; at least while he was living.

My Uncle Watson was a Methodist, and what they call a "class-leader;" and, on the whole, a very good man. He was now near fifty—grave, as beseemed his profession—somewhat dry—and a little severe, perhaps—but a just man.

A letter from the Penlynden doc-

tor reached him at Haddlestone, announcing the death of the wicked old Captain; and suggesting his attendance at the funeral, and the expediency of his being on the spot to look after things at Wauling. The reasonableness of this striking my good uncle, he made his journey to the old house in Lancashire incontinently, and reached in time for the funeral.

My Uncle, whose traditions of the Captain were derived from his mother who remembered him in his slim handsome youth—in shorts, cocked hat and lace, was amazed at the bulk of the coffin which contained his mortal remains; but the lid being already screwed down, he did not see the face of the bloated old sinner.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE PARLOUR.

WHAT I relate, I had from the lips of my Uncle, who was a truthful man, and not prone to fancies.

The day turning out awfully rainy and tempestuous, he persuaded the doctor and the attorney to remain for the night at Wauling.

There was no will—the attorney was sure of that; for the Captain's enmities were perpetually shifting, and he could never quite make up his mind, as to how best to give effect to a malignity whose direction was being constantly modified. He had had instructions for drawing a will a dozen times over. But the process had always been arrested by the intending testator.

Search being made, no will was found. The papers, indeed were all right, with one important exception, the leases were nowhere to be seen. There were special circumstances connected with several of the principal tenancies on the estate—unnecessary here to detail—which rendered the loss of these documents one of very serious moment, and even of very obvious danger.

My Uncle, therefore, searched strenuously. The attorney was at his elbow, and the doctor helped with a suggestion now and then. The old serving-man seemed an honest deaf creature, and really knew nothing.

My Uncle Watson was very much perturbed. He fancied—but this possibly was only fancy—that he had detected for a moment a queer look in the attorney's face; and from that instant it became fixed in his mind that he knew all about the leases. Mr. Watson expounded that evening in the parlour to the doctor, the attorney, and the deaf servant, Ananias and Sapphira figured in the

foreground; and the awful nature of fraud and theft, or tampering in any wise with the plain rule of honesty in matters pertaining to estates, &c. were pointedly dwelt upon; and the came a long and strenuous prayer, which he entreated with fervour and aplomb that the hard heart of the sinner who had abstracted the leases might be softened or broken in such a way as to lead to their restitution or that, if he continued reserved and contumacious, it might at least be the will of Heaven to bring him to public justice and the documents to light. The fact is, that he was praying all this time at the attorney.

When these religious exercises were over, the visitors retired to the rooms, and my Uncle Watson wrote two or three pressing letters by the fire. When his task was done, it had grown late; the candles were flaring in their sockets, and all in bed, and, suppose, asleep, but he.

The fire was nearly out, he chill and the flame of the candles throbbing strangely in their sockets she alternate glare and shadow round the old wainscoted room and its quaint furniture. Outside were the wild thunder and piping of the storm; and the rattling of distant window sounded through the passages, and down the stairs, like angry people astir in the house.

My Uncle Watson belonged to a sect who by no means reject the supernatural, and whose founder, on the contrary, has sanctioned ghosts in the most emphatic way. He was glad therefore to remember that in prosecuting his search that day, he had seen some six inches of wax candle in the press in the parlour for he had no fancy to be overtake

by darkness in his present situation. He had no time to lose; and taking the bunch of keys—of which he was now master—he soon fitted the lock, and secured the candle—a treasure in his circumstances; and lighting it, he stuffed it into the socket of one of the expiring candles, and extinguishing the other, he looked round the

room in the steady light reassured. At the same moment, an unusually violent gust of the storm blew a handful of gravel against the parlour window, with a sharp rattle that startled him in the midst of the roar and hubbub; and the flame of the candle itself was agitated by the air.

CHAPTER V.

THE BED-CHAMBER.

My Uncle walked up to bed, guarding his candle with his hand, for the lobby windows were rattling furiously, and he disliked the idea of being left in the dark more than ever.

His bedroom was comfortable, though old-fashioned. He shut and bolted the door. There was a tall looking-glass opposite the foot of his four-poster, on the dressing-table between the windows. He tried to make the curtains meet, but they would not draw; and like many a gentleman in a like perplexity, he did not possess a pin, nor was there one in the huge pincushion beneath the glass.

He turned the face of the mirror away therefore, so that its back was presented to the bed, pulled the curtains together, and placed a chair against them, to prevent their falling open again. There was a good fire, and a reinforcement of round coal and wood inside the fender. So he piled it up to ensure a cheerful blaze through the night, and placing a little black mahogany table, with the legs of a Satyr, beside the bed, and his candle upon it, he got between the sheets, and laid his red night-capped head upon his pillow, and disposed himself to sleep.

The first thing that made him uncomfortable was a sound at the foot of his bed, quite distinct in a momentary lull of the storm. It was only the gentle rustle and rush of the curtains, which fell open again; and as his eyes opened, he saw them resuming their perpendicular dependence, and sat up in his bed almost expecting to see something uncanny in the aperture.

There was nothing, however, but the dressing-table, and other dark furniture, and the window-curtains

faintly undulating in the violence of the storm. He did not care to get up, therefore—the fire being bright and cheery—to replace the curtains by a chair, in the position in which he had left them, anticipating possibly a new recurrence of the relapse which had startled him from his incipient doze.

So he got to sleep in a little while again, but he was disturbed by a sound, as he fancied, at the table on which stood the candle. He could not say what it was, only that he wakened with a start, and lying so in some amaze, he did distinctly hear a sound which startled him a good deal, though there was nothing necessarily supernatural in it. He described it as resembling what would occur if you fancied a thinnish table-leaf, with a convex warp in it, depressed the reverse way, and suddenly with a spring recovering its natural convexity. It was a loud, sudden thump, which made the heavy candlestick jump, and there was an end, except that my uncle did not get again into a doze for ten minutes at least.

The next time he awoke, it was in that odd, serene way that sometimes occurs. We open our eyes, we know not why, quite placidly, and are on the instant wide awake. He had had a nap of some duration this time, for his candle-flame was fluttering and flaring, *in articulo*, in the silver socket. But the fire was still bright and cheery; so he popped the extinguisher on the socket, and almost at the same time there came a tap at his door, and a sort of crescendo “hush-sh-sh!” Once more my Uncle was sitting up, scared and perturbed, in his bed. He recollected, however, that he had bolted his door; and such inveterate materialists are we

in the midst of our spiritualism, that this reassured him, and he breathed a deep sigh, and began to grow tranquil. But after a rest of a minute or two, there came a louder and sharper knock at his door; so that instinctively he called out, "Who's there?" in a loud, stern key. There was no sort of

response, however. The nervous effect of the start subsided; and I think my uncle must have remembered how constantly, especially on a stormy night, these creaks or cracks which simulate all manner of goblin noises, make themselves naturally audible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXTINGUISHER IS LIFTED.

AFTER a while, then, he lay down with his back turned toward that side of the bed at which was the door, and his face toward the table on which stood the massive old candlestick capped with its extinguisher, and in that position he closed his eyes. But sleep would not revisit them. All kinds of queer fancies began to trouble him—some of them I remember.

He felt the point of a finger, he averred, pressed most distinctly on the tip of his great toe, as if a living hand were between his sheets, and making a sort of signal of attention or silence. Then again he felt something as large as a rat make a sudden bounce in the middle of his bolster, just under his head. Then a voice said "oh!" very gently, close at the back of his head. All these things he felt certain of, and yet investigation led to nothing. He felt odd little cramps stealing now and then about him; and then, on a sudden, the middle finger of his right hand was plucked backwards, with a light playful jerk that frightened him awfully.

Meanwhile the storm kept singing, and howling, and ha-ha-hoing hoarsely among the limbs of the old trees and the chimney-pots; and my Uncle Watson, although he prayed and meditated as was his wont when he lay awake, felt his heart throb excitedly, and sometimes thought he was beset with evil spirits, and at others that he was in the early stage of a fever.

He resolutely kept his eyes closed, however, and, like St. Paul's shipwrecked companions, wished for the day. At last another little doze seems to have stolen upon his senses, for he awoke quietly and completely as before—opening his eyes all at once, and seeing everything as if he had not slept for a moment.

The fire was still blazing redly—nothing uncertain in the light—the massive silver candlestick, topped with its tall extinguisher, stood on the centre of the black mahogany table as before; and, looking by what seemed a sort of accident to the apex of this, he beheld something which made him quite misdoubt the evidence of his eyes.

He saw the extinguisher lifted by a tiny hand, from beneath, and a small human face, no bigger than a thumb-nail, with nicely proportioned features peep from beneath it. In this Lilliputian countenance was such a ghastly consternation as horrified my Uncle unspeakably. Out came a little foot then and there, and a pair of wee legs, in short silk stockings and buckled shoes, then the rest of the figure; and, with the arms holding about the socket, the little legs stretched and stretched, hanging about the stem of the candlestick till the feet reached the base, and so down the Satyr-like leg of the table, till they reached the floor, extending elastically, and strangely enlarging in all proportions as they approached the ground, where the feet and buckles were those of a well-shaped, full-grown man, and the figure tapering upward until it dwindled to its original fairy dimensions at the top, like an object seen in some strangely curved mirror.

Standing upon the floor he expanded, my amazed uncle could not tell how, into his proper proportions; and stood pretty nearly in profile at the bed side, a handsome and elegantly shaped young man, in a by-gone military costume, with a small laced three-cocked hat and plume on his head, but looking like a man going to be hanged—in unspeakable despair.

He stepped lightly to the hearth, and turned for a few seconds very

dejectedly with his back toward the bed and the mantel-piece, and he saw the hilt of his rapier glittering in the fire-light; and then walking across the room he placed himself at the dressing-table, visible through the

divided curtains at the foot of the bed. The fire was blazing still so brightly that my uncle saw him as distinctly as if half-a-dozen candles were burning.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISITATION CULMINATES.

THE looking-glass was an old-fashioned piece of furniture, and had a drawer beneath it. My Uncle had searched it carefully for the papers in the day-time; but the silent figure pulled the drawer quite out, pressed a spring at the side, disclosing a false receptacle behind it, and from this he drew a parcel of papers tied together with pink tape.

All this time my uncle was staring at him in a horrified state, neither winking nor breathing, and the apparition had not once given the smallest intimation of consciousness that a living person was in the same room. But now, for the first time, it turned its livid stare full upon my uncle with a hateful smile of significance, lifting up the little parcel of papers between his slender finger and thumb. Then he made a long, cunning wink at him, and seemed to blow out one of his cheeks in a burlesque grimace, which, but for the horrific circumstances, would have been ludicrous. My Uncle could not tell whether this was really an intentional distortion or only one of those horrid ripples and deflections which were constantly disturbing the proportions of the figure, as if it were seen through some unequal and perverting medium.

The figure now approached the bed, seeming to grow exhausted and malignant as it did so. My Uncle's terror nearly culminated at this point, for he believed it was drawing near him with an evil purpose. But it was not so; for the soldier, over whom twenty years seemed to have passed in his brief transit to the dressing-table and back again, threw himself into a great high-backed arm-chair of stuffed leather at the far side of the fire, and placed his heels on the fender. His feet and legs seemed indistinctly to swell, and swathings showed them-

selves round them, and they grew into something enormous, and the upper figure swayed and shaped itself into corresponding proportions, a great mass of corpulence, with a cadaverous and malignant face, and the furrows of a great old age, and colourless glassy eyes; and with these changes, which came indefinitely but rapidly as those of a sunset cloud, the fine regimentals faded away, and a loose, gray, woollen drapery, somehow, was there in its stead; and all seemed to be stained and rotten, for swarms of worms seemed creeping in and out, while the figure grew paler and paler, till my Uncle, who liked his pipe, and employed the simile naturally, said the whole effigy grew to the colour of tobacco ashes, and the clusters of worms into little wriggling knots of sparks such as we see running over the residuum of a burnt sheet of paper. And so with the strong draught caused by the fire, and the current of air from the window, which was rattling in the storm, the feet seemed to be drawn into the fire-place, and the whole figure, light as ashes, floated away with them, and disappeared with a whisk up the capacious old chimney.

It seemed to my Uncle that the fire suddenly darkened and the air grew icy cold, and there came an awful roar and riot of tempest, which shook the old house from top to base, and sounded like the yelling of a blood-thirsty mob on receiving a new and long-expected victim.

Good Uncle Watson used to say, "I have been in many situations of fear and danger in the course of my life, but never did I pray with so much agony before or since; for then, as now, it was clear beyond a cavil that I had actually beheld the phantom of an evil spirit."

CONCLUSION.

Now there are two curious circumstances to be observed in this relation of my Uncle's, who was, as I have said, a perfectly veracious man.

First—The wax candle which he took from the press in the parlour and burnt at his bedside on that horrible night was unquestionably, according to the testimony of the old deaf servant, who had been fifty years at Wauling, that identical piece of "holy candle" which had stood in the fingers of the poor lady's corpse, and concerning which the old Irish crone, long since dead, had delivered the curious curse I have mentioned against the Captain.

Secondly—Behind the drawer under the looking-glass, he did actually discover a second but secret drawer, in which were concealed the identical papers which he had suspected the attorney of having made away with. There were circumstances, too, after-

wards disclosed which convinced Uncle that the old man had deposited them there preparatory to burn them, which he had nearly made his mind to do.

Now, a very remarkable ingredient in this tale of my Uncle Watson's, this, that so far as my father, I had never seen Captain Wulshaw the course of his life, could get the phantom had exhibited a horrible and grotesque, but unmistakable semblance to that defunct seaman the various stages of his long life.

Wauling was sold in the year 18 and the old house shortly after pulled down, and a new one built near the river. I often wonder when it was rumoured to be haunted, if so what stories were current about it. It was a commodious and sturdy old house, and withal rather handsome; and its demolition was certainly suspicious.

HALF A CENTURY OF LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

It is hardly required of us to say that Mr. Charles Knight's services to Popular Literature during a period of fifty years eminently entitle him to the place he holds in the affections of the British people. Throughout that period he has been engaged in a noble pursuit, and all men know that his motives have been the highest and purest. In the sixth chapter of the really charming book which we purpose making the text of these observations, he tells us that he was first moved, as early as 1819, to devote his energies to the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge† by the excessive circulation of cheap publications, "exclusively directed to the united object of inspiring hatred of the government and contempt of the religious institutions of the country." "I noticed," he adds, "the singleness of purpose in connexion with the com-

mercial rivalry with which this object had been pursued. With Cobbett's 'Two-penny Register' a paper was run in London by Woolf 'Black Dwarf,' 'The Republic,' 'The Medusa's Head,' 'The Cap of Liberty,' and many more of the same stamp; whilst every large manufacturing town had its own peculiar hie of seditious and infidel opinion. It is well that those prone to despair of present times, from the vast extent of popular ignorance still existing, and the tendency to a fashionable scepticism manifestly gaining upon society, should look back to days when the case was so much worse, and the preachers of good morals and true religion had yet found a voice. The improvement effected since Mr. Knight began an uphill work is incalculable, and strict justice demands that a la-

* *Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century, with a prelude of Early Reminiscences.* By Charles Knight. Vol. I. London: Bradbury and Evans.

† It is right to say that the title adopted, in 1827, by the famous Society whose labours have since been of world-wide and happy influence, was first used by Mr. Knight in his earliest venture, the "Plain Englishman," as a brief description of the design of the publication and the aim of its editor.

share in the glory of it should be accorded to him. Others have toiled earnestly and successfully in the same field, but Charles Knight is the Nestor of cheap literature. It is no small merit, either, that he can recall to the public memory every stage in his career and every line he has written, without a reserve or reason to blush. The people have ever found in him a sound educator, who has not degraded the literature of the country in popularizing it, but, on the contrary, has elevated the taste of the middle classes, and fostered among them a capacity to enjoy the richest products of the national genius. Mr. Knight's pen has been incessantly busy, even whilst his commercial undertakings involved the most serious responsibilities. Still, from the proper ordering of his time, he states that he has not found the two occupations incompatible. Of his success as a writer and skill as an editor it would be superfluous to speak. Among his many labours the "History of England" is that, perhaps, which does him most honour. It will long occupy a distinguished place in the general libraries of English-speaking people in all parts of the world. The edition is a beautiful one, typographically, like all Mr. Knight's books; but the style of the composition is also charming in its ease, picturesqueness, and variety.

In these "Passages of a Working Life," there is an abundance of amusing detail, without any of the feebleness or garrulity of age. With more than his customary skill, Mr. Knight paints the Windsor of his boyhood, with the doings of the Court when George the Third was king, and all the quaint incidents of a social condition as far removed from present ways as if centuries intervened. It is intended that the autobiography shall be completed in three volumes, and we sincerely hope the author will carry out his intention by the publication of the other two. In this, the First Epoch only is given, coming down to 1827, when Mr. Knight became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. But however crowded the subsequent volumes may be with reminiscences of literary celebrities passed away, or of men still living whose earlier struggles are but par-

tially known, nothing to be contained in them can well surpass in interest the Windsor scenes of the "prelude" of Vol. I., or the tender recollections of Praed, with which it closes.

The scene opens in 1800, when there were celebrations in Windsor on account of the Union with Ireland, and the regal style and title were changed, some thought ominously, by the omission of "France" from the declaration of sovereignty. Mr. Knight's father was a respectable bookseller in the town, and his son, being then ten years old, and of an observing disposition, stored up in his memory many curious things—"old customs," as he beautifully says, which linger about his early recollections, "like patches of sunlight in a sombre wood." The good dames of Windsor then, in mid-Lent, were careful to prepare the dish called "furmety," according to ancient usage. This dish, once famous, was composed of boiled wheat, which was a second time boiled with plums, and served, spiced and sugared, in a tureen. The Rogation days of procession were observed. On the 10th of May, mayor, vicar, curate, charity children, citizen, marched two and two round the parish boundaries, and sung a psalm—gave public thanks "in the beholding of God's benefits," as good Queen Bess had directed, and were entertained, the common folk on bread, cheese, and ale, and all the better sort with wine. The Royal Family, at the same period, having no carriage road from the Castle or the Queen's Lodge, except through the town, were constantly in the public eye, and beloved by the people. Of the old King Mr. Knight speaks with affectionate respect. "There was a magnanimity about the man in his forgetfulness of petty offences," and a general kindness, which took all hearts. "Farmer George" was sneered at for his economies by a rhymester of the time, but this was not his reputation at Windsor; and an incident related by Mr. Knight probably promoted his popularity among a certain class of the people.

"At St. George's Chapel, the instant the benediction was pronounced, vergers and choristers blew out the lights. Perquisites were the law of all service. The good-natured King respected the law as one of our institutions. He dined early. The Queen.

dined at an hour then deemed late. He wrote or read in his own uncarpeted room, till the time when he joined his family in the drawing-room. One evening, on a sudden recollection, he went back to his library. The wax-candles were still burning. When he returned, the page, whose especial duty was about the King's person, followed his Majesty in, and was thus addressed, 'Clarke, Clarke, you should mind your perquisites. I blew out the candles.' The King's savings were no savings to the nation. In 1812 it was stated in the House of Commons that the wax lights for Windsor Castle cost ten thousand a year."

In juxtaposition with this reminiscence of the King, let the reader place Mr. Knight's portrait of his Majesty's faithful and highminded servant:—

"Soon was the minister walking side by side with the sovereign, who, courageous as he was, had a dread of his great servant till he had manacled him. It was something to me, even this once, to have seen Mr. Pitt. The face and figure and deportment of the man gave a precision to my subsequent conception of him as one of the realities of history. The immobility of those features, the erectness of that form, told of one born to command. The loftiness and breadth of the forehead spoke of sagacity and firmness—the quick eye, of eloquent promptitude—the nose (I cannot pass over that remarkable feature, though painters and sculptors failed to reproduce it), the nose, somewhat twisted out of the perpendicular, made his enemies say his face was as crooked as his policy. I saw these characteristics, or had them pointed out to me afterwards. But the smile, revealing the charm of his inner nature—that was to win the love of his intimates, but it was not for vulgar observation."

The same brilliant pen sketches the interior of the Windsor playhouse.

"One side of the lower tier of boxes was occupied by the Court. The King and Queen sat in capacious arm-chairs, with satin playbills spread before them. The orchestra, which would hold half a dozen fiddlers, and the pit, where some dozen persons might be closely packed on each bench, separated the royal circle from the genteel parties in the opposite tier of boxes. With the plebeians in the pit the Royal Family might have shaken hands; and when they left, there was always a scramble for their satin bills, which would be afterwards duly framed and glazed as spoils of peace. As the King laughed and cried, 'Bravo, Quick!' or 'Bravo, Suett!'—for he had rejoiced in their well-known mirth provoking faces many a time before—the pit and gallery clapped and roared in loyal sympathy: the

boxes were too genteel for such emotional feelings. As the King, Queen, and Princesses retired at the end of the third act, to sip their coffee, the pot of Windsor ale, called Queen's ale, circulated in the gallery. At eleven o'clock the curtain dropped."

Mr. Knight tells a capital story of a Windsor magistrate of those days.

"Late in the evening an offender was brought before one of our mayors, having been detected in stealing a smock-frock from a pawnbroker's door. 'Look in "Burns's Justice,"' said his worship to his son, 'look in the index for smock-frock.' 'Can't find it, father. Not there.' 'What! no law against stealing smock-frocks? D—my heart, young fellow, but you've had a lucky escape.'"

There was a yeomanry corps composed of the "best fellows" in Windsor. A pursey wine-merchant was the commander, and it happened on a certain occasion that, not being as well mounted as his men, as he headed a charge, they opened right and left, leaving him in the rear, when he roared out with a sublime indignation—"Unparalleled in the annals of war, gentlemen." Those were times of excitement, in comparison with which our late little invasion-panic was a mere ruffle on the surface. The King was accustomed then to invite the volunteer officers to the front of the castle on Sunday evenings to hear sacred music played, but as he walked on the terrace, and as his spirits rose with the inspiring strains, he would interrupt the celestial melody with a stentorian call for "Britons, strike home," when the bandsmen of course instantly obeyed, and tremendous enthusiasm was the result. The Royal Family went annually to Weymouth, performing the journey of a hundred miles very differently from a flight by "express." The King, as they stopped to change horses, stepped forth, and joked with mine host, and acknowledged the huzzas of the villagers with a beaming countenance. No railway directors then obtruded themselves with fulsome and ungrammatical addresses.

Among Mr. Knight's first efforts in a literary direction was his successful attempt to "restore" the defective portions of an imperfect copy of Shakspeare—the first folio—with which he had been presented. The occurrence is a proof that at a very

early age he had that habit of industry by which he has since been enabled to accomplish so much :—

"Sadly defective it was in many places. I devised a plan for making the rare volume perfect. The fac-simile edition, then recently published, was procured. Amongst the oldest founts of type in our printing-office was one which exactly resembled that of the folio of 1623. We had abundant fly-leaves of seventeenth-century books which matched the paper on which this edition was printed. I set myself the task of composing every page that was wholly wanting, or was torn and sullied. When the book was handsomely bound I was in raptures at my handiwork. I was to have the copy for myself; but one of the Eton private tutors, to whom my father showed the volume, and explained how it had been completed, offered a tempting price for it, and my treasure passed from me. Some real value remained. The process of setting up the types led me to understand the essential differences of the early text, as compared with modern editions with which I was familiar, especially those which had been maimed and deformed for the purposes of the stage. What would I not now give, could I obtain this testimonial that I had not been altogether uselessly employed in the morning of my life, before a definite purpose for the future had given energy and consistency to my pursuits!"

On the death of the Princess Amelia, the task was imposed upon our author of making a catalogue of her library, and there he found in a blank leaf of her prayer-book a touching prayer, which he considers it "not now a violation of confidence to print" :—

"Gracious God, support thy unworthy servant in this time of trial. Let not the least murmur escape my lips, nor any sentiment but of the deepest resignation enter my heart; let me make the use Thou intendest of that affliction Thou hast laid upon me. It has convinced me of the vanity and emptiness of all things here; let it draw me to Thee as my support, and fill my heart with pious trust in Thee, and in the blessings of a redeeming Saviour, as the only consolations of a state of trial. Amen."

The King never recovered the death of the Princess. About six months after, in April 1811, he seemed to rally, and Windsor was astir, the report having got abroad that his Majesty's physicians would allow him to appear in public. His horse was got ready. The inhabitants crowded to

the park and castle-yard. "The venerable man, blind but steady, was soon in the saddle, as I had often seen him—a hobby-groom at his side with a leading-rein. He rode through the little park to the great park. The bells rang; the troops fired a *feu-de-joie*. The King returned to the palace within an hour;" but he never went forth those walls again. What must have been the monarch's thoughts during this gleam of returned reason? Was he conscious of the dismal mockery of that farewell procession?

Soon after his brief school-days had come to a termination, Mr. Knight settled down to the regular work of journalism. In this department of labour, high and varied qualities are necessary; and but few of the many men who attempt the pursuit are found to possess them. The author of the "Passages" ranks among the successful. The paper which he started in Windsor, when only twenty-one years of age, obtained considerable circulation, and made him known in London. A revolution has occurred in newspaper management since that time, and men of maturer political experience, and longer training, are required for such positions now; but Mr. Knight entered upon his functions as a public instructor with a lofty idea of their importance, and spared no exertion necessary to their fulfilment. That habit of industry, acquired at an early period of his life, which has stood him in such good stead throughout his honourable career, enabled him to give his newspaper a literary position superior to that of many of its contemporaries. Essays on social topics of importance, comprehensively conceived, appeared in its columns; and it was during the preparation of one of these compositions that Mr. Knight's attention was first seriously turned to the pestilential character of the cheaper class of publications popular at the time, many of them infidelitous, others socialistic. In order to counteract their unhappy effects, he laboured even then to create among the working classes a taste for sound and profitable reading. He was constantly on horseback in the neighbourhood, picking up information for the "Windsor and Eton Express"—he seems to have filled the positions of reporter, manager, and editor, at

once—and studying the condition of the workpeople. For their benefit the “Plain Englishman” was started. After a probation that must have seemed tedious to a man so active in mind, notwithstanding the real interest he took in his work, he was called to London to conduct a weekly paper. Soon after “The Etonian” came into existence, and along with it his friendship began with Macaulay, Præd, and the brilliant set of Cambridge students, who subsequently wrote the principal part of *Knight's Quarterly*. Of these distinguished men his recollections are fresh and pleasing, especially of Præd, of whose genius Mr. Knight is a sincere admirer. In 1823 he established himself in Pall Mall, East, as a publisher. His connexion with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge dates from 1827. His works then appeared in rapid succession, each a greater success than the former—all edited with scrupulous care, and brought out with elegance. Into the latter chapters of the volume in our hands, however, we cannot particularly enter now, but the reader will find there the record of the Cheap Standard Literature of England—a product of which the nation has reason to be proud. From that feeling of pride, it need hardly be added, the name of Charles Knight is inseparable. A

large share of the praise of the result is undoubtedly his. His charming pen has made our history popular; his *Cyclopædia* and his *Shakespeare* are destined to live and influence the national mind after more pretentious works of the same class are forgotten. Mr. Knight has had many ardent and successful fellow-workmen and followers in the same career—the Messrs. Chambers, Mr. Cassell, and many more. We think it scarcely possible to rate too highly the service rendered to the community by these enterprising persons. They have taught tens of thousands of working men to prefer their firesides to places of vicious indulgence, and given to their minds a stimulus, the effects of which have been manifested, not only in substantial improvement of the fortunes of individuals, but in the growth of inventive power and practical skill among the general population. Literature as a profession, too, owes much to this class of publishers. To their efforts the multiplication of intelligent readers is principally referable, and the increase of these has provided the best sort of fostering for genius. But we must here close Mr. Knight's delightful book, with the simple further remark, that we anticipate no ordinary pleasure in the reading of the sequel promised to be furnished in due time.

EARLIER TYPE OF THE SENSATIONAL NOVEL.

BELIEVING that the course of the sensational novel has passed the culminating point, and bestowing our most hearty wishes for its termination, we purpose to lay before our readers a connected notice of a story of the class, constructed before anyone had thought of finding a generic name for such productions.

The mere sensational novel, which we would gladly see devoted to the waters of the infernal Lethe, lays no claim to truthful delineation of character, to moral teaching, to sympathy with the outward and inward manifestations of nature, nor pleasing social pictures, nor genial gushes of humour, nor healthy exercises of thought. Its sole merit consists in keeping the mind in painful sus-

pense, exciting sensations of horror, or terror at least, and surrounding vice with a lurid splendour. The novel that excites a lively interest in the fortunes of its good characters, even though united with the excitement of suspense and mystery, is not the thing against which we protest, if it possesses the desirable qualities we have named.

We talk of the article in question as if it were a variety in the domain of fiction altogether new; yet it has existed in a more or less developed shape since the first romance was written. The “Golden Ass” of Lucius Apuleius, one of the earliest tales we can call to mind, is sensational in parts. If the play of “King Ædipus” is not a very sensa-

tional drama, we know not the meaning of the word. "The Mort d'Arthur" in part, a greater portion of the "Nibelungen Lied," several plays of the earliest English dramatists, and Titus Andronicus, be the author who he may, are clearly of the same order. Our great old Chaucer thought little of making his readers' nerves tingle now and then, and their flesh to creep.

The romances of chivalry were, oddly enough nearly exempt from censure in this particular; the Scuderi and D'Urfé romances entirely so. Novels of intrigue or of unconnected adventure prevailed from the days of William and Mary to the epoch of the Radcliffe romances, and when the mild terrors of these and their imitations began to lose their power, Matthew Gregory Lewis, by infusing a spice of horror mixed with very decided immorality into his precious productions, continued the evil work of vitiating public taste. At last the combined efforts of Miss Edgeworth, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the Misses Lee, Miss Austen, and the great wizard, Sir Walter, cleared the unhealthy atmosphere, except where the genius of poor Maturin endeavoured to keep the baleful vapour suspended. He came too late, however, to do much harm, and for ten years, commencing about 1819, the novels published were distinguished by little either of good or evil. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer then began to introduce the spasmodic and morbid elements into his philosophical (!) stories, and even "The Keepsake" was seldom without a tale of a pretty nearly disgusting character. A charming heroine in one of these tales is the object of the hero's passion, but he is cured of his love, and nearly deprived of life by a strange discovery made by his being present where he ought not. He had never seen the left hand nor wrist of his lady-love, but on the occasion mentioned he beheld a hissing serpent where arm and hand ought anatomically to have been found. The unfortunate woman, it turns out, was obliged to find human food for this demon, and the horrified lover hears her vainly beseeching it to spare her betrothed (himself), when she would become his wife. There are few of poor Banim's stories in which an un-

healthy morbid thread may not be found pervading the texture. The earlier phase of the school abounds with supernatural distortion.

By way of variety, the soul of a deceased person is permitted to animate the body of a new-born infant, and when the man or woman arrives at the age of reason he or she becomes conscious of a former state of existence. The new relations with the acquaintances of a past life are anything but pleasant. In one case an unfortunate father and mother are convinced that their little daughter is animated by the soul and spirit of her sister, long since dead. Mr. Boaden of theatrical memory wasted a great deal of time in constructing stories tainted with diseased extravagances of this kind. Ainsworth's early romances are other bad cases in point, and the translation of the *Nôtre Dame* romance made matters still worse than they would otherwise have been. Before the present undesirable revival we enjoyed a quiet interval of about fifteen years. We look out for clearer weather after a little; but so sure as the use of pens and paper continues to be taught, so sure are our children to see a new race of "Rookwoods" and "Lady Audleys" introducing themselves into the re-unions of future "Waverleys" and "Rose Bradwardines" and "Emmas" and "Mr. Knightleys," and pushing them from their stools. They will, in turn, be thrown over and flung out of doors, but not till they have accomplished their share of mischief.

Something of the relation which a river, sometimes visible, and at other times prosecuting its course through underground channels, bears to a noble stream, never sinking below the surface till it reaches the sea, does the English tale of excitement present toward its Gallic counterpart. We purpose producing a sheaf from among the perennial and never-failing crop which is indispensable to the life and well-being of the regular consumers of the three-volume novel, who can read French.

The story now to be introduced, is written by Marie Aycard, whom, notwithstanding the Christian name, we guess to be no more a woman than Amedée Aycard, author of several popular novels. We have seen no

other novel with the same name upon the title except "*La Logique des Passions*," a work of smaller compass, but equally talented.

M. de Bussiere was (we throw our sketch into the past tense) a rich proprietor, with a hotel in the city, and a country-house between Saint Mande and Charenton. His solitude was cheered by the presence of his richly dowered ward, Juliette de Pontis, a young lady as beautiful as Venus, and as queenly and imperious as Juno. Mme. de Linant, his widowed sister, was blessed with a handsome and accomplished son, Anatole, full of love for Juliette, and of ambition to be prefect of a department under Napoleon the First. At present he is only Auditor of Public Accounts. His love was reciprocated; and so at proper time brother and sister concluded the match in the French mode, not troubling themselves much to ascertain whether the young people loved each other sufficiently to risk matrimony. It may be said here, that the bachelor brother was rather careless in religious matters, and the widow a devotee, with a foible for omens. She had almost broken off the match, because, just as the last words were spoken between her brother and herself, a spider, that had been executing some vibrations from the ceiling, swung himself on to her silk gown. Just then—

"Anatole entered, his cheeks flushed and his cravat in his hand. He was as handsome as Antinous; his eyes sparkled with joy and health. His frame, supple and well-formed, had that easy grace which college gymnastics confer, and which is perfected by association with refined society. He respectfully saluted his mother, shook his uncle's hand, and then placed himself before the glass to adjust his neck-tie."

Uncle and nephew soon came to an understanding, and Madame went out into the park to sound Juliette on the affair. She saw her talking to Mons. Ernest de Meyran and Charlotte his sister under a large tree; and, as frequently occurs in French fiction, she placed herself behind the thick trunk, to ascertain whether the young lady favoured the pretensions of the young gentleman in company. Mlle. Charlotte was enlarging on her approaching marriage with her cousin, a captain of dragoons, and watching

the effect of her brilliant expectations on Juliette; but she abated her self-complacency not a little by the ensuing little speech, which will give the reader some insight into her character.

"'A captain!' cried she with disdain. 'If I ever wed an officer, he must be a general, or at least a captain of a man-of-war. The general is a king in the camp—the captain in his ship, and the wife of one or the other a queen. Captain, indeed! Why, Charlotte, you must make your court to the colonel's wife! For my part, I would hardly submit to be lady of honour to the empress.' 'She is as proud as I suspected,' thought Mme. de Linant. 'But this,' continued Juliette, 'I should prefer to the other:—a young, handsome husband, whom I loved, and who neither depended on colonel nor emperor, and with whom I could live in a fine old chateau, surrounded by my farmers, my vine-dressers, and my hay-makers, and where I should have abundance of poultry and rabbits.'"

Mme. de Linant took her apart and found, by a little finesse, that she returned Anatole's love with a passion no less ardent and sincere. So the young people are left to explain themselves, and

"Anatole was forced to a sudden explanation. 'Juliette,' said he, extending his hand, 'tell me frankly whether I may pass my life by your side, or look on you to-day for the last time.' 'A violent alternative,' answered she. 'Must we hate, if we happen not to love? However,' added she, fixing her large eyes on Anatole, 'perhaps, you are right. So let us love each other to the end. I have made the promise to your mother.' . . . 'Ah, Juliette, what a happy moment! How gladly shall we recall this day! I vow to be ever the most submissive and most devoted husband.' 'As devoted as you will, Anatole, but I require not submission. What I particularly desire is confidence. Be confiding and frank; that will be sufficient. Love is not love without confidence.' 'Fear nothing: you shall penetrate every fold of my heart. Should I ever possess a secret, it shall be no secret from you—you shall be my confidant.' 'Have you no secret at this moment?' 'I had one this morning, but it is no secret now, to you at least.'"

Juliette was not a Griselda, and she dreaded being sought on account of her riches. She, and her betrothed, and Ernest, and Charlotte de Meyran, were, shortly after this, taking an airing in the park. Charlotte was a young and blooming Hebe, with soft,

languishing eyes, and the unfortunate idea passed through Juliette's mind—"If this girl had some thousands more for her dowry, perhaps Anatole would prefer her to me." Now, Charlotte was a selfish, unprincipled young lady, with the very least objection in the world to seduce the bridegroom from his allegiance. And by the mere chance Anatole's hand and hers touched for a moment, and she at once withdrew hers, and her cheeks became like two cherries. Anatole was scarcely aware of the accident, but Juliette's eyes were those of a lynx. The two gentlemen were discussing game, when

"Charlotte languidly exclaimed, 'Oh, my ether-flacon, my ether-flacon!—I feel so faint!' She put her hand into her pocket, but prompt as lightning Juliette laid her hand on Charlotte's to prevent her taking it out. 'Ether!' said she, 'have you ether about you? Now, I know why I have been suffering ever since I got into this carriage—since this morning—indeed, ever since you came, Mademoiselle. Ether almost kills me.' 'Eh! what has happened?' cried Anatole, much dismayed by the unusually spirited dialogue and gestures. 'Are you ill, Mlle. Charlotte?'

"If the Auditor of Accounts had cast his eyes on Juliette he might have asked her the same question. Mlle. de Pontis's lips had become livid; drops of moisture trickled down her forehead. One of her hands held Charlotte's arm as in a vice, the other was seized with an involuntary trembling. 'Do not take out your hand, Mademoiselle; let me not see this odious flacon. I shall die if you do.' 'I do not understand you, Juliette,' said Anatole. 'If Mademoiselle Charlotte has need of ether, why should you prevent it?' 'Be silent, Monsieur,' said Juliette. 'Attend to your own affairs. I tell you that ether would kill me.' 'But, my dear Juliette, that ether is a most powerful anti-spasmodic, and calms instead of irritating;—you need it yourself.'

"These words appeared to Juliette a bitter sarcasm. She fancied that Anatole was exercising his raillery on the anger to which she had abandoned herself, and he could perceive a bitter smile pass over her lips. Meanwhile Mlle. Charlotte, dismayed by this violence of which she alone rightly suspected the cause, leaned her head against the corner of the barouche, half closed her eyes, and uttered little plaintive sighs. M. Anatole, who had not the slightest suspicion of the growing hatred that had sprung up between the two young ladies, and supposed in all good faith that ether might calm their irritated nerves, sought to disengage Juliette's hand.

"'What!' cried she, with indignation.

'Will you proceed to violence? Will you take the liberty of laying hands on me? M. Ernest, I hope that you will not permit it.' M. Meyran, who till then had not interfered, declared, with much dignity, that he was entirely at her service. 'But, Juliette,' said Anatole, 'Mlle. Charlotte, you see, is in danger of swooning. Ether, I assure you, will do no harm, but the contrary. If it were musk, indeed!' 'Picard,' cried Juliette to the coachman, 'Stop. Open the door; I must get out; I will return to the house on foot.' But the sky, gradually lowering since the morning, was now sending down torrents of rain, and Picard, lending a deaf ear to his young mistress, turned his steeds and sped home. Juliette was trembling with rage.

"M. Ernest then took up his parable and said, very calmly and politely, to his sister, 'Charlotte, it is not the question whether ether is injurious or not. Mlle. de Pontis dislikes it; so take the bottle and fling it out.' 'But, brother!' 'But, sister, you are not ill; or if you were, it is passed; do what I say.' 'That is to say,' rejoined Anatole, warmly, 'you are ill; throw the remedy out at the window.' 'Permit me, sir,' replied Ernest, with ceremonious politeness, 'to point out her duty to my sister.'

"Juliette had loosed her hold on Charlotte, and placed her handkerchief to her nose to preserve herself from the dangerous exhalation. Mlle. Charlotte gave way. She fumbled in her pocket, pulled out her handkerchief, then a little note-book in Russia leather, then a pincushion fully furnished, then a confectionery-box full of gum-lozenges, then nothing at all, then she turned her pocket inside out. 'Ah, my goodness!' cried she, 'I have left my flacon in Paris. Now I recollect, I locked it in my work-box yesterday evening.'

"Juliette's countenance passed from white to red, her ears grew purple, her temples throbbed, something fiery hot seemed to have seized her heart. She resembled a beautiful tigress who had fallen into a trap. Anatole, feeling himself somewhat hurt, did not show much forbearance. When he saw there was not the slightest atom of ether about Charlotte or in the carriage he burst out a-laughing, and cried, 'Ah, ether kills me!—ether kills me! Juliette, your imagination is too lively, and really you owe an apology to Mlle. Charlotte; you have bruised her arm.' 'I shall trouble you to present my excuses; they will be the more welcome for coming from your mouth.'

"They had reached home. Picard opened the carriage door. Juliette sprang out on the lower step, and, before disappearing in the vestibule, she darted a glance at Anatole so full of hate and derision that he felt in a moment all the love in his heart replaced by the very contrary passion. 'I have never met contempt from any one,'

thought he, 'yet this girl despises me. She has humbled me before M. Meyran and his sister. She owes me a reparation, and I can wait for it.' Consulting his resentment alone, he quitted the Bussiere Folly, walked to Saint Mande, and took a cab to Paris."

As ill-fortune would have it, another suitor paid a visit to the Bussiere Folly at the same time, namely, M. Norbert, a Lieutenant in the Guards, a fine *personable* dragoon, but with little pretension to mental qualifications. Juliette, intent on her wrongs, agreed to become Mme. Norbert without hesitation. She suspected him to be a *mauvais sujet* and faithless in his attachments; but she soon discovered, by woman's ready penetration, that he was not possessed of much firmness of purpose, while she was thoroughly conscious of her own determined will.

Norbert was not much better nor worse than other officers under Napoleon I. So he considered it an indispensable matter to have Mlle. Olympia, of the *corps-de-ballet*, under his serene protection. She heard of his approaching marriage, and while he and his brother officers were discussing the approaching change in his life, and what the dancer would think of it, a servant announced Mlle. Olympia.

"When people speak of a wolf," said a witty cuirassier, 'they are sure to see his tail.' Mlle. Olympia entered with a smile on her lips. She was a charming little body, light as a sylph, all grace, and her countenance boasted three dimples, and eyes sparkling like carbuncles. She said she had come from rehearsal, and merely followed M. Norbert's boy as he was fetching an omelette that perfumed the whole Rue Castiglione. She would have followed that omelette to the end of the world. Besides, her success that morning had thrown her into transports. M. Gardel praised her revolutions and her pirouettes, and now she was dying of hunger. M. Norbert seeing no trace of displeasure on her features, took courage, and gallantly invited her to try the omelette that smelled so charmingly. Mlle. Olympia would like some oysters; she then tried game; then a piece of roast duck; she had a weakness on the subject of champagne. It was the town rat in the fable devouring the remains of Ortolans on the

Turkey carpet. It was incredible that so much food could be bestowed away in so small a body. When she had overcome the mighty mass of eatables, she amused herself nipping a Savoy cake.

"Ah, my handsome Norbert!" she commenced, 'are you going to be married?' Branchu told it to Vestris, Vestris told it to Clotilde, and Clotilde told it to little Marie, who told it to me at rehearsal.' 'That's the way they keep secrets at the opera,' said a cuirassier. 'We are people of honour at the opera,' said Olympia, rather proudly. The two cuirassiers, who had more faith in the honour of the Imperial Guard than that of the opera, burst out into a rather uncivil laugh. 'The beginning of the battle,' muttered the Captain between his teeth.

"But Mademoiselle was not in a fighting humour. Her limbs were fatigued, and she had eaten heartily. She was determined to employ mild measures—neither cries, nor tears, nor reproaches, nor explosions—nothing, in fact, of what might remind you of the ladies of that establishment where fish is sold. Those means would not suit one who belonged to the ballet, and might one day become the leader. 'Norbert,' said she, 'if you have not seen Mademoiselle Juliette this morning do not delay your visit; she has received a packet which concerns you.' 'A packet concerning me! what have you done, wretch?' 'Very little. Somebody went to Father Girard, the letter-writer of the Rue des Frondeurs—he is secretary to all the *corps-de-ballet*—and dictated a little bit of biography to him; that's all.'

"At these words Beau Norbert grew scarlet with rage. He was rough with the ladies of Olympia's class, though he would lavish diamonds on them. He rose from table, and walked across the room for his riding whip; but the two cuirassiers got up to prevent the chastisement, and the Captain took Mademoiselle under his protection. The dancer, feeling that she was in no danger with three warriors for life-guards, continued biting her Savoy-cake, and sipping her champagne with perfect *sang froid*."

The result may be stated in a few words. Captain Volski, a much poorer man than Lieutenant Norbert, though his superior officer, saw Mademoiselle home in safety, and Juliette gave the trembling Norbert the pestilent note unread, as it happened to be anonymous—so she affirmed at least.

"Ah ha!" said the joyous Lieutenant to himself. 'Now, Mademoiselle Olympia;

* Portions of this extract will jar on our long-established notions of French politeness. We would have willingly softened down some asperities, but felt it a duty to give an honest translation.

go write anonymous letters and compose biographies. We are above these little affairs of the coulisses. Ah, my sylphide, you have tasted my champagne for the last time—you have swallowed your last omelette with me."

M. Anatole was so possessed with rage against his betrothed, that he was completely reconciled to her marriage with the bold dragoon, who, he hoped, would make her life uncomfortable.

"She is rich," said he, "and must have slaves: all the world must bow before her. Heaven bless that *façon* of ether, that sudden faintness felt by the amiable Charlotte, even that storm that permitted Mlle. de Pontis to reveal her frightful character. If looks could inflict death, where should we be all at this moment? Oh, ay! M. Ernest must be excepted. In abandoning his sister, he found favour with this fury. Oh, for the proconsulate of Asia! (let the reader keep in mind the ambition of the speaker.) I would not unite my destiny with that of Mademoiselle Juliette. She would make me purchase her riches too dear. She dreads ether—ether kills her! Be it so! But tell me how a *façon* of ether, left behind in Paris, could do her any harm in the wood of Vincennes? As much as to say, I have tilled lands, I have meadows, I have woods, I own hotels in Paris, my yearly revenues are immense. Bear with my caprices; I am so high above you! Not I, indeed, Madame!"

Anatole, Madame de Linant, Charlotte, and Olympia attended the marriage ceremony in the church of St. Roch. Olympia placed herself in the way by which the bride and bridegroom left the altar; and Norbert was so vexed by the insolent glances she bestowed on him, that he contrived to overturn a chair as he passed her, and hurt her leg. She cried out, and the circumstance did not escape the attentive eyes and ears of Juliette. It came to the turn of Captain Volski again to conduct Olympia home.

"There was considerable disturbance in the church, caused by the noise of the fall and the cry. They asked on every side, 'What is the matter?' and got for answer, 'A woman who has fainted'; and a fish-wife volunteered this information, 'It's a woman I know, that lost father and mother. See, she is in mourning (Olympia had put on black for the occasion). That handsome officer gave her a promise of marriage, and there he is now, married to another. Nothing more common.' 'All these promises of marriage,' said a lady of the

Halle (fish-market), 'ought to be on stamped paper, and made payable like promissory-notes. Oh, my! if a man played me such a trick, these five fingers would be his end. Ah! now they are taking her away to the watch-house. That's the way they always treat poor people.'"

The fish lady's wrath was excited by the circumstance of Captain Volski assisting Olympia out of the church. M. Maillet, the physician to the opera, paid her a visit at her lodgings, and pronounced her unable to resume her duties for some days.

"Mr. Maillet was a man of about forty-five years of age, and had preserved the habits and appearance of a young man, and fluttered about the coulisses of the opera as light as Zephyr Paul hovered about the nymphs of Diana, or the companions of Flora. Always dressed with the utmost care, he retained the manners of the old Court. The sword and laced hat excepted, he was a genuine marquis. His pockets were always full of pastilles, jujubes, gum-lozenges, and amber-licorice. He felt for the ills of prima donnas and leading danseuses with a charity truly angelic; and if he was a little rough with the chorus-singers and the ordinary members of the *corps-de-ballet*, it was because a singing-girl at fifty francs a month could by no means possess a throat as delicate as the actress of 20,000 francs, nor the tibia of a mere figurante deserve the delicate attention of that of a sylphide, who only touched the ground through complaisance. However, he was always interested by a pretty face, and frequently chucked Mlle. Olympia under the chin, and paid a compliment to her dimples. . . . His new patient kept her lodgings in the best order, had her window-stools filled with flower-pots, and was strictly frugal at home. She was a gourmand only when she had nothing to pay for the entertainment, and could swallow without injury a quantity of champagne sufficient to make a man unmistakably tipsy. Neither caprices nor passions could turn her from the path she had selected. Incapable of love, or other fantasy, she looked on her lovers merely as people destined to enrich her, or to insure her success at the theatre."

Captain Volski, being desirous of her friendship, was given to understand that he would be entitled to her gratitude by spoiling Lieutenant Norbert's beauty. Juliette, dreading the vengeance of the dancer—for she had, at one glance only, divined her perverse nature—obtained from her cousin the war-minister, without consulting her husband, a *congé* for six months, which she intended to pass with him.

in Italy. But just at the moment Buonaparte gave orders for an inroad on Germany. The brave dragoon was as pliant to his wife's will as a kid glove; but the idea of taking his ease while his comrades were on active duty so irritated him, that he tore up his writ of leave, and was hastening to the bureau of the war-minister to express his determination, when he was met by Captain Volski.

"'Lieutenant,' said he, 'I have just learned that you are deserting the colours as we are entering on the campaign. I assure you that I will not allow it. There shall be no example of cowardice in the company so long as I am at its head. Why have you asked leave of absence without consulting me?'

"Norbert was not a patient man, and the tone of the Captain was not such as a man of courage could brook. Anger seized him; his cheeks reddened, his eyes flashed, he ground his teeth; and shaking a riding whip which he had in his hand, he struck the Captain a violent blow across the face."

Of course a meeting was inevitable. Volski was the better swordsman, and intended only to inflict a wound on his adversary. His weapon was the regulation sword, but Norbert had provided himself with a blade of Damascus.

"The combat could not last long, and from the very attitudes of the champions, Norbert's second judged that it would be bloody. It lasted long enough, however, through Volski's fear of giving only a slight wound, and then being obliged to stop. The desire of a complete victory became at last so strong, that by a dangerous manoeuvre he laid himself open, to induce Norbert to quit his guard. In effect the steel of the latter took his left shoulder, and laid it open to the bone; but his own, by a straight thrust, passed right through the breast of his antagonist. At the same moment a noise among the boughs behind Volski made him turn his head, and Norbert, lowering his weapon, had still strength enough to pass it through his body. The two swords being fixed, the nerveless hands let go the hilts, the men reeled and fell lifeless on the grass, alleepy with their blood."

And this catastrophe was entirely owing to the spite of a worthless dancer, and a moment's impatience on the part of Volski. A few words quietly exchanged with his lieutenant would have rendered the meeting impossible. What a hard service is kept in the devil's institutions.

Immediately after her marriage, Juliette had managed by her influence with her relative, the war minister, to have Anatole removed from Paris to the German frontier. On being recalled, after the death of Norbert, he was not slow in returning evil for evil. Here is the opinion he expressed of her conduct among his acquaintances:—

"This is what is to be met in society. A young wife is possessed with a love the most violent, the most senseless. She regards nothing, neither honour, virtue, nor duty. Perish the reputation of a brave soldier, rather than be deprived of his caresses for a day—rather than be prevented from enjoying his society by the lovely shores of the Bay of Naples! And so she would indulge her fantasy at the expense of the lives of two brave men."

Some eighteen months later, when time had softened in some degree the grief inflicted on her by the death of her husband, and when the mutual feelings of herself and Anatole were even more embittered than at first, she prevented his marriage with the soft-mannered but selfish Charlotte. A relative of hers, a M. Herbois, from Aveyron, had written a heavy pamphlet on the necessity of manuring the light soil of that country, and besought his fair cousin to procure for him, from the minister, the cross of the legion of honour. She informed him that his only chance was to marry, Napoleon having such a dislike to old bachelors.

Charlotte's father, being a determined gambler, had refused his daughter's hand to Anatole, as he could not spare a dowry from the demands of the gambling table. But M. Herbois was prepared to take any one recommended by the influential Juliette, without a farthing. Mlle. de Meyran would have preferred the handsome, gifted, ambitious Anatole; but finding no alternative between vulgar M. Herbois and poverty, she obeyed her father. Anatole loved the cunning young lady well enough, but his ambition did not sleep, and he knew if he carried her off against the will of her father, and made her his wife, he would incur the Emperor's displeasure, and lose his public appointment. Charlotte allowed him a parting interview, and effectually discouraged any proceeding of the kind by seeming to wish to recommend it. She

had an eye to M. Herbois's 40,000 livres a-year.

"She leaned her head on Anatole's shoulder, and said—'What if you were to carry me off?' He shook a little. 'I know very well,' continued she, 'that your career would be ruined, that the Emperor and his minister would never forgive an abduction; that my father would exclaim, that my brother in the public service would injure you, and that Madame Norbert would go all lengths; and I should be separated from the world, never to re-enter it. No matter; my love for you would suffice for all. We would find some corner of the earth, where we might conceal our happiness. I am confident in your love—carry me off.'"

But of course Anatole loved her too well to expose her to poverty and solitude. So she kept her character for unselfishness and constancy, and married M. Herbois, and his work on manures, and his 40,000 livres per annum.

This of course added to Anatole's resentment against Juliette, but he had soon an opportunity of revenging the wrong. Elleviou, the accomplished singer and actor of that day, was a terrible lady-killer. Anatole one day saw a lady enter the celebrated restaurant, the *Cadran Bleu*; he recognised the head-dress, the shawl, the height, and shape of Madame Norbert, and going into the house he learned, at the expense of a couple of Napoleons, that the dame was at that moment dining in a private room with Elleviou. It was not long till his acquaintances were as well informed on the subject as he; and Juliette, without knowing the cause, found herself treated very coldly, avoided in fact, by the ladies of her circle. She had begun to entertain favourable thoughts of Ernest de Meyran, being ignorant of his dissipated and gambling propensities; and, on one occasion had advanced him a considerable sum to acquit a gambling debt, on some false pretences of his, and this was also unfavourably interpreted.

In this strife of wrong-doing Anatole did not escape. A litigious miller, a tenant of Madame Norbert's, going to law with the prefect of his district, lost his cause, but came up to Paris to get himself rightified. He brought his papers (sealed) to the proper office, of which Anatole was the chief. He winked at the great

man, and told him the documents were to be read by him alone, and that he would find them very convincing. The adroit miller had inserted among the papers twenty notes of 1,000 francs each. Anatole gave the parcel to his clerk to be laid in a certain press; and at the proper time favourably represented to the minister the man's case. The cause went against him, however, and then he loudly claimed his twenty notes from Anatole, though liable to be severely punished himself, for attempting to bribe a public functionary. This was a severe blow for the ambitious prefect that was to be. He blamed Juliette for inciting the miller, for he looked on the presence of the notes as a pure invention. The wife of the minister, Juliette's relation, exerted herself to such purpose, that though he considered Anatole innocent in the matter of the notes, he determined to have him deprived of his appointment for his calumnies against Mme. Norbert. At last his clerk was discovered to have purloined the miller's money, and his integrity was so far justified; and he discovered that he had mistaken an actress for Mme. Norbert, in the *Cadran Bleu* concern. He was, however, convinced that all hopes of high office were at an end. Driven to bay, he paid a visit to Mme. Norbert, who had just returned from an entertainment at the minister's, where she had been openly insulted by an outspoken woman of doubtful virtue.

"These two persons regarded one another some time without speaking; they examined each other like two tigers thirsty for blood, devising where best to strike the first stroke. At last Anatole, taking a chair, began the strife. 'We hate each other cordially, madame,' said he, 'and I cannot explain how I have forced myself into your presence. I have deeply injured you, but unfortunately I cannot repair the wrong if you alone are to be benefited. I am lost also. You have enveloped me in the meshes of a shameful accusation—that of a vile theft.' 'I hated you sufficiently to believe the charge. Did you suppose that I could act like a woman without name, in meeting an actor in a house open to all comers?' 'I believed that you were the very person; and when I found my mistake it was too late to undo the mischief. You have prevented me from marrying a woman I loved; restore me Charlotte de Meyran madame. You can satisfy yourself to—

morrow that I am innocent of the theft, however it may annoy you. We both are lost. I can well conceive how two enemies can rush to the place of combat where one is to lose his life. But if it is proved to them that both must perish, I cannot imagine the after struggle, especially when the prize they fight for is reputation.' 'It is you,' said Juliette, who have brought me to the place of combat. I had no choice, I must follow.'

"Well," said he, "I am neither vile nor cowardly, and I know your conduct to be free even from suspicion. Yet I hate you, and my hate is returned. However, I know the value of reputation. It is more than life—more than talent. For a woman especially, reputation is as necessary as the air she breathes." "I know it well," said Juliette. "Both suffering equally, I have been obliged to make this visit." "Have you brought poison or the dagger to put an end to my sufferings?" "It may be so, madame. Career in an honourable profession is as necessary to my well-being as reputation is to yours. Though we hate, we cannot help esteeming each other, and I see but one means to effect our deliverance from the abyss which opens for us." "And this means—what is it?" "To espouse each other." M. de Linant added not a word; he bowed respectfully, opened the door, and departed."

Juliette's surprise at this proposal may be imagined, but when she mentioned it to the minister and his wife, and due consideration was given to it, they decided that it was the very thing to be done, all circumstances considered. It was agreed that the ceremony should take place at night.

"The church was plunged in the most profound darkness, but the Virgin's chapel sparkled with a thousand lights. . . . The bride was arrayed in white, and a coral ornament adorned her hair, depended from her ears, and wound round her neck. She was beautiful but frightfully pale. The coral on which the light fell in floods gave a strange and ghastly colour to her skin. . . . No joyous hymns, no sunlight, no incense! The mass was celebrated in the deepest silence, broken only by the voices of the priest and his assistants, the heavy thud of the rain coming down in torrents, and the rumbling of distant thunder. At last came the moment, when placed under the canopy, bridegroom and bride laid their hands each in the other, and he put the gold circlet on her finger. You would have said their hands were of marble, with-

out a pulse of life. The ceremony being ended, the priest was about addressing them on their reciprocal duties, when a frightful clatter stopped his discourse. Some heavy object had fallen with a stunning noise on the pavement, and it seemed as if the pulpit had tumbled, a mass of wood had cracked, and the organ fallen to pieces with a dismal shriek. The thunder was heard in a prolonged rattle, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed a cloud of dust in the nave, as if rising from the vaults. A clash of iron accompanied these terrors, and a voice repeating in wild terror, *Sancta Maria ora pro nobis*.* . . . Juliette fell in a swoon into the arms of Madame C., and was borne lifeless into the sacristy."

After a while, Anatole, about to follow to make inquiry after his wife, was accosted by the minister, who, congratulating him on being just appointed prefect in Aveyron, politely handed him into a travelling carriage which was to convey him to his government. Away he went in his light wedding garments, and would have suffered not a little from the cold had it not been for a comfortable padded cloak which had been thoughtfully provided for him.

He had now gained his coveted object; and by his ability and naturally good disposition he soon was very popular in his capital of Rhodéz. Moreover, Charlotte, now Mme. de Herbois, lived near, and he could frequently relax from his pleasant duties in her society. (The sensation British maid or matron need not become nervous at this point—tender speeches were the worst that occurred between the quondam lovers.) But, alas, Napoleon would not allow a prefect and his lady to live apart. So he requested Mme. de Linant, who had lived in the minister's family since her marriage, to come and take possession of the lady's apartments in the prefecture, promising that he would never abuse his privileges, or inflict his society on her except at public receptions. She had to submit to hard fate. She was left completely at liberty, however, in her state apartments; and by degrees both husband and wife, discovering their mutual good qualities, began to regret their estrangement. She began to be tor-

* The rain and thunder excepted, all this confusion arose from trivial causes, namely, the falling of a heavy picture, the clash of the frightened beadle's halbert on the flags, and the prayer of the terrified distributor of the holy-water.

mented with jealousy on account of the visits made to Mme. Charlotte, and just at the time received a visit from Ernest, who was flying from the pursuit of justice.

He informed her that his sister, with Anatole's concurrence, had placed one of her own creatures in her (Juliette's) service, and that she had promised her a dowry, and would effect her marriage with her suitor, on condition of her poisoning her new mistress, still with Anatole's concurrence. On inquiry, she found the poison in the maid's possession; and in Ernest's presence, burst out into a passion of jealousy and resentment, exclaiming as once did Henry II., "Oh! who will free me from this man?" At this juncture Anatole was away at Mme. de Herbois's, and intended, without returning, to join a party of huntsmen at some distance next day. Ernest, on hearing the frenzied wife's exclamation, started to do the deed, i.e., waylay and murder Anatole, and then oblige her as his accomplice to fly with him to another country. After his departure, she found that Charlotte's guilt consisted in bribing Rose to administer a liquor which would make her ill, and thus compel her to return to Paris for medical advice, and that Anatole had no knowledge whatever of the compact. She at once sent messengers in all haste to find her husband, and urgently require him to return.

On his meeting with Charlotte that day, she let him into her design of sending her husband to Italy to study the science of manures under a celebrated professor, and also how she would oblige his wife to quit Rhodéz, as already explained. She showed him her favourite dog, once a lively little animal, now moving about in a listless fashion from a dose of the poison, and explained that it would be as brisk as ever in a day or so. Anatole had been suffering from remorse and re-awakened love of his wife, and now he bitterly reproached Charlotte—rushed from the house—

sprung on his horse—saw the poor little hound lying dead as he was crossing the yard, and rode home like the wind to save his wife, if not too late. Meantime, she was in agony for his safety. Rose, who had decided on not administering the medicine, cried out,

"'Madame, Monsieur is alighting.' A shivering seized on the young wife. She felt her limbs tremble under her, but her feelings were all gratitude that her rash expressions had not borne their bitter fruit. 'Oh, Rose! are you sure?' She heard the outer door clash, and trembling with emotion, she retreated to the farthest part of her boudoir. At last the door flew open, and Anatole springing towards his wife clasped her to his heart. 'Juliette,' cried he, trembling, 'you are pale; your lips and under your eyes are discoloured. Am I too late?' Then perceiving Rose, he cried out, 'Let this girl be arrested.' Juliette laid one hand on her husband's mouth, and with the other held before his eyes the little bottle still full to the stopper. 'No,' said she, 'Rose is a true girl. We must recompense her instead of delivering her to justice.' 'Oh, God be praised!' cried he, 'that you have escaped death. How dreadful that I who love you most tenderly should have been selected as an accomplice for your death!' She flung her arms round her husband, and her past sufferings were as if they had never been."

But we are constrained to omit all further circumstances of the unlooked for reconciliation, and the fortunes of the other personages of the story, high and low, and the many picturesque and humorous passages with which the book is filled. Our object being to present a sensation French story of an unobjectionable character, and a date anterior to the Lady Audley school, we have spared our readers everything in the shape of criticism. Being destitute of the evil qualities so dear to the admirers of the wicked works of Feydeau, Sue and Co., it has missed such popularity as is enjoyed by their writings, and will, therefore, as we hope, possess the virtue of novelty for many of our readers.

IN CHURCH.

SHE stands beside a pillar fair,
 A maiden girlish-slight,
 But stronger than the column there
 Her innocence's might;
 And simple straight her thoughts go up, in purest white arrayed,
 And far above the pillar's shaft their resting place is made.

She kneels beneath the arching lines
 That o'er the chancel sweep,
 And on her brow the holy signs
 Of peaceful conscience sleep,
 And higher than the arches' height her steadfast eyes do look,
 The while they meekly seem to fall upon her open book.

A sunbeam laughs into her face,
 The face that knows no stain,
 And laughs to see from out their place,
 Within the window pane,
 The olden saints, in quaint array, come sliding, gliding down,
 To hover o'er her winsome face, and weave for her a crown.

St. Matthew gleams about her lips,
 For all his mien so staid;
 And see, upon her finger tips
 St. James's palms are laid;
 The loved Apostle calmly floats o'er one so purely fair,
 And hoar St. Peter, with his keys, lies tangled in her hair.

Mine eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
 For oh! she is so fair:
 Yet do I nought but gaze and gaze,
 For glory has no glare;
 And then I murmur to myself, all wondering, "How can she,
 This being, in her radiancy, my own betrothed be?"

Anon the organ's minstrelsy,
 And all the choir join in;
 But she, albeit her silence,
 Is holier than a hymn;
 For "Jubilate Domine" her every look doth show,
 And "Gloria" is writ upon the brightness of her brow.

Then, for his text, the Pastor takes
 A verse I know full well,
 And every word he utters makes
 A new-born glory-spell
 Come showering down from out the pane to light up every word,
 Yea, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see the Lord."

For lo! I see it shining out,
 A gorgeous blazoned text,
 With crimson, purple, strewn about
 The golden blaze perplex;
 And then upon my clasped hands I bow my face and pray,
 And "Blessed are the pure in heart," I softly, softly say.

UTER.

PHASES OF LIFE IN FEDERAL AMERICA.

THE second of the works whose titles are subjoined describes the present era in American affairs as the "great transition." The writer, a strong Abolitionist partisan, means that a change is occurring from a national constitution stained by negro Slavery, to a reconstructed Union within which no man shall be held in bondage. This vision of the Lincoln party has its inspiring elements; and vast political strength has been derived by the Northern Ministers from the supposed tendency of their policy to bring about such a result. It is unnecessary at present to discuss whether a transition in that sense is really in progress; but there can be no question that a great transition is taking place, one which will momentarily affect the character of the American people and the nature of their institutions, whether the South and North again coalesce, or are finally resolved into two distinct nations, founded on principles mutually repellent. Little is known in this country of the effect of the existing struggle upon society in the Southern States. Tourists, and the correspondents of leading journals, have confined themselves chiefly to the Federal districts of the continent; but from such books as the intelligent diary of Colonel Fremantle, and the evidence afforded by the public acts of the Confederate Cabinet, there is ground to conclude that no social disorganization has ensued in the Southern States, as the result of the war, bearing the smallest comparison with the moral disturbance, and perilous revolution in public sentiment, caused in the North by the strife of factions, and the harsh necessities of a contest into which the American-born inhabitants of the Federal States have never gone with enthusiasm, or a spirit of self-sacrifice. What we know of the South is, that the population, high and low, have

vied in zeal for what they regard as the cause of national independence. Mr. Davis has had no difficulty in obtaining men from a community much smaller in numbers than his opponents draw from. No Conscription of his has been resisted; none has ever failed of producing the expected totals. The last of the Confederate President's manifestoes is a letter of thanks to the soldiery, who, being entitled to their discharge after a protracted period of service, and privations unprecedented in modern war, instead of embracing the opportunity, and retiring to their homes, have all but unanimously re-enlisted. It is a noble act, even Federal advocates allow; and, were there nothing else to judge from, would show that the Southern are not demoralized by the war.

Into the various reasons of this difference of experience in North and South, it seems superfluous to inquire. The principal must doubtless be sought in the circumstance that the Southern are bound together by a common purpose. Some may be inclined to describe this as defence of their homes and hearths, others as the preservation of their vile monopoly of unpaid negro labour; but whichever theory is taken, the strength and value of unity are undeniable. Mr. Davis and his colleagues have been able to devote undivided attention to their military tasks. They have not suffered from the distractions of political intrigue. They have not trembled for their authority as for a power that might any day be suddenly overthrown. Their journals have subjected them to criticism, and often sharply; but this has only been when they seemed to be prosecuting the war tardily—never with the view of deposing them from their seats in favour of a rival faction.

In the North things have been very different. Mr Lincoln and his

"Forty Years of American Life." By Dr. Thomas L. Nichols. 2 vols. London: John Maxwell & Co.

"Peculiar: a Tale of the Great Transition." By Epes Sargent. Edited by William Howitt. Authorized edition. 8 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Cabinet have had a double set of duties to perform—a double foe to fight. Besides waging war against the Secessionists, they have had to keep the Democratic party under; and this has required much skilful manœuvring—many sacrifices, too, of public honour and constitutional principle. The Democrats have never had their hearts in the conflict. They have thwarted and embarrassed the Washington Ministry in carrying it forward. They have resisted taxation; they have defeated the Conscription; they have thrown every obstacle in the way of volunteering; and they have become more troublesome, to the extent almost of a treasonable resistance to the powers that be, since Mr. Lincoln adopted as a war-cry the principle of absolute emancipation. Their perverse conduct, indeed, contributed not a little to force the President's party into this attitude. It would be foreign to our argument to question the right or wrong, the constitutionality or otherwise, of Mr. Lincoln's edict. What we desire to show is, that the division of the Northern interest into two hostile camps has rendered the efforts of the Federals lumbering and ineffectual, and produced such a dislocation of society in their States that, end the war as it may, a "great transition" will be found to have been passed through, and unhappily to a worse state of things than existed before.

Of course, Northern America will settle down again ultimately, and all these evils be repaired. The despotism of the Washington autocrat cannot last; and the country will strive to purge itself when peace returns from the malign influence of corrupt and unprincipled politicians. But that will take time; and, during the throes of the change, it is hard to say what strange vicissitudes the Northern community may not have to pass through. Even before the year has come to an end, we may see the present rulers cast aside by the *coup d'état* of some bold son of the sword, who will cover his daring contempt for law and constitutional forms by pleading an urgent necessity. In its peril, the Republic—if such it can even now be called—may accept, and, possibly, with a fatal readiness, this description of service. Nor will there

be wanting public guides to persuade the people that the change is for their good. If the alternative shall seem to the Northern people to be the sacrifice of their own liberties or the abandonment of the war upon the South, their acquiescence already in many arbitrary proceedings of their Cabinet has shown that they will choose the former, trusting to the chances of events to enable them to resume control of their affairs, according to the old Republican theories, when the desired object has been attained.

It is a dangerous experiment; but that they are ready, at any hour, to take the plunge is established by the tone of the New York press—the *New York Herald* having, for example, in a recent number, soberly intimated that the time has arrived when only "a great soldier" can save the Union. The Cabinet of Washington, adds the journalist, have miserably failed; and the first thing necessary, if the South is to be subdued, is to cast them adrift, and put up in their stead a military Dictator—hampering him by no restrictions, and subjecting him to no inconvenient responsibility. Laws are suspended in time of war, is a favourite axiom of the writer; no man wrongfully arrested by domiciliary visitors, on the testimony of suborned agents, and flung into prison, has any right, therefore, to expect redress. "Lafayette" is a recognised instrument of rule. All that the Americans expect from Mr. Lincoln, or the military despot whom they are prepared to receive in his room, is—Success.

But the demoralization of the Federal public, which shows itself in this and other forms, is not of sudden development. The war has only hurried the national decay that had begun long before, though on the surface all seemed peaceful and prosperous. The Republican institutions of America had been breaking down for years under pressure of the abnormal growth of the "Empire," as Americans now, significantly, affect to call their States. Observing persons saw this, but were derided when they raised the voice of warning. Now, looking back by the light of more recent events, the progress of that decline can be traced, and a variety of remarkable occurrences

indicated as marking its stages. That subject, however, is one for the philosophical historian of America, when the time comes for the performance of his task; the present writer's design is much less pretentious, being to produce, simply, such pictures of life in the Northern States from the generation preceding the war, as American writers themselves enable us to offer. Among the books which contain matter of this kind, we certainly know none more interesting, or, on the whole, more instructive, than the "Forty Years of American Life," which Dr. Nichols has lately laid before English readers. It is written in a rapid, easy style; the useful and agreeable are blended in its pages with considerable skill. The author, in fact, is an experienced writer, having received a training at the press. His powers of observation are far above the average; and, in fine, we may accept him as a very fair limner of the features of Federal America.

Dr. Nichols is an *exile*. It appears that there is now in the English metropolis as distinct a body of American refugees as there were wont to be of French or Italians, and as there still are of Polish. These are persons, who, either from disgust with the state of things in America, or from having come under the suspicion of the powers that be, have reason to prefer a residence abroad. There were three courses open to Dr. Nichols when the war broke out—either to go South, where his sympathies lay—seek martyrdom in the North where he resided—or set sail for England. He chose the last, and felt exceedingly happy when far out to sea. In London he was a perfect stranger; still this subject of the "freest nation in creation" breaks out into a rhapsody as he struggles through the busy thoroughfares. "A grimy London street, but liberty," he exclaims, "a humble lodging, hard fare, and a dim outlook for the future, but no blood on my soul. A hundred thousand corpses of Northern volunteers—did I not see them, poor starving wretches, with no work for themselves and no food for their families, marched off by thousands to be slaughtered or die by Southern fevers? I am not responsible for their deaths. 'Thou canst not say I

did it.' " Satisfied on this score, he sits down to sketch what he has witnessed during forty years of an active life among this extraordinary people. "I have described America," says Dr. Nichols, "and what seems to me most distinctive in its people and institutions, as I remember them looking back through a vista of nearly half a century of a busy and varied life, and as they appear to me viewed across the intervening ocean. Americans have usually written of their country with exultation. I have written in sorrow and humiliation; yet, not without the hope that, purified as in the fire, she may in the future be worthy of the promise of the past."

The author sets out with a description of the changes wrought in the process of sophistication which the rural population of the Northern States have undergone by the introduction of "fast" habits. Here is a lively picture of a farmer's house in New England forty years ago:—

"Let me give an idea of such a farmer's home as I remember it forty years ago. The farm was about a hundred acres of land, running back from the river in a series of three level terraces, and then up a steep, rocky hill. These alluvial terraces or levels, of perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, appeared to me to have been at some period the successive bottoms either of a much broader river, or, more probably, of a great lake, bounded by the chain of precipitous mountains that girt our valley, excepting where they were broken through at the north and south. This farm was fenced with the stumps of the great pine-trees that had once covered the meadows, and which had been cut down at an earlier period and sawn into boards, or made into shingles, or rafted down the rivers to become

'Fit masts for some tall admiral.'

The fences were made by placing these stumps—extracted from the ground with great labour and the aid of machinery—on their sides with their gnarled roots stretching into the air, and forming a *chevaux de frise* which few animals would venture to jump over, but which with an occasional tear of the trousers, I managed to climb with great facility. There were no hedges. In the rocky uplands there were stone walls, elsewhere board fences and palings.

"The stage road passed along the second terrace, and here were the farm buildings—a story-and-a-half wooden house, with a steep shingled roof, having ten rooms, a wash-house, dairy, wood-house, where the year's firewood was stored, and hog-house.

At a little distance was the barn-yard, with two large barns for hay, unthreshed grain, and stables for horses and cattle, and a corn-barn for storing Indian corn and the threshed and winnowed grain. Back of the buildings was an orchard of ten or fifteen acres; and back of this, by a rich bank of blue clay, a brickyard.

"Our neighbour was an industrious man.

He raised large crops of wheat, rye, maize, potatoes, and flax. He kept horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. The women carded, spun, and wove the wool and flax, making the blankets, fulled cloth, and linen of the family. They also made plenty of butter and cheese. The farmer and his stout boys cut their wood, shaved pine-shingles, converted the apples into cider, made bricks, washed and sheared the sheep, prepared the flax, and had plenty of work for every week in the year. They raised their food, made their clothing, and had a large surplus of everything to exchange for what they could not manufacture or produce—tea, coffee, tobacco—the last of which they could grow—and all the goods furnished by the stores. In those days the buzz of the spinning-wheel and the clang of the loom were heard, and the odour of the dye-pot smelt, in every farmer's dwelling. Now, these instruments of domestic manufacture are stowed away in the garret, and the young ladies, dressed in the produce of the looms of Manchester, Lyons, or Lowell, 'spin street yarn,' exercise at the pianoforte, and are learned in the mysteries of crochet. I doubt if they are the better of it."

This was the time, long before railways or telegraphic wires, of the American snow roads. In spring and summer the farmers could go no great distance, from the inconceivable badness of the highways, but in winter, when the frozen snow made tolerable roads, they joined together in a merry company, harnessed their teams, loaded their large double sleighs with frozen hogs, tallow, butter, cheese, fruits, honey, and home-made cloth, and with the dingle of a hundred bells set off on an expedition of one or two hundred miles to sell their products, and bring home tea and other foreign luxuries. Those were the days, too, when the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated with an imposing and even a pious simplicity, contrasting remarkably with the noisy and boastful pomp of the ceremonial of later years. At this period, too, the American muse was prolific of song, and metrical and historical accounts of the struggle with Great Britain, were learned by every

child almost as soon as he could speak; and to these, probably, is traceable the fixed belief of the nation that they can readily "whip the Britishers," the burden of all those old ballads being the superiority of the American arms. One of the most curious was a long and diffuse account in verse of the capture of the British ship, *Guerriere*, by the American frigate, *Constitution*:—

"It oft-times has been told,
How the British seamen bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and
handy, O!
But they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch;
Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the
dandy, O!"

Thus began the story; and it must be admitted that under *present* circumstances the last line may be read with a new significance. It was that carefully nurtured contempt for British prowess which made the conquest of Canada seem so easy a task always to the Americans, and led them to embrace within the grasp of their Monroe doctrine the entire continent, from the Polar icefields to the Gulf of Florida. Nay, they even stretched a covetous hand into South America, and the same Mr. Seward who is now striving to maintain his Government in the "pent-up Utica" of the Northern States, no later than 1860, standing in the capital of Minnesota, indulged his auditory with a dream of Yankee domination to be bounded on every side by the ocean—his only difficulty was where to place the capital of the magnificent Republic, and in casting about for a central and convenient spot, he was disposed to select the valley of Mexico! The three intervening years have dispelled many delusions, but the Americans cling still to the unsubstantial fancy of universal empire though the rude logic of facts may have converted their stump-orator to views more reasonable.

From the early habits of the New Englanders, Mr. Lowe might possibly get some hints tending to the introduction of economy into the management of the English school system; and clamourers for "out door relief" may also have their attention usefully directed to the customs of those primitive people. In New Hamp-

shire, to make the money raised by taxation for educational purposes go as far as possible, it was customary, a generation ago, to put the teacher up to auction, to be boarded with the lowest bidder. Every year at town-meeting the paupers, too, were sold by public *roup*, to those who would maintain them cheapest, taking into account the work they were capable of performing. The pauper was a slave, transferred from master to master, for a year at a time; but every year to a new farmer as long as he lived. The schoolmaster's "keep" was saved to the community sometimes, by an agreement to "board him round;" which meant that he was to receive food and lodging, for a week or two at a time, in the houses of all the inhabitants of the district. It is to the honour of the New Englanders, however, that the best room and bed were always kept for the pedagogue, out of sincere respect for his honourable calling. But the great blemish upon American education from the first, and equally in the village school and the high-class college, was its tendency to intensify the self-esteem of the people, and hide from them a just idea of the intelligence, freedom, and greatness of other nations.

The youthful generation so taught, became in its maturity smart, vain, and superficial. Still it possessed sufficient intelligence for the duties required from it in a new and rising country, where the competitions of life were not severe, and wealth accrued from comparatively small efforts, within a short space of the life of each individual. The rapidity of this national growth nourished the inordinate self-conceit ingrained in the populace. And as the principle of the American system of government, and the important questions of internal administration which determined the differences of parties, made every man a politician, debating clubs were soon established in every considerable place, and that glibness was acquired for which the American people have become unenviably proverbial. The estimate set upon mere volubility was so great that a race of lecturers and mere spouters was produced, whom the people hurried with a morbid avidity to hear. Political influence, and place, and emolu-

ment, proved the reward of a clap-trap success upon the platform. And thus public life lost its high ambitions. The tendency was to elevate the least sagacious, least patriotic, least honourable men to high position; and so in every department, and among all classes, there followed a lowering of the moral tone, and the consequent embitterment of questions connected with Slavery, which being made to serve the purpose of a faction cry, was kept in a state of perpetual rawness. No settlement of such matters was suffered to remain undisturbed by the agitators to whom they offered a means of gaining notoriety.

This abnormal development of the platform influence long proved fatal to every form of literature, except such as the newspaper and the slight religious treatise might be said to constitute. Instead of books, the Americans resorted to their great halls to hear lectures. The lecturing mania—which has now visited these countries—began to rage in the Northern States above ten years ago, and took the most extravagant forms. Successive flights of those lecturers crossed the country, getting as much as ten guineas a-night for their frothy and mischievous essays on woman's rights, phrenology, vegetarianism, spirit-tapping, bloomerism, and "free-love." The doctrines of Fourier had their female advocates; and one of the most successful of the public apostles of the system of Robert Owen, was a certain Fanny Wright, whose discourses drew "astounding houses." The evident delight of the public in "evenings" of this description, ultimately even affected the operations of the ecclesiastical bodies; and sensation lectures in churches, on semi-religious subjects, and subjects in no sense religious, contributed to the deprecation of the public judgment and taste.

The pages devoted by Dr. Nichols to an account of the camp and revival meetings of American Methodism are picturesquely written. But he hardly does justice to the amount of unquestionably real piety that underlay the extravagance of these gatherings. The scene thus depicted must have been worth making a journey to see:—

"At night, after an interval for supper, the camp is lighted up by lanterns upon

the trees and blazing fires of pine knots. The scene is now wild and beautiful. The lights shine in the tents and gleam in the forest; the rude but melodious Methodist hymns ring through the woods; the ground is glittering with the phosphoric gleam of certain roots which trampling feet have denuded of their bark; the moon shines in the blue vault above the tree tops, and the melancholy scream of the loon, a large waterfowl, comes across the lake on the sighing breeze of night. In this wild and solemn night-scene, the voice of the preacher has a double power, and the harvest of converts is increased. A procession is formed of men and women, who march round the camp singing an invitation to the unconverted. Then there are prayer meetings in the tents again, with the accumulated excitement of the whole day and evening. At ten o'clock the long, wild note of the horn is heard from the preacher's stand: the night watch is set. Each tent is divided into two compartments—one for men, the other for women; straw is littered down, and all lie down in close rows upon the ground to sleep, and silence reigns in the camp, broken only by the mournful note of the waterfowl and the neighing of horses, fastened, with their forage, under the trees. These meetings last a week or longer."

The tendency in America has always been to rush from extreme to extreme. After a season of alarming commercial immorality came what was known as the great Revival. After a period when "drunken lawyers, drunken doctors, drunken members of Congress, and drunken ministers of religion" were common, teetotalism set in, and became a fanaticism. "Moral suasion" not doing its work fast enough, universal demand was made for a prohibitive law. But this measure no more cured the evil of drunkenness than did the Revival meetings general impiety. When the retailing of liquor had been prohibited, men bought by wholesale; the Express companies were loaded with orders for kegs of liquor brought from States where the prohibitive enactment was not in force. A thousand smuggling artifices were devised, and the law became a joke and a dead letter.

It will surprise some to hear that the "revival of religion" which took place some years ago in the United States was more needed by the state of society in the northern than in the southern portion of the territory now commonly called Federal America. The New England States are the re-

gion where Rationalism prevails; in New York and the more Southern parts of the non-Confederate territory, Spiritualism took a greater hold. There is a Deism in the New England States which calls itself Unitarianism—the offspring, as in other countries, of too hard and abstract a system of pulpit teaching among orthodox divines. There are but two Unitarian churches in New York, and perhaps fifty in Boston. Harvard College, one of the best endowed of American educational institutions, now belongs to the Unitarians, who are obtaining an increase of numbers from the identification with them of those who affect the Rationalism of Theodore Parker. The "revival" produced no effect upon this class of persons; but despite their intellectual pretensions, their religious speculations—they can hardly be said to possess a creed—are misty and puerile. The growth of Deism in those somewhat milder forms in the more northern States is attributed by Dr. Nichols to the social pressure by which the population in New England were forced into an external conformity with religion in its severer form of extreme Puritanism. Whilst this pressure was submitted to, every man went to church; but as the ministers were, many of them, ill-informed, and others dogmatical and harsh to an offensive degree, the more active minds became unsettled; and as soon as the religious restraints of a primitive period were relaxed, persons of this description broke off almost into infidelity. But as, from their education, they could not rest content without the forms at least of a recognised faith, they founded churches of their own, retaining all the Puritan severity of ritual, but sacrificing all the essential principles of the religion of the Christian world. It was a compromise between what they fancied to be their convictions and the lingering influences of early teaching. Of much of the infidelity of the American Unitarians, the pharisaism rather than the austerity of the Puritans was the cause. All men admire consistency, and only begin to condemn a system when they lose respect for its professors. The later Puritans forfeited their character for honesty by their "compromises with the world"—as religious phrasæ would put it—

and repelled the younger generation by an asceticism which made absurd and uncandid distinctions between things lawful and things profane. "The stage," says Dr. Nichols, "was held in holy horror. Yet pious people, who would have thought it sinful to go to the theatre to see a play of Shakspeare, would crowd the circus, just as I saw, some years later, Puritanical people flocking to Niblo's to see vaudeville and the ballet, because the theatre was called a garden. Even clergymen went, with pious ladies, to see the most objectionable performances of the modern stage, so long as the place where they were given was not called a theatre. It was a sin to dance, or even to play a dancing tune, but right enough to play marches. A quick step would pass muster, but not a hornpipe or jig." The Methodists were the first to soften the harshness of the religious system of New England.

An amusing incident is related of the religious demonstrations once common among the factory-girls of Lowell, who asserted the doctrine of "woman's rights" in a very practical way. It was usual in the churches of that town to see as many as a thousand girls, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, neatly dressed, and only some two or three score of the male sex, wofully seated apart in some sombre corner. In these congregations, the "fair" being in an unquestioned majority, insisted upon their claim to vote in the election of the clergyman; and as *they* paid his salary, this was but just. Disagreeable clerics were ruthlessly deposed, and married ones not at all in request; but the doctrine of handsome young fellows, under thirty, well bearded, was generally found orthodox and edifying. Sometimes these girls "struck" for higher wages, and no confederacy of employers was ever known successfully to resist the battery of their eloquence. They held public meetings, and their oratory was overpowering.

There is no more amusing chapter of Dr. Nichols' book than that in which the eccentricities of Yankeeedom are portrayed. The stage American does not, we think, come up to the real article. The native idioms are only imperfectly acquired by foreign players, to whom mostly

parts of the kind fall. A Yankee, the author affirms, never swears: he has "mean and cowardly ways of whipping the devil round the stump." He says, "I vum, I swon, I swow, I vow, darn it, gaul darn your picter, by golly, golly crimus," and so on. These are the eastern Yankees; the Western have more rhetoric in their exclamations. The Yankee is content to describe himself, in certain conditions, as "a gone sucker;" but the Western, under similar circumstances, is "catawampously chewed up." A Yankee has a "kinder sneakin' notion arter" a girl; the Western describes a plain lass to be "as homely as a hedge-fence." The real genuine Yankee boasts that "he is a hull team and a hoss to let. You can't tucker him eout. It beats all natur' heow he can go it when he gets his dander up. He has got his eye-teeth out, true as preachin'." The exaggerations of the Western partake more of poetry. He laughs like a hyæna over a dead nigger. He walks through a fence like a falling tree through a cobweb. A fellow he has a contempt for is so poor and thin that he has to lean up again' a saplin' to cuss. His own powers are so vast, that he can drink the Mississippi, and out-holler thunder. For some of his oddest terms there is a respectable derivation; as, for example, *absquatulate* is from *a* or *ab*, privative, and *squat*, the western for settle. But the *ne plus ultra* of vulgar Southern extravagances is to escape quickly by "vamoosin quicker'n greased lightning" down a peeled hickory."

The writer, who finds so few things to praise in America, is still enthusiastic upon the beauty of the women of the Northern States. Europeans have not been accustomed to accord to the Western ladies this proud distinction. But in truth their beauty is singularly evanescent. At the New York balls, numbers of delicate and lovely forms may be seen; but these graceful dancers are all between fifteen and twenty-five. They seem also to want strength. After twenty-five, they rapidly fade. This "gift of beauty," however, is said to be as rare west of the Alleghanies as in north-western Europe. "But along the whole coast of the Atlantic and the Gulf, and in all the country settled for more than a century, it is com-

mon." In the oldest towns, there are the greater number of handsome women; in Portland, Salem, Providence, or Baltimore, the visitor is immediately struck by the graceful appearance and bearing of the well-dressed crowds who throng the promenades.

Of the literature of America there is little new to be said. Its newspapers, for mischievous extravagance, as well as for their number, are paralleled by the press of no other country. In the present crisis, the Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Bancrofts—authors grave and gay, poet and historian alike—are condemned to silence. The people have too much on hands to listen to these preachers for the hours of recreation. It is to be hoped, however, that the workers are not idle, for dark as the clouds are, there is surely a "good time coming." Dr. Nichols, at least, thinks so. "When this red leaf in the history of America," he says, "is turned over, there will begin a new era in American literature—a better, brighter, nobler one than we can point to in the past. It may be that the earnest, true life of the nation, or the natives, of the future is now to begin." Others may not divine the future in so sanguine a spirit, but every "Britisher" wishes America well, and would gladly see two things that our people think necessary to the peace, moral progress, and wholesome prosperity of the Western Continent, happen—namely, the admission that the South has achieved its independence; and the re-establishment of the Northern Constitution on some improved basis. Speaking of Bancroft—who was described by an English writer as the Hume of America, whose volumes are characterized by singular "ease in composition"—our author dispels the idea of the historian's fluency and expertness. Bancroft, it appears, is a very laborious writer. Here is his process: First of all, having studied his authorities and arranged his facts, he writes out his narrative. This he goes over repeatedly, interlining, erasing, and correcting, until the sheets are a labyrinth of blotted hieroglyphics. His secretary then makes a clean copy, taking care, however, to leave large spaces between the lines for further intricate feats of

penmanship. Over this the historian once again plods, inverting and polishing his sentences. Then the MS. goes to the printer, but the work is not finished. The proof is returned so hideously blurred, that it would be "less trouble to set it up anew." Whatever "ease" the reader may discover in the composition, the author does not find it easy by any means. Very few, however, possess the faculty of writing off a finished composition at a first effort.

One of the weakest of those delusions that have from time to time reigned in America is Spiritualism; and even yet it is not exploded. The war, in fact, has given it a stimulus. The "mediums" are regularly consulted by mothers and by wives, who have husbands or sons in action. They profess to receive information which time and events have strangely corroborated—so strong is the force of fanaticism. In "Peculiar" the Spirits figure largely; and Mr. William Howitt, who edits the tale, paints their performances, of course, in the richest colours. He converts Spiritualism, in fact, into an important political instrument. The unseen table-rappers have assured the initiated that the cause of the South is a bad cause, which cannot ultimately prosper. The same Spirits, moreover, have endorsed the policy of Mr. Lincoln, and are busy canvassing for him in their own way, in prospect of the next Presidential election. "Peculiar" is a story written in the interest of the dominant party at Washington, and characterized by all its extravagances. To some it might seem a somewhat exaggerated statement of them, but the proof of its general correctness is to be found in these "Forty Years of American Life." Dr. Nichols writes the bare truth, but it is really "stranger than fiction." The latter author's mind is in suspension as to the truth of the phenomena he has witnessed—

"I have heard several so-called speaking mediums, who were supposed to speak in a 'circle' or to address public assemblies, either in a state of trance or under spiritual influence. I heard a cadaverous-looking personage with long hair spout poetry, or something in rhyme and metre, in Memphis. In Springfield, Illinois, the home of President Lincoln, I listened an hour to a speech of what Americans call 'highfalutin' eloquence.

froth and rainbows. I heard Miss Hardinge, once an English actress, deliver a very imposing oration to more than 1,000 persons, in a splendid lecture-room at St. Louis. I have heard the pretty, doll-like Mrs. Cora Hatch in New York. In none of these cases did I see the least evidence of spiritual or supernatural influence. The speakers shut their eyes, but anyone can do that. They may have looked inspired, but I did not see it. The improvisatore was a clever one, if honest; but improvisatori are not necessarily supernatural; and if spirits spoke through Miss Hardinge or Mrs. Cora Hatch, they either came direct from the father of lies, or were absurdly ignorant of the commonest facts of history. It is fair to say that I heard a plain-looking middle-aged Quaker woman in Cincinnati talking metaphysics for two hours, as if she had been possessed by the spirits of Hegel or Herbart; and I have also, in one or two instances, heard so-called mediums, in private discourses of matters of which in their usual state they appeared to have no knowledge. But where we are to draw the line between what is called the inspiration of the poet, and a supernatural obsession, or possession, or illumination, may be somewhat difficult to determine.

"The arguments against the existence of spiritual phenomena are abundant; but then it must be confessed that one well-established fact is worth a great many arguments. If we say the things alleged to be done are *impossible*, we are told that they are *true*. After all, it is very difficult to say what is or is not possible. Life and the universe are mysteries."

The writer humorously adds—

"The spirits of physicians often prescribe for mediums and those who consult them; but it is remarkable that doctors continue to disagree in the other world, just as they always have done in this. Hahnemann gives high dilutions—Abernethy and Rush stick to their gallipots, and Preissnitz wraps in the wet sheet or deluges with the douche."

According to Dr. Nichols, the Irish who have entered the Northern service fight for the pay, the glory, or the mere excitement of fighting. It is very rare, he says, to find an Irish Abolitionist. The Roman Catholic priests as well as people are all pro-slavery in sentiment. The best written defence of slavery extant is the composition of an Irish bishop. Mr. Seward, indeed, made a political alliance with the late Archbishop Hughes with the object of furthering recruiting among the flock of the latter, and the project succeeded well after the war broke out; but the American

Celts have got tired of arms. The Irishmen last drafted to the Army of the Potomac are supposed to be those "labourers" whom the 600 dollars bounty continues to allure from Ireland. With respect to the proportion of the foreign populations to the older American race, Dr. Nichols makes interesting and suggestive remarks.

"There is one characteristic of the foreign population of the United States which deserves to be considered with reference to the future. There is a continuous influx of immigration, larger at some periods than at others, but always a stream of immense magnitude. Ireland, Germany, and Belgium pour out their surplus or poverty-stricken populations. These people, transplanted to a new soil, and surrounded with unwonted plenty, are wonderfully prolific. The Irish and Germans in America increase with much greater rapidity than the Americans of an older stock. So remarkably is this the case, that there must, in a few years, be an Irish majority even in such old states as Massachusetts and Rhode Island. By a natural process and without counting on conversions, there must also be Roman Catholic majorities in several states. The nativist party, with its secret organization, was a futile effort to meet this danger, by attempting to extend the period during which foreigners must reside in the country before exercising the right of suffrage. It failed, because neither of the great parties could afford to lose the foreign vote. It is now too late for such constitutional changes. The foreign element is too strong and too conscious of its power."

In a chapter describing slavery "as he has seen it," the same author speaks with manifest candour of the state of Southern society. The picture is by no means of the "Uncle-Tom" description. The contrast is very marked between the limning of the "Peculiar Institution" in these pages and in the political novel of Epes Sargent. Having read, we may say, all that has been written on American affairs since the war began, whether by English or Transatlantic pens, we can confidently affirm that Dr. Nichols is by far the most intelligent and trustworthy, because the most temperate, frank, and impartial of those writers. Negro labour may be divided into two categories, that of household servants and the workers on the plantation. The former, including cooks, waiters, laundresses, coachmen, and gardeners, are in all respects better

treated, generally speaking, than free servants. They have no fear of losing their places, and from being under no necessity of thinking of the morrow, are singularly contented and cheerful. There is more meaning than the negro intended in the answer of the black cook when asked, "Do you belong to the Wades?" "Yea, sar," he replied, "I belongs to them, and they belongs to me." It is only on the small plantation of the poorer order of proprietor that the slave is ever overworked. On the larger properties, the system is to work the negro regularly and to keep him at it during the allotted hours; but "slave-driving" is uncommon, because it would be unprofitable. The presence of the overseer, with a whip in his hand, which often falls on female shoulders, is, however, a reproach upon the Southern planter.

Dr. Nichols disproves the assertion so often reiterated, that the war had origin in Slavery. The fact, now well-known, is, that after it had broken out, the Lincoln party seized the Abolition cry as a political instrument. Among many new things to be learned from the same source, it is satisfactory to know, that a large number of the American newspapers were on the side of moderation when the conflict began. In England, our notions of the American press are mainly derived from the New York journals, and their course has been dictated from the outset by "party" motives in the lowest sense. The Democratic papers, after a vain struggle against public opinion, finding that their party would be extinguished if it took up an anti-war position, determined to swim with the stream; and to remove all suspicion of their dishonesty became more the ministers of

carnage than the natural organs of the Lincolnites. Throughout there has been a Peace party, numerically strong; but, in the whirl and excitement of the struggle, its voice has not been heard effectively. Its leaders, too, have cowered before the despotic courses of procedure daringly resorted to by Mr. Seward and his colleagues. Dr. Nichols, in the performance of his duty as a journalist, with solemn eloquence protested against the war three years ago, ere it had begun, warning his countrymen, with a prophetic instinct, that when oceans of blood had been shed, and untold miseries passed through, there would remain, ultimately, not one Union—not harmony, reconstruction, or peace, but two "rival military despotisms," "with loads of debt and a wasted country burdened with taxation." We have lived to witness this dreadful consummation. Whether still greater horrors are not to precede the exhaustion of the combatants, who can say? The campaign of 1864 has been opened already with vaster proportions and more desperate energy on both sides. As Mr. Lincoln must face the nation for re-election at no distant date, the grand effort of his party will this year be to provide him with the hustings' argument of military success. Thus the war will be pressed forward hotly. But the Federals have begun badly by a great failure in the states of Florida and Alabama; and the Confederates will no doubt contest every foot of ground as valiantly as last year. The contest will probably proceed as before with wavering fortune. It is in dismay and helplessness that Europe inquires when shall the end be?

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GENERAL GARIBALDI.

THE welcome given to General Garibaldi in the metropolis of our country ranks with the most remarkable, we had almost written romantic, incidents of the times. The universality and majesty of the demonstration have excited the wonder, and rather awakened the suspicions, of foreigners. In France, especially, these scenes have struck politicians with surprise, and filled the people with jealousy. There is an uneasy consciousness among the latter that the working men of Paris would not be permitted to meet and march, one hundred thousand strong, under similar circumstances, the peace of a great city confidently entrusted to their good-feeling and loyal respect for existing institutions. They see in this how far behind England they still are, with all their pomp and pride of influence and achievement. The Ministers of reactionary Europe seem, for their part, perplexed by the spontaneousness of an occurrence that constitutes for them so emphatic a reproach, and would fain depreciate the event, and avert the attention of their depressed subjects from the

moral which it conveys, by hinting a careful organization beforehand, and some deep political motive. No less has the honest enthusiasm of the reception startled that minority amongst ourselves to whom the name of Garibaldi is offensive, from his impartial resistance to despotism in all its forms. But let who might, at home or abroad, take offence, the British people could not but follow the leading of their instincts, and meet Garibaldi with open heart and hand. It is nearly two centuries now since our fathers delivered their testimony for civil and religious liberty all the world over, by welcoming to England its first largehearted champion. Since then there has been full time to put those principles to the proof. They have grown with the growth of our nation. They are rooted like our oaks. To appeal to our sympathies in this direction, is to arouse our strongest, deepest feelings. Anarchy, indeed, we hate. Insurrection is a word we hardly understand the meaning of. But we acknowledge the right, the duty, and the blessing of constitutional revolution. We should

"Garibaldi and Italian Unity." By Lieut.-Col. Chambers. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"Garibaldi at Caprera." By Colonel Vecchj. Translated from the Italian. With Preface by Mrs. Gaskell. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

"Italy under Victor Emmanuel. A Personal Narrative." By Count Charles Arribene. Two vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

"Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour." By William de la Rive. Translated from the French by Edward Romilly. London: Longmans.

VOL. LXIII.—NO. CCCLXXVII.

wipe out the glories of our history, and libel the memory of the noblest of our ancestors, did we interpose our conservatism to shield a tyrant from the wrath of an outraged people. We are enabled to greet Garibaldi as the agent of revolt and change, because he has done for the Italians much what William the Third did for us. He has given them freedom of government and of conscience together. He has not destroyed, but built up a nation. Civil discord and disorganization have not followed his sword, but order and peace. He has not, indeed, been unvaryingly wise; but this no man disputes—that to his magnanimity and intelligence that unity of Italy is referable which, alone, guarantees the continuance of the new and happier state of things.

Garibaldi came amongst us with no flush of recent victory upon him. The demonstrations in his honour were not the reward of a general hot from the field. He had emerged, rather, from under a cloud. Since the affair at Aspromonte, he had lain at his island retreat, shattered in health, and compromised by the imputation of inexcusable rashness. His very appearance disappointed the popular conception of the hero of the *Volturno*—his greatest battle, won certainly by his own hand. Still, such is the abiding lustre of his achievements, the perfect honesty of his nature, his unparalleled disinterestedness, his want of egotism, that it is impossible to keep within restraint the admiration which his name inspires.

It is not our business here, however, to notice, even in the briefest manner, the various features of Garibaldi's visit; nor do we aim at pointing the moral of the event. These interesting tasks have been admirably performed by the daily journals—those voluminous and picturesque, for we can no longer say "brief and abstract," chroniclers of the time, to which the public owe so much on occasions of the sort.

We have thought it useful rather to take a retrospective glance at certain points in the career of General Garibaldi, which will probably be found to have their interest revived and freshened by current events. Trite as the subject is supposed to have become, the reader will find much to engage his attention profit-

ably in the study of a character absolutely unique, and in the re-examination of heroic deeds, on the motives and difficulties of which considerable light has been thrown since the date of their occurrence.

The simplicity of Garibaldi's life at Caprera has been charmingly depicted by Colonel Vecchj, one of his faithful companions in arms, and lately his secretary, in a little book translated by Mrs. Gaskell. Vecchj's admiration for "my General" finds the most glowing expression; but this perfectly honest and spontaneous enthusiasm, is a powerful testimony to the attraction of the patriot's bearing. All through his life, and in the later Italian scenes of it more particularly, he has shown a marvellous power of attaching to himself single-minded and thorough men, and of animating them with his own unselfish spirit. Caprera is Vecchj's Paradise. He is satisfied with the hardest labour and the coarsest fare—for Garibaldi's military family all assist in tilling his little farm—to be near his beloved chief. Nor is this feeling confined to the General's secretary. In 1862 there were, besides, among the suite of the hero several of his principal lieutenants, as fondly attached to his person as when he led them to fresh victories daily. Nino Bixio, who had the confidence at once of the Italian Government and his leader; Fruscianti, who has steadily followed Garibaldi's fortunes since he first served under him, as a common soldier, in Rome, in 1849, and now leads the life of a colonist, working from dawn to sunset among his master's vines and vegetables; Specchi, another of the brave men of 1848, who, though afterwards settled in America, abandoned that country to join the modest circle on the barren Italian rock, and give up his days to hunting and fishing for Garibaldi's table; Stagnetti, also an exile, returned from America to share his former commander's glorious isolation; Carpeneti, formerly Sardinian Consul-General at Tangiers, who lost his position by entertaining the future author of Piedmont's greatness in 1849; Basso, a sailor, and the companion of many of Garibaldi's voyages; and Adolph Wolff, a Bavarian, who hurried from London when the war in Italy broke out, to offer his sword

to the emancipator—these all resided cheerfully at Caprera in 1862, sharing the illustrious proprietor's humble fare, and pursuing the commonest occupations, after his example. And not only do Garibaldi's old friends and fellow-soldiers thus respect him; every visitor to the island, of whatever country, is hardly there a day until he has yielded his heart to the influence of the General's unaffected and inspiring demeanour.

Garibaldi's house at Caprera has been much improved since the calamity at Aspromonte. Those of his followers who accompanied him back to his refuge have built, with their own hands, a considerable addition to its humble accommodation. The presents of admirers—some of them grotesque enough—have contributed to its ornamentation. The farm and gardens are now in better condition, the proprietor himself having laboured incessantly, despite his lameness, to make the most of an infertile patch of soil. One who visited Caprera, in August, 1861, found only one chair in the hero's house, and it was partially broken. The first chairs possessed by the soldier and patriot, who had given away a kingdom, were the gift of the officers and crew of the ship *Washington*, and bear the names of the donors, who must have been Yankees, ostentatiously engraved on the back. Garibaldi's house has been often described. It occupies a level spot, protected on one side by high rocks, and on the other by walls, lately built. "The hero's room"—every particular about him is interesting to the British people—"contains a small plain iron bedstead, with muslin curtains hanging from a canetester, a walnut-wood writing table, and a chest of drawers with a dressing-glass on the top, blocking up a window that looks to the north. Close to the bed stands a deal stool covered with books and letters. On a cord stretched from the walls across the room are hung to dry the General's red shirts, drawers, trousers, and stockings, for he changes his clothes every time he changes his occupation. The fireplace is in the middle of the wall at the end of the room; some logs are always kept blazing in it on account of the damp; for beneath the stone floor is the cistern which receives the water from the gutters when it rains,

and causes the flags to be always slimy and wet. On each side of the fireplace are book-cases containing works on shipping, history, and military tactics; but books and bundles of papers, to tell the truth, are all around, lying on every available piece of furniture; the countless bundles of newspapers are removed as soon as the General has read them. Over the mantel-piece hangs a portrait in oil-colours of his infant daughter, Rosita, who died at Monte Video. At the head of the bed, in an ebony frame, hangs a lock of hair, his wife Anita's, the brave woman who is no more. Under this hangs the portrait of C. Augusto Vecchj, placed between the portraits of two officers who fell, one at Melazzo, the other on the *Volturno*. On the wall over the writing table hang the hero's famous sword, his *revenue* (a sort of Brazilian whip), and the sword of the brave *La Tour d'Auvergne*, whose fame still lives although he fell long ago on the field of glory. The warrior's relations have placed the weapon in the General's hand as the most worthy guardian of so honourable a relic."

When Vecchj resided at Caprera the days were spent in what Garibaldi called "amusement," the building of walls, the training of vines, the hoeing of vegetables, and other similar occupations, in which many of the General's visitors respectfully joined whose workmanship gave anything but evidence that they were accustomed so to amuse themselves. The fatigue of certain *dilettante* tourists after a few hours of manual labour of this sort caused no little mirth in the settlement. After a plain but substantial dinner—fish, roast partridges, wild boar, with Calabrian fruits and Capri wine,—the evening was passed in friendly converse, the ladies—Teresita, Garibaldi's daughter and Madame Deiderj—playing the pianoforte, and the Italian gentlemen singing the choicest passages of the best operas. Garibaldi himself sings well, and once in his earlier life escaped from the French in Genoa by delivering with Italian fervour one of the noblest of Beranger's songs. Specchi and Salvi, who, in 1861, were of "the family" at Caprera, have sung at the Paris, London, and New York opera-houses. The materials for a capital concert, therefore, were always at hand. Ga-

Garibaldi was at this time, however, subject to fits of depression, and went to slip off towards the shore, unattended. "He loves solitude and the sea, conducive to dreams and deep emotions," continues his quondam aide-de-camp, describing the genuine amiability of his character,—

"He respects every one, be they humble or exalted. I never heard him speak ill of any one. He is as kind to the brute creation as to man, and is so pained to see an animal struck, that he never permits it in his presence. He takes special delight in planting and cultivating useful vegetables, and is highly displeased if a plant be trodden on, or pulled up by mistake. He who is so renowned for his use of the sword, would like to see the accursed steel turned into a ploughshare. He has led in this century a life in accordance with the chivalric age, for he has always drawn his sword in the cause of the oppressed. His lamented wife was as heroic as himself; she followed him everywhere, and fell a victim to her devotion; their first-born saw the light in the desert, with nothing but a *pouch* to wrap him in."

Retiring early, the General awakes at three in the morning and reads and answers letters, some containing the most extraordinary requests, others tendering spiritual counsel; others denouncing him in terms of genuine Ultramontane vulgarity and indecency; others calling upon him to exterminate the Pope and Antonelli (these last chiefly from Italian priests); others soliciting his sword in the cause of an "oppressed nationality" at some distant corner of the earth; others containing frightful sonnets (English these, generally); others accompanying presents in ludicrous discordance with the manner of life of the recipient. The General replies to those communications in all cases courteously. The epistles begging trifling articles as memorials of Caprera and its occupant are the most troublesome. The ladies who honour the General with their correspondence usually beseech a lock of his hair. Had he complied with the request of a tithe of these fair applicants, he would have been long ago condemned to the ignominy of a wig.

Ladies, however, were not the only—must it be written!—tormentors. There was a certain English nobleman, according to Vecchi, who

partook of Garibaldi's hospitality, pronounced his viands excellent, spent several very pleasant days in the island, and when taking his leave, placed a covetous eye upon a pair of strong-nailed shoes of Neapolitan manufacture, which he had seen under the General's bed. It was impossible to yield to this demand, however; for, as Garibaldi good-naturedly intimated to the polite highwayman, he had but one pair, and the shoemaker lived at a great distance. "They," added Garibaldi, "are the souvenir of my native land." Turning to a cord, however, on which several red shirts were drying, he presented one of these with a grave humour to his modest guest, who was good enough to profess himself satisfied. Among Garibaldi's letters at this period, one came from a priest at Foggia, who declared Italy to be "possessed," and called on Garibaldi to exorcise it with fire and sword. The Pope he described as the representative of Lucifer, and the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and monks, as demons of various degrees. Another letter offered an infernal machine to destroy the Quadrilateral in an amazingly short space of time; whilst a second diabolical invention was guaranteed to annihilate an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men by one stroke. The writer of the latter, however, patriotically merciful, was careful to stipulate that the men destroyed should not be French.

An epistle, couched in very angry phrase, attributing to Garibaldi the promotion of anarchy, and charging him with "envy, vanity, and impotence," gave occasion for such a statement of his principles, in a conversation at Caprera, about this time, as his career more perfectly justifies than superficial students imagine. "I declare to you," said Garibaldi, addressing his friends who surrounded him, "that by a Republic I only mean that Government which gives the people the greatest possible national prosperity. I do not care whether at the head of such a government there be a king or a president. We have as a gift from Providence our exceptional King, a prince and honest, a citizen and a soldier! This forms a centre of loyalty for the union of the different States of Italy, and will arm

them to rescue the dislocated provinces. We have made him amid the plaudits of the world. I love him, Victor! You love him also. But if anybody doubts whether I am a Republican, let him come here and judge. Do you think we lead a very aristocratic life?"

These constitutional sentiments, which establish a wide distinction between Garibaldi and the mere Revolutionist, were made more striking by frequent statements of his abhorrence of war. Even since his coming to England he has been depicted by his enemies, of a particular faction—a mere minority of the population happily—as one who delights in conflict, from a wild and fierce instinct, the result of his early South American adventures. How different his real spirit is may be gathered from the words which he used during a memorable political discussion at Caprera, when the portion of his policy that seemed to many the most rash, was thus defended:

"My plan for a national arming was based on the old Piedmontese statute. It only required calling into force. Did you see how perversely it was annihilated? They would disarm all but the men they have drilled into inert sticks. Yet, if they wanted preservers, sincere patriots; if they were not concealing secret plans, they would not doubt me and mine; they would permit us to institute a force like the English Volunteers in the United Kingdom. I repeat, I abhor war, I have to struggle with myself every time I order a battalion to charge the enemy; but it was to avoid war that I wanted the Government to arm the nation. Diplomacy will feel quite differently towards us, drawn up in battle array, six hundred thousand strong, ready to fight for our country from the Alps to the Guarners. The French will remember that Rome is Italy, and that we are not men to permit any excess against the Vatican, or the poor old priests saying their orisons there. The Austrians will understand that the hour strikes for them to clear out of Venice. Nor will Spain ask of her patron what attitude she should assume. Nor Prussia look with an evil eye on Austria's humiliation. Nor Russia raise the Ukase to frighten us. Nor England be displeased to have us for a strong, loyal friend."

To arrive at a fair estimate of Garibaldi's career, it must be borne in mind, first of all, that he repeatedly urged the importance of a grand

national military organization in Italy, under the auspices of the King—not to carry war into other countries, not to play the knight-errant for "oppressed nationalities," but to secure the independence of his native land, alike against sinister alliances, and Austrian and Roman intrigues. He may have exaggerated the danger involved in Count Cavour's compact with the Emperor of the French. He may have unwisely resisted the large projects of the statesman, which his mind was ill fitted to appreciate; but his theory was by no means a foolish or ignoble one. It may be shortly expressed as—Italy constitutionally free, united, and self-contained. At an early stage of the struggle, before the sword of Louis Napoleon had been thrown into the scale, he held that Italy, alone, was able to perform the task before her. Count Cavour judged differently; and although the course adopted by the latter was that of prudence, it cannot be taken quite for granted that Garibaldi's plan would have failed. Certainly, had the Austrians been expelled by the Italians unassisted, the kingdom of Italy would have rested on a broader and more glorious basis, and the completion of her liberty, by the abolition of the temporal power of the Papacy, would have been inevitable and immediate. The intrusion of France, however useful—and it is popularly considered to have been of vital value to the aspiring Piedmontese State—brought with it engagements, restraints, and demands for rewards, which have seriously narrowed the benefit of the Revolution. It was for the interest of Europe that the constitutional changes inaugurated by Garibaldi should have gone much farther. The hand of the French monarch checked the process. Garibaldi writhed under this disappointment, when, as a senator, he saw in power at Turin a Minister little more than the creature of Napoleon the Third. It was then that he took the field again in his last unfortunate exploit. Garibaldi's appearance in Rome, and the fall of the Pope—events which might have occurred in a few days—would not have suited the plans of the Emperor; and as there was no Cavour then at Turin to act the part of "the daring pilot in extremity," the hero was

sacrificed. It is to France he owes the wound received at Aspromonte.

That Garibaldi contemplated throughout a constitutional monarchy only, under the Re Galantuomo, is proved by the fact that he was the first to present Victor Emmanuel to the people of Southern Italy as their legitimate sovereign. He stood sponsor for him when Cavour conceived the idea of a single great kingdom, under a Piedmontese dynasty; and had Garibaldi taken a different course, the French plan for Italy's future, devised at Villafranca, would have succeeded, and the redemption of the people have been again postponed. And it is in this respect that Garibaldi presents so marked a contrast to Mazzini. The Nizzard certainly caught up his first inspirations as a patriot from that gifted man, who, whatever his faults, exercises a wonderful charm over those in contact with him; but he has never been a mere dreamer like Mazzini—he has never been a Republican of the stamp of Mazzini. On the contrary, when he yielded up the kingdom he had conquered to Victor Emmanuel, that magnanimous act was only the carrying out of the principle which he had at once, and of his own accord, avowed on the occasion when Cavour sent for him, and solicited his aid, previous to the war with Austria. That remarkable passage in the life of the General is too much forgotten, and to recall it here will serve the useful purpose of dispelling the calumny which ascribes to Garibaldi sympathy with the "Reds."

In April, 1859, as Count Arrivabene states the circumstances, "on high authority," Cavour sent suddenly for Garibaldi. So pressing was the matter in hand that the General was admitted to an audience of the King, attended by his distinguished Minister, at the moment of his arrival in Turin, the hour being five o'clock in the morning. This interview took place in the palace of Piazza Castello. Cavour opened the conversation, or negotiation, with the words—"Well, General, the long expected day is near at hand: *we want you*." Garibaldi had not been satisfied with Cavour's policy, which he did not, in fact, fathom, and answered cautiously—"I am always ready to

serve my country, "and you know that I shall put all my heart into the work. Here, however," he added, "in presence of our Re Galantuomo, I must be permitted to speak my mind openly. Am I to understand that you are going to summon all the forces of the country, and, declaring war against Austria, to attack her with the irresistible power of a national insurrection?" "That is not precisely our plan," rejoined Cavour, "I have not an illimitable faith in the power of the insurrectionary element against the well-drilled legions of Austria. I think, moreover, our regular army too small to match the 200,000 men our enemy has massed on the frontier. We must, therefore, have the assistance of a *powerful ally*; and this is already secured." Garibaldi needed no further elucidation of this alliance, and stated his views frankly and immediately. "Although my principles are known both to you and to the King," he rejoined, "I feel that my first duty is that of offering my sword to my country; my war-cry shall, therefore, be—'*Italian unity under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel*.'" Such a declaration is sufficient to satisfy the most conservative Englishman; and the war-cry of the hero has never changed since. The same spirit animated him at Calatafimi and at Aspromonte. The key to his seeming eccentricities is found in the warning which, not without reason, he proceeded to utter, on the memorable morning in question. "Mind, however," said the General, "what you are about, and do not forget that the aid of foreign armies must always be paid for dearly. As for the man who has promised to help us, I ardently wish he may redeem himself in the eyes of posterity by achieving the noble task of Italian liberation." As Colonel Vecchi reports this conversation in pretty much the same terms, it may be accepted as a fair statement of what took place.

This adhesion of Garibaldi to the constitutional cause made Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. As soon as it became known that Garibaldi had joined the King's service, the "best elements of Lombardy, of Romagna, and the Duchies," flocked to him, says Count Arrivabene. His Guides and Genoese Sharpshooters had to pro-

vide their own equipments, yet they came to him in crowds, youths of the most wealthy families of Genoa, Milan, and Bologna. The marvels he accomplished with this little army it is no part of our purpose to rehearse; but, from the outset, Garibaldi was strictly a Constitutionalist. He understood nothing about diplomacy, and suspected it; still he was no vulgar visionary—no poetical patriot. He was a practical, as well as a brave man, and had as sound and decided a conviction of the necessity of *unity* to Italy, if her independence was to be won, and maintained, as Count Cavour himself. In De la Rive's "Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Cavour," the interview at Turin is mentioned, though less specifically, and the importance attached by the Sardinian Minister to Garibaldi's co-operation fully admitted. It appears from the statements of Cavour's biographer, that the Sardinian War Minister opposed the introduction of the Garibaldian corps as an "element of *military* disorder," and that civilians and the diplomatic corps objected to it, as "an element of *political* disorder." Cavour insisted, however, upon the importance of not only bringing Garibaldi into the foreground, but of allowing him to "*strike the first blow before the arrival of the French.*" Doubtless the shrewd statesman calculated that Italy, flattered by this recognition of her chief, and inspired with enthusiasm by his exploits, would become more partial to the Sardinian dynasty, and less dependent on foreign aid. Cavour knew what those around him did not know, that the word of Garibaldi was implicitly to be trusted, and that when, accordingly, he pledged himself to employ his sword for Victor Emmanuel and the constitutional liberties of Italy, no temptation would cause him to swerve from that noble profession of political faith and personal allegiance. The subsequent career of the great subject abundantly justified that confidence. Though he lost his faith in Count Cavour, he never deserted the King, and was the principal means of carrying Italy over from Mazzinism, to the better choice of that liberty which a constitutional monarchy secures.

The high estimate set both by Cavour and the King upon the assistance

of Garibaldi was again shown during the meeting of the King and his illustrious servant at San Salvatore, the head-quarters of the Sardinian army. The King having handed to the General an autograph rescript, empowering him to enlist volunteers and impose contributions of war, opened a discussion as to a plan of campaign for the hero. It was no doubt Cavour's purpose—probably that of the Emperor of the French also—to confine him to certain specified operations. Garibaldi, however, would have been useless so hampered. He begged to be allowed to follow his own inspirations, to make his campaign against the Austrians where he knew he could do them the greatest injury. This request would have been refused to any mere military chieftain, however distinguished, but Garibaldi had been taken into his service by the King from political reasons as much as military. Victor Emmanuel's commission consequently was—"Go where you like; do what you like! I feel only one regret—that I cannot follow you."

Whether his estimate of the powers of Italy was excessive or not, it is certain that without Garibaldi, Solferino would have advantaged Piedmont little. It is hard to say what the Italians, unaided, might not have done if the national spirit had been boldly evoked, as the patriot desired. His own exploits in Sicily and Southern Italy, at a later moment, when he had Napoleon's enmity and hardly the countenance of the King, for whom he was still honestly fighting, showed that there was a power in Italy of the force of which statesmen and diplomatists were unaware. A conversation between Garibaldi, Fruscianti and Vecchj, at Caprera, long after Victor Emmanuel had abandoned the idea of freeing Venice, proves that the General still believes Italy to have been merely shackled by the French alliance; and were it possible that the expedition to Sicily, the flight of the Bourbon, and the acknowledgment of Victor Emmanuel's sovereignty over Naples and the South, could have preceded the struggle in Lombardy, the great Minister and his master would doubtless have attempted alone what Garibaldi had the daring to conceive—the expulsion

of the Austrians from every foot of Italian soil. "We are refused," said Vecchj, on the occasion referred to—

"The pleasure of delivering Venice, and humbling the pride of the House of Hapsburgh, on the plains of Temesmar. With twenty-two millions of free Italians, they can attempt, whenever they please, to rescue three millions of oppressed Italians."

"They will never attempt it," said Fruscianti.

"Or, only when they have obtained permission of the 'magnanimous ally,' added Specchi.

"For which they must give a province in exchange," said Deiderj, an emigrant from Nice.

"Vecchj is right," (said Garibaldi.) "If twenty-two millions are not sufficient to free Venice, the Italians do not deserve a country."

Garibaldi, it is Count Arrivabene's opinion, "overrated the irregular forces of the country, and trusted too much in the practicability of developing them on an immense scale." It is remarkable, however, that the hero was more correct than Count Cavour in his vaticinations as to the immediate result of the French alliance, for which such a bargain as that of Villafranca, together with the surrender of Savoy and Nice, would have been a heavy price to pay.

The "irregular forces of the country," as represented and led by him, were also formally appealed to on a second occasion, when Garibaldi came to the rescue under the banner of "Victor Emmanuel and Italy," with a still more unselfish patriotism than before, as he had then still less sympathy with the diplomatists by whom the *Re Galantuomo* was surrounded. After the expulsion of the Austrians, when Cavour had made up his mind, and had brought the King to the same conviction, that there was no escape from the existing complications but by arousing the feelings of the country, he again sought an interview with Garibaldi, who had just left Turin for Nice to encourage the resistance of the people of his native town against its annexation to France. At Genoa, the Count met him, and Garibaldi's purpose was changed by what occurred between them. In a fortnight from that date the "thousand

men" were sailing for Sicily. Upon the nature of the conference, M. de la Rive, Cavour's relative, says:—

"It is evident that Cavour was neither ignorant of nor prevented Garibaldi's expedition. Was he unable or unwilling to do so? If he was unwilling, I am inclined to think it was because he felt that he would be powerless to prevent it; and that he was averse to an open rupture with Garibaldi, who was backed by the national feeling, while at the same time he was quite disposed to admit into his political combinations the eventual fall of the Neapolitan monarchy. The impediments which government was supposed to have placed in the way of the enrolment of the volunteers, of their equipment, and of their embarkation, are all mere illusions. I said that Cavour was averse to oppose the stream of popular favour which bore Garibaldi along. Perhaps he was apprehensive of being overwhelmed by it, and of losing the popularity which he had slowly acquired, and had so long enjoyed."

The writer of these words, as the eulogist of Cavour, is hardly just to Garibaldi. If the world possessed minutes of the conversation between Garibaldi and Cavour, when the latter applied a *second time* for the hero's aid, a flood of light would be thrown upon the springs and motives of those actions which amazed and gladdened constitutional Europe. In the absence of such aid as Count Arrivabene has supplied with respect to the *first* interview of the triumvirate of genius and honesty—Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour—in the palace of Turin, we are left to speculation as regards Garibaldi's exact share in the plans subsequently carried out so brilliantly, and the extent to which the King favoured them; but there is every probability that Cavour acted with the policy of a practised statesman; and whilst encouraging Garibaldi to undertake an enterprise which was manifestly the patriot's own project, reserved to himself the power of disavowing the chieftain, should his attempt to revolutionize Sicily and the South fail. This was, no doubt, only the course Cavour's position rendered necessary; but the fact adds lustre to the character of Garibaldi, who distrusted Cavour, and yet was ready to attempt what seemed the most impossible task, in order to save his country. "Garibaldi," said Cavour,

as he lay on his death-bed, "is an honest man." The testimony from such lips was remarkable. Cavour had the best reason to know what manner of person this Italian was. "His desire," added the sinking statesman, "is to go to Rome and Venice, and so is mine; no one is in a greater hurry than we are." "Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi," declares Cavour's biographer, "were two powerful coadjutors in the work which, nevertheless, is the work of Cavour." Without depreciating that great man, we may yet claim for Garibaldi more than the position of a subordinate in the accomplishment of the vast change. Not only was his sword the principal agency by which the work was done, but his instincts appear to have been truer, even in a political direction, than the acumen of the professed statesman. Cavour, it is clear, had no confidence in, no respect for, the Neapolitans. Among his last words were expressions amounting almost to despair on account of their moral corruption. The Minister who held these opinions would never have made the bold attempt to join Naples to Northern Italy. That is Garibaldi's special achievement. There is every probability that it was originally his idea. It does not diminish the greatness of Count Cavour to acknowledge that the hero and the patriot whom he consulted in two great crises of the nation's history was something more than a fiery soldier, eager for employment. Garibaldi, indeed, took occasion once more during his late visit to England to disavow a passion for warfare. "Countrymen," he said, addressing the representatives of the Italian residents of London, "I am not a soldier by profession. *I do not like the profession of a soldier.* I only took up the trade of a soldier when I found robbers in my house. I turned soldier to expel them. I became a soldier to fight against the oppressors of my country." These words are in harmony with the declaration frequently made by the General to his friends and guests at Caprera.

The feature of real interest in Colonel Chambers's book is his full and important reference to the sad affair of Aspromonte. The author is now

acting as English secretary to the General, and may be taken as the authorized exponent of Garibaldi's views on that event, of his motives in undertaking the expedition which had so bitter an ending, and of his feelings in looking back upon it. According to the official reports received from Italy, there was a hot though not protracted struggle between the volunteers and Pallavicini's battalion. Garibaldi was summoned to surrender in the name of the King, and refused. Thereupon the fight was said to have begun, and the General only yielded when his men had been scattered by a bayonet charge, and then begged leave to quit Italy for ever in an English steamer. If this version of the occurrence were in all respects true, there is no doubt that it would militate seriously against the character claimed for Garibaldi in the earlier portion of these observations. Heretofore, the British public have been obliged to assume its general truth, and no one has ever attempted to do more than suggest certain extenuations for Garibaldi's unfortunate act of rebellion against the sovereign of his earlier allegiance and his unchanged affections. But Colonel Chambers describes the episode of Aspromonte differently, and his story bears every mark of simple truth. We have the fullest confidence in Garibaldi's desire that nothing but the truth—nothing less or more than the truth—should be told. There was, in reality, no fight. At midday the Garibaldini halted on the edge of a dense forest of pine. Suddenly the "enemy" were seen in front, occupying partly the opposite heights. Garibaldi had made no preparations for a conflict. He had stationed no outposts. He did not care to occupy the favourable points of his position. His men entered the forest, and his only desire was to avoid an encounter. He sat near the centre of his column, and despatched repeated orders to his officers not to fire. He made eager observations through his telescope, the sole object of which was to avert, if possible, the painful and unsought collision. Colonel Chambers's spirited narrative continues:—"The troops kept advancing; the riflemen in front with a running step, the troops of the line behind. The first ranks of riflemen were al-

ready within gunshot; they had taken aim. The whole column observed in silence. Not a cry, not a shot was heard. The General alone, standing erect, continued to take his observations, his large cloak of pale gray, lined with red, thrown over his broad shoulders; ever and anon he turned to repeat the command 'Do not fire.'

The orders given to the Royal troops, however, were positive. They were to attack the Volunteers wherever they came up with them. Without intimation, therefore, the riflemen pour a volley upon the General's small and surprised force. The firing from the attacking squadrons grows hotter, and still Garibaldi's command is not to return it. Ultimately, however, a number of the less experienced of the Volunteers reply to Pallavicini's fire, and Piedmontese blood is spilt. But "the rest do not move; he who is standing continues to stand; he who is sitting continues to sit. All the bugles, without exception, sound the signal for the fire to cease. All the officers give the same order by word of mouth. Such is the answer we send to the troops which are sounding the advance, accompanying it with a well-sustained fire. The General from his post, erect amidst a thick shower of balls, repeats the cry, 'Do not fire.'" It was at this moment, when Garibaldi was actually exerting himself to prepare his men for the submission he had purposed as soon as he saw the sword of Victor Emmanuel really drawn against him, that two balls struck him, one on the thigh, the other giving him the serious wound on the instep of the right foot. The General, "at the time he was wounded," continues Colonel Chambers, "not only remained standing, but drew himself up majestically. Friends, brothers, cousins, acquaintances, companions in recent battles fought for the country, meet and recognise each other. A lieutenant of the Royal staff presses forward before the rest." He announces that he has come to parley. "But why did he not come sooner? The General reproves him thus: 'I have known for thirty years, and better than you, in what war consists. Learn that those who come to parley do not present themselves in that guise.'" Several officers are led under the tree where the General is placed. He

orders their swords to be taken from them, but afterwards that they should be restored. "Meanwhile, unmoved himself, and waving aloft his hat with his left hand, he cried out repeatedly, 'Long live Italy. Do not fire.' Then calmly, as was his wont, he continued to give orders. The most precise were ever these—'Let them advance; do not fire.' Along our whole front the firing had ceased. A little while after Menotti is brought up, who is also struck with a spent ball in the calf of the left leg, causing a most painful contusion; he cannot stand. Father and son are both laid down under the same tree. A circle of officers and soldiers is made around Garibaldi; he lights a cigar and begins smoking, and repeats to all, 'Do not fight.' The soldiers turn inquiring words and looks to the officers. The answer for all is the same, 'Do not fight.'" Garibaldi has since then again and again insisted that he never meant civil war. He appears to have supposed—and not unnaturally—that he might calculate for the *third* time upon at least the silent consent of the King, if not of the Turin Government. It is not fair, under the circumstances, to treat him as having been a mere rebel at Aspromonte. History will acquit him of any dishonourable design. He merely desired to fight, as before, for "Victor Emmanuel and Italy." Diplomacy overmastered him. Intrigue and a timorous policy destroyed a great opportunity, perhaps, for completing the independence of Italy. Napoleon the Third, it may be, had something to do with humiliating the man who, from the commencement of the Italian revolution, had stigmatized him as untrustworthy, and warned his countrymen without reserve against a French alliance. The weakness of Rattazzi made him a fit instrument for such a design on the part of the French sovereign.

There seems no doubt whatever that the Turin Ministry deliberately misrepresented what occurred at Aspromonte, with the object of discrediting Garibaldi as a seditionary. The General was a dupe, not a criminal. He became the victim of Rattazzi's vacillation. Had Count Cavour been in the latter's place, he might have played the game followed in the case of Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition

with deeper astuteness, but he would not have shot down the hero of whom he might make so vast and advantageous a use. Ratazzi was wholly unequal to the occasion. It must be borne in mind, at the same time, that the liberation of Venice, and the conquest and secularization of Rome, involved issues far more serious and difficult than the expulsion of the Bourbons from the Two Sicilies. It did not at all follow that the victor of Calatafimi would have been able to take the Quadrilateral, or drive the Pontiff into exile. It is true that the attempt to seize Sicily with a handful of red-shirts, seemed the acme of madness, when the Garibaldini had just landed, and an astonishing success attended their efforts; but it would have been rash in the extreme to reason from this that Garibaldi would in a few weeks be able to place his standard on the Capitol, and declare Italy free to the Adriatic. It is unnecessary to examine now the motives and capacity of Ratazzi. It is enough to say, what is clear, that he woefully lacked courage; but justice requires that Garibaldi's share in the responsibility of the Aspromonte affair should be plainly stated. "I was wounded," he has written, "when I was not fighting, and when I had no intention of fighting." "I had given," he added, "the strictest orders not to fire." "Happily there were but few wounded among the brave Bersaglieri who captured me; as for my Volunteers, they were needlessly fired at, and many of these brave fellows fell wounded with me, without discharging their muskets." The General has also more than once declared emphatically that from the position he occupied at Aspromonte, he could have crushed the royal troops completely; but, to sum up his defence with his own words, he "never willed civil war."

With this reference to the last of

Garibaldi's exploits, which simple regard for the truth of history seemed to demand, we may bring these observations to a conclusion. If his violent love for Italy on a single occasion "outran the pauser, reason," it was an error to which previous campaigns, and their motives and issues, lent a semblance of sagacity. We cannot condemn Garibaldi for a madness which had certainly a method in it. His character as a man and a patriot, at all events, is unaffected by that occurrence, and it is for his personal virtues largely that the heart of the English nation warms to him. His perfect unselfishness makes him a preacher to the time. The Italians can well say of him,—

"Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they
were
The common muck o' the world: he
covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it."

And in this aspect of his character Garibaldi is illustrious beyond the power of malice to depreciate. It is fortunate that on his visit to our shores he was protected by the hospitality of distinguished persons from being, in his simplicity, made the prey or the scoff of designing men. As things have happily fallen out, the hearty celebration of the hero's exploits in this country will bind Italy and England together, and the "Italian alliance" may at a future time recompense us for the loss of other friendships on the Continent of Europe. It will ever have this element of strength and permanence, that it is an alliance of sympathy between two peoples, not a compact between individuals, dependent on the caprices of a minister, or the slippery turns of an ambitious monarch's policy.

MME. GEORGE SAND'S EARLY OPINIONS OF HERSELF AND OF THINGS IN GENERAL

We devoted a paper some months since to the character of the great female apostle of communism, and gave an abstract of the *Mont Revêche*, one of those works of her's (not very numerous) which no novel-reading youth or virgin of the British empire need fear to open. We are aware that her uncompromising admirers may excuse her moral delinquencies by pleading that if she had had the good-fortune to be married to an amiable and gifted man who knew how to appreciate her goodness and her genius, she never would have furnished a victim—subject to the tongues of literary scandal. However that may be, the perusal of her own account of her early life* will abundantly prove that the simple household duties of a Christian woman could never have become agreeable to one of her intensely imaginative and erratic temperament, and that her writings, probably, would, in no case, have been uniformly edifying or even harmless.

She was the fourth in a direct line from Augustus II., of whom we have lately treated, her great grandfather being the very valiant and dissolute Maurice, Marshal Saxe. Her grandmother, Aurora the Strong-minded, claimed him as father and Mademoiselle Verrière as mother. This lady was an actress of some talent; but we are sorry to add, by no means faithful to the memory of the great Maurice, as was revealed to the gaping world by the indiscreet M. Marmontel, author of the highly immoral *Contes Moraux*.

The Dauphiness, mother of Louis XVI., took the infant, Aurora's prospects in charge, and provided for her education at the convent of St. Cloud. She became in time mother of Maurice, the younger, who distinguished himself in the wars of the empire. While she remained in retirement at Nohant, in Berri, and her son, Maurice, was doing duty in Paris under the eyes of Napoleon, she be-

came much disturbed by the approaching publication of the posthumous memoirs of Marmontel. She knew that he had revealed her mother's frailties in these gossiping papers, and exerted all her influence to have the dreaded passages suppressed. It could not be done, however, and Aurora, the only irreproachable female ancestress of George Sand for four generations, was not able to screen the faults of her mother.

A more severe trial awaited her. Maurice had become acquainted with Mlle. Delaborde, of whom we have nothing worse to report than that she had given birth to a daughter a few years before she became Mme. Maurice Dupin. Aurora used as earnest endeavours to procure the annulling of this marriage, as she did to effect the correction and abridgment of Marmontel's memoirs. It was equally in vain. The young couple lived very frugally and very happily while the exigencies of the wars allowed the husband to enjoy home life; and little Aurora, the future novelist and regenerator of French society was the light and joy of their garret. Aurora, the terrible grandmother, came up to Paris with intentions hostile to her daughter-in-law, but all her wrathful projects were thus disconcerted. Maurice took the little Aurora in his arms—

"Got into a flacc, and stopped at the door of my grandmother's lodgings, rained, in a few words, the good graces of the portress, and confided me to the care of this woman, who thus acquitted herself of the charge.

"She entered Grandmamma's apartments, and while talking to her on some subject or other, she interrupted herself with,—'Oh, madame, look at this pretty little darling that they have given me for granddaughter. The nurse brought it to me to-day, and I'm so happy I can't let it out of my sight for a moment.' 'Yes, indeed: She is very fresh-looking and very strong,' said Grandmamma, looking for her comfort-box. Immediately the portress placed me on grandmamma's knees, who

* Histoire de ma Vie, par George Sand.

began to feed me with the sweetmeats, and at the same time to look at me very earnestly. All at once she cried, 'You are deceiving me. This child does not belong to you. I know who it is. It is'—

"It appears that, frightened at my Grandmother's voice, I began to shed tears, which at once took effect. 'Come, my poor love,' said the portress, taking me in her arms, 'It appears that you are not cared for here: let us go.'

"My poor grandmamma was overcome. 'Give me her back,' said she. 'Poor infant! it is not her fault. And who brought the little thing?' 'Monsieur, your son himself. He is below. I will take back the child to him. Pardon me if I have offended you. I thought to give you a pleasant surprise.' 'Never mind: I am not vexed. Go and ask my son to come up, and leave the child with me.'

"My father rushed up stairs, four at a time. He found me on the breast of Grandmamma, who was crying, while striving to make me laugh. They never told me what passed between them, and as I was only eight or nine months old I took no note. It is probable that they wept together, and loved one another more than ever. My mother has told me I brought her a valuable ring, with a ruby stone, which I was to place on her finger, and this my father made me do, without fail."

Our authoress speaks with much judgment on early education, and finds no fault with the presents brought by mysterious beings to good children on Christmas Eves, &c. She advises that as soon as the child comes to the knowledge of the real fact, the deception should cease. She quotes the first verse she learned, and thus mentions the impression it made on her infant mind:—

"Let us go into the barn
To see the milk white hen
Laying her nice silver egg
For the dear little child."

"The rhyme is not rich, but I received a lively impression from the milk-white hen and the silver egg, which they promised me every evening and which I never thought to ask for next morning. And what would be the advantage of possessing it? The little hands would not be able to lift it, and the restless mind would be soon tired of the insipid toy. The history of that egg of silver is perhaps that of all the material goods which excite our cupidity. The desire is great, the possession of little moment.

"I well remember the absolute belief I had in the descent, down the chimney, of Father Christmas, the good little man with the white beard, who at the hour of

midnight came to lay a little present in my shoe, which I was to find there on awaking. What efforts did I not make not to fall asleep till the apparition of the little old man. I had a great wish and a great fear at the same time, but I never could succeed in staying awake, and my first look, when I awoke, was to my shoe at the edge of the hearth. What emotion did not the envelope of white paper cause in me! Father Christmas was neatness itself, and never omitted to fold up his offering very carefully. I ran with bare feet to secure my treasure. It was never a very magnificent one, for we were not rich,—merely a little cake, an orange, or perhaps a rosy-cheeked apple, but to me it was so precious I would hardly eat it. Imagination was at work and imagination is the very life of a child.

"I do not approve of Rousseau for endeavouring to suppress the wonderful as if it was a falsehood. Reason and incredulity will come soon enough of themselves. I remember the first year when I began to suspect that my mother herself put the cake into my shoe. It did not taste half so nicely, and I regretted the little old man with the white beard. My son believed in him for a longer time. Boys are more simple in this respect than girls, and he too made great efforts to remain awake till midnight. Like myself, he found, next morning, the cake baked in the ovens of paradise. The first year of his doubt saw the last visit of the little old man.

"We must serve to children the food that agrees with their age, and not anticipate. As long as they need the marvellous let it be given to them. When they begin to lose their taste for it we must not prolong the error, nor fetter the natural progress of their reason. To remove the marvellous from the life of a child is to proceed contrary to the laws of nature herself. Is not the infancy of man a state mysterious and full of inexplicable prodigies? This rapid development of the human soul in our early years,—this strange passage from a state which resembles chaos to a state of comprehension and sensibility,—these first notions of language, these incomprehensible efforts of the mind which labours to give a name not only to exterior objects, but even to action, thought, feeling, sentiment!—all this savours of the miraculous, and I know not that it has ever been explained. I have always been struck with wonder at the first verb I have heard pronounced by children. I can comprehend how substantives could be taught to them, but the verbs, and particularly those which express the affections!"

Our authoress recommends simple rhymes and fables to be first taught to children, not exactly such fables as *La Fontaine's*, which they cannot

thoroughly relish till some years later. She recommends religious instruction under the form of poetry and sentiment.

"When my mother told me that in disobeying her I made the Blessed Virgin and the angels in heaven weep, my imagination was affected in the liveliest manner. These wonderful beings and all these tears produced in me a terror and an infinite tenderness. The idea of their existence awed me, and the idea of their tears penetrated me with regret and affection."

We would gladly linger on these recollections of childhood; they possess such naïveté, such penetration, and such good-feeling. We must make room for a glimpse, from the child point of view, of Napoleon:—

"He was reviewing the troops on the Boulevard, when my mother and Pierret, having succeeded in getting near the soldiers, Pierret raised me in his arms above the shako that I might see him. This object which surmounted the line of heads caught the eyes of the Emperor, and my mother cried, 'He has looked at you: remember that; it will bring you good-fortune.' I believe that the Emperor heard the words, for he looked earnestly again, and I saw a smile hover on his pale countenance, whose cold severity had at first frightened me. The benevolent and mild expression which succeeded had all the effect of magnetism on my childish mind."

Her father being accidentally killed, while still in the pride of youth, young Aurora was adopted by her strong-minded grandmother, and scarcely permitted to see or speak to her widowed mother. This condition of things was most repugnant to her affectionate nature, and at last she rebelled. The old lady, who doted on her, not being able to endure the estrangement, unwillingly took her at last into her confidence, and explained some portions of her mother's history, to justify her own conduct.

This was a terrible affliction to the loving daughter, and she was many days before her usual mood again got the ascendant. No word was ever spoken on the subject again between herself and her grandmother.

It is very probable that the irregularities of her female ancestors must be reckoned for something in the melancholy and evil tendencies of most of the novels of George Sand.

Up to Aurora of Königsmark, all, with the exception of her grandmother, Aurora Dupin, had shown themselves regardless of woman's chief excellence. Being of an affectionate nature, as well as gifted with pride in her royal lineage, she would seem to set no value on what they had disregarded. They were wrong in the eyes of the world. She would convince the world that it was wrong, not they. It made the preservation of a certain attribute an indispensable part of woman's duty. Her great grandmothers knew better. They were superior to the gossiping, and bigoted, and narrow-minded prudes and matrons of this generation, and it was her duty, as the last descendant of these large-minded and unprejudiced victims of the world's censure, to prove that, in acting as they did, they had not sinned against the great Soul that inspires all things.

Other evil influences were not wanting. Her grandmother, with whom her girlhood was spent, was no more a Christian than Voltaire himself. If she had ever prayed to God or offered Him praise, all was over after the accidental death of her much-loved son, Maurice. As she declared in her last confession, she looked on it as a most cruel act to deprive her of her child. Besides all this, young Aurora might easily have had a more suitable tutor than Dechartres, who directed his chief energies to make her a proficient in positive science, to induct her into anatomical mysteries, and to make her fit for the prosecution of rural sports and occupations. To fit her the better for these pursuits, he and she were of accord that the dress of a boy would be indispensable, and accordingly a boy's dress was donned. Well, there was no absolute evil in this arrangement, nor in her wild enjoyment of rural pastimes with the peasants' children; but she could not be otherwise than injured by the irreligious example of her aged relative, whom she so much revered, and by the ignorance of Christian morality to which she was abandoned.

We shall see in its proper place how her ardent and enthusiastic nature fashioned a divinity for herself from the Bible, and the *Iliad*, and the *Jerusalem Delivered*. While a stranger to Christian belief, she was

obliged to present herself at the "altar," exhorted by her confessor of course to earnest belief in the Bodily Presence, and warned by her grandmother to indulge in no superstition. During her sojourn with the English nuns, she became enthusiastically devout; but, on her return to the country, her piety oozed away, day by day, till nothing was left but a belief in the existence of a Deity, but such a deity as Epicurus himself might acknowledge.

These circumstances are sufficient to account for the irreligious spirit of most of her writings; but we must look to influences which had effect after her marriage for the pestilent immoralities by which they are tainted.

The greater portion of the earlier part of her "life" seems to have been written in a truthful spirit. There are exceptions when the religious practices of her neighbours become the topic. If we can trust her own testimony, she has small excuse for her irregularities after she became Madame Dudevant. In her youth she was worthy to be full sister to Diana Vernon. She thus gives us an insight into her character when a child, and her aptitude for some, and inaptitude for other studies:—

"I have never revolted in outward fact against those whom I loved or whose natural authority I was bound to respect. I could never comprehend how persons can disobey those with whom they neither wish nor are able to break, even when they are persuaded that they are in the right, nor how they can hesitate between the sacrifice of their own will and the satisfaction of the others. This is why my grandmother, my mother, and the sisters of my convent, always found me of an inexplicable meekness, while I was as headstrong as I could be. The expression is scarcely correct—I was not submissive, for I did not give an interior consent. But not to submit in appearance would be a sign of hatred, while, on the contrary, I loved them. This merely proves that my affection was dearer to me than my reason, and that in outward action I listened to my heart rather than my head.

"Thus it was that out of pure affection for my grandmother, I applied myself as

well as I could to things which only tired me—that I learned by rote, thousands of verses of whose beauties I was not sensible—Latin, which appeared insipid—versification, which was as a strait-waistcoat to the innate poetry of my genius—arithmetic, which was so repugnant to my organization that a sum in addition gave me a head-ache, and sometimes brought on faintness. Also, to give her pleasure, I dived into history, but there my submission found its recompense: history interested me exceedingly.

"History I enjoyed merely in its literary and romantic phases. Great characters, fine actions, strange adventures, poetic details, delighted me, and I found a sensible pleasure in giving a form to these, and in relating them. I was more philosophic than my Pagan historians—more enthusiastic than my sacred one. I gave my recitals the hue of my own thoughts, and I did not scruple to ornament a little the baldness of certain passages. I did not essentially alter facts, but when an insignificant or unexplained personage came under my hand, obeying a necessity of art, I gave him some character or other, which I logically deduced from the part he played, or the nature of his action in the general drama.

"Finally, when I found an opportunity of introducing a little description into my recital, I did not neglect it. For this, a short phrase in the text—a dry indication, was sufficient. My imagination seized thereon, and began with its embroidery. I brought in the sun, or the storm, flowers, ruins, monuments, choirs—the sounds of the sacred flute or the Ionian lyre, the glitter of arms, the neighing of war-steeds, and what not. I was *deliciously* classic, but if I had not the art to find a new form, I had the pleasure of feeling in a lively manner, and of seeing with the eyes of the imagination, all that mysterious past which lived again before me."

Here we are present at the unfolding of a mind which, in nearly every phase of human passion or life-relation, looked alone to their agreement or the reverse with the principles of art. The morality or immorality of the picture were as the dust in the balance. She began at an early age to write descriptive pieces which mightily pleased her grandmother, but did not satisfy herself. She quotes one metaphor of the "moon ploughing her way through the clouds, seated in her silver boat,"* and then

* It is very annoying to compare this commonplace version with the delicate original. "La lune labourait les nuages, assise dans sa nacelle d'argent," *nacelle* conveying to our minds the idea of a large mother-of-pearl shell.

utters aloud what many minds have felt, without giving their impressions to the public.

"What I recall with more pleasure is that, notwithstanding the imprudent eulogies of my good mamma, I was not at all enchanted with my little success. I entertained at that time a feeling which has never quitted me—that, as no art can render the charm and freshness of the impression produced by the beauties of nature, so no expression can attain the strength and spontaneity of our interior emotions. In the soul there is something more than the mere form. Enthusiasm, reverie, passion, grief, possess not sufficient expression in the domain of art, whatever the art, whoever the artist. I crave the MASTERS' pardon. I reverence and I cherish them, but they have never afforded me what nature has, and what I myself have felt, a thousand times, the impossibility of conveying to others. Art seems to me an aspiration ever powerless and incomplete, like all other human manifestations. For our misfortune we possess the sentiment of the INFINITE, while all our expressions have a limit quickly reached. This sentiment is very vague in us, and the satisfaction it gives us is a species of torment.

"Modern art feels this curse of impotency, and has sought to enlarge its faculties in literature, in music, in painting. It thinks it has found, in new forms of romanticism, a new power of expansion. Art may in this instance have made a gain, but the human soul cannot expand its faculties except relatively, and the thirst for perfection, the necessity for the INFINITE, remain the same—ever thirsty, ever eager, never satisfied. This is to me an irrefutable proof of the existence of God. We feel the unextinguished desire of the Beau Ideal. This desire must have an existing object—this object is nowhere within our reach—this object is infinite—this object is God."

Alas! the deity of George Sand is not much superior, as we have said, to the deities of Epicurus. She looks complacently on outraged wives quitting their brutes of husbands, and sharing the garrets of congenial artist-souls; quitting, at the promptings of caprice, these same noble spirits, wandering through Italian cities with poetic and all-exacting geniuses, dancing attendance on, and nursing these very worthless individuals, and afterwards writing little books to cover their memory with obloquy; and other little books to prove that the idle man has a claim to the goods obtained by the labour of his industrious neighbour, and that most of the evils

of social life may be traced to the absurd and tyrannical institution of marriage.

Poor Aurora's lines had certainly fallen in evil places. Her Voltairean grandmother's only cares in her regard, were to prevent her becoming superstitious, as she termed it; for the young girl, from reading and some verbal instruction, had got vague religious notions, which her poetic disposition had invested with a character the most sublime and enthusiastic. Being left pretty much to her own devices, she looked on the divinities of Homer with considerable respect, especially the chaste Diana, and the chaste Pallas, and Apollo, and his chaste and dignified muses. Talking of the personages of the "Iliad" and the "Jerusalem Liberata," she says:—

"It was by the poetry of these symbols that the need of a religious feeling, if not a definite belief, ardently seized on my heart. As they had taught me no religion, and I perceived the necessity of it, I made one for myself.

"I secretly settled the matter with myself; religion and romance grew up together in my soul. I have elsewhere said that the most romantic spirits are the most positive, and I here maintain it, though it resembles a paradox. The romantic leaning is a desire for the Beau Ideal. Everything in vulgar reality which impedes this aspiration is easily put aside and counted for nothing by these souls, really logical from their own point of view. The primitive Christians, the first leaders of all the sects sprung from Christianity, taken by the letter, were romantic spirits, and their logic was rigorous and absolute."

The result of her unregulated studies, moulded by her ardent temperament, was the invention of a heavenly being, to whom she gave the name of Corambé, to whom she ascribed the beauty and grace of Apollo, with the love and pity which a mere heathen would find in the character of the Saviour from a casual reading of the Gospel. Corambé was suffering exile on the earth, having voluntarily assumed the punishment due to some terrible sinner or other. The good-hearted young enthusiast could not help worshipping him in consequence. In the heart of a nearly impervious thicket she raised an altar of turf, suspended garlands over it, adorned it with shells and other rustic trea-

sures, and then considered the subject of sacrifice. To take the life of any small animal in Corambé's honour could not by any means gratify his benevolent heart. She adopted a different mode of paying spiritual homage. She took little birds, cock-chafers, lizards, frogs, &c., captive, and kneeling down before the altar, she gave each and all their liberty. The place was held in the highest reverence by her till it was accidentally discovered by a favourite farm-servant, who cried out in ecstasy when he saw it—"Ah, Mam'selle, the beautiful little altar of God's Festival!"* After that she never freed another captive; she dismantled altar and adjuncts, and never paid it another visit. Some birds forsake their nests if human beings have touched them or human breath has blown on them.

It is little to be wondered at that our heroine should assume virile habits when a wife and mother, for in her girlhood she was a determined tomboy when not rapt in her reveries. She was a great favourite with all the little Berrichon herds and labourers, boys and girls. She helped them in their gleanings on her grandmother's corn-fields, contriving to throw into their aprons much more than was left by the reapers. There is a charm in her pictures of country scenes and country occupations which can scarcely be paralleled. Her grandmother wondered at the pleasure she could find—she who could write such descriptions, and send her moon in her silver pinnace through the sea of clouds—with those mud-bespattered peasant children, and their turkeys and their goats. Still she and they—

"Deserted distaffs, sheep, and baskets, to give ourselves up to a disorderly series of gymnastics, climb trees, and throw ourselves from top to bottom of hay-cocks—delightfully mad play, and which I would love still if I dared. These excesses of movement and gaiety made me find a greater pleasure in my contemplations; and my brain, physically excited, became more rich in images and fantasies.

"Another friendship, which I cultivated with less assiduity, and which was brought

about by my brother's means, was with a swineherd rejoicing in the name PLEASURE. I have always dreaded pigs, and held Plaisir in estimation for the subjection in which he held these wicked and stupid animals. It is a dangerous thing to get among a herd of swine. They have a strange instinct of solidarity among themselves. If an insulated individual is offended, he utters a certain cry, which gathers the whole troop together at once, and they hem in the offender, who must seek refuge in a tree. Saving himself by flight is out of the question, for the lean pig, as well as the wild boar, is the most fleet and indefatigable courser known.

"Plaisir was a primitive being, endowed with the talents befitting his rough condition. He struck down birds with finger-stones, chiefly magpies and crows, which in winter formed society with the pigs. They would steal in among them, watching in the clods turned up for worms or seed-grains. Hence great altercations among these quarrelsome birds. He who took prey hopped on the next pig's back to devour it at his leisure; others followed to dispute possession; and the back or the head of the indifferent and callous animal would be the theatre of most determined fights. Sometimes they perched on the swine to warm themselves, or to inspect the rooting by which they were to profit. I have often seen an old grey crow thus fixed, on one leg, with a melancholy air, while the pig was deeply ploughing the soil, and thus giving shocks to his rider, which so disturbed and vexed him that he would viciously drive his beak into the poor hide of the swine.

"Plaisir was in all seasons clad in blouse and trousers of hempen cloth, which, as well as his hands and feet, had acquired the colour and hardness of the clay. Armed with his triangular weapon of iron, he would spend his days coiled up in hollow nooks, or groping under the bushes for weasels or serpents. When the pale winter sun was making the hoar frost sparkle on the huge ridges turned up by the swine, I could fancy him the gnome of the soil—a sort of demon, between the man and the wehr-wolf, the animal and the plant. He became more fantastic still when he sung the song of the swineherds—one of great antiquity—intermingled with cries and calls to his herd. It is sad, splenetic, and almost as frightful as a *subat* of the old Gaulish divinities. The words are without fixed rhythm, and are arbitrarily given by different performers. These verses occur in nearly every version.

"Quand les porcs ont l'aïlland (*glând*),
Les mait'e avont l'argent,
Les porchers le pain blanc.†

* A wretched rendering of "Ah, Mam'selle, le joli petit reposoir de la Fete Dieu!" but there is no help for it. The *reposoir* is the convenience in which images or relics are carried along in a festal procession.

† "When the pigs find the acorn, the masters get the money, the herds the white bread."

"Que le diable et la mort
Emportent tous les porcs—
Les petits et les grands—
La mere et les enfans!"*

"On the border of the field where Plaisir spent one season, the dyke was covered with fine herbage. Under the drooping branches of the old elms and the interlacing of the briars, the children and I could walk in the pleasant shelter, and there were dry and sandy pits, with the sides covered with moss and dry herbage, where we were out of the reach of wind and rain. I took great pleasure in these retreats, especially when alone, and when the wrens and the redbreasts, emboldened by my stillness, came very close to peep at me. I loved to creep under the natural arches formed by the hedges, as I seemed to be penetrating into the regions of the earth-gnomes."

Notwithstanding the rebellious and unbelieving spirit of the grandmother, she was as weak as an infant in the hands of her domestics. Deschartres, Aurora's tutor, a self-opinionated man, could not endure Rose, the woman in power. One day while she was sweeping Mam'selle's chamber, and he was passing in the corridor, she flung dust on his highly-polished shoes. He called her an awkward slut. She called him *picklock*. The war commenced, and she, flinging the brush between his legs as he was going down stairs, was near breaking his neck. From that day their quarrels were frequent, occasionally degenerating into fistie encounters. Somewhat later he had quarrels with Julia, another domestic, of a crafty and insincere character, less demonstrative but more envenomed. Then the cook and Rose were at drawn daggers, and quitted plates at each other's head. The said cook also inflicted corporal chastisement at certain seasons on her aged husband, St. John; and the valets had to be changed ten times, because none of them could agree with Deschartres or Rose. And all this turmoil sprang from the indecision of the mistress. She would not part with any of her old dependents, neither would she take the trouble of deciding their disputes.

There are or were in the French village—communes, certain pieces of

grass land which are never tilled any more than the interior of the old raths in Ireland. The peasants can give no more reason for the non-tilling of these *Pâturaux* than that their ancestors never thought of such a thing. These waste grounds are resorted to at night by the traditionary *Bête*, who probably lies at the bottom of pools by day. He is invulnerable, and of a strange form, which those peasants who have seen him feel themselves unable to describe with accuracy. He browsed in these wild meadows before the long-haired kings paid their first visit to Gaul. We quote Aurora's notions about country superstitions:—

"The peasant animal has not the same organization as the animal more civilized and more reasonable, but less poetical and less sincere. The peasant has no other history than legend and tradition. His brain does not resemble that of the dweller in cities. He possesses the faculty of transmitting to his senses the perception of the objects of his belief, his reverie, or his meditation. It is thus that Joan of Arc really heard those heavenly voices that addressed her. It would be impious to humanity to accuse her of imposture. She was subject to hallucination, but yet was not mad. The peasants who have related their visions to me, and whom I knew from childhood, are neither mad nor cowardly. Many are very practical and very courageous, some even sceptical in many respects. There are among them old soldiers who fought in the days of the Empire, and whose intellect was developed in the service, who know how to read, to write, and make accounts. All this did not prevent them from having seen the *Beast*, or from seeing him still.

"I was witness to one of these instances of hallucination. The curate commissioned one of the lads of his choir to accompany me home from Chartier with a couple of pigeons in a basket. It was about three o'clock in summer on one of the finest days that could be. I spoke to him of his studies and he gave me the most rational replies. He stopped at a little thicker to arrange his sabot, and requested me to walk on—he would soon overtake me. I had not gone twenty paces, when I saw him come running, his face pale, his hair standing on end. He had left behind sabots, panier, and pigeons, on the spot where he had stopped: he had seen in the ditch a frightful-looking man who threatened him with his stick. 'It is,' said I to the boy, 'some poor vaga-

* "May death and the devil run away with the pigs!—the small and the large—the mother and her young!"

bond, who is dying with hunger and has been tempted by the pigeons. Let us go and see what it is." "No," said he, "if I were to be cut into pieces." "How!" replied I, "a great strong boy like you, to fear a single person! Come, cut a stick and come back with me to recover our pigeons. I do not intend to leave them there." "No, no, Demoiselle, I will not go, for I should see him again, and I do not wish to see him. Neither courage nor sticks would be of any use: he is not a "*human man*;" he is made more like a beast."

"I began to comprehend the case, and insist on his coming back, but nothing could induce him. I returned to see if the man had walked off with our pigeons, but there stood the basket and the sabots of my companion, and there was no sign of a person in path or field, far or near. I had told my young attendant to keep his eyes on me to convince himself that he was only dreaming. He promised to do so, but before I got back with my pigeons and the sabots, he had taken flight, and left me to carry all to the nearest house of the village. I thought to shame him out of his cowardice, but he mocked my incredulity, and said I was a fool to face the *wehr-wolf* for a couple of wretched pigeons."

Our heroine, though listening to tales of diablerie with much gusto, and even indulging in ghostly creations of her own fancy, was never self-duped. She could shake off ghostly terrors in a moment. Here is a sketch of her primitive and credulous peasant neighbours, whose easy belief she probably envied at times:—

"When the hemp-breakers came to do their business in the evening, our people, to get rid of the noise and dust, and especially as the villagers came in crowds to listen to their tales, stationed them at the little door of the court which opens on the *Place*. This is near the cemetery in which the crosses may be seen by the light of the moon over the low enclosure. The old women relieved the hemp cleaners with stories of their own. Many, many were the wonderful and idle tales which they listened to with such emotion, and which had all the character of the locality, or the professions of those who related them. The sacristan was not without his own poetry, which lent a character of the marvellous to his particular domain—the tombs, the clock, the screech-owl, the steeple, and the steeple-rats. All the mysterious sorceries that he bestowed on the rats would fill a volume. He knew them all, and had given them the names of the principal dwellers in the burgh, who had died within the last forty years. At every death a new rat attached itself to his footsteps, and tormented him by its grimaces. To appease these bizarre manes he carried

food into the steeple; but when he returned the next day, he found the strangest characters traced with the very grains which he had brought to them. One day he found all the white kidney-beans ranged in a circle, with a cross of red ones in the centre; next day it was the contrary arrangement. Another time alternate white and red beans formed linked circles or characters unknown, but so well designed that you would have sworn they were the work of a "*human person*." There is no inanimate object, no animal so insignificant, that the peasant does not admit into his world of fantasy."

It pleases George Sand to fancy that the pure peasant race eminently possesses the gift of hallucination. Her half-brother, being a rustic on the mother's side, was terribly subject to ideal terrors, though a constitutionally brave man. Her love of the country has never lost its force. She thus gives her opinion on the abuse of the seasons by the fashionable world:—

"I have always passionately loved winter in the country, and could never understand the taste of the rich, who have made Paris the seat of festivals in that season of the year most inimical to balls, toilettes, and dissipation. It is to the frigid state that nature invites us in winter to enjoy family life, and it is in the open country that the few fair days of the season can be felt and enjoyed. In the great cities of our climate the frightful mud, fetid and glistening, scarcely ever dries. In the fields a short glimpse of sunshine or a few hours of wind renders the air healthy and the ground dry. The poor *prolétaires* of the city know this well, and it is not for their own pleasure that they remain in this vast sewer. The factitious and absurd life of our great folk exhausts itself striving against nature. The English nobility know better: they spend the winter in their castles."

It is not probable that our own little people have ever thought of the following profitable occupation of their compeers the little Berrichons:—

"In winter, grandmother allowed me to install my *society* in the large dining-room well heated by an old stove. The *society* was a score of children of the commune who had with them their *saulnées*. The *saulnée* is an endless pack-thread furnished with horse or cow-hairs on which are made running knots to catch larks and the small birds of the fields in time of snow. A good *saulnée* surrounds a whole field. It is rolled up on spindles, and they stretch it in the suitable locality before sunrise. They sweep away the snow in its track, and scatter corn in the furrow, and two hours after, they find the birds taken by hundreds. We

always went to gather in this crop with sacks, which our ass carried back full. In order to prevent disputes I established the 'community of property' as well as the 'community of labour.' The saulnées were obliged to be mended once in two or three days, especially the knotted hair. This article was obtained by a species of communistic robbery. The children resorted to the meadows and stables, and pulled all the hair from the manes and tails of the horses, which they would afford without rebelling. We even succeeded in despoiling the young colts without ever getting a kick. After the capture came the division. We put the larks on one side, and the birds of less value on the other. We selected a lot for our Sunday's feast, and sent one of our society to sell the rest. I divided the money equally, and every one was satisfied. Our community was daily enlarging, and no one thought of rising early to plunder the saulnée of his comrades. On Sunday we cooked our birds. Rose was in good humour on these occasions, for she was good-natured and pleasant when not in one of her frenzies. The cook turned up her nose at our performances. Father St. John put on a grimace, and said that the white horse's tail was growing thinner and thinner every day. We knew that as well as he."

Of the convent superintended by English ladies she gives, on the whole, a favourable impression. A little rustic amazon like her must at first have felt herself ill at ease with the starched young ladies of London and Paris, already disciplined to some purpose. However, the grounds were extensive, and she was at first interested in making herself familiar with all the buildings and nooks, and delighted at finding that she would be allowed a little bit of land to cultivate after her own taste. Very finely she illustrates the effect of liberty and restraint in common things:—

"We were really in prison, but one with a large garden, and enlivened by a large society. The precautions taken not to allow anyone to go outside, were the sole stimulants to the desire of liberty. The Rue-des-Fosses Saint Victor, and the Rue Clopin were not tempting either for a walk or a prospect. They that would never think of crossing the home-threshold, watched the gaping of the cloister door, or darted stealthy glances through the slits by the window blinds. To disconcert the vigilance of the porter, to run down three or four steps, to catch a glimpse of a sacre passing, was the ambition and the dream of forty or fifty wild and mocking young girls, who, the next day, would traverse Paris with their relations without the slightest plea-

sure—to pace the flags and look at the passers-by being no forbidden fruit outside the convent."

For the romantic spirit of the new pupil the convent had its peculiar charms.

"The cells of the nuns were delightfully neat, and filled with all these knick-knacks which a delicate sort of devotion tricks out, formalizes, frames, illumines, and be-ribbons. In every corner the vine and the jasmine concealed the age of the walls. The cocks crowed at midnight as in the open country. The clock had a nice silvery sound like a woman's tones. In every passage a niche held a Madonna, with the plumpness and mannerism of the seventeenth century. In the work-parlour fine English engravings presented the chivalrous countenance of Charles I. at every period of his life, and all the members of the "papist" royal family. In fine, everything, even to the little lamp which swung at night in the cloister, and the massive doors which, every night, were closed at the entrance of the corridors with a solemn sound and a dismal grating noise of the bolts, everything was marked by a certain charm of mystic poetry to which, sooner or later, I was to become sensible."

The following just remarks are worthy the attention of the heads of colleges and schools. They show the powers of good common sense that were united with so much poetry and romance in the intellect of our authoress.

"My first impression on entering the class was painful. Thirty of us were crowded in a hall, too narrow and too low. The walls covered with a salmon-coloured paper, the ceiling dirty, a floor broken in many places, the forms, the tables, and the stools in a grimy state; an ugly stove that smoked; the united odour of charcoal and a poultry yard! There we were to pass two-thirds of the day—three-fourths indeed in winter, and just at the time we were in winter without mistake."

"I know of nothing in worse taste than this custom in houses of education, to make the study-room the most shabby and sad-looking in the house. On pretence that the children would injure the furniture and spoil the ornaments, they put out of their sight everything which might act as a stimulus to the thought or a charm to the imagination. They assert that engravings, ornaments, nay the very designs on the room-paper would cause disturbance. They will have it, that children are afflicted with dirty and awkward habits; they fling ink about: they love to destroy. These tastes and habits however they do not bring from

their homes, where they are taught to respect everything useful or beautiful, and where from the time they come to the use of reason, they never think of committing those injuries, which would not have such an attraction for them in seminaries and colleges, if they did not wish to revenge themselves on the negligence and parsimony with which they are treated. The better you lodge them the more careful they will be. They will look twice before they soil a carpet, or break a frame. Those ugly naked walls in which you enclose them are objects of horror, and they would tumble them down if they could. You wish that they should work like machines; that their intellects, detached from all preoccupation, should mechanically go on, and be inaccessible to everything which composes physical or intellectual life. It is all false and impossible. The child should breathe a pure air, it should be comfortable, it should be influenced by pleasing appearances around it. External nature is a continual spectacle to it. In shutting it up in a naked, unhealthy, and dismal room, you stifle its heart and its mind as well as its body. I would wish that everything should smile around the children of cities. The country child has the heaven, the trees, the herbage, the sun.

"Why are Italians born, as it were, with a perception of the beautiful? Why does a mason of Verona, a little dealer of Venice, a peasant of the Campagna, pause in contemplation before fine works of art? Why do they appreciate fine pictures or good music so justly, while our *prolétaires*, more intelligent in other respects, and our citizens more carefully educated, love the false, the vulgar, the ugly even, in the arts, if a special education has not subdued their instinct? It is that we live surrounded by ugliness and vulgarity. It is because our parents have no taste, and we transmit the traditional want of it to our children."

Let us be thankful that the *voyages* of George Sand have not taken in the free exhibitions of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

For this life-history as she terms it, after she quitted the convent we care little. Three-fourths of it consist of *words* and nothing else. She is certainly sparing in evil-speaking against individuals; but she will persist in being judged by the world according to a standard invented specially for her own case. She is a believer in a Supreme Being, or rather Universal Soul, and she will have nought to do with any body of professing Christians, and turns on the defects she finds in Chris-

tianity and its social scheme, till she loses herself in the perplexities of her oft-repeated tirades, and tires and disgusts her readers, unless they happen to be of that sect, whose ministers are Latouche, Sue, Feydeau, Renan, and Co.

Those curious persons who desire to know some particulars of her separation from her husband, her intimacy with Jules Sandeau, Alfred Musset, Chopin the Musician, &c., had better search elsewhere for information. She will inform them of her adopting male attire on entering among the literary Bohemians of Paris, and how she mystified grave old counsellors by her literary and artistic knowledge, they all the while taking her to be a romantic youth of sixteen. But generally when she is not occupied with accounts of her travels, delightfully given, or vague and eloquent declamation, her personal reports are of the very flimsiest description. All this occupies twenty volumes, 8vo, the delightful little rivulets of clear print, meandering through large white meadows of charming paper. We conclude with the edifying death-bed confession of her grandmother; but for the exact truth of the details, we do not suppose the good old country Curé would vouch:—

"'Sit down my old friend,' said she. 'You see that I am too old to leave my bed, and I wish my granddaughter to assist at my confession.' 'Very well, dear lady,' answered the Curé, troubled and trembling all over. 'Go on your knees for me, my child, and with your hands in mine, pray for me. I am going to make my confession. I would wish that all my friends and servants were present at this public recapitulation of my conscience; but after all, the presence of my grandchild will be sufficient. Repeat the formulas, Curé; I either never knew them, or I have forgotten them. When that is over I will accuse myself.' She repeated the forms, and then began. 'I have never either wished or done evil to a human being, and I have done all the good in my power. I have not to confess falsehood, nor severity, nor impiety of any kind. I have always believed in God; but attend to this, my child—I have not sufficiently loved him. I have failed in courage—there's my offence; and since the day I lost my son I have never taken on me to bless him, nor invoke him in any sort. I judged him too severe for having struck me beyond my strength. He gave me my child, he removed him; but

let him restore us to each other, and I will love and praise him with all my soul.'"

There is more of this kind, but of so exalted a quality that we do not venture on a translation. If there were need we might easily descant

on the mental and moral condition of the reading folk who have elected George Sand, and such as George Sand, for their guides in matters affecting their present and future well-being.

NOTES ON DANTE.—EPIC POETRY.

JUDGING from the portrait of the "melancholy Florentine," as Milton calls him, and from the psychical faculties displayed in his works, Dante clearly possessed rather an intense than an ample and various intellect. The lofty crowned head manifests largely the venerative sentiments and the power of will; but the forehead, accurately marked in the observing, memorial, and reasoning regions, is rather high than broad. Unlike that of Shakespeare, in which fancy and imagination were equally developed, and who was thus able to intensify and amplify the inferior surface-conceptions of the former into the depth and vastness characteristic of the latter, Dante possessed little fancy, but we are inclined to think that high up in the region of ideality the imaginative organ was largely developed; hence it displayed itself, as we find in his poetry, rather in brief, intense flashes, than in pictures heightened by sublimity or beauty of detail—in a word, a narrow imagination, to which his concentrated intellect and force of feeling gave intensity. Unlike Milton, he had no sense of the infinite. His Hell is arranged in a series of circles descending into the centre of the earth; his Purgatory a mountain; his Heaven a number of planets, each spirally ascending higher than the other in the empyrean, in which the degrees of blessedness are indicated by varying gradations of light and sound. But although too many of the conceptions by which he has endeavoured to work out his picture of the celestial regions exhibit a prosaic barrenness and want of fancy, nevertheless, in its best passages, he displays a greater sense of the divine than Milton, whose Heaven is quite an inferior conception to his Pandemonium; and this may be attributable to two causes—first, that he had a greater power of love in his nature

than the English poet; and secondly, a personal aspiration to deify his passion for Beatrice.

In its sublime but rude ideal, its power, beauty, grotesqueness, and the realistic prosaic spirit in which much of it is laboured out, Dante's Vision resembles a Gothic cathedral, which was alike a contemporary embodiment of the religious spirit of Catholicism in a one-ideal Europe, full of aspiration, but still barbarous. Mighty and immense in its design, like the "poems built in stone" by the masons of the middle ages, it is like them in its abundant and accurate chiselling of details; and as in executing the architectural work, it happened that some sculptor, elaborating a niche—his mind the while in a happy, creative mood—embodied his sensitive recollection of some beautiful or terrible face he had seen or conceived, or his feeling for some scriptural story, in statue or bas-relief—so it was with Dante during the progress of his poem. This sacred song—

"Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra,
 Si che m'ha fatto per più anni maestro,"

which lines are in the *Paradiso* was a great labour, spiritual and personal, which he ambitioned to accomplish; and while in it, especially the latter portion, there is much that is mere work, tentative and unideal, so, throughout, its happiest passages have taken form in transient, felicitous moods, in which he threw some observation, recollection, feeling, or conception into its texture. Just as the interest attaching to Homer's "Iliad"—the representative mental monument of heroic Greece—is, and was intended to be, as much historic as poetic, so is it with the "Divina Commedia," in which the politician, polemic, poet, united the contemporary life of his country with the legends of the past; but unlike the work of the

Ionian, reflecting everything through the arbitrary colours of personality and passion. Dante was a scholar, like Milton; but how great is the difference between the poems of a rude and a cultivated age—how wonderfully the English genius has infused the spirit of learning into the creations of his imagination; how nakedly, and with a few exceptions, in which he has made such materials vital with his peculiar fire, Dante has inserted them among the hard, brief, engravings of his pages. Dante's poem appears rather the work of a great half barbaric, half cultivated—of a half heathen, half Christian genius, than that of a supreme, civilized man, as Milton was, or of an universal, genial, potent spirit, such as Shakespeare. Throughout it, indeed, there appears a primeval hugeness, a giant rudeness, an awfulness and beauty, a plainness and homeliness as well, resembling that manifested in the religious and poetic myths of Scandinavia and Hindostan. Dante is said to have commenced the "Commedia" in his twenty-fourth year, and then, in consequence of the events of his tumultuous career, to have thrown it by, resuming its composition after a long interval. Whether, at the epoch above mentioned, he had conceived the general ideal of the poem, is not certain; the story of Francesca and that of Ugolino are said to have been written from contemporary impressions, at the early period referred to; the major portion of the poem was, of course, the work of his years of exile and wanderings; and having obtained a plan to work on from Alberico's "Vision," he began to embody a series of sketches and impressions, whose dates spread over many years, in an allegoric framework. That such appears to have been the case, this poem itself affords several evidences. For instance, in the first canto of the *Inferno*, speaking to Virgil, he says:—

"Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore."

"Thou alone art he from whom I have derived that beautiful style which exhorts me to fame"—a remark which, referring to his practice in poetic composition, would be inapposite in its place in the beginning of the poem, had not other portions of it, more deserving of such an allu-

sion, been already achieved; except, perhaps, we are to infer that he set a greater value on the sonnets and canzoni of the Conviva than his Life Poem. To us, indeed, it appears, that having conceived his design of the Vision of the three regions, Dante, whose soul, during his wanderings through Italy, was always intent on this theme, threw into verse such pictures as, during his particular moods, arose in his imagination and afterwards turned the mass of material thus accumulated into shape in the respective portions of his Vision. The poem itself is a journey, and one can fancy that the various descriptions of morning and evening which commence and terminate so many of the cantos—(several of these are among his most beautiful passages, and are impressed with the natural truth of direct observation)—were introduced during this shaping process, and mark, as it were, the beginning and end of his daily work while thus engaged. This appears, of course, chiefly in the most spontaneous portions of the poem, the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, in which the evidences of working out an idea are less apparent than in the *Paradiso*, whose region is almost wholly removed from the phenomena of earth. It is notable also that the scenery and similes of the two first divisions are just such as, with some exceptions, might have been observed in various parts of Italy during different seasons, and exaggerated and intensified by his imagination pondering over the conceptive localities of his poem. As to the similes, they are exclusively derived from objects which he had visited, or such as presented themselves to his daily observation. Thus one giant is compared to the leaning tower of Pisa; another, buried to the middle in ice, is yet as high as the dome of St. Peter's; the burning tombs are like the sarcophagi of Arqua and Pola; and the greater number of his less shadowy and more beautiful images are derived from animals, birds, and children.

While Dante purposed to make his Life Poem a medium for expressing his entire knowledge, historic, temporal, theologic, poetic, personal, he doubtless intended it also as a satire on his age and country, using the materials derived from his reading for

filling up the *lacuna*. The *Inferno* was first shaped, and bears the impress of the initiatory impetus of the genius which, with passions exacerbated and intensified by the wrongs and events of his life, constituted itself the poetic judge, punisher and redeemer of humanity, historic and contemporary. Satire he intended in several of his delineations, but satire in his hands became deepest tragedy. In some of the inventions of torture during his imaginary wanderings through hell, he becomes himself as infernal as his conceptions. The passions of disdain and hatred which inflamed the soul of this wrathful spirit when a subject occurred to elicit and concentrate them, occasionally approach the verge of madness. Such—(Dante as we know had suffered deeply from the arrogance of mankind after his exile)—is the scene in the *Inferno* (c. 8): when he sees Filippo Argento, a Florentine, who had been noted for his arrogance and overbearing demeanour, and it is one in which the poet is lost in the hater. The figure appearing immersed in the muddy pool,—“Who art thou,” asks Dante, “who art become so foul!” “One of those that mourn.” To which Dante replies, “In mourning and in woe tarry thou accursed spirit!” When the latter strives to lay hold of the boat in which they are crossing, the mild Virgil is represented by the poet as thrusting him back and crying “Away! down to the other dogs!” and then encircling Dante in his arms and kissing his cheek, he exclaims, “Oh, soul! justly diadainful; blessed was she by whom thou wast conceived!” Dante then says, “Oh, master! how rejoiced would I be to behold him whelmed in those dregs before we quit the lake,” upon which Virgil assures him his desire shall be satisfied:—

“Scarce these words
Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
Set on him with such violence, that still
For that I render thanks to God and praise,
‘To Filippo Argento!’ cried they all;
And on himself the moody Florentine
Turned his avenging fangs.”

His sympathy toward the serpents (*Inf.*, c. 25) who transfix and torture *Fucci*, is of the same sort. After describing the fiery snake striking

and pursuing this blasphemer, Dante says, “from that moment the serpents and I were friends.” In the 33rd canto, Dante, walking over the heads of murderers, visored with congealed tears, kicks one of them in the face that he may weep; and there are several other instances in which he represents himself as pitiless, ruthless, and demoniacal as the fiends themselves. Passion and imagination in Dante are intense in his hatred as his love;—he becomes a devil with devils, an angel with angels. In his inventions of torture, too, he evidently took as great and savage a pride as in his disdain. Thus, after describing the scene in which the fiery serpent strikes *Fucci*, and the subsequent metamorphosis of snake into man and vice versa, an uncouth conception which is worked out with the hardest and intensest earnestness, he is so delighted with it, that he immediately exclaims, “Now, silence *Lacan*, and silence *Ovid*, for thy transformations I envy not.” Just as Shakespeare gave equal nature, so Dante gave equal intensity to all his conceptions. When he expresses disdain or contempt he is supreme and inimitable. Thus he makes Virgil briefly say of the angels who remained neuter in the battle between God and Satan, that “their punishment consists in their having lost the hope of death; from the earth their fame has vanished; pity and justice alike disdain them. Of those we will not speak, but look and pass.”

Dante’s similes are numerous, and, though commonplace, strikingly illustrative, but as they are almost always inferior to the subject, they do not exalt the imagination. The demon, *Plutus*, collapses at the reproof of Virgil, “like the wind-swelled sail, the mast being suddenly broken.” The region in the city of *Dis*, where the heretics are punished in burning tombs, is like the cemetery of *Aries* or *Pola*. The place, guarded by the *Minotaur*, is like the mountain landlip on a certain part of the *Adige*. The ridge over which they walk along the side of *Phlegathon* is compared to the dykes of *Ghent* or the *Brenta*, and the spirits who meet him in the gloom look at him as those who strain their eyes under the dim light of the new moon, sharpening their

right, "keen as an old tailor at a needle's eye." The lake of boiling pitch in Malebogue, in which peculators are punished, is like the place in the Venetian arsenal, in which the pitch is melted for maritime use, and the suffering spirits appear like dolphins following a vessel's track, and range themselves on the brink of the bank like frogs. The stench which rises from the region of Malebogue where the alchemists are punished with various diseases, is like that which comes from the lazaret-house of Valdichiana in the sultry months of July and September. The visage of one of the giants bound to the waist in the ice, is "as long as the spire that tops the dome of St. Peter's, and from the waist up his stature was so great "that three Frieslanders would have striven in vain to reach his hair." The lost spirits cast themselves from the bank into Charon's boat, "like the light autumnal leaves that fall, following one another, till the branch is bare."

In the *Paradiso* on the arrival of Dante and Beatrice, in Mercury, the splendid spirits drew toward them, like fish in a clear lake toward any object they think is food. There are many more of the same appropriate but commonplace sort, derived from the daily objects which passed before Dante during the composition of the poem; but by far the most ideal and accurately beautiful simile in Dante is that of the spirits, who, seeing his shadow on the path when they encounter on the mountain of Purgatory, are compared to sheep:—

"Come le pecorelle escon del chiuso,
Ad una, a due, a tre, e l'altre stanno
Timidette atterando l'occhio e il muso;
E cio che fa la prima, e l'altre fanno,
Addossandosi a lei s'ella s'arresta,
Semplici e quete, e lo 'mparce non sanno;
Si vid'io muovere a venir la testa
Di quella mandria fortunata allotta.
Pudica in faccia e nelli andare onesta."

From the immense extent of the theme which he purposed to execute,—that of representing humanity contemporary and historic in the three regions of punishment, purgation, and blessedness; and inventing the peculiar degrees of each appropriate to the beings selected—but still more possibly from the essential character of his genius and imagination al-

most all Dante's pictures are brief traceries; the subject is presented in a flash, in the fewest lines and the most concentrated diction. It is only in the story of Francesca and Paolo; and that of Ugolino that he works out his subject in detail—how admirably it is unnecessary to say; the tale of Francesca is the most exquisite little love-story in poetry, full of beauty, nature, and intensest pathos; throughout the lines are broken and seem to be interrupted by sobs and by the tumultuous beating of the heart.

"Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:—
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:—
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

The same brevity characterizes the account which Ugolino gives of the process of starvation, by which he and his sons perished; every touch tells, his imprisonment in the horrible tower, through whose narrow chink several new moons had glimmered, when he was visited with the dream which foreshadowed his doom,—his hearing the gates barred, and knowing it was the sign that he and his children were left to perish; the daily details of the deadly effects of famine—the instances of filial and paternal affection, the deepening despair, the deaths of his children one after another, and lastly, the dreadful alternative to which nature impelled the wretched father, who, now grown blind, goes groping over the carcases, "Then fasting got the mastery of grief."

Ugolino's story has nothing sublime in it; but it is the *ne plus ultra* of horror. Dante's prevailing realism and love of definition interferes with his conceptions of their order, and hence, though such attempts are frequently powerful, they fall in effect compared with those of Milton, whose imagination was far vaster, more spiritual and abstract, and whose blindness had, doubtless, great influence in giving its objects the character of elevation, grandeur, immensity. Contrast, for example, Dante's Charon with Milton's Death: the first is painted by Dante as an old man blanched and white, inspired with demonic rage, with wheels of flame round his

which the lost angels gathered on the battlements, will not allow Dante to enter—and having effected his object, silently departs, immersed in other thoughts. But one of the finest is the spirit in the *Purgatorio*, whose approach, yet unseen, Dante, while gazing on the sunset, becomes conscious of, by the weight of light falling on his eyes—a very spiritual instance of imagination; and next he whose face had a tremulous lustre as of the morning star. It is a pity the Tuscan poet did not introduce a greater number of pictures of scenery, effects of external nature, into his work; as several of those it contains are exquisite in their union of the objective and subjective. Such is the description of dawn in the first, and of evening with which the 8th canto of the *Purgatorio* opens. It was the hour which wakens fond desire and melts the heart of those at sea, who have bid sweet friends adieu, when the pilgrim hears from afar the bell which seems to weep for the day that dies. Beautiful also is the gray hour of dawn in the 9th canto:—

"Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai
La rondinella presso alla mattina
Forse a memoria del suol prim' guai"—

one can hear almost the sad cry of the swallow wheeling through the gray twilight. Beautiful, too, the glimpse of the sea from the summit of the mountain:—

"Conobbi il tremolar della marina,"

which gives us the distant tremulous line of light along the morning sea, as Æschylus' ἀνερπιδὸν γέλασμα, the multitudinous wave-smile of the noon-day ocean. Dante's habit of putting his knowledge into his description of natural scenery frequently interferes with their naturalness; thus even in the beautiful passage about dawn (*Purg.* 1) the poetry is injured by an astronomic allusion. No fault, however, can be found with his lines in which we hear the lark rising and becoming silent, satiated with the sweetness of its song:—

"Qual lodoletta che 'n core si spazia,
Fidusa cantando, e poi tace contenta
Dell' ultime dolcezze che la mola."

Despite the number of its commentators, not a little uncertainty still

exists respecting the composition of the "*Commedia*," a title he is said to have selected from his purposing to write it in the middle style, but into which he introduced all styles. It is now certain that the first seven cantos of the *Inferno* were composed at a period preceding his banishment from Florence, and in these may be seen pretty clearly that he had already projected the ideal of the poem, which was to embody in allegoric form his conception of a hell, purgatory, and paradise, to be a satire on his personal enemies and those of his country, and an immortalization of his love for Beatrice. The early cantos of the *Inferno* indicates her reappearance. As to the controversy whether he intended her as an allegory, &c., the intrinsic evidence of the portions of the poem in which she appears testifies that the object of her introduction was of mixed nature, as at one time he has made her speak as a woman, and further on in the *Paradiso* as an exponent of his views of theology, a study which he is said to have devoted himself to at Paris shortly before commencing the *Paradiso*. His first idea was to immortalize his love, and secondly in the person and under the name of Beatrice—one who blesses,—to make her the mouthpiece of divine theologic knowledge. He first represents her as a real being, and subsequently idealizes her into a celestial myth.

Of the three parts of the "*Commedia*," while there is greater energy and power of invention in the *Inferno*, there is, with the exception of a couple of its episodes, a more genuine poetic spirit pervading the *Purgatorio* than the *Paradiso*; and it is pleasanter to wander with him from day to day through the ascending regions of this great mountain in the middle of the ocean, whose summit touches heaven, than to accompany him through the strained conceptions of a Ptolemaic heaven, where there are so many absurdities and where the imagination is wearied with his endless attempts to represent degrees of blessedness by variations of intensity in light, &c. Altogether there are too many signs of labour in the great poem in which Dante's formative intention is so apparent. In the *Purgatorio* he exhausted the subject in the twenty-nine cantos, but

was obliged to write several more to make it nearly the same length as the *Inferno*. There are many individual peculiarities seen here and there; among them, his ending each of the three parts with the word "stella." Altogether Dante's poem, with its union of greatness and littleness; its sublime and beautiful flashes of imagination; its exhibition of individual passion; its absurdities, charms, and incongruities, is one of the most difficult subjects of criticism in the range of literature. But amid imperfections, the result of a barbarous age, and of the purpose which the writer set before him, it contains passages, both for conception and diction, which for high spiritual imagination are unique in creative literature. No writer ever intensified prosaic reality so wonderfully into poetry.

EPIC POETRY.

THE critical idea of the epic, as illustrated by the chief works of that order of poetry, is an elevated discourse of a great and important action which terminates happily. The "Iliad" is the epic of pagan heroism; it ends with the death of Hector, the Trojan hero and safeguard of Troy, the victory of the Greeks, and prospective consummation of the struggle involved in the above event. The purpose and end of the "Æneid" are the adventures of "Æneas" and foundation of Rome. Tasso's "Gerusalemme," is the epic of Christian chivalry, its object, the rescuing of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Mahometans. The "Lusiad" of Camoens—the *Odysee* of modern European literature, and still more modern in its spirit than the foregoing poems, is the epic of commerce—the discovery of the passage round the Cape to the East by Gama. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is the epic poem of Biblical writ and Christian theology. The latter, indeed, does not fulfil the purpose of an epic in ending happily, but such conditions are realized in "Paradise Regained."

Almost all those poets have framed their works on Homer. The introduction of the machinery of pagan deities, which, in the imitator, Virgil, is so far consistent with the religious ideas of his age, becomes, to the last

degree absurd in the poem of Camoens, which describes one of the chief events of Christian Portugal in the fifteenth century. Even Tasso, also, would have been much more consistently poetic, if he had confined his machinery to the spirits and enchanters of Romanic poetry, without the *outré* introduction of the Tartarus of the Pagans,—an anomaly in which he followed the barbarism of Dante, and an anomaly which the really sublime imagination and poetic judgment with which Milton was endowed, enabled him to avoid.

Homer, indeed, possesses an eye for natural truth and a vigour of imagination, equal to any poet, excepting in the highest conceptions of sublimity, which were not possible in the pagan age in which he lived. But we cannot think that the entire of the "Iliad" and "Odysee" were the works of his individual mind; it is much more rational to believe that, with his largely receptive soul, he appeared at a period when a large accumulation of traditional and written ballad literature, having for their subject the ten years struggle between the Greeks and Trojans, existed, that he collected and re-shaped them into a continuous narrative, and that it is only now and then, when some incident struck his imagination, that he has remoulded it with the individual originality and power of his genius, just as Shakespeare worked with the early essays of the English drama. Appearing in a cultivated age, Virgil drew largely from his models, the "Odysee" and "Iliad;" but it is absurd to speak of him as a mere imitator. It is chiefly in his battles that he appears so, it being, indeed, difficult to rival Homer in the treatment of such subjects; but that his imagination was capable of producing original conceptions and descriptions, equal to any in the poems of the Greek, the death of Dido, the games in the fifth book, and a couple of the epistles testify. Tasso's "Gerusalemme," the chief excellence of which attaches to the choice of the subject and its symmetrical structure, is an aggregation of imitations. The conceptions of Homer and Virgil are constantly apparent in his battles, and its finest portion (the 16th canto), the description of the garden of Armida, is taken from the island of Venus, in the 9th canto

of Camoens's "Lusiad." Like Virgil, his originality is chiefly seen in his episodes, and like the Mantuan, his determination to produce a poem, shaped on a classic model, interfered with his inventive powers. It is in the earlier Italian poets, Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, rather than Tasso, that the characteristic genius of modern Italy is seen in all its natural, spontaneous wildness, beauty, and variety. The epist, Tasso, though gifted with a fine intellect, and exquisite sensibility, cannot compare with his forerunners in spontaneous imagination. It is in the regions of pure romance, untrammelled by classic forms, that the Italian genius has produced its most national and delightful poetry.

To exalt the glory of Christendom was Tasso's object; to immortalize the national glory of Portugal, that of Camoens. A poem based on a voyage of discovery undertaken to connect Europe and the East by commerce, is in its ideal in advance of those of which mere war constituted the interest. That of the Portuguese somewhat resembled the "Pharsalia" of Lucan, inasmuch as it derives its chief literary interest from its pictures, geographical and local; but though it is interspersed with vigorous descriptions in strong and rich language, it does not display much imagination. In its most famous passage, the apparition of the storm phantom of the Cape, the poet destroys the effect by entering into details respecting its appearance, which, though intended to be sublime, are merely horrible and ludicrous. It is a Dantesque conception in its literalness, but without a touch of the genius by which, if he did not always render sublime, he made his conceptions intensely impressive. Again, his description of the Isle of Venus, instead of painting the beauty of such a place in an imaginative manner, he has thought it necessary to display his observations as traveller, by describing almost every tree of the tropics. The bathing nymphs and other accessories, however, of this picture have left Tasso little to do but translate it into Italian, condensed and pruned of its prosaic superfluities of detail. Calypso's Island is, of course, the nucleus of all such poetic paradises of the ocean; and in its narrow but natural simplicity, the picture of Ho-

mer has a charm more truly imaginative than those of the succeeding epic poets. To Milton's "Paradise Lost" we need not allude; the first, second, and sixth books, are the sublimest creations of epic poetry, nor is it necessary to add how much more poetically noble are his Garden of Eden, his Eve and Adam, than Tasso's garden of voluptuous enchantment, and his Armida.

Epics have thus been grounded on heroic life, battle, and voyage, on Christian chivalry, on conquest, and commercial discovery, and on the theologic history of Christianized humanity. The question arises—are any of the nations of Europe likely to produce an epic embodying the spirit of the more modern epoch than which reflect the historic phases of the past? To great genius nothing is impossible. It is a current opinion that in the present age of prose romance, in which the chief object is to attract the reader by the highest stimuli of invention, a poem of the same length as the "Iliad," or "Paradise Lost" would obtain but a limited constituency of readers; but we believe that any well selected national subject, treated by great imagination and art, could hardly fail of success. A poem of this order, referring to modern times, would present many difficulties, but though devoid of the charm which remoteness ever gives, its want in that respect should be obviated by the peculiarity and novelty of its treatment. That there are abundant themes for epic poetry in antique and Middle-Age fable, affording unbounded scope for the imagination, we need not say; as regards England there is the period of Arthurian romance, from which the great Italians derived so much of their inspiration and materials, and which is now being worked up by Tennyson. On such fabulous periods epics are still possible, and very delightful ones, but they should be of a purely imaginary character, based on pure nature, moulded by pure art, and divested of the now absurd classical machinery which has interfered so much with the poetic effect of several above alluded to.

An epic poem, however, reflecting the modern age and impregnate with the modern spirit, should be based either on some historic circumstance or fable suitably invented with this

AN OLD IRISH ACTOR AND HIS TIMES: FROM 1691 TO 1781.

THOMAS DOGGET.

MANY persons who live in London may have seen, and a far greater number who vegetate beyond that busy, boiling focus of excitement, energy, ambition, vice, and virtue, have undoubtedly heard or read how, on the 1st of every August, as surely as the day comes round, six "jolly young watermen," arrayed in uniform, each with a faultless wherry, whose build causes the eyes of professionals and amateurs to water, form in a line at London Bridge, on the Westminster side, facing up the river, opposite to what was, and may perchance be still, for aught we know to the contrary, that well-known house of call, "The Old Swan." On a signal, given at the exact time of ebbing tide, when the current is strongest against them, they start together, and pull with might and main, as fiercely as John Gilpin tugged at his horse's neck in his compulsory ride, until they reach "The White Swan," or its site, at Chelsea. The removal of ancient landmarks by the hand of ruthless improvement makes sad havoc with historic reminiscences, and saddens the heart of the despairing antiquary; but, happily, this barbarism cannot alter appointed scenes of action, or confuse their limits. When the goal in this aquatic Olympic race is reached the proclaimed victor receives his prize—a professional upper garment, spic and span new, with a real silver badge on one of the arms. This is called "Dogget's Coat and Badge," from the name of the original donor who founded this annual display of skill, and bequeathed at his death a sum of money, secured in the Fishmongers' Company, the interest of which was to be appropriated each year, *and for ever*, to the same purpose, in loyal commemoration of the advent of the House of Hanover to the throne of these realms. The first match took place on the 1st of August, 1715, and has continued on the appointed anniversary, without intermission, to the present date.

But who or what was this public-spirited, patriotic Dogget, who has

thus perpetuated his name, although he was a bachelor without offspring? Was he a lord mayor, or an alderman, or a lord, or a knight, or a saddler, or a fishmonger, or a cordwainer, or a tailor, or a "linen-draper bold," or a peer, or a baronet, or a simple knight, or a squire? No; he was none of these. The name would scarcely dignify the peerage, albeit there be some Wallops, and Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses there, even less aristocratically euphonic. People in general neither ask nor care what he was. The successful Tom Tug who figures in the prize may perhaps top off a gill to the memory of the founder, but there his interest in the matter ends. Go amongst the countless thousands who jostle pell-mell to the Derby, the Oaks, or the St. Leger, as if they scarcely expect to live till they get there, who consider these world-renowned reunions as part and parcel of their existence, events in which they have a vested interest, and ask how, why, or where each got its distinguishing name. Not one in one thousand can tell you. The answer will be as satisfactory as the usual English response, if in any given city, town, or village, you venture to inquire the way to such a shop or house, "really I don't know: I am a stranger here."

Well, then, this Dogget was an actor, a manager, an author, too—for he wrote a comedy—and, withal, an Irishman. This last accidental item was no particular recommendation in those days to gentlemen in search of a living on the Saxon side of the channel. But he was not only a very humorous son of Erin, but a prudent one, to boot, for he made money and kept it; was known on 'Change as a successful dabbler in the stocks; had savings in the funds, a good floating balance at his bankers; led a highly respectable life, and died in ripe old age, as honest Partridge so fervently expressed his wish to pass away, comfortably in a bed, with sorrowing friends around him.

Dogget's intended gift was adver-

tised in the Drury-lane play-bill of the 1st of August, 1715, a copy of which may still be seen in the British Museum. The announcement was thus: "This being the day of his Majesty's happy accession to the throne, there will be given by Mr. Dogget an orange-coloured livery, with a badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by six watermen that are out of their time within the year past. They are to row from London Bridge to Chudsea. It will be continued annually on the same day for ever. They are to start exactly at four o'clock." We have here another instance, on a small scale, of the loyalty by which the players have been so often distinguished. Dogget was an enthusiastic Whig, who displayed his bias on all occasions with more zeal than comported with the prudence of one who should have remembered that he lives by the *general* favour of the public. He needed not his political bequest of a coat and badge to secure his memory from oblivion. The pages of Colley Cibber have given him a prominent niche in a gossiping, life-painting chronicle, that will survive many dry annals and dull, if authentic, histories.

Actors are a strange race, and their oddities sometimes break out in their wills, when they happen to make them and have anything to leave. "Jedens of each other they are," what professionals are not? But it is not true, although Lord Byron says so in iambic verse, that they hate with a hatred fond only on the stage. Baddeley, of Drury-lane, who was not held in particular esteem by his *colleagues* when living, endeavoured to propitiate their posthumous good-will by leaving the interest of one hundred pounds in the three percents, to purchase a plum-cake, wine, and punch, to be enjoyed by the company of that theatre in the great room, on the annual recurrence of *Twelfth Night*. But he did more and better than that with a much larger portion of his savings, to evince his regard for his brethren in arms. He directed that his house, freehold, messuages, garden, &c., in New Storey-street, a life interest in which he left to a female friend, should at her death, together with certain moneys to arise from the insurance of an annuity, go to the Society established for the relief of indigent persons belonging to Drury-lane thea-

tre. His house and premises at Monksey he also bequeathed as an asylum for decayed actors and actresses, with an additional stipulation that when the net produce of the property amounted to £300 per annum, pensions were to be allowed; especial care to be taken to have the words "Baddeley's Asylum" on the front of the house. The last clause savours something of vanity, and of a too literal application of the text, which says, "Do men light a candle and put it under a bushel?" Still Baddeley meant well, and it was hardly fair that his benevolent intentions should be snuffed out and forgotten.

Michael Kelly, in his "Revolutions," published in 1826, tells us that the trustees of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund had thought proper to sell the house at Monksey. Without doubt those conscientious and responsible considered they had a right to do so, and carried the amount to the general balance; but the proceeding might have given the tormentor a twist in his coffin had he been sentient of it. On the day of the first meeting for the endowment of that praiseworthy, and, we trust, highly flourishing haven of rest, the Dramatic College, when so many eloquent speeches were made, in the Princess's Theatre, it seems strange enough that no one thought of Baddeley, his bequest, or his asylum. It was no fault of his that his design was not carried out, and obduracy is hardly more in return for intended benevolence.

Baddeley had the misfortune of being what Iago designated Cassio, though all commentators are puzzled to find the reason why, unless through a misprint.

"A fellow almost deadened in a fever."

Mrs. Baddeley, all agree, was one of the most beautiful women that ever trod the stage, and dazzled the eyes of the public; but she was frail and vernal in her traits, as my lady Playne, or Phyllis, of ancient or modern times. She sold her favours, and her husband was aware of it, *condoning* her conjugal lapses, as they say in the Divorce Court, by sharing in their profits. This brand of infamy he carried with him to his grave; yet, on the 20th of April, 1790, he published a letter, in his own vindic-

cation, in the *General Advertiser*, respecting the disagreement with his wife, and stating, at full length, his reasons for parting from her. He also directed his executors to reprint the letter once every year, "to prevent the world from looking on his memory in the villanous point of view in which it had been set forth in certain memoirs, pamphlets, &c." Charity inclines us to think the wretched Baldeley was maligned. He had been cook to Foote, who advised and assisted him to go on the stage; and afterwards, on some quarrel, said, "Hang the rascal, I deserve his insolence for taking the spit from his hands to put it by his side." He evinced considerable talent in Frenchmen and fops, though he had neither the rich humour as an actor nor the systematic integrity as a man, of Dogget, from whom this episodal digression has too long diverted us. Our bent is discursive, and we often feel obliged to say, internally, with the old poet:—

"Holloa, my Fancy! whither wilt thou go?"

Thomas Dogget was born in Castle-street, Dublin, sometime beyond the middle of the seventeenth century, year unascertained. His father appears to have been a tradesman in a very small way, and the son, with such education as he could pick up—it was little enough, for he wrote *whole* without the *wh*—had to fight a passage through the rough brambles of life as best he might. In early manhood he tried the stage in his native city without success. His name is not mentioned by Hitchcock or Chetwood in their accounts of the Dublin theatres; and he soon crossed over to England in search of the honour denied to him at home. In after-life he was incommunicative on family subjects. The annals of obscure poverty may furnish point to a useful moral or wind up a stanza gracefully, but Dr. Johnson tells us, and he speaks from personal feeling, that they supply few pleasurable reminiscences to those who are too closely connected with them. For a considerable time—for years it would appear—Dogget endured the hardships and vicissitudes of a strolling life, during which he became intimate with Anthony, or Tony Aston, as he was more familiarly styled, a noted itinerant who laid the country towns under contribution

with what he called his "Medley," a selection of first-rate humorous scenes from the most popular plays; between each a song or dialogue of his own filled up intervals and completed the slender bill of fare. His company was generally composed of himself, his wife, and son, with a promising recruit or two, when he could pick them up without bounty or pay beyond a precarious share. He assumed a sort of manorial right to every town he invaded; and, if another troop disputed occupancy with him, he used every *art* he could devise to evacuate the place of these interlopers, as he denounced them. He was generally popular, contrived to pick up a livelihood, and was as well known and expected as the post-boy and his horse, who carried the mail. His exceedingly scarce theatrical pamphlet of twenty-four pages, which he calls a sequel to Cibber, contains anecdotes relative to the actors of his day, particularly Dogget, which are nowhere else to be found.

Galt's account of Dogget is meagre and dull. It could scarcely be otherwise, writing as he did, to order, in haste, and with scanty materials. What he tells us is a transcript from Cibber, divested of Cibber's piquancy. He had evidently never seen Tony Aston's treatise. We should wonder if he had, for Isaac Reed says in a note attached to his copy—which brought £1 16s. at his sale,—"Though I have possessed this pamphlet twenty-six years, I have never met with a duplicate of it." Genest was the purchaser, and quotes freely from it in his "History of the Stage." There is now a copy, perhaps Genest's, in the British Museum. The work seems to have been printed privately for subscribers only.

The first authentic record we have of Dogget, as a London actor, dates in 1691, when his name appears as *Deputy Nincompoop* in D'Urfey's comedy of "Love for Money, or the Boarding School," produced at the Theatre Royal, as Drury-lane was then called, *par excellence*. The first great actors of the Restoration had been swept away by the scythe which spares no one, but they had left successors and pupils supposed to be equal to themselves. The part above named, one of importance, could scarcely have been given to a new

actor, untried on the metropolitan boards, and in all probability was not his first appearance. Dogget had not only been for years a strolling actor, but a manager of strolling actors, and must have been, at least, five and thirty at this time. It seems likely that he had already saved money, for within nineteen years after, we find him associated in the new patent of management with Colley Cibber and Wilks.

"Love for Money" met with opposition on the first night, but continued to stand its ground, and had reasonable success. Forty-two years later, Charles Coffey, a little Irish playwright, transformed it into a ballad-farce, under the title of "Boarding School Romps, or the Sham Captain : but a bad copy of a poor original had no elements of vitality, and it died accordingly without a struggle. Shortly after the production of "Love for Money," in 1692, another comedy, by D'Urfey, called "The Marriage Hater match'd," afforded Dogget an opportunity, in the part of *Solon*, which he took such advantage of that his favour with the town became fully established. Yet, either the exigencies of the theatre or managerial caprice thrust him into such unimportant third-rate tragic parts as *Butto* in "Regulus," *Bertrand* in Bancroft's "Henry the Second," and *Phorbis* in Dryden's and Nat. Lee's "Edipus." From this damaging line, however, he delivered himself by an untoward comic effect in the last named character, which rescued him effectually from the buskin of Melpomene. He had to say, "Why had not Phorbis perish'd in that moment" which he so pointed as to produce a roar of merriment scarcely equalled by Liston's long subsequent efforts in *Romeo* and *Octavian*.

Tony Aston describes Dogget as a little, lively, spry man, who spoke several dialects correctly, sang humorous songs with infinite effect, introducing them often between the acts and at the end of tragedies ; and adds that he danced the Cheshire round more nimbly than even the famous Captain George. Perhaps his native "jig" helped him here, supposing the round to be a collateral of the same family. Downes says of Dogget, "On the stage he is very *aspectabund*, wearing a farce in his face." Here

we have a direct vision of the Munden physiognomy in *Cockle-top*, with all those marvellous variations which looked so natural that it were profaning genius to call them grimaces. Downes then adds, "His thoughts deliberately frame his utterance congruous to his looks. He is the only comic original now extant ; witness *Ben, Solon, Nykin, the Jew of Venice*," &c. We need scarcely remind our readers that, until Macklin's time, *Shylock* was considered the lawful property of the low comedian or *buffo* of the company. Steele, in the *Tattler*, No. 120, terms Dogget the best of comedians. The *Spectator* says, No. 370, "The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget." All accounts agree that he copied nature and studied no other model. He dressed his characters with the exactitude for which William Farren was so remarkable in our own days, and made up his face for all the different degrees of age with the consummate skill of a professor of the art pictorial. This led Sir Godfrey Kneller to tell him that he was a better painter than himself. "I," said the knight, "can only copy Nature from the originals before me, while you vary them at pleasure, and yet preserve the likeness." This genuine comedian worked up his joke and his audience along with him to the true point, but never exceeded it : he ceased to tickle before verging on satiety, and above all, scrupulously observed that great canon of Shakespeare so often and remorselessly violated, which enjoins "those that play your clowns to speak no more than is set down for them." Liston indulged in this licence sparingly, John Reeve liberally, and Wright immoderately. One evening, at the end of what was announced in the bills as "another screaming farce," the last-named actor came into the green room, where the author sat, writhing in agony at the multiplied interpolations. "I think we had 'em to-night," he said, glowing with applause and complacency. "You had, if you please," growled out the immolated scribe, "but, for my part, I never wrote a line of all you have uttered."

and so saying stalked out indignantly. "Now, there's gratitude for you!" exclaimed Wright. "If I had stuck to his d—d trash, where would the farce have been?"

With his multiplied endowments for the worship of Thalia, Dogget undervalued her sister muse. He thought, and in some respects plausibly if not justly, that comedy was more in accord with every-day life and practice; and when he became a manager, his innate love of economy made him view with horror the costly trains, plumes, and processions, with which Tragedy, "in gorgeous pall, came sweeping by." He looked at the treasurer's books, cast up the balance according to his own bias, pronounced the chance of profit incommensurate with the risk, and gave this amongst his reasons for retirement, while money was flowing in in a continuous stream.

The celebrated comic actor, Nokes, died in 1692. He can be scarcely said to have made a vacancy for Dogget, although nearly in the same line; but Nokes inclined more to burlesque. He was the John Reeve rather than the Liston of his day, and had fallen into comparative decline before Dogget appeared. In 1693, Congreve's first comedy of the "Old Bachelor" was produced, and at once stamped him as one of the most brilliant writers in our language. His dialogue is a coruscation of wit, while his plots and characters are really his own. The latter may be fictitious and artificial, but they are infinitely amusing and contrasted with rare skill. On the immoral bearing of his plays there is no occasion to enlarge. They have died with change of manners, and would not be tolerated now. Expurgation is impossible: the leaven is in the marrow. When Congreve composed the "Old Bachelor" he was only nineteen. "It was written," he says, in his defence against Jeremy Collier, who had singled it out for express execution in his famous attack on the licentiousness of the stage, "as several know, some years before it was acted. When I wrote it I had little thoughts of the stage, but did it to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. Afterwards, through my indiscretion, it was seen, and in some little time more it was acted; and I,

through the remainder of my indiscretion, suffered myself to be drawn into the prosecution of a difficult and thankless study, and to be involved in a perpetual war with knaves and fools." On this Collier retorted, "I shall not inquire what his disease was, but it must have been a very ill one to be worse than the remedy."

There seems, as Dr. Johnson says, to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance. The "Old Bachelor" was written for amusement in the languor of convalescence; yet it is apparently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue and incessant ambition of wit. The periods which appear to flow easiest cost the authors the most painful labour. Moore says that the most sparkling passages in the "School for Scandal" came from Sheridan's pen by slow and gradual instalments; and Moore's biographers tell us that he cast, re-cast, and polished up his most fascinating lyrics a hundred times before he satisfied himself that he had touched the true chord. The age and practical inexperience of the writer considered, the "Old Bachelor" is, indeed, a very wonderful performance. Dryden declared he had never seen such a first play. "As for comedy," he says, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, "repartee is one of its chiefest graces; the greatest pleasure of the audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides and swiftly managed." In this interchange of verbal carte and tierce, this rapid word-play of *passado* and *punto reverso*, not even Vincenzio Saviolo with his rapier could have held a candle to Congreve with his pen. Dryden, in conjunction with Southerne and Arthur Mainwaring, the *cher ami* of Mrs. Oldfield for the time being, slightly revised Congreve's comedy, and gave it to the manager, who reaped therefrom a harvest of gold, some of which the author entwined with his laurels. In those days the most successful plays had no such runs as we have witnessed and are witnessing in modern times. Eight or ten repetitions was considered an average attraction. In the "Female Wits," a comedy in the form of a rehearsal, acted in 1697, *Marsilia* speaks of her play as likely to be acted seventeen or eighteen nights together, to which Mrs. *Well-fell* replies, "How, Madam! That

is three or four more than the 'Old Bachelor' held out."

In the "Old Bachelor" Dogget was admirably fitted, as *Pondlerife*, called sometimes in the bills *Nykin*, and so delighted the author that he declared he would write a part for him in every play he might produce in future. The cast included Betterton, Powell, Dogget, Bowers, Joe Haines, Underhill, Williams, Alexander, Meslames Mountford, Bracegirdle, Bowman, and Leigh, a galaxy of talent, which, if we are to believe the ancients, was never approached in the degenerate days when these, in due time, had all withered off the stalk. Portraits of many of these worthies, male and female, in their most applauded characters, may be seen in the paintings and engravings of the Garrick Club, and in no other place.

Dogget had a good part cooked up for him in a comedy from Molière, by Wright, called the "Female Virtuosos," but fortunately for himself he escaped the "Wary Widow," by Higden, in which Whincop says, "The author had contrived so much drinking of punch, that nearly all the actors got drunk, and were unable to go through with it, so that the audience was dismissed at the end of the third act." A good warning to writers to stint their scenes of conviviality, which some indulge in rather exuberantly. The author of the "Wary Widow" printed his play naturally enough in an ill-humour; but in his preface, instead of alluding to the immediate cause of failure, he made a savage attack on the public for preferring such poor stuff as the "Old Bachelor."

Congreve's next comedy, "The Double-Dealer," produced also in 1693, was less successful than his first; neither did Dogget find *Sir Paul Plyant* a second *Pondlerife*. In 1694, he acted *Sancho Panza*, in the first part of D'Urfey's "Don Quixote," and spoke a singularly indecent epilogue in character, riding on an ass. Joe Haines introduced this sapient quadruped in 1697, in the epilogue to "Unhappy Kindness," dressed as a cavalry officer. Pinkethman sometimes followed the eminent examples; and Liston, as many of us have seen, frequently mounted *Lord Glen*, on his benighted night, on a similar charger.

In 1695 a considerable portion of

the Drury-lane company rebelled from the government of Rich, and, headed by Betterton, set up their own standard in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they fitted up the Tennis-court as a theatre, and opened under a licence from King William the Third, obtained through the interest of Lord Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain. They started with a new comedy by Congreve, called "Love for Love." *Ben*, the sailor, was so admirably acted by Dogget that much of the success of thirteen successive repetitions was attributed to him. The character of *Forethought* is obsolete. No one now, except a few old ladies of both sexes, followers of Zerkid, has any faith in judicial astrology however they may be mystified by spirit-rapping and spiritual "manifestations." But, in 1695, it was a fair subject for ridicule. Persons of the first rank, education, and ability, devoted themselves to the study, and firmly believed in it. Dryden cast his son Charles's nativity, and found that he was threatened with danger from water; and, strange to say, a narrow escape he had from drowning at Rome. The Lord Shaftesbury of Charles the Second's time, a very different sort of man from the living descendant, though a professed deist, was a dotard in astrology, and said to Bishop Burnet that a Dutch doctor had foretold to him the whole series of his life.

In 1696, Dogget produced his comedy, called "A Country Wake," in which, in addition to his own talents, he enlisted those of Betterton, Underhill, Kynaston, Trefusis, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Bowman, and Mrs. Leigh. There have been many better, and quite as many worse, plays than this. Dogget must have improved his literary acquirements immensely since the time when he mis-spelt monosyllables. Fifteen years later, he cut his comedy into a farce, and revived it at Drury lane under the title of "Hob, or the Country Wake," principally for his own acting, which kept it on the stage for several seasons. Both comedy and farce were often attributed to Childer, although printed with Dogget's name in the title page. "The Spectator," vol. 502, "There is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting, the awkward, triumphant, comic sorrow of *Hob* in the last circumstances, that

I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is given." In 1720, Leigh, the actor, reproduced the farce with some additions, and called it "Hob's Wedding."

Again, at the same theatre, Hip-pesley brought out a fourth version of the "Country Wake," as "Flora, or Hob in the Well;" a good ballad-farce, but Dogget's original comedy is much better than any of the pieces taken from it. "Hob in the Well" was revived at Drury-lane in 1767. The last performance was so recent as June, 1823, for Knight's benefit, when he played *Hob* in the Somersetshire dialect.

In 1697, Dogget, on some difference with the management of Lincoln's Inn Fields, returned to Drury-lane. Vanburgh cast him into the part of *Long*, a smart valet, in the "Relapse," but he resigned it to Pinkethman after the first night, as unsuited to his style. It seems quite clear from sufficient evidence that Dogget was of a most obstinate temper, immovable in his opinion of what he thought right and wrong, and never easy under any kind of government. Cibber says, "I remember him three times, for some years, unemployed in any theatre, from his not being able to bear, in common with others, the disagreeable accidents that in such societies are unavoidable." Those who know the stage experimentally can best tell how the career of the most applauded actor—more especially if he is seduced to dabble in management, which seems to the uninitiated to be all *couleur de rose*—is beset by storms, vicissitudes, heart-burnings, jealousies, disappointments, failures where triumph appears certain, and loss and ruin where genius, industry, and sound judgment seem almost to bind fortune to his chariot wheels. Dogget, from a habit of carefully looking after his own interest, sometimes fell into false calculations. Cibber says, again, "Whatever pretences he had formed for this first deserting from Lincoln's Inn, I always thought his best reason was that he looked upon it as a sinking ship, not only from the melancholy statement of their profits, but likewise from the neglect and disorder of their government." That government, be it remembered, was a

republic, which, if possible, suits theatres less than nations.

Dogget had not been a season at Drury-lane after his return before he discovered that Rich, the patentee, broke faith with him, although he had taken care to have his articles drawn firm and binding, fenced round with penalties and forfeitures, in case of infraction. He therefore refused to act any more, choosing rather to lose his unsatisfied demands than to incur the risk and expense of an action at law. But the manager, who knew his value from others, being incapable of estimating it himself, obtained a mandate from the Lord Chamberlain, through an *ex-parte* complaint, traced him to Norwich, and despatched a messenger to bring him up in custody. Dogget, who had money in his pocket and liberty in his heart, laughed at the summons and obeyed it with alacrity. He entertained the tipstaff, his travelling companion, with the best cheer on the road, refused to ride on horseback, insisted on being conveyed in a coach, and altogether displayed as much sense of enjoying a joke as a man whose mind was exclusively preoccupied with business might be supposed capable of exhibiting. As he found his charges were to be defrayed, not out of his own pocket, he called for the choicest dainties that every inn could provide, or a pretended weak appetite digest. At this rate they rolled jollily on, more like two friends on a party of pleasure than with the air of a poor devil in durance. On reaching London, Dogget immediately applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt for his *habeas corpus*, which that eminent functionary of the law at once granted, with a public censure in court on the process of his arrest. The officious agents in the affair found they had mistaken their man, and Dogget told Cibber they whispered something in his ear on leaving him, which removed all uneasiness on his part as to future proceedings. The Lord Chamberlain found that he had exceeded his authority, and was glad to get out of the scrape as well as he could.

Between 1698 and 1700, we find no mention of Dogget in either of the London theatres. These three seasons comprise one of the intervals alluded

to' by Cibber; and it seems scarcely probable that a money-loving man, in the height of his reputation, should lay quietly fallow during that long period, waiting the upshot of chance and time. We may more readily suppose that he scoured the provinces with one of the strolling companies spoken of by Tony Aston, which, with rare art and still rarer luck, he contrived to render respectable, comfortable, and remunerative. "While I travelled with him," says Tony, "each sham kept his horse, and was everywhere treated as a gentleman." Those were improved days for itinerant sons of Thespis; for we find from "Hamlet" that, when the Copenhagen company visited that philosophic prince at Elsinore, that they performed the journey more humbly :

"Then came each actor on his ass."

While Dogget was in eclipse, Congreve brought out his comedy of the "Way of the World," in which, of course, he had no character. This play is quite equal, if not superior, to its predecessors from the same hand, yet scarcely passed muster. Could the absence of one favourite and leading actor, however powerful, have been the cause of this? It is difficult to say. The "Wheel of Fortune" without Kemble, or "Paul Pry" without Liston, would, in all probability, have died and made no sign. Dennis assures us that the "Way of the World" was "hissed by barbarous fools in the acting;" and Dryden, in a letter to a friend, remarked, "though Congreve was at that time at the height of his reputation, yet this admirable comedy was coolly received, at which he was so highly offended and disgusted that he resolved to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprices of an audience."

Nearly all the plays of the era are now treating of were immoral, indecent, and irreligious. Wit, however brilliant, is an unsatisfactory equivalent or excuse for such generic corruption. Addison says, in the *Spectator*, No. 446, "Cuckoldom is the basis of most of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the stage, you may be sure it is in order to receive this distinction. A husband that is a little grave or elderly generally meets with the same fate.

Knights and baronets, country squires and justices of the quorum, come up to town for no other purpose. I have seen poor Dogget cuckolded in all these capacities." The Master of the Revels at last felt the necessity of interference by a restraining Act, under which Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were fined for uttering irreverent expressions. Collier made a violent onslaught, against which Dennis, Congreve, and Vanburgh defended themselves by answers which led to retorts written with a sharper pen, and containing sounder arguments. Dryden alone pleaded guilty, and promised amendment in the preface to his *Fables*, published in 1700. At an earlier period he more emphatically placed his penitence on record in the following noble passage in his ode on the death of Mrs. Anne Killigrow :

"O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poetry?
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debauch'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of
love.

O wretched we! why are we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, add'd (at pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming orbicurs of the
stage.

What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this, thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all!
Her Arethusa stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undell'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."

Pope has fished the last line almost *verbatim*, and without acknowledgment, in his epitaph on Gay :

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Shakespeare always excepted, we may, perhaps, consider Congreve as our best comic writer;—observe, we speak of genuine comedy, not farcical buffoonery; and one of the highest compliments ever paid to Sheridan was when he was called the modern Congreve.

With all his talent, Congreve must be pronounced a literary sop. He pinned himself on to the skirts of the great, and took more pride in his doubtful toleration amongst the ranks of fashion than in his admitted pre-eminence in the commonwealth of letters. When Voltaire

called upon him, while in England, he paid him many compliments on the reputation and merit of his writings. Congreve thanked him coldly, and at the same time told the "ingenious foreigner" that he wished to be considered not as an author, but only as a private gentleman, and in that light expected to be visited. Voltaire replied that if he had been only a gentleman, he had never been troubled with that visit. In his own account of the incident, the Frenchman observes that he was not a little disgusted at such an unseasonable demonstration of vanity. But, though Congreve undervalued the fame his comedies brought him, he did not treat the consequent pounds, shillings, and pence, with equal disdain. They were solid and tempting, and led him to enter into a compact with the Lincoln's Inn management to furnish a play annually for a share of the general profits. Assuredly, the labourer is worthy of his hire; but if he feels ashamed of, or undervalues the work, let him, to be consistent, eschew the *honoraria*, the fees and monetary perquisites thereunto belonging. Lord Byron abused Sir Walter Scott because he asked, and his publishers chose to pay, half-a-crown per line for his poems. He says:—

"For this we spurn Apollo's vernal son,
And bid a long good night to Marmion."

But, when Murray put forth a pamphlet in reply to some statements by Captain Medwin, after Lord Byron's death, it appeared that the noble bard had received some £24,500 for his copyrights, that he was a stout stickler at a bargain, and that in a particular transaction, touching memoirs, he remonstrated in jocular vein, but with business-like argument, thus:—

"For Oxford and for Wallegrave,
You give much more than me you gave,
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray."

"For if a living dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
Why, a live lord is worth two dead,
My Murray."

In 1704, we find Dogget reinstalled at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and assisting, as the French say, at a pernicious sacrilege against Shakespeare, in an

alteration of one of his finest plays into a thing called the "Jew of Venice," by Granville, Lord Lansdown—*Shylock*, as a comic character, by Dogget. This farrago kept the stage, until driven off by Macklin, in 1741, a dreary interval of suspended Shakespeare, lasting forty years. Downes says that *Shylock*, even thus travestied, was one of Dogget's best characters. We may be sure that he scorned to *buffoon* it. At Bassanio's grand entertainment, given with the Jew's own ducats, *Shylock* is introduced at a separate table, and drinks to his money as his only mistress. At the end of the third act, Granville makes him say to Antonio, "Thou art caught, and shalt pay the whole thief's bill." Rowe, in his account of Shakespeare, prefixed to his edition of the poet's works, has this paragraph—"Though we have seen the 'Merchant of Venice' received and acted as a comedy, and *Shylock* personated by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think that the character was tragically designed by the author." This is so plain, that it is strange Granville should not see, or that seeing, he should presume to alter it. But what are we to think of the taste and delicacy of a nobleman who makes *Portia* say, if she should be forced to marry her Dutch suitor, she must become "*La Signora Gutta!*" Oh, hideous! What a sound will that be in the mouth of an Italian; or, who could sit and listen to a prologue supposed to be spoken by the ghost of Shakespeare, containing such a dose of servile sycophancy as we find in the following lines:—

"These scenes, in their rough native dress,
once mine,
But now *improv'd*, with nobler lustre
shine!
The first rude sketches Shakespeare's
pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are new.
This play, ye critics, shall your fury stand,
Adorn'd and rescued by a faultless hand."

But charity can palliate, if not cover, even vanity egregious as this. Let it then be recorded that Granville gave the profits of his play to Dryden's son, who was poor enough to be in want of a dinner.

The noted Joe Haines died in 1701. He was a strange compound of opposites. A buffoon, swindler, scholar,

linguist, mountebank, fortune-teller, A.M. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a comic actor of great humour, with an irresistible pushing facetiousness, which introduced him not only to the acquaintance, but the familiarity, of persons of the first rank. He contrived to get himself employed on the staff of two distinguished statesmen, Sir Joseph Williamson, and the Duke of Buckingham, but his constitutional impudence and laxity of speech marred his promotion in diplomacy. He passed himself off in France for a count, and became a general favourite in society for a time from his fluency in the language and incomparable dancing. Through life he was up and down—a pauper, or a spendthrift, rolling in ephemeral wealth, or without a penny in his pocket. His great forte seems to have been in speaking prologues and epilogues, particularly those written by himself. But he was ever a licentious dog, loose in morals and without religion. Once he played off a practical joke on a parson, by pretending to appoint him chaplain to the players, which led to some unseemly equivokes. The parson happened to have a son, a member of the thrasonical family, a talking bully, and, of course, a coward; but he vowed publicly to avenge the trick put upon his father. Accordingly, he watched Joe from rehearsal one day, and swaggering up, desired him to draw. Joe demanded to know why, and they adjourned to a tavern that he might be told. Joe receiving the information, consented at once, but said, "I am a religious man, and must have five minutes to say my prayers." He then retired to the next room, and in a loud tone, distinctly heard by his challenger, expressed his repentance for killing seventeen persons in duels, and concluded by asking forgiveness for being obliged to add this unhappy gentleman to the list. The other looking on his fee-simple of life as not worth a moment's purchase, ran down stairs, and left Joe to pay the reckoning. Quin told Garrick the following story of him:—In James the Second's time, when Romanism was a sure road to preferment, he, amongst others of higher rank and more weight, professed himself a convert, and gave out that the Virgin had appeared to him. Lord Sunder-

land sent for Haines, and questioned him as to the truth of his conversion, and whether he had really seen the Virgin. "Yes," my lord; I assure you it is a fact." "How was it, pray?" "Why, as I lay in bed the Virgin appeared to me, and said '*Peace Joe*.'" "You lie, you rogue," exclaimed the Earl; "if it had really been the Virgin herself, she would have said *Joseph*, if it had only been out of respect to her husband." Haines, upon his re-admission to the theatre after his return from the Church of Rome, acted *Bayes*, and spoke his recantation-prologue in a white sheet, with a burning taper in his hand. The prologue is printed in Tom Brown's works. Amongst Tom Brown's Letters from the Dead to the Living are three long ones from Joe Haines to his friends at Wells's coffee house in Covent Garden, but they contain little or no theatrical information, and are duller than might have been expected. Joe Haines was buried in that favourite theatrical necropolis, the church-yard of St. Paul's Covent Garden, but we never heard that any of his aristocratic friends erected a monument to his memory.

Not long after Haines died Edward Kynaston, one of the earliest actors of the Restoration. In youth he was celebrated for his performance of female parts, in which old Downes has recorded that he sensibly touched his audience that it was doubted whether any of the women who followed him were equally successful. He became so much the rage that ladies of fashion paraded him in their carriages to the park, after the play, in the dress of the heroine he had personated. But as age advanced his voice became harsh and dissonant, and so he subsided into tyrants and bullies. He bore a great resemblance to the noted *roué* of his day, Sir Charles Sedley, of which he was absurdly vain, and endeavoured to display it by many expedients. On one occasion, he got a suit of laced clothes made in imitation of the Harcourt's, and appearing publicly in it, Sir Charles, whose wit very seldom atoned for his ill-nature, inflicted a severe punishment on his folly. He hired a bravo to accost Kynaston in the park one day, when he bedizened himself in his finery, pick a quarrel with him, on account of a pretended affront from

his prototype, and cudgel him unmercifully. This scheme was duly put in practice, and though Kynaston protested that he was not the person his antagonist took him for, the ruffian redoubled his blows on account of what he affected to consider his scandalous falsehood. When Sir Charles Sedley was remonstrated with upon the cruelty of this transaction, he told the actor's friends that their pity was misplaced, for that Kynaston had not suffered so much in his bones as *he* had in his character, the whole town believing that it was *he* who had undergone the disgrace of the chastisement. Kynaston died wealthy. He bred his only son a mercer. Davies speaks of having seen his grandson, the Rev. Mr. Kynaston, who purchased the impropriation of Aldgate; but he thought it no honour to be the descendant of a player, and declined communicating any anecdotes of his ancestor.

During the season 1704-1705, we find Dogget once more at Drury-lane, in his usual round of characters, re-appearing as *Sir Nicholas Cully*, in the "Comical Revenge," followed by *Fonlewife*, in the "Old Bachelor." On the 31st of January, 1705, he acted *Polonius* for the first time. In 1706, he returned to the Lincoln's Inn Company, now removed to a new theatre in the Haymarket, built by Sir John Vanburgh, and opened as *Moneytrap* in the new comedy of the "Confederacy." This was one of his most brilliant hits, greatly aided by a minutely elaborated *make-up*, which heightened the general effect to an extent that actors, careless of adventitious aids, have no idea of. His coat was old and threadbare, with new cuffs, pockets, lids, and buttons, to render its natural rustiness more conspicuous. The neck so stuffed as to make him appear round-shouldered, and to force his head forward. His square-toed shoes were large enough to buckle over those he wore in common. His breeches rather long and loose, which shrank his legs, of ordinary size, to most unnatural thinness. The picture was a study, and the performance unique. But neither the one nor the other were dashed off by impulse or inspiration. They resulted from careful thought, long practice, and comparative observation. When will the aspiring tyros of the day,

who wish and expect to reach perfection at a hop, skip, and a jump, remember the laborious apprenticeships of their forefathers, and tame down their vaulting ambition to the patience and perseverance with which the elders were contented to toil up the ladder, a round at a time?

"Squire Trelooly," a farce by three eminent hands, as Sylvanus Urban used to call his leading contributors—Vanburgh, Congreve, and Walsh—was highly successful; according to Downes, in a great measure owing to Dogget's excellence in the *Squire*, founded on Molière's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. A triumvirate of renowned names is naturally security for success. "Three Hours after Marriage," by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot was unequivocally damned. These three great scholars and critics laid themselves open by a blunder they would have lashed unmercifully in others. *Sir Tremendous* says, "O, what felony from the ancients! What petty larceny from the moderns. There is the famous Iphigenia of Racine; he stole his Agamemnon from Seneca, who stole it from Euripides." Now Racine could not steal his Iphigenia from Seneca, as the French play represents the intended sacrifice of Iphigenia by Agamemnon at Aulis, and the Latin play the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. Dennis himself, ridiculed as *Sir Tremendous*, could not have made such a mistake.

The new theatre in the Haymarket proved a losing concern. Every important quality of convenience had been sacrificed to the display of a vast triumphal piece of architecture. Vanburgh let the building to Owen Swiney, who engaged some of the actors from Drury-lane, including Wilks and Cibber, but Dogget ceased to be a member of the company. Two years passed over before his name re-appeared in the London bills. In 1708 the Haymarket was made over entirely to Swiney, for operas, and the actors joined the forces at Drury-lane, under Rich and Brett. The united companies opened their campaign on the 15th of January. On the 1st of March, Dogget was announced for six nights only, an engagement that appears not to have been renewed. He commenced with *Ben*, in "Love for Love," and concluded on the 15th of

the same month, as *Fondlewife*, the last night being announced as his benefit, and this was probably his stipulated remuneration. His only performance in 1709 was on the 7th of April, the night of Betterton's famous benefit, when he volunteered his services in his favourite original part of *Ben*. The pit was thrown into boxes, and no person admitted without printed tickets, delivered at a guinea each. Mrs. Bracegirdle delivered a prologue, and Mrs. Barry an epilogue, written respectively by Congreve and Rowe for the occasion. The stage was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and such a concourse of rank and fashion had never before been assembled in the theatre.

In 1709-10, Dogget was associated with Wilks, Cibber, and Mrs. Oldfield, in the new patent. Betterton would have been included, as justly entitled to the distinction from his high standing and long service; but he was seventy-three, a martyr to gout, and had lost his slender earnings by speculation, and by disregarding the caution of the wise king, who foretells the consequences of surfeit. He preferred a fixed salary, though small, to the chances of profit and loss. Dogget objected to a petticoat in the government, and proposed to buy Mrs. Oldfield out on her own terms, which proved to be moderate, and were readily acceded to. The confederate actors then went to work with a good will, but the necessary alterations in the theatre, together with losses by the opera, to which they were liable in terms of the contract, interfered sadly with their gains. The trial of the notorious incendiary, Dr. Sacheverell, which occupied nearly two months of their first season, divided the public mind, and kept the higher ranks from places of public amusement. Burnet says all business was at a stand, for this engrossed every man's thoughts. Any sense of impending and undefined danger produces a similar effect in England, though not with our mercurial neighbours of France. In Paris, during the revolution, the theatres were filled while gentlemen were dangling from the lamp-posts; and later, when the cannon of the allies were thundering from Montmartre. The annals of the Dublin theatre, in particular, furnish repeated instances of the baneful

effects of political excitement. The manager of Hawkins's-street often had occasion to groan over the injurious vicinity of Conciliation Hall.

A leading point with the regnant triumvirate at the Haymarket, and one which was sure to tell with the public, was to throw their whole strength into every play, without reference to what actors might consider their exclusive lines and positions. In illustration of this system, Downes, in his "Miscellanies," gives the bill of the "Rehearsal," as copied from the first edition of the "Spectator," published in numbers. In this play there is but one prominent character, *Bayes*; all the rest are subordinate, and some utterly insignificant:—

"THE REHEARSAL."

As acted at the Haymarket, Nov. 18th, 1709.

Bayes,	Estcourt.
Johnson,	Wilks.
Smith,	Mills.
Prince Prettyman,	Powell.
Prince Volscius,	Cibber.
Kings of Brentford,	Bullock,
"	Born.
Gentleman Usher,	Pinkethman.
Physician,	Cross.
Tom Thimble,	Dogget.
Fisherman, or Knave,	Johnson.
Hughes, a Highwayman,	Norris.

All the best living comedians were here grouped in this play, and Norris, a genius of the first order, the speaker of two lines only:—"Heigh ho! Heigh ho! What a change is here? Hey day! Hey day! I know not what to do nor what to say!" This odd soliloquy he made so effective and so exclusively his own, that thenceforward he was termed by the audience and announced in the bills by the name of Heigh-ho. This sobriquet was changed to *Dicky*, some time after, when he made a similar hit in *Jubilee Dicky*, in Farquhar's "Constant Couple." In the early bills of the "Beau's Stratagem" he is called *Dicky Scrub*.

William Peer, a contemporary of Norris, presents another instance of an actor who continued to get a living, not a reputation, by his excellence in *minima*. His repertoire consisted of two parts only, neither of which exceeded half a dozen lines—the speaker of the prologue to the play in "Hamlet," and the starved apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," as altered by Otway to Caius Marius. The prologue he delivered with an

air that conveyed he was an actor, and with an inferior manner, as only acting an actor. This made the others on the stage appear real dignitaries and not representatives. This was a nicety in art which none but a subtle master could ever have conceived. As his excellence lay in so small a compass the managers enlarged his sphere of action, and aggravated his salary by making him property-man. But while Peer thus reached and even exceeded the summit of his ambition, he lost the virtue in prosperity which had lifted him from obscurity. Good-fortune, indeed, had no effect on his mind, but most damagingly on his body. In his seventieth year he grew fat and chubby, which rendered his figure unfit for his two *chefs-d'œuvre*. He had lost the "meagre looks" necessary for the apothecary, and was too jolly and rubicund to speak the prologue with becoming humility. It was thought this calamity went too near him and shortened his days. Perhaps his fate furnished Colman with the idea of his poetical vagary, entitled "The Life and Death of Mr. Daw." When Peer died, the demands on the house claimed by his representatives were confined to the following bill. (See *Guardian*, No. 82.)

	s.	d.
For hire of six cases of pistols,	4	0
A drum for Mrs. Bicknell in the "Pilgrim,"	4	4
A truss of straw for the madmen,	0	8
Pomatum and vermillion to grease the face of the stut- tering cook,	0	8
For boarding a setting dog two days, to follow Mr. Johnson in Epsom Wells,	0	6
For blood in "Macbeth,"	0	3
Raisins and almonds for a witch's banquet,	0	8
Total,	11	1

On the 13th of April, 1710, the great Betterton bade adieu to the mimic world as *Melantius*, in the "Maid's Tragedy." His exertions accelerated an attack of gout, which he endeavoured to subdue for the moment, but the effort killed him within ten days after. On his final appearance, the first experiment was made of what has been often repeated since under the name of *tab-leaux vivans*. The bill, after naming

the tragedy, said—"To which will be added three designs, representing the three principal actions of the play, in imitation of so many great pieces of history-painting, where all the real persons concerned in these actions will be placed at proper distances, in different postures peculiar to the passion of each character." In the first advertisement was added, "This has been often performed in the theatres abroad, but never yet attempted on the English stage."

In 1710, Dogget played the *Grave-digger* in "Hamlet," and although no mummer, we have no doubt he stripped off the traditional waist-coats, which were continued down to Garrick's and Kemble's days, and not finally repealed until within the last ten years. In the same year he also acted the first speaking witch in "Macbeth." In 1711, the company, on a new arrangement, shifted their ground to Drury-lane, where they finally established themselves. A golden age appears now to have dawned upon the stage, with only this drawback, that it was not likely to be permanent, as how could it be certain that three men of opposite temperaments and habits, invested with joint power, would continue to agree? Wilks took charge of the stage, for which duty he received a specific salary of fifty shillings per week. Dogget supervised the exchequer, and Cibber wrote plays, selected revivals, and fluttered amongst the fashionable world to keep up the general interest. All three were in the vigour of their powers as actors. The accounts and expenses were in good order, and kept within well-regulated bounds. In several seasons they never had a creditor who asked twice for his bill. Every Monday morning saw all demands discharged before the managers took a shilling to themselves. Their daily receipts exceeded anything they had imagined. They seldom met as a board to settle weekly accounts without feeling the satisfaction of joint-heirs in possession of an unexpected estate. Wilks was the hardest worker of the three. He acted thrice for Cibber's or Dogget's once. His only mistress was the stage, while Dogget coquetted with the stocks, and Cibber suffered himself to be seduced by the gaming table. The time and money he wasted there cost

his colleagues many a groan, and excited their fruitless remonstrances.

One morning Wilks and Booth happened to stroll into the box-office before rehearsal, and found that Cibber had been seized by the sons of Agrippa, and carried off in custody for a large sum. Their united savings would have fallen much below the bail required, even had they been inclined so to hazard them. Cibber was in the bills for that night, and something must be done without delay. The box book-keeper, who was also treasurer, seeing their perplexity, came forward, and said, "Gentlemen, I beg pardon, but can I be of any service here? I would do anything for Mr. Cibber." "I fear not," replied Wilks; "the amount is too large." "How much, may I venture to ask?" "Ten thousand pounds." "Oh, sir, I should be very sorry, indeed, if I couldn't do more than that to help Mr. Cibber." "Why, Barton!" exclaimed Wilks, looking at Booth in utter astonishment. "Why, Bob!" ejaculated Booth, returning his stare; "what have we been about all this time?" We learn from this anecdote that even in those remote days box-keepers and treasurers, as in more recent times, contrived to feather their nests warmly, while their employers had often to console themselves with a niche in the Bankruptcy Court.

When "Cato" came out, in 1713, and Booth received his renowned purse of fifty guineas, collected from the Tories in the boxes by Lord Bolingbroke, Dogget, overflowing with Whiggish zeal, suggested to his coadjutors that they too should follow the example, and make a similar present to the actor. It would not do to be outdone, he said; and this would recommend the liberal spirit of the management to the town, and might secure Booth more firmly to their interests—the skill of the best actor never having received such rewards in one day before. Cibber opposed this move, but Wilks joined Dogget, and Booth got the second *douceur*, which he received with many professions of loyalty and gratitude. The donors thought it would prove a sop to Cerberus, and check Booth in his ambitious aspirations to a share in the management, of which he had given premonitory symptoms. But

the sequel soon showed that their calculations were based on sand.

Dogget's stubborn temper, his spirit of independence, and impatience of opposition, writhed under Wilks's coercive rule and Cibber's careless extravagance. On one occasion two actors of little note came from Dublin, and Wilks, ever warm-hearted, received them generously, and appointed appearances for them at Drury-lane. Dogget fumed; he had outlived or forgotten any particular glow of feeling towards his countrymen, and appealed to Cibber, who refused to interfere with Wilks's acknowledged department. The strangers had a benefit, the cash receipts of which fell short, by ten pounds, of the sum they had contracted to pay as charges. Dogget pronounced this some trick on the part of the door-keepers, connived at by Wilks; and Cibber, to keep the peace, paid the deficiency out of his own pocket, where ten pounds were not often found. Wilks fired up when it came to his knowledge, and owing to this comparatively trifling incident, discord superseded the harmony which had, until then, prevailed in the triumvirate.

In 1714, Booth applied to the Lord Chamberlain to be included in the patent or licence, and the lofty official politely referred the matter to be settled amongst themselves. The Lord Chamberlain was arbiter as to the patent, but he had no control over the property. Wilks and Cibber agreed to admit Booth upon specific terms. Dogget refused *in toto*, and in his spleen, threw up his articles of engagement as an actor, with his interest as a manager, when the united produce of both was yielding him an income of one thousand pounds per annum. This resolution was unalterable, and from that time, says Cibber, "he came no more amongst us, either as actor or manager." Dogget, however, appealed to the law, and threw them into Chancery, from which he emerged, at the end of two years, nominally victorious, being decreed six hundred pounds for his share in the property, with fifteen per cent. interest from the date of the last licence, upon the receipt of which sums by him, both parties were to sign general releases, and severally to pay their own costs. By

this decree, Cibber tells us, Dogget, when his lawyer's bill was paid, scarcely got one year's purchase of what his partners had offered to him without law, and which, as he survived but seven years after it, would have been an annuity of five hundred pounds, and a sinecure for life. So much for litigation in preference to friendly settlement. Cibber thinks, with much probability, that Dogget repented of his obstinacy when too late. His last appearance as an engaged actor was as *Hob*, in his own farce of the "Country Wake," on the 20th of November, 1713.

On the 18th of March, 1717, Dogget acted *Barnaby Rattle* in the "Amorous Widow," for Mrs. Porter's benefit, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards George the Second and Queen Caroline, being present. Cibber thinks that Mrs. Porter would not have requested this favour of Dogget if a hint had not been given to her that it would be granted, and that Dogget's motive was an expectation that the managers would make him some proposals, or that the Court or town might express a desire for his return to the stage, neither of which took place. He adds, be this as it may, this was his last time of acting. Cibber's mistake in the last statement is equally unaccountable and without excuse. On the 28th of March and 1st of April, the King, George the First, commanded two performances by Dogget—*Ben*, in "Love for Love," and *Hob*, in the "Country Wake." On the second of these nights Cibber played *Lord Foppington* in Sir John Vanburgh's comedy of the "Relapse." Such carelessness impugns the credit of a work generally looked upon and quoted as oracular.

After the lawsuit, Dogget could not endure the sight of Wilks or Cibber. The latter had conducted the proceedings against him, yet his enmity to Wilks was more enduring. It was his misfortune to meet both almost daily at Button's coffee-house, so celebrated in the *Tattler*, where Addison, Steele, Pope, and other leading wits "most did congregate." The divided managers never spoke or interchanged even formal courtesies, but lowered at each other like angry bulldogs girding up for a fight. At

length, a practical joker, when Cibber was out of town, wrote to him a feigned account of Dogget's death. Cibber, in reply, expressed his sorrow, and used warm terms in eulogy of the merits of the supposed deceased. The letter was shown to Dogget, perhaps by preconcerted arrangement, and had the effect of softening him to a reconciliation. Not long after, sitting opposite to Cibber, at the same table, without exchanging a word, Dogget graciously extended his arm for a pinch of snuff, whereupon Cibber handed his box to him, and breaking the ice, asked him how he liked it. With hesitation, assisted by his action in taking the snuff, he replied, "Umph! Ha! the best—umph!—I have tasted for a great while." After a few days of these cautious approaches they grew conversable, and Cibber then begged Dogget to be candid, and tell the real cause of his enmity. It came from him in half sentences and innuendos. "No," he said, "I have not taken any one thing particularly ill; but how could I allow others to dispose of my property as they pleased? If you had stood out as I did, Booth would have paid a better price. You were too much afraid of the Court; but that's all over now. There were other matters in the play-house;—no man of spirit—to be always provoked by a trifling wasp—a vain, shallow—a man would sooner beg his bread than bear it. You did not feel the bear's paws as I did; and for a man to be cutting throats upon trifles at my time of day! I would not be a Lord of the Treasury if such a temper as Wilks's were to be at the head of it."

Dogget's place of retirement was Eltham, in Kent, where he died, on the 22nd of September, 1721. By an undeviating system of economy, by successful working in the funds, and by ever taking care to live within his income, he contrived to amass considerable wealth, on which he enjoyed himself according to his tastes. In his last illness he was attended by an eminent physician, who gave him hopes of recovery, founded on his regular habits and apparently sound constitution. "Doctor," said the sick man, "when the wheels of a watch are totally decayed, do you think they can be repaired?" "No; by no art in the world." "Then, sir," said Dogget,

"it is the same case with me. I feel as if the wheels of my machinery are absolutely, through time, worn out, and nothing can restore them to their accustomed force." Dogget does not appear to have been importuned through life by poor relations or necessitous friends, and he makes no mention of such in his will. With the exception of gifts to his servants and a sum of money to the wife of Sir G. Markham, he says, "I will and bequeath to Sir George Markham, of the Temple, bart., and Thos. Merriſ, esq., all my South Sea stock, subscriptions, &c., bonds, plate, jewels, lands, and goods, of which I am possessed, in trust; and I also make the above Sir G. Markham and T. Reynolds, esq., my executors to this

my last will and testament, and whatever there may be over, after providing for the waterman's badge, &c., the remainder is to be given to Edward Burt and his heirs for ever." Dated 10th September, 1721; twelve days only before his death. We find no token of remembrance to any of his brethren of the sock and buskin. He might have been expected to feel kindly towards some of them, although not likely to leave mourning rings to Wilks, Cibber, or Booth. There is a portrait of Dogget, not in character, in the gallery of the Garrick Club, which formed one of the original series collected by the late Charles Mathews. It really is the sort of man we are prepared to look on from the description of Tony Aston.

ORPHEUS.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

[In selecting the story of Orpheus—perhaps the most beautiful myth of antiquity—the writer has proposed, consistently with ideal of the subject, to embody it in a series of Pictures and Hymns, rather than in a connected descriptive poem. In the first part, the arrival of the Eastern Poet in Greece, his marriage with Eurydice, daughter of the King of Boeotia, her death, and his grief, are indicated; and the Voyage to Hades sketched at more length, as this part of the subject offers a new style of treatment—namely, the poetical and picturesque as distinguished from the merely geographical, such as is found in Ulysses' Voyage in Homer, and that of Ubaldo to the Fortunate Islands in the "Jerusalem" of Tasso. The first part of this sketch leaves Orpheus at the entrance of the Land of Death. The second, which will follow some short time hence, will contain various imaginative pictures of the regions of torture and happiness in the region beneath the sunset (where, as Egyptian inscriptions testify, the ancients supposed the land of phantoms to be placed), the meeting between Orpheus and Eurydice, and the concluding incidents of the story.]

PRELUDE.

I.

Lo! on this wood-crowned summit let us stand,
As summer day dies o'er an antique land;
Its rich green glooming groves and purple line
Of mountains nobly stretching toward the brine;
Its white sheep-drifted pastures, pillared town,
And endless inland, hamleted and brown;
And let the indolent fancy's memorial sight
A minute rest in light
Upon the peaceful olden landscape, rife
With real, or imagined shapes of life—
Ere through the flooding sunset, vesper's spark
Pencils the waters, and the world grows dark.

What shapes are those upon the evening plain—
What shapes within the fruited woodland's cover?
Lo! where the sunset streams in golden rain,
Under the sycamores interbranching over
You crystal grassy well
Budded with asphodel—
A shepherd Maiden and her Lover;

Blithe have they feasted in their rural bower,
 On milk and chestnuts, honeyed leaf and flower,
 And now in amorous dalliance while the hour.
 See, he has wreathed with fern her small white brow
 And dry brown locks, with fingers fond, and now
 By each pellucid ear-tip tenderly,
 In frolic mood,
 Drawing her sweet face to his own, has kissed
 Her lips of blossom amorously,
 The while the happy blood
 Rosies her face in a soft modest mist;
 And looks into her eyes
 Where sunshine mingles with the violet's dyes.
 While near them summer-prattling swallows fly,
 While near them hums the brown bee honeyly by.

II.

Lo! in the warm shade of yon marble fane,
 Under the violet-covered steep,
 A Nymph form, light as the hyacinth stem,
 And fair as the foam of the eastern main,
 Smooth-draped, and crowned with an anadem
 Of blossoms steeped in roseate dyes,
 Beside a tumbled Cupid lies,
 With laughing lips and half-closed eyes,
 Fronting the level-lusted skies,
 Fondling him to sleep;
 And passing, soft as orient pearls,
 Her gleamy fingers through his curls;
 While anear this frolic elf,
 Under a vine-draped cavern arch,
 Shadowed by poplar pale and drooping larch,
 Beyond which, in the azure light,
 One star hangs bright—
 Lo! an old hairy Satyr shape,
 Gorged with juice of strongest grape,
 Beneath the leaves and clusters blue,
 Drowsily murmurs to himself—
 "Atra-hue! atra-hue!
 Humph!"
 Then, on a golden heap
 Of mosses, tumbles into sleep:
 While from the vale a girl is heard to sing
 A rural ballad by the grassy spring;
 While from the summer inland laughter rise
 Melodious faint; and from the blossomed bower
 Still filled with western heat,
 Where heart to heart, the lovers' pulses beat,
 Breathe on the golden stillness of the hour
 Kisses, and aitheryamal murmurs sweet.

III.

But hark!—for the eve is a festival time,—
 To the sounds that swoon off through the sunset sublime,
 O'er a land piled with rich breathing harvests divine,
 O'er an ocean grown purple as purplest wine.
 Lo! through the white towns of the blue summer isles,
 Where the Graces strew roses, the sea sleeps in smiles,
 Now the plenteous deep fountains of Bacchus are crowned;
 Now in jubilant dances the groups beat the ground,

Light-vestured, bright sandalled, with hyacinth crowned ;
 Now glad voices and song-mingled laughters resound
 From the cool-shadowed plains, from the temple-topped height,
 From the gates of the city that ope toward the night,
 Where the bard rhapsodizing of battle and Troy,
 Or now tearing the crimsoning string from his lyre,
 With soul tuned to plenty, to peace, and to joy,
 Gives his fancies to air in rich pulses of fire :
 While the clear hyacinth splendours still flit o'er the crest
 Of the marble heights fronting the purpling main ;
 While waves of rich sound, rising up from the west,
 Through the splendid dark stream in a heroic strain
 Toward the east, where in star gloom and red sunset glows,
 Soars Olympus, supreme o'er the world in its snows.

ORPHEUS.

Whitely the pillared city shines o'er the pastured plain ;
 From temple and turret the banners droop in the gloried wane
 Of sunset rich on the rivers, and golden on many a hill,
 And many a twilight woodland, odorous, dusk, and still.
 Down from the brazen portal, fronting the western glow,
 Trains of kingly chariots roll to the plain below,
 Dizzied in glittering dust, and horse besprent in foam ;
 In ebon lines move on like armies of the night,
 While o'er them high in the air, from wall and thundering dome,
 Cymbals clash, and gongs resound in the golden light.
 And lo! the crowds are flocking, flocking from street and bower,
 Where the gray prophet stands, high on the marble tower,
 Uttering words of wondering, tranced in a doomful swoon,—
 Pointing with shadowy arm away to the full sea moon :—
 “Yonder a bark comes bearing the Poet from India's land,
 Coming to woo and win our daughter's virgin hand ;
 Long have I watched him wandering over the hills of snow,
 Over the sheening desert, deep in the orient glow,
 On by the Syrian cities, on by the Asian plain,
 On where the town of Tyrus lightens the purple main ;
 Thus it was written of old, and now the twilight gloaming
 Red on his weary sail, declares our chief is coming.
 Priests of the Moon prepare, kindle the incense fuel ;
 Maidens, array in white, and don the festival jewel ;
 Minstrels, tune your harps, go forth to the shore and greet him,
 For he like summer is coming, and we like summer must meet him.”

GIRL'S SONG.

I.

Know ye the days that hover around us ?
 Oh ! they are born in the clime of the sun,
 Winter that fled then is following after,
 Long have they sought us and now they have found us,
 Give them the meed they have won.
 Rivers flow brighter, earth flies the lighter,
 Meet them with greetings of music and laughter,
 And from the blossoming wreaths they have wound us,
 Fling them a wreath as they run.
 Now in the days when the spirit reposes,
 Hushed upon beds of acanthus and roses.
 Weave me a song for each sunny new-comer,
 Chant it and dance to it here,
 As we lie in the summer, the flush midsummer—
 The deep midsummer, the lap of the year.

II.

Soon the white days of winter will hover,
 Oh ! they are born in the clime of the moon ;
 Coldly our bosoms will beat to the lover,—
 Pale grow our cheeks as the hills in the distance,—
 Dimly we'll live in the fire-lit noon ;—
 But now we may ponder, and sunnily wander
 Away o'er the world in a spirit existence,
 To woodland that lies in the purple deep skies,
 Where joy spreads a roseate feast for the rover,
 And life is a summer-breathed tune.
 In the warm moon by the fountain at even,
 We'll sing in the spray that it tosses to heaven,
 Or pacing along with a star by the meer,
 We'll praise the sweet summer—the flush midsummer—
 The deep midsummer, the lap of the year.

ORPHEUS'S HYMN TO EURYDICE.

I.

Oh, love in life, oh, paradise surrounded
 By weary distances of desert space,
 At length I breathe amid thy bounteous region,
 And meet at length thy spirit face to face ;
 The present swims in sunlight past my vision,
 The past in dreams of darkness fades away,
 And the rich life-spring of a newer nature,
 In fullest fountain rises into day.

II.

There is love that broods like sunset o'er the ocean,
 Lapsing down, content with change of shade and hue ;
 There is passion, proud and conquerless and earnest,
 As the lightning globe that cleaves the deeps of blue.
 But oh, there is a worship of pure beauty,
 To whose altar turns the spirit's tranced light,
 Like a star that splendours through some magic casement,
 Misted round from urns of frankincense at night.

III.

Oft at dawn her voice awakes my drooping spirit,
 Like the sweet wind whispering in the rose's ear ;
 And her presence through my soul, in trance of twilight,
 When the first star lights the even, hovers near ;
 Like some purple sunset shadow in a valley,
 Girt with summer woods, by waters as they flow,
 Glassing old heroic ruins on their stillness,
 Hamlet homes, and distant summits spired in snow.

IV.

Oh, could sweet fancy realize its visions,
 Far, far from dusty cities should we roam,
 O'er the earth in happy pilgrimage together,
 Till at length, some magic hour, we reached a home,
 In some golden land of noon beyond the mountains,
 In some ancient isle of sweet perfection where,
 From twilight temples, highest thoughted music,
 Filled with spirit round the fragrance of the air.

V.

Where the goldened lark would set our hearts to music,
 As, in jubilant communion with the sun,
 We'd pace the airy mountains o'er the ocean,
 Till the nightingale in woodland dusk begun.
 Where joyously in heaven's light our spirits
 Would broaden with the glory of the hours ;
 And close beneath transparent dark in slumber,
 Like odours masked in crimson folded flowers.

VI.

This were to live—to tread the world together,
 Passing on to higher lives beyond the night,
 While Thought in subtle spheres illumed the future,
 And Fancy charmed the present in its flight ;
 Thus in loving pass the blossom of our being,
 'Mid realities of beauty and its dreams,
 Like seraphs, through some inland tract of heaven,
 Floating Godward up the glory of its streams.

LOVE REVERIE OF ORPHEUS.

When shall the Poet sing of thee,
 Or paint thy beauty, form, and spirit divine ?
 In clearest moonlight with sweet minstrelsy,
 Dwelling in distance, or when o'er the sea
 The summer wind, in love with some rich star,
 Sighs in my ear, and seems as though it wooed
 My soul to be its soul's interpreter ;
 Or when the silent morning, sapphire-hued,
 Smites the blue hills with fire, and heaven seems
 O'erflowing earth, and mingling with my dreams !—
 Her eyes are bright with secret power,
 Her lashes black with secret wiles ;
 Oh, star and shadow, who would flee
 Thy dark entrancing sorcery
 Would turn, and turning vanquished be.
 Beneath the orient streaming shower,
 And splendour of her tranced amiles.
 Her colour changes in the light,
 But fixes under love's deep gaze ;
 Proud of its passion, like some slight
 Rose cloudlet, centred in the sight
 Of the warm misty autumn blaze.
 Fair is her oval forehead tressed
 With floating gold down to the breast,
 White as the creamy cloud that lies
 Under the moon in Persian skies,
 And balmy as the wind that blows
 About some full voluptuous rose :
 Her voice has ranges from the far
 Sweet minstrelsy of evening's star
 Ethereal, mournful ; or the plaint
 Of late bird o'er the forest faint,
 To joy's sonorous golden tone,
 Flowing from some rich violon :
 Her laugh is low, like some sweet well
 Bubbling through blossoms in a dell,
 Or pleasure's pulse, by some wild spell
 Of radiant lips made audible :
 Her whisper, like a spright in the dark,
 Or on some mine the sightless spark,

By one light touch can spirit tame,
 Or roll confused sense in flame :
 Then of her fine wit who can tell ?
 Number the stars, or ripples bright,
 That kiss the shore in crimson light,
 Or the gay leaps of the gazelle,
 Or the clear rays that dazzling dwell
 Around some fretted pinnacle :
 White robed amid the golden air
 In summer's noon she seeks repose,
 Dreaming of joy that floats and flows
 From her, around her, everywhere :
 As some rare swan in sunset's calm
 Sailing the lakelets-marge of balm,
 Watching herself, delighted goes
 Amid the shadow of her snows :—
 Oh, happy starry hour to stand
 Beneath her casement holding now
 The small white treasure of her hand ;
 While beams upon my heart below
 The spirit splendours of her brow,
 Where through the auburn shines the snow,
 As moonlit waters smoothly flow
 Within their marge of golden sand,
 To whisper through the balmy air
 Unto the little ear that there
 Listens half-hidden while my sighs—
 Charmed as the moon waves as they roll—
 Pour from the heart all ecstasies,
 Imagination, as it flies,
 Feeds on, the while through love deep skies
 In mist and music floats my soul ;
 As summer lightnings round a sky
 Grown languid, dusk shoot tremblingly ;
 Then widening higher, higher, higher,
 As round some god's funereal pyre,
 Till all the darkness dies in fire,—
 The heart's deep pulses drown the sight,
 With soul, soul mingles its delight,
 And flaming from their supreme height,
 Fancy and passion fill the night.

NUPTIAL SONG.

I.

Roll on, ye days, but slowly roll,
 Fuse, earth and sky, each charm of thine,
 Till all without the happy soul,
 Seem rich with peace, love, breath divine ;
 Shed silent summer from the height,
 Each lingering charm in calm refined ;
 From yonder sun a finer light,
 From yonder sea a balmier wind.

II.

Rich mountains shining o'er the mead,
 Rose sunsets sinking less and less ;
 Wild forest walks, that winding lead
 Into the heart of loneliness,
 Grow stiller, fairer, yet a while,
 And thou, sweet clime, that reignest o'er
 The happy space, smile, deeper smile,
 Mid bushes strewn from shore to shore.

III.

Oh, happy time, oh, wondrous time !
 When love completed fills the hours,
 And fancy flies with it, sublime,
 To vaster worlds and richer bowers.
 Oh, magic days that crowning keep
 The heart above the cast of doom ;
 Sweet morning moments soft as sleep,
 Short twilight hours of precious gloom.

IV.

Linger a little o'er that soul,
 Where full-orbed fancy shines and plays ;
 Breathe through the heart, whose pulses roll
 To love's voluptuous cadences ;
 Linger a little o'er her brow,
 Blue veined and fragrant, full of rest,
 And o'er the sacred spirit now
 That, blessing, yields but to be blest.

THE DEATH-DAY OF EURYDICE.

The sad gray day foredoomed by Death rolled on,
 Silent and sad beneath the sightless sun ;
 The moon-lights vaguely shone, and gusts of balm,
 Wind-loosened, from their summer forest thrall,
 Came breathing faint along the river's fall,
 And levels, chequered with light streaks of calm :
 Far off the moveless mountain clouds, embossed
 With changeless light and shadow, faintly shed
 White splendours o'er the streamlet's distant bed,
 Where the fly-following swallow, skirred and crossed :
 And o'er the corn-land, in a tender round
 Of bluest air, the eager skylark sang,
 Till all the silent height with music rang,—
 Then dropp'd in a quiver of faltering wings and sound :
 Along the watery reaches smooth and gray,
 And margined sands, the lily faint and white,
 Bent waveringly above its shadow alight,
 In sunny musings all the silent day :
 But as noon waned, from out the woods, a strain
 Of wind in melancholy dirges went,
 Along the winding river reeds it bent ;
 And southward loomed the low hills, gray with rain.
 Soon sank the sun beyond the sandy bar ;
 The crows winged woodward through the fading sky ;
 And naught was heard around the ocean shores,
 Save the sad singing of the salt sea waves,
 O'er the dim sands and through the headland's caves,
 As twilight's dusky spirit from its star,
 Sparkling through lengths of mist, moved breathlessly,
 Closing with drowsy hand the cottage doors.
 Then suddenly when all was dark and rest,
 As from some potent magian's sov'reign spells,
 Or some awakened deity's behest,
 Blue summer lightning crossed the sapphire sea,
 Flaming above the hills along the lea,
 Flaming amid the lonely forest wells,
 And through the casement like a marble tomb,
 Where, silent in the deepening azure gloom,
 Sad victim of inexorable destiny,
 Pale as the dead flowers round her, lies Eurydice.

OVER HER TOMB.

The morn is breaking faint and cold
 Along the world with sullen glare ;
 The moon, like the face of Aquarius old,
 Looks through the piteous winter air ;
 The peasant guides his oxened plough
 Amid the shadowed stretch of lawn,
 And his far voice sounds upward now
 Under the dark and solemn dawn.
 Oft have we watched the setting moon,
 And often viewed the morning waken,
 Nor thought the spirit of our clime,
 Relentless god, could mark the time
 When, oh ! too bitter and too soon,
 Thy heart is cold, and mine is breaking.

The sea birds wheel through misty beams,
 The weary sea wakes round the shore
 Like one who dreamed eternal dreams,
 Nor thought that he would waken more ;
 The lean woods shake in upper air,
 And lapse in sorrow gray and still,
 And sounds amid the bickering glare
 The roar of wind beyond the hill :—
 Thus sing I thee the morning's birth,
 Lost spirit, even as thou couldst hear me—
 Oh, would this day of life were past,
 Oh, would that I might rest at last,
 And leave all sense above the earth,
 Save the dumb joy that thou wert near me.

The clouds enfold thy father's tower,
 The red light strikes across the plain,
 And keen behind the aloe bower
 Seems burning the tall trunks in twain :
 The last star drops beyond the sea,
 And day looks from a scattered sky,
 And night melts in eternity,
 And all is gone that seems to die :—
 Bear me, ye winds that follow night,
 Where the great shadow host are turning ;—
 Oh, spectral star that sinks beneath,
 Draw me unto thine orb of death ;
 Quench in the vast this spirit's light,
 Or bear me where the lost are mourning.

INVOCATION.

Dark-winged Angel, speed thy plume
 From the moon upon the billow ;
 Stand within the silent room,
 'Twixt the fading stars and I,
 And breathe beside me as I lie,
 A drowsy ballad o'er my pillow :
 For the grief that springs with morn
 Droops not when the daylight closes—
 Fades not with the shadowing seas ;—
 Ah ! night has its pale memories ;
 Keen stars that rise in light withdrawn,
 And watch my heart when earth reposes.

In this uneasy lonesome hour
 The wind comes low along the mountain,
 And gusting wastes the olive flower ;
 Around the casement dim and bleak,
 The grapes half summer-purpled shake,
 And dead spray shrouds the sorrowing fountain.
 Poor heart, thy hopes are blown away,
 And joys unripened vex thy fancy ;
 Thy pulse is low, thy light is gray ;—
 Come, spirit of dream, or soulless rest,
 Lay thy dark hand upon my breast,
 And wrap me in sweet necromancy.

Bring me some meed of hallowed calm
 From yon oblivious moon descending ;
 Pause in the woods of myrtle balm,
 And cull in their dark odorous bosom,
 Lethe rain and dewy blossom
 In thy vase of ebon blending :
 Pace thy old track to those that mourn,
 Bring the dark urn the gods have lent thee,
 And sprinkle round its opiate dew,
 From sombre blooms of jet and blue,
 And strew me, ere the last stars burn,
 With drooping buds of dark nepenthe.

Come, Spirit, wandering in the glow
 Of setting orbe, and flash me over
 With thy broad calm meteor brow,
 And let me hear, tranced in its light,
 Thy utterance in the magic night,
 And wrap my soul in thine, dark lover :—
 Thou comest, and the orbèd moon
 Has swooned beneath the sightless sea ;
 Thy beauty fills the silent room ;
 New senses spring, and grief is gone,
 And light and dark are mazed in one—
 I tremble, and life goes to thee.

THE VOYAGE OF ORPHEUS TO HADES.

He passed, as midnight mornward wore,
 The wood-skirt, hazed in slumb'rous mist,
 And through a cavern toward the shore,
 Whence flashed the sea's deep amethyst ;
 While o'er the far line, wavy-hoar,
 Like some light petal, lately slipped
 From flowers that waste in silent noon,
 Above the waters rose and dipped,
 The yellow crescent of the moon ;
 Then sought his bark, that in the night,
 Swung restless, and upon its stern
 Lit his bright lamp, and in its light
 Laid down the dear lyre he had borne,
 That like a glowworm seemed to burn.
 Lost from its chords his soul had strayed
 To one that heard them not in death,
 And tears dropped fast as stirred and swayed,
 The loosened boat from the sweet shore ;
 As 'mid its gloom he gave once more,
 Its dewy sails to the night breath.

Lo ! the dim land-wind speeds him now,
 And chafes the surge, and breathes upon
 The white breadth of his music brow
 And cheek, with melancholy wan ;
 And as he rests, and on the bars
 Of misty cloud looks up, the mast
 Seemed tracing, as each billow past,
 Strange viewless words amid the stars.
 The faint pure moon upon the surge,
 Was sinking slowly, and a halo
 Hovered above its low white verge,
 Like some pale lily's dust of yellow ;
 While down the banks of eastern dusk,
 The ripened crimson morning rolled,
 Like some rich fruit 'mid breaths of musk,
 And brightening strips of brown and gold ;
 And fresher shadows form and float
 Their plumes along the hills of corn,
 And music-winds speed on his boat
 Amid the waters of the morn.
 Then sinks the golden morning bay,
 Bright landless ocean spaces round,
 And, lost in wastes of fiery day,
 Speeds on his pinnace, bound on bound,
 'Till winds sink low, the distance shrouds
 The circlet toward the Isles of Death,
 And in the hush he floats beneath
 The shadowy gazings of the clouds.

VOYAGE.

Full many a day, from dewy morning pale,
 Till vesper goldened o'er a world at rest,
 He surged along by piny shore and vale,
 That seaward sloped its rivuleted breast ;
 New realms at dawn and moonrise bade him hail,
 As toward the sunset still his pinnace pressed ;
 And prosperously blew the favouring gale,
 While he clave out his voyage to the west,
 As though some god attended his behest,
 Evenly blowing on the oft-turned sail.
 At length the old world narrowed on his way :
 A-right, the lonely splendour flamed upon
 The Celtic promontories, bare and gray ;
 A-left, the desert realm of Afric shone,
 Measureless, vacant, burning in the day ;
 Black coasts gleamed red with fires at midnight wan,
 Black shapes danced wild to pipe and timbrel gay,
 Incantating the moon from silvered bay,
 Or mounds, whence rose against the goldened ray,
 The lion roaring in the sandy dawn.
 Then sunk the aged earth in wat'ry night ;
 Its dying suns, its wild and sterile shores,
 Vanish in mist ; beyond, the great low stars
 Shimmered 'twixt heaven and earth, between the bars
 Of gold-cloud rusting into gloom, and eld
 And silence reign around, as in the breeze
 Cloud-winged, over the dim primeval seas,
 Sailless and sad, still Hades-ward he held
 His voyage across the trackless infinite.

Now, as through golden evening light he sailed
 Along the endless ocean wave away,
 A tempest winging from the sun arose,
 And struck his sheets with fire ; as died the day
 In cloud tumultuous, flamed with sudden glows,
 Heaved sidelong o'er the angry wave, he lay,
 As through the strained cordage sadly wailed
 The level storm : now pausing o'er the scalp,
 Foam-white, of some stupendous watery Alp,
 Now buried deep beneath the wrathful gale,
 Measuring the gloom of each abysmal vale ;—
 Alone 'mid the devouring deeps sailed he,
 As the blind night palled o'er the monstrous sea.
 The toppling thunder-clouds that heaped the sky,
 Surged, circling fold on fold aloft, as though
 Some shadow god, calling each spectral power
 From mountain glooms that filled the tracts below,
 Had built around the earth a mighty tower ;
 While in the vacant stormless space on high,
 Voices, as from the wan and hollow moon,
 Rolling o'erhead all raylessly and slow,
 Swooned down that narrow noon.
 Then the sea grew gray and silent—silent, saving when it moaned,
 Dark and silent, like the spirit of an ancient god dethroned.
 None have passed it, save the lonely Dead upon their way,
 Full of sadness, full of strangeness, sailing from the homes of day,
 Leaving the green earth and seasons, field, and house, and firelight gay,
 Home and altar, sacred tomb, above whose dust they used to pray—
 Hollow flames of fugitive phantoms, melting in the void-like spray,—
 Spectral trains of child and maiden floating through the silence gray,—
 Gloomy hosts from horrent battles, shadowing away.

THE DRUID ISLE.

Long through the desolate darkness of this sea,
 His charmed bark sped on, from depth to height ;
 Alone amid th' unfathomed waste of night,
 No star above or friendly shore in sight ;
 Beneath th' abysmal dark infinity ;
 Around, earth's spectral winds, his company.
 At length, when many a trackless league had passed,
 Far off appeared a line of leaden light,
 Creasing the dark, and dimly seen, a hill
 Based on the deeps, bare up against the heaven
 Its ebon crown, sombre and strange and still,
 With minatory light'nings, crossed and riven,
 Reddening the foam. Then, as he nearer came,
 A cloudy realm of forest, vague and drear,
 Endomed o'er savage spaces, lengthened near,
 And desolate inlands crossed with shafts of flame
 And shadow, wandered by a restless air ;
 Slow flapping birds, all ravin-heavy, swam
 The marshy blackness of the shoreward ground,
 With smothered scream, or perched in sullen calm
 On branch or threat'ning cliff ; and moving nigher,
 Along the skirts of the great woods, he hears
 Unearthly phantoms muttering broken charms,
 And voices like the noise of roaring fire,
 In midnight glooms ; at times the jarring sound
 Of thunder moving o'er the mountains round—
 Fierce meteor brows and iron-tongued alarms.

The clash of cymbals in the bloody light
 Of a low moon, setting in desolate night,
 And broken gusts of tempest, fitfully
 Mixed with the moan of the foam-covered sea ;
 And as his bark along the blackening floods
 Flew toward the curtain of the angry skies,
 He hears the voice of doomed victims rise,
 In lapsing wails, unto their savage gods ;—
 And from the sombre centre of the woods,
 The cruel sorcerous glare of sacrifice.

AN ISLE OF TORMENT.

A vast of gloom, above below,
 A sea in roaring darkness tossed,
 And past the lurid billows flow
 Fierce ledges of a fiery coast.
 Dim wailings heard amid the glow,
 Wild threat'nings of the torture host ;
 And helpless hands are raised on high,
 As conscience casts a soul's eclipse,
 And prayers that wither on the lips ;
 And curses on the starless sky.
 Such sights he saw, such accents fell
 Upon his ears, as o'er and o'er,
 In lapsing wails the winds of Hell,
 Came toward his bark from that black shore.
 Away, and onward yet away,
 Deep, deeper with skies of gloom ;
 All helpless as a leaf he lay,
 Caught in the current clasps of doom.

LETHE.

Thus sped his bark along the ebon deeps,
 Shattering the surge ; the fiery shores behind
 Sunk into blackness, and a balmy wind
 Came breathing from the firmamental steep.
 Scarce had the midnight waned, when o'er the sea
 A change arose, and past the clouds withdrawn
 In level spaces eastward, blue and wan,
 Great meteors charioted along the dawn,
 In globes of storm, and vanished silently.
 Then o'er the dim-seen waters rose an isle,
 Looming as if in moonlight far away,
 Its sweet woods crowned with many a crystal hill
 In glimmering steep above a quiet bay,
 Spacing beneath with many rippled smile ;
 And, closing nearer to its silent shore,
 He moored his bark and waited for the day
 That came not ; for across that clime of gray
 A mellow evening rested evermore.
 Awhile, amid its rivered interspace,
 He floated in a dreamful calm, and mused
 Upon his sorrow, far from human race ;
 And felt his spirit slowly interfused
 As with the stillness of the clime, till rest
 Fell on his heart, like breathings from the west.

Here many a Lethe stream tires out the past
 In labyrinthian windings. Through the hills
 That sentinel the vague surrounding vast,
 The old world dimly now dissevering seems
 To falter on the sight ; its sun and moon
 Sink down the steepa, and round a drowsy tune,
 That seems a part of th' air, diffusive fills
 The sky, from the pale river fraught with dreams
 Up to the phantom clouda. Here slow distress,
 And sorrow's yearning, and the pangs of wrath
 Fade in the soul, that slowly comes to bless
 This lonely land of sweet forgetfulness,
 Where hope sighs not, and memory grows blind ;
 Where the slow stream upon its glimmering path
 Outflows the pulses of the languid wind.

THE MUSIC CLIME.

I.

As the music clime he entered—
 From the low and lapsing moon,
 In whose golden bosom centered
 Its rich soul, like light in noon,
 Rolled a vast enchanted sounding over stream and forest strewn.

II.

Down the amber river flowing
 With an airy wave-like pace,
 Round each summer gum tree blowing,
 Eddying down from bough to base,
 Settling, dying languidly upon the smooth lake's gleamy face.

III.

Now it seemed to range the mountain,
 Swooning with a hollow sound ;
 Now anear the woodland fountain,
 Surging with the spray around,—
 Rolling down the vale like vapours folding o'er the level ground.

IV.

To the grotto's heart it hurries,
 Through the clear scintillant spar,
 And its soul a moment buries,
 'Mid the wells that inward are ;
 Then in one space-sweeping globe rolls lessening toward the sunset star.

V.

Yet, when seeming lost for ever
 In the depths of crimson day,
 Bounding back o'er wood and river,
 And a moment past away,
 Lapsing in voluptuous stillness in a vale remote and gray.

APPROACH TO THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

It ceased, the scattered tears lay on his cheek
 Like stars amid the even's rosy clime,
 While coursed his bark by island, cove, and creek,
 And stream marge feathered with the flowery lime,
 'Mid lights that flowed through many an emerald break
 Of foliage plumed in richest summer prime ;
 While like an evening flower, faint and pale,
 About the mast hovered the little sail,

Amid the stillness, making languid way
 Along the yellow rivuleted vale,
 In the low light of day ;
 Over the sleepy ripples by the prow,
 Danced the quick image of the level star
 That laughed in the pure air, and lit afar,
 And seemed to lure him onward now,
 Nearer yet, nearer still—
 Step by step, and wave by wave—
 Toward the far shining crystal height that clave
 The sky in many a pyramided hill.
 The lilies in the amber glow
 Lay swooning in the stilly floods,
 And twilight tendrils o'er their flow,
 Swayed in the sweet wind's sightless moods,
 And odours came from boughs drooped low
 By wells within the myrtle woods,
 As starward sped the river's path,
 'Mid shrubs that drooping from each bank,
 With dipping buds and foliage dank,
 Rest in the stilly bath ;
 While trees of rarest golden rind
 Dip through the crimson weeds that float
 Around the course of that slow boat,
 And drown in drowy eddyings behind.

Within its clime three golden moons
 Float over woodland, vale, and river,
 Shedding their spacious light alway ;
 And flowers fill up those phantom noons
 With mists of faint fine perfume ever—
 Up to the roof of waneless, even
 Over the sea that spreads like heaven
 Floors of crystal glimmeringly.
 Within its deeps of pallid air,
 Keen summits ledged with rosy spar,
 Gleam in long reefs of colour rare,
 Beneath a crescent summer star ;
 Dim liliated streams flow toward the bay,
 Amid their banks of auburn sand,
 And golden woods stretch wide away
 With domes of purple cloud beyond :
 The stream is moved with eddies dim,
 And, dream-like ; faint the branches shed
 Thin o'er blown blossoms, summer red,
 Beside it, while a mystic sound
 Of musing music on the ground
 Breathes like the twilight requiem
 Of spirits o'er the beauteous dead.
 Then 'twas as 'mid its gored clime,
 His soul dilated with old fire,
 And memory came back, and time,
 And love and sorrow through his breast,
 He seized awhile his idle lyre,
 And prayed unto the Isle for rest.

PRAYER SONG.

I see thy groves of spreading palm
 Bend o'er the rivuleted lea,
 I feel thy breath of quiet balm
 Float from thy inmost vale to me ;

I hail thee, Isle of holy calm,
 That lightest like a moon, the sea,
 And breathe from my still soul, a psalm
 Unto thy clime of memory.
 Old voices, like the murmurings
 Of lonely seas that nightward roll ;
 Sweet thoughts that rise on evening wings,
 Like stars around the clearing pole,
 And sacred dreams, like answerings
 Of purest prayer, come to my soul.
 Oh, holy Isle,
 Amid the vacant chambers of my mind,
 Let thy sweet spirit-guest
 Come wandering like a summer wind,
 In timid twilight paces from the west,
 And rain upon mine eyes grown blind
 With gazing on hope's star that rose and pined,
 A measure of thy rest.
 With thy still amber air drink up my tear ;
 Though for a passing moment, bright and brief,
 Mingle thy wave with my sad life-blood here,
 And drain my heart of sorrow, pouring near
 Thy slumberous relief :
 Come, sacred Spirit of the Isle,
 Come with thy quiet phantom smile,
 And with thy light oblivious fingers, moonlight fair,
 Holding the opiate leaf,
 Ease my sick brain of fancies and of grief.

Smoothe my heart clear of memories that has given
 Their odours to my life ;
 Leave my soul blank as when it fell from heaven
 Into the mortal strife ;
 Blank of all thoughts save one my spirit rolls
 In its immortal spring
 Love centred, precious, changeless, though Time's King
 Yielded in lieu yon mighty skies of souls
 To its ambitioning.
 And through the stillness let me float along
 With one sole thought,
 Without whose influence, glory, life, and song,
 And heaven are naught ;
 Whose image I would follow, though the isles
 Of space were multiplied,
 Feeding my inmost fancies with thy smiles,—
 Eurydice, dear bride ;
 Still shall I seek for thy sweet spirit face
 Through the death-shadowed host,
 Armed with eternity, still wander space,
 After the soul I've lost.

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

Come, beauteous Death, come ebon form who standest
 Where the great past and future join their portals,
 And with thine upraised shadow arm commandest
 Gray earth to yield its soul to the immortals ;
 'Tis the great glory land behind thee, makes
 Thy face a gloom to all on whom thou gazest ;
 It is the awe of loveliness that wakes
 Our terror when this mortal pall thou raisest ;

Thou hast a heart, a victor's, such when breaking
 The bondage chains in which our spirit grew,
 Thy breath rends up our prison bar by bar ;
 And as the dawn wind shakes from earth the dew,
 Fans not our souls to opiate rest, but waking :
 Oh ! touch me into life with thy dark smile,
 Shadowed and silent as a distant star.
 Men know thee not, nor I, sweet angel, while
 Thou knowest all I love ; all—all have felt
 Thy kindly kiss. Come shadow saviour nigh,
 And fold me in thy phantom arms ; and melt
 The golden cloud of life around my soul,
 And from the earth, heart-folded let us roll ;
 Oh ! magic me, to bloodless life, that I
 May see thy face, and love thee while I die.

ORPHEUS'S APPROACH TO THE LAND OF DEATH.

As thus across the shadowing seas,
 Dark, still, he neared the Land of Death,
 Still fainter ebb'd his fading breath
 Upon the dim and cloudy breeze.
 Beyond, huge-piled in darkness high,
 Like midnight mountains round the sky,
 The shadowy walls and domed halls
 Plutonian, crossed with glooms and glows
 Immensive in the vast, arose
 In unsubstantial majesty.
 Then, as the air that round him crept
 Breathed death, his spirit sunk and slept.

DEATH.

Now comes amid that sinking sleep,
 A dream, a space before he dies,
 And rises, as vague phantoms rise,
 Upon his spirit from the deep ;
 A yearning vague for some one nigh,
 A torture sense, as past him roll,
 Deep-orbed faces, that his soul
 Is working its own agony—
 A blinded wish for one beloved ;
 And yet one dizzying moment all,
 In hubbub dashes down the fall
 Of some black river chasm, and moved
 In blind career beneath the ground,
 Is caught in dazzling floods that run,
 And swallowed in some fiery sun,
 That rolls and flames in storm around ;
 Then, as he nears the brink of fate,
 Swoons past a searching wizard strain,
 A music new with unknown pain,
 A restless sense of something great ;
 And last, by spectral splendours pressed,
 And beckonings through the wondrous clime,
 A weariness of self and time,—
 A strangeness and a wish for rest.

WHITWORTH, ARMSTRONG, AND RIVAL GUNS.

At the last Exhibition, enclosed in a select paling, was a series of the famous guns of the two cannoniers—Armstrong and Whitworth. Exquisite toys they seemed, rather than fatal instruments—so delicate, so exquisitely worked, so smooth and shining, so gently bulbous, so rich and lusciously brown. No wonder that the French artilleryman exclaimed, in a sort of professional rapture, that there was here “*un luxe et une puissance d’outillage merveilleux*.” They had, indeed, all the perfection and nicety of surgical instruments, and were made with the marvellous accuracy of an astronomical quadrant. Nor was this surprising, when the skilful Whitworth had actually among his tools a little machine that could indicate an alteration of a *millionth part* of an inch; and was training his workmen, in their cannon practice, to deal easily with such quantities as the twenty thousandth part of an inch. These are, indeed, the delicacies of war, and such charming playthings are almost the jewellery and trinkets of the profession. Yet the whole—instruments, workmanship, science, skill, startling ranges, everything—may be said to have come into being since the Crimean war. Before that date, scientific gentlemen conducting experiments with the “Bess” of the soldier, on a windy day had to aim, say four hundred yards, to the right or left. It may be said that there is about as much difference between the weapon—cannon or musket—of ten years back, and the guns turned out of the Whitworth and Elswick foundries, as between the same weapon and the old arquebus of some hundred years back.

It is said that the amendment is owing to the substitution of civilians for military in the supervision of the manufacture—a most satisfactory explanation. Could the principles be extended to other branches—say to courts martial, which are pretty much in the state they were, when the persons tried were firing arquebuses, it might have the same excellent results.

The secret of these improvements consists really in giving its full de-

velopment to the enormous force that lies dormant in a charge of gunpowder, and making the aim as certain as that of a light fowling-piece. The first object was secured by fresh strength of the cannon, and by a peculiar shape of the barrel and the missile (for ball it can be no longer called); and the second by rifling. The additional strength was the main problem; for the perfection of a gun was not merely to bear almost any charge without bursting, but to *continue* to bear it without bursting—for they are treacherous creatures, and, under certain conditions, are subject to a steady decay and weakness. The vulgar idea of mere thickness of iron has now been dispelled; and very happily, this is not the condition of strength, for the additional weight and bulk would more than counterbalance the advantage. Professors Barlow and Treadwell—one from the English Cambridge, the other from the American Harvard—have proved mathematically, that in cast iron, after a certain thickness, no more strength is secured by additional thickness. In other words, the outer layers become superfluous, from, perhaps, the force of the shock not reaching to them. Of what material, then, should a good gun be made?

The easiest and simplest plan—the oldest, too, and the cheapest—was to get a sand mould, with a core, and pour in melted iron. Here was a cast gun. The popular idea is that all iron is pretty much the same; but cast iron enjoys a very indifferent reputation for steadiness. When poured into the mould the outer surface is found to cool before the inner; it is contracted, and the inner surface cools later. The whole is wrenched, as it were, by this unequal process; and the surface has often been found quite porous—full of little cracks and flaws—and the intermediate region quite soft to the touch. It is obvious such offered but an indifferent security against bursting. The next idea would be that of forged iron—iron pounded and beaten into a firm, close texture, by the agency of hammers, as is done with a ship’s anchor. This process

gives, it will be seen, an artificial density, and compactness, and must necessarily remove all pores and flaws. Still it was impossible, even by this method, to secure a proper texture in the metal. There was no guarantee against a solitary flaw escaping notice; and a solitary flaw internally would do all the mischief; for it is found that the powder gases act on such, even the slightest, like a wedge in a cleft, and every new discharge widens it steadily. Most rules have exceptions, and the gigantic exception in this instance is the monstrous Horsefall gun, which by reason of its enormous size is supposed to have endured, in spite of a crack fourteen inches long. But this was only a scratch upon the skin of a giant.

There are further dangers, too, in iron guns, which have been cast or pounded into shape. There is the certain danger of what is called a "set," which results from the conflict of the inner and outer surfaces of the gun. The inner surface has to bear a greater strain, while the outer, as the shock travels to it through a dense medium, suffers comparatively little. Very often, then, the inner surface is strained beyond even its power of elasticity, and does not return to its original state; whereas the outer, which has received merely the proper shock, and is returning to its normal state, is checked by the sudden interior enlargement. The result is a "set," or general dislocation, the whole texture of the metal is shaken and disorganized, and the gun is sure to burst on the first opportunity. Reflecting on this state of things one of the most useful and thoroughly practical projects in connexion with this subject occurred to Captain Palliser. Turning over this theory of setting, and thinking, too, of the enormous number of stray cast iron guns which are in store, and lying scattered about the kingdom like stones in a field, and perhaps, too, thinking of certain ratepayers whose moneys are lavished a little profusely in the purchase of these articles, it occurred to him that this tremendous accumulation of waste material might be turned to some profit. A gun has its youth, its manhood, and its old age. It is only allowed to live through a certain number of discharges, for it

is then known to become dangerous to its friends, and is forthwith cast out, as some Indian tribes do their old men. The accumulation is, therefore, in a tremendous ratio. Captain Palliser, therefore, without wishing to stand in the way of new inventions, takes thought only for those ancient veterans. He waits until the time of old age sets in, when either the "set" or the flaw has declared itself. He then asks that the condemned gun may be handed over to him.

He knows that the strain on the outer laminae is very trifling as compared with that on the inner, and that therefore the outer surface of the gun and the metal underneath for a good way down is still sound. But the dislocated inner surface he cuts out altogether, flaws, "sets," and all—and fits in a tube or series of tubes of wrought iron. By this process and by the fact of the outer tubes of the series being "shrunk" on the inner, the shock is made to travel through the whole mass with something like uniformity.

Cast and wrought iron being thus unsuitable—the former from its defects, the latter from the difficulty of using it in large masses,—a new shape of the material, known as "homogeneous," was thought of, for which Krupp, of Berlin, an eminent founder, has attained a prodigious reputation. It consists of small ingots of the finest iron, picked as it were; these are melted into ingots which again are forged into masses. The strength and tenacity of this sort of artificial iron is amazing, and recommended it to Mr. Whitworth for his guns. So unyielding is it, that he has actually plugged the barrel of a "homogeneous" musket, and discharged it many times without bursting it. This valuable material, though the best hitherto discovered, is yet far from perfect; and it is owned by the great gun engineers that in large masses it is more or less uncertain and requires to be assisted by some artificial stays in the shape of rings or coils or tubes, which brings us to the two great rival guns of the day, Mr. Whitworth and Sir William Armstrong, whose merits Sir James Emerson Tennent has set out in a clear, simple, though scarcely impartial "story," from which has been glean-

ed some of the facts in this paper. Sir William Armstrong deals with yet another shape of iron. He noticed that the welding together what might be called "strings of iron, produced a singular tenacity, and having in his mind the old "twisted barrel" of the common musket, conceived this pattern of a gun known now as the "Armstrong"—a tube of steel which is not so much for strength as for a lining, which is wrapped round with a number of "welded coils." No better idea could be given of a welded coil than a flattened corkscrew—that is, the coils of which are flattened so closely as to transform it into a tube. A number of these are joined end to end, according to the length of the gun required. It will be seen that by this means the bursting strain is made to bear *against the spirals* of the corkscrew, as it were, and it has to struggle against a number of parallel bars; whereas in the common cast-iron gun there is nothing but a surface which is the same in every direction, either in the length of the gun or in its breadth.

The exquisite perfection to which Mr. Whitworth had brought his tools and machinery, served him in good stead for his principle. The interior bore is of equal width from end to end, but the outer surface tapers a little towards the muzzle, in the degree of about an inch in every hundred inches. The surface is then brought to a mathematical smoothness, and over it is drawn a sort of short stocking, tapering in exactly the same degree, which, by hydraulic pressure, is forced on up to the breech. This is considered preferable to putting it on hot, and then "shrinking" it on; and the surfaces correspond so accurately that the cohesion is perfect. These metal stockings are in short lengths, and joined on end to end. Over them again is drawn a second series, and over that again, at the breech, a third. The whole has then a tight compact mass, without any violent contraction or wrench of the metal from sudden cooling.

It is the misfortune of the Armstrong gun that, as an invention, all its notable features should be contested by many claimants. The "welded coil" has been claimed both by the American Treadwell and the Irish Captain Blakely. What the

Blakely gun is shall now be shown. These engines have received large patronage in foreign countries, but in truth there is little to distinguish their principle from that of Treadwell.

It was constructed of an inner tube of cast iron or steel, enclosed in a case of wrought iron or steel, heated or shrunk upon the inner cylinder. The diameter of the outer cylinder is made smaller than the inner, so as to compress it very tightly, and thus all portions take their share of the shock. Strange to say, the Ordnance Committee of 1861, with an inconceivable blindness, reported that the Blakely and Armstrong guns were the same in principle. But Captain Blakely does not admit the similarity, which is more obvious between his and Treadwell's patent. But the truth is, this principle of "hooping" guns to give an artificial strength, is found to be an old plan, and is too simple a method of mechanical appliance (suggested every day by the common barrel or tub) not to have been thought of long ago. It is said to have been submitted to the French government so far back as 1833, and the Belgians made some experiments shortly after under the direction of Colonel Frederick. Mr. Mallet, with the same principle before him, brought out his 50-ton monster mortar; and Mr. Longridge constructed arms about the same time on the same principle, using wire ropes instead of hoops. But the principle is faulty: the shock is found, as might be imagined, to "start" the hoops. The strengthening power is not almost homogeneous with the mass it strengthens, as in the Whitworth cannon. Thus much for the material of the gun—in itself a doubtful matter to decide on, but in which some glimmering of light begins to guide us. Twenty years ago, when we had got thus far, the gun was virtually complete, a bore or touch-hole being all that was needed; but now on this bore and the appliances depends the whole power of the gun. The mere brute-strength of the cannon is but a negative virtue—a mere basis, as it were. A hundred points arise:—should the barrel be broad or narrow, short or long, the same width all along, or smaller at one end than the other; should it be smooth or rifled, and if rifled, how should it be rifled? The Whitworth gun is

an open tube of equal width from end to end. The Armstrong tapers slightly to the muzzle for an object that will be seen later. The rifled Armstrong *must* be loaded at the breech, for this reason; the Whitworth may.

Sir Emerson Tennent remarks, that this fancy of breech-loading has always exercised something like a fascination on inventors; there is a cloud of ingenious patents dealing with it; and yet, the advantage gained—except with the object of compressing the shot, as in the Armstrong gun—is very slight, not enough to compensate for the delicacy and consequent derangement of the mechanism necessary. In the Armstrong gun the shot or bolt is put in at the open breech, a “vent-piece” is then dropped down, like the slide of a photographic camera, and a turn of a hollow screw, through which the ball had passed, fixes the slide tightly in its place. But there are grave objections to this system—the most common of all, that of the vent-piece being liable to be blown out. The cause of this is the imperfect contact of the breech screw and the vent-piece; and safety will be secured if the artillerymen are careful to see that the allowance should be exactly “ $\frac{1}{1000}$ ths” of an inch! If the allowance is less or more, the soldiers, in the heat of rapid firing, become inaccurate in their calculation of the respective $\frac{1}{1000}$ ths. There is sure to be an accident; and as the vent-piece is kept firm by a *hollow* screw only, the pressure is merely caused by the edge of a ring and is unequal.

The superior simplicity of the Whitworth plans commends itself at once. Mr. Whitworth does not fancy the breech-loading system at all; but there is a craze for it; and he gratifies it with certainly the simplest form. The breech of his cannon swings back on a hinge, like the top of a heavy glass ink-bottle. The shot is put in, the cap shut back, and, with a turn or two, screws on tightly. There are no delicate pieces and fine adjustments, and but two pieces. Above all, the gun can be used as a muzzle loader. On the other hand, the touchhole of the rival gun, being in the movable vent-piece, can be renewed as often as necessary; for it

is well known that this is the most perishable feature in any gun.

The feats of the French “*canons rayés*” at Solferino and Magenta were what first attracted the public attention to the developing of a secret power in guns hitherto not utilized; and yet the idea was not new; it can be traced back a hundred years at least. The first English attempt in this direction was the Sebastopol Lancaster gun, with an oval or elliptical bore, with a slight twist, something in the nature of a turn in a hollow screw. But the gun has been unsuccessful, owing, it is believed, to the ball getting “jammed” in the gun.

But the utility of rifling once conceded, a hundred questions arose as to detail. Should the turns of the screw be rapid and numerous, or the reverse? The discussion fluctuated between as many turns as are in a corkscrew and a single wavy line—a fraction of a single turn, and so faint as to be scarcely appreciable. With numerous turns, there was an obvious loss of power, and a more violent strain on the gun. The tendency has, therefore, been to a turn, as nearly as possible in a line with the direction of the projectile. Sir W. Armstrong has carried out this principle so far, that he does not, strictly speaking, “*rifle*,” but merely “*grooves*” his pieces; and the section of one of his guns seems like the outline of a circular saw. But there is a sacrifice of the spiral motion, which imparts an accurate aim to the shot.

Mr. Whitworth scores, as it were, with a free hand the interior of his gun. Common rifling does not alter the character of the bore; but the Whitworth plan converts the interior of the gun into a sort of hollow screw. There is said to be a greater strain and violence on the gun where the shot first starts from, owing to the suddenness of the shock; and to obviate this, Captain Palliser ingeniously proposes that the ball should have travelled some part of its road before coming in contact with the rifling.

Having now the material, the shape, the bore, and the rifling—in short, all the appliances for despatching the missiles, and despatching it truly, the

next question is, what is to be despatched? And it is now found that the shape and properties of this latter are as important for speed and direction as the points we have been considering in the gun itself. A Belgian General has laid down the principle that "whether with a smooth or a rifled bore the projectile has always a more extended influence than the piece which throws it." And in their shape a perfect revolution has taken place. The old spherical shot was about the worst for receiving force that could be imagined. We may be said to have finished with them. The word "ball" disappears; for it is substituted "bolt." A short cylinder, of which the little lengths of the Atlantic cable, that used to be sold in inches would be a good model, is found to be a true pattern. It is twisted like the cable, and, as it were, screws out of the gun. For the remarkable principle has been discovered, that an "elongated shot" allows of the weight being increased, without experiencing additional resistance from the air. This could not be done in the case of a spherical ball, without increasing the bore of the gun. The Armstrong projectile being coated with a soft metal, is forced, as it were, to "rifle" itself; for on the explosion taking place, it is driven, as it were, through a mould, and is obliged to take a shape corresponding to the interior of the gun. The Whitworth missile, on the other hand, is of hard metal, and projections on its surface have to travel through corresponding indentures in the lining of the gun prepared to receive them. This *does* appear to be an imperfection, from a liability to *jam*, if all does not run perfectly smooth.

It is surprising what slight modifications in shape, even after this new model had been adopted, were found to add to its speed and efficiency. Mr. Whitworth found that by merely sloping away the hinder portion of his bolt something into the shape of a pigeon's egg, the velocity was increased. But more marvellous still was the surprising result obtained by merely *flattening* the head of the shot. This was suggested to him by the action of the common "punch" familiar to every whitesmith. It was

found that with a spherical head the bolt had to overcome a *lateral* resistance; with a flat head, the edges "punched" in a hole the same size as itself. The real problem of our day in all discoveries of this sort is not the invention of new forces, of which there is a superabundance, but of economizing what we have, and giving them a fair field.

For the rival gun was found a rival bolt or shell—certainly one of the most tremendous contrivances ever dreamt of; a portable mine, as Lord Rosse described it. This terrible engine consists of a series of metal layers or discs, forty-two in number, laid on each other, with a hollow cavity traversing them all. It then made use of, for a core, as it were, a thin lead casting which keeps all these pieces together. In this state, says its inventor, it is so compact that it may be fired through six feet of hard timber without injury, while its resistance to a bursting force from the interior is so slight, that an ounce of powder is sufficient to break it in pieces. To suit his shell, Sir William also invented a "time fuse," which by a dial and hand can discharge it at any time. Once burst—say on leaving the gun—every fragment acquires a velocity equal to the original shell; and one being let off, by way of experiment, in a closed chamber, the pieces were collected and counted and reached to over two hundred. At three thousand yards distance a hundred distinct holes have been made in targets by this destructive engine, yet its principle, like every detail of this famous gun, is not new. A Belgian has claimed the time fuse, and in the Patent Lists of 1854, one Holland is registered for a shell quite the same in principle.

The Whitworth shell is in shape much what is the Whitworth bolt. But it has this surprising advantage, it requires no time fuse. The heat generated by the striking of the flat head upon the object struck is so sudden and excessive that it lets off the charge. The various experiments against targets at Shoeburyness and other places the piercing of iron plates—the "discoveries of flaws"—the bursting of guns—in short, the battle now raging between guns and plates, with doubtful issue, these are

all familiar, through the reports that have appeared in the *Times*.

From the growing feeling in favour of the Whitworth gun, as well as from an impression abroad that one special inventor has received more official countenance than perhaps is customary in England, the whole question has just been reopened again. Without balancing their merits very minutely, or wishing to prejudice the question, it is impossible to deny that the Whitworth has the merit of greater simplicity and of less delicacy—a merit which, when we come to the rude wear and tear of war and field service, and even granting there is some superiority on the other side, in range and accuracy of aim, must counterbalance every other. The fact of a weapon becoming “unpopu-

lar” with the service is a dreadful shibboleth, fatal even to excellence. Vent-pegs flying out, gases escaping, and accidents which, we are told, may depend on the false adjustment of a 1,000th part of one inch, begin at length to encourage doubts and suspicions among the men who have the handling of these arms; and suspicion and doubt cause uncertainty. This feeling has a greater influence than would be supposed, and actually brings about mistakes and accidents.

In conclusion, it may be said that Captain Palliser’s plan commends itself by economy, and the utilization of a large existing “plant.” It is simple and inexpensive—merits of no common order in these days of large outlay and costly extravagance.

THE GRAND TOUR—FOURTH EXCURSION.

THE COURT OF SAXONY.

If an engagement were made that there should be presented in these papers a true picture of the tone of society, and the moral condition of the upper and lower classes throughout Europe, A.D. 1730–40, the disappointed reader would have just grounds for complaint.

Whether agreeable to ourselves or not, however, we must glance at unwelcome and, on the whole, repulsive subjects; but, at least, in doing so, we shall cherish a righteous awe of the critics, and imitate those tigers mentioned by that great Egyptian authority, the late Tom Moore, who avers that these beasts, while quenching their thirst with Nile water, keep running all the time they are lapping it, lest they should find themselves on a sudden in the interior of a crocodile.

As our travellers quitted the Prussian for the Saxon possessions, they became sensible of a change for the better in the soil and climate, and in the dispositions of the people also. They found the middle ranks and the artisans very industrious and intelligent, and disposed to literature according to their means. The great obstacle to the thorough well-being of the people was the insufficiency of native-grown corn for the wants of

the population. Hence their dependence on Silesia and Bohemia. The farms were generally large, and the small cultivators were obliged to use great economy. It was no uncommon thing to see the cow, after having furnished the breakfast-milk, taking the ox into partnership, and helping to drag the plough through the light soil for many hours of the day. Meat was as unfrequent at the tables of the small farmers as if their lot had been cast in green Erin. Potatoes, cabbages, and turnips, furnished the staple of food, and coffee in a very diluted state was drunk in large quantities. When the Englishmen were leaving the country and getting over the Erzgebirge mountains, they had an opportunity of inspecting the diligent working of the mines by the thrifty and industrious people. The gentlemen turned their woods to the best account, and at that period the Saxon wool, dyed blue, was an article acceptable through the greater part of Europe.

At Leipzig, which they took in their progress to Dresden, they found the town all alive with the manufacture of velvets, silks, rough cloths, linen, carpets, and apothecaries’ drugs! and even then distinguished by the number of books there printed, and by the

surprising quantities of that commodity interchanged by the booksellers through all the German States, at the fairs held on New Year's Day, and at Easter and Michaelmas, Vienna being the only city unrepresented. Saxony was at the time the Attica of Germany in literature and æsthetics.

Our tourists were struck by the houses of Leipzig, which were distinguished by their great size and height, built with freestone, and the lower floors used as ware-rooms by the foreign traders who resorted regularly to the fairs. It was no uncommon occurrence to find two or three kings and queens, and a couple of score of princes and princesses collected at one of these re-unions. They were surprised, too, at the vast and curious trade in larks yearly caught in its neighbourhood, and exported to other German States, as well as to Holland and Denmark, the export-duty being a grosh (2½d. British) for every sixty birds. Nightingales were also marvellously abundant.

A word about their cuisine while *en route*. The ordinaries in the smaller towns and villages between Leipzig and Dresden did not favourably impress our travellers, either by the quality of the fare or the cleanliness of the apparatus. At Meissen they visited the manufacture of the beautiful gold-enamelled porcelain, the invention of a professed alchemist, who pretended he could make gold. The King of Poland believing in his skill, shut him up in the Castle of Königstein, near Dresden, so that he might have the full benefit of his labours. The distracted man, in his miserable endeavours to produce the precious metal, lighted on the secret of the beautiful ware mentioned—nearly as valuable a discovery.

In Dresden they beheld a nicely laid out city, even in the beginning of the eighteenth century, remarkable for its tall houses, broad streets, spacious squares, and its splendid stone bridge connecting the old and new towns. Among the public buildings, was the palace of the Indies, the rooms of which were filled with the most costly China and Japan wares, one room, furnished with curtains, sofa-covers, and other draperies, composed of feathers so skilfully wrought that to casual observers they had the appearance of satin. The royal trea-

sury, called the Green Vault (*Grüne Gewölbe*), consisted of three arched rooms, filled with complete sets of precious stones, forming buttons, hat-loops, sleeve-buttons, shoe-buckles, sword-belts, snuff-boxes, &c., nicely arranged in crystal cases. The great picture-gallery was only begun at the period of our friends' visit.

This would be a more edifying paper if as much good might be said of the inhabitants of the palaces as of the palaces themselves, but such is unhappily not the case. If Augustus, the Elector, whom we have seen at Berlin, enjoying a private dinner with Frederic William, was distinguished by a high degree of immorality, no one could point out his grandfather, John George II. (ob. 1680), his father, John George III., who died of a camp pestilence in 1691, or his own elder brother, John George IV., whose life and short reign of three years ended in 1694, as models of domestic life. Still there were good points about his father, the third John George. He was openly rebuked from the pulpit, by a stout Court preacher, for sins respecting which King David had unfortunately set him an evil example; and after the second or third rebuke, he had the manliness to promote the conscientious clergyman to a higher post in the church—at Berlin. Thus the prophet was rewarded, and the sinner relieved.

Augustus's brother, of the short reign, was an industrious, intelligent, and judicious prince, and would have done more for his electorate but for having been entrapped in the meshes of Mlle. Von Neitschutz, an artful and ambitious girl, provided with a lynx-eyed and enterprising mamma. He was so enthralled by the devices of the pair, that he treated his wife, Eleanore Louise, of Eisenach, with utter neglect, and would have even divorced her but for the interposition of Augustus, his brother and successor. Mlle. held a promise of marriage of some kind, and her infatuated lover so wrought on the Emperor that he conferred on her the title of Countess of the Holy Roman Empire. The next step was to procure for her the further title of princess. That done, she would push the Electress from her throne!

Philtres, it was said, had been un-

sparingly resorted to by mother and daughter. The Elector was at her feet. An event, however, occurred which interrupted the progress of their splendid machinations. She was taken ill. She attributed the attack to poison. It proved to be small-pox, and the remedies to drive in the disease succeeded in covering her with a "black scurf." She died in her palace in Dresden, at the age of twenty, and shortly after her death, green and yellow spots appeared all over the body. The Elector had it wrapped in the costliest materials, celebrated the obsequies, with a wild and forlorn magnificence, and soared even to profaneness in her epitaph.

Poor thing!—her countenance, they say, had neither a good nor noble expression. She was vicious and perverse; yet her epitaph vaunted her "numerous virtues and the profusion of her excellent qualities, which left imperishable regrets in all hearts." The infatuated John George, forgetting orthodoxy, coolly assumed her present portion to be with the blessed, and apostrophized her accordingly.

Having staid by her during her illness, and remained near the corpse for a considerable time, he was seized with a mortal malady, and died within four weeks. Such was the detestation in which mother and daughter were held, that the survivor was tried for witchcraft, and the poor corpse was exhumed in order to be examined for witch-marks. None, however, were found, and the remains were re-interred in a field, divested of its silks and velvets, and the valuable jewels that studded and embroidered them.

Here was a tragedy. "They had sowed in the flesh, and of the flesh had reaped corruption." But all could not avail to prevent his successor, Frederic Augustus, from copying his offences against morality in more than a hundredfold proportion. It is asserted that the number of his children born out of wedlock was three hundred and fifty-four. Yet towards the decline of his life, Frederic William of Prussia, of whom we have lately been speaking, agreed to receive him as husband of his daughter, the future Margravine of Bareith; and had it not been for the opposition made by Augustus's son the match would have been ratified.

On the demise of the noble and heroic John Sobieski, our Elector was chosen his successor on the throne of Poland, with the title of Augustus II., having conformed, with true German flexibility, to the Roman Catholic religion as a condition precedent. It is hard to conceive Solomon as under considerable religious influence at the period of his espousals with his thousand pagan wives, more or less. Nor is it probable that Augustus's affairs of state and affairs of gallantry, his fears of Charles XII. and his fears of Madame Cozel, left him sufficient time to decide on the comparative merits of Calvin's Institutes and the Catechism of the Council of Trent.

This prince, in addition to an agreeable appearance, was one of the strongest men of his time, and to these attractive qualities he added a majestic air, good-nature, politeness, and courage. He was not only generous, but knew how to confer his favours gracefully. Let these gifts be combined with a total destitution of religion and a thirst for pleasure, and the result has not far to be sought. Pleasant it must have been to the enemy of man, in his excursions down the Elbe, to witness his reckless expeditions among the frail beauties of Saxony, which is well known not to yield the palm of loveliness to any country in Europe.

During a sojourn, in his youth, at Venice, he made a visit, in disguise, accompanied by two of his gentlemen, to the apartment of a celebrated astrologer. He had covered his dark brown locks with a yellowish peruke, and assumed the bearing of an attendant. The astrologer, however, addressed him at once by the titles, "My Lord," and "Your Highness," and persevered in the same vein, notwithstanding the assertions of the three that he was under a mistake. "I know well enough," he rejoined, "to whom I have the honour of speaking." He conducted them into a closet and bade the prince look into a mirror hanging on the wall. The first glance showed himself in the Elector's habit; the second presented him with crown and sceptre, and at the third he was horrified at finding himself dying of wounds. However clever this adept might have been, he was evidently no conjuror, as Augustus's

death at a comparatively early age was the natural consequence of his life of unlimited indulgence.

Our wanderers had the good-fortune to make acquaintance with the once-much-spoken-of Count Pollnitz, whom we have already introduced to our readers, a thriftless, whimsical, restless, gad-about, who revered every crowned head about whose court he happened to flutter for the time being, as devoutly as ever Boswell did the great Lexicographer.

He gave them, in his gossiping way, an account of the marriage of the Electoral Prince, afterwards Augustus III., with the Archduchess Maria Josepha, daughter of Emperor Joseph and the Hanoverian Princess Wilhelmina Amelia, in which recital he did not spare them the least item of the marchings and counter-marchings of the Saxon ambassador to and from Emperor, Empress, and Dowager Empress, to obtain the consent of father, mother, and dowager grandmother. All kindly consented as far as each was concerned, but still with the proviso that Maria Josepha was willing. On the question being proposed to the party chiefly interested, who had been accidentally in the next room, and very richly dressed, she at once signified ready compliance with their highnesses' wishes. The delighted ambassador then advanced and presented the bridegroom's portrait, which the dutiful bride presented to her mother without even looking at it. The gratified parent at once proceeded to affix the richly framed gage of love to the waist of her daughter's dress, but the delighted ambassador on bended knee requested that the coveted operation might be performed by himself. The impatient bridegroom did not at first venture nearer to the city than to a house two leagues away, but the Empress, and the bride, and her sister, favoured him with an interview of a half hour's length at an intermediate convent, after which the betrothed went to make their confession as if they were simple peasants. At six next evening he proceeded to the palace, and having changed his dress, and paid his respects to his imperial father-in-law, the procession to the royal chapel began.

The good-bagacious count did not spare his hearers a yard of marble slab or Turkey carpet, tra-

versed in all the long-drawn-out proceedings, or flounce, or stomacher, or lofty *lête* worn by the high-born ladies; but we cut all this short, and confine ourselves to the outward woman of the Empress, who had on a "straw-coloured gown of silver-tissue, adorned with diamonds, and her head-dress was adorned all over with pearls 'like pears.' (1) The archducal bride wore a farthingale, and her gown was of silver brocade, adorned with diamonds."

At the nuptial banquet the bridegroom had the honour of sitting at his lady's right hand; but Pollnitz's hearers were scandalized to learn that he was provided with a mere plain-backed chair, while his Princess, and her parents, and her sister, the unmarried Arch-Duchess, enjoyed the honour and comfort of chairs with arms. The ladies of the court stood round till the imperial family took their first glass of wine, and then repaired to an adjoining room to help themselves. They returned again to the dessert.

The Turkish ambassador dined in a sort of gallery fitted up in this hall, and was waited on by thirty of his own dependents, and not neglected in the matter of sweetmeats. Being afterwards asked what he thought of the entertainment, he said it was very fine, but in his mind the grandest object in the room was the person of the Empress.

Next evening the whole court attended an opera composed expressly to celebrate the happy event, the Prince Elector still obliged to sit after the Arch-Duchesses (daughter and sisters of the Emperor). Dear, however, as was to Pollnitz the atmosphere breathed by imperial and royal highnesses, even he found the entertainment a little too long, and the air of the theatre somewhat too hot.

But that performance was not worthy to be mentioned in the same sentence with one that took place after the arrival of the illustrious pair in Dresden. It lasted so long that King Augustus ate his supper in the pit, and tables suitably provided were furnished to the ladies in the boxes. These events had place in the year 1719.

Profusion was one of Augustus II.'s little failings. He celebrated the reception of his daughter-in-law by

an entertainment in the Turkish style, thus described :—

"Upon the feast-day the whole court appeared at the *Turkish* palace in the Habits of *Turks*. The King came in the Dress of a *Sultan*, but without any Attendants. His Majesty was soon after followed by the Princess, his Daughter-in-law, with her Ladies. Her Royal Highness for whom the Entertainment was made, found a body of Janizaries drawn up in the Court Yard of the Palace. The King received her at the Entrance of his Apartment, and conducted her into a Hall spread with fine Tapestry, and laid with Cushions richly embroidered.

"The King and Princess being seated, were served by twenty-four Negroes in Sumptuous Dresses, with Sherbet, Coffee, and Sweetmeats, in great Vessels of massy Silver; nor were Scented Waters and perfumed Handkerchiefs forgot. After this Collation they drew near the Windows to see the *Pillau* (which is the rice of *Turky*), and the King's Bounty-money distributed to the Janizaries. This was followed by a Comedy, with an Entertainment of *Turkish* Dances. Then came the Supper, the Guests sitting cross-legged upon the Cushions, and the Courses being served up after the fashion of *Turky*, by the Negroes and young *Turks*. While they were at Table, the Company was diverted by the various Leaps and Postures of certain Tumblers and Rope Dancers. Supper being over, they went into the Garden, which was illuminated with several Thousands of Chrystal Lamps. There was Tilting and Shooting at the Mark, and whenever the Mark was hit a Sky Rocket was sent up, which for the time seemed to Sprinkle Thousands of Stars among those in the Firmament. After this the Company retir'd into the Palace, where the King and the Princess open'd the Ball; and there was Dancing till five o'clock in the morning, when the Ball was concluded with a sumptuous Breakfast, that was served at the several Tables after the Manner of our own Country, which, with the Leave of the *Mussulmen*, is as good as theirs."

Allusion has been already made to a marriage projected between Augustus and Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia. Her father, Frederic William, and her brother, the future hero of the Seven Years' War, paid a visit to Dresden during the negotiation, and were royally entertained. The earnest Frederic William was scandalized at first, at the lax examples set by King and Court, but, as far as eating and drinking were concerned, he was soon seduced into excesses. Having thus

sapped the foundation a little, Augustus thought he might venture to give the edifice of morality a final shake. Having induced him to drink more than was good for soul or body one evening, he conducted him into an apartment tastefully and gorgeously furnished. While giving the various objects of art due attention, his eye was caught by the withdrawing of a curtain before a recess, and there, reclining on a couch, was an ivory statue, as perfect in form, as it seemed to him, as any Venus or Grace that was ever extracted from a shapeless stone by Athenian chisel. Well, there is no essential harm in the finest specimen of sculpture unless communicated by an evil inspiration of the sculptor; but the pious and tipsy monarch, as he approached, was sensible of motion in the eyelids, lips, and arms of the false work of art. The effect was different from what Augustus expected. Frederic William turned round, and seeing his son behind him, he angrily pushed him towards the door, and had he had the royal cane in hand, he would have made it ring on his shoulders. He openly declared his disgust at the snare laid for him, and threatened to quit the court at once, if any other trick of the kind were attempted. The vicious career of the future pupil and friend of Voltaire commenced with that visit to Dresden.

Frederic Augustus, born in 1670, became Elector of Saxony in 1694. Whatever his faults, harshness or tyranny were not of the number. Though public indignation obliged him to have the *old soldier* above-mentioned prosecuted for witchcraft, he managed to defer the punishment till all excitement on the subject had died away. His profligacy was extreme; but Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Baron Riesbach insinuate that the Saxon ladies must share the blame which he so richly deserved. The Baron insisted that the ladies—ay, even the daughters of farmers and shopkeepers—were acutely sensitive to the influence of sentimental novels, and a consequent desire of filling the parts of those heroines, one of whom is so well personified in Miss Edgeworth's "*Leonora*." These impressionable beauties were always more ready to make sacrifices for that all-exacting passion so dominant in the

novels of Goethe and the plays of Kotzebue and Lessing, than for the Christian duties of wife or maid. Lady Mary says nothing on this head, whatever she might have thought: perhaps her code of morality was not very rigid. She openly accuses them, however, of affectation and its concomitant small vices:—

"They are very genteely dressed, after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces; but they are the most determined *minaudières* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp and a pretty pit-a-pat step, which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise."

Even the good-natured Pollnitz was obliged, by conscience, to lay some little faults to the charge of the ladies, after lecturing their husbands, lovers, and sons, in this wise:—

"The Saxons are addicted to all Pleasures in general, but to none so much as the Bottle and Gaming. They love Expense, and are naturally not very engaging, being exceedingly ceremonious, and affecting more than all the *Germans* to ape the *French*, particularly in their fondness for new Fashions, their Forwardness in making new Acquaintances, and their readiness to fall out with them on every trifling Occasion.

"Since I have spoken so much of the Men, I must also give you some account of the Saxon Women. They are all of a fair Complexion, and there are among them the finest Faces in the World. They are generally well-shap'd, too, which is what they are generally taken notice of for. They are tall and slender; they dance well, and have a surprising genteel Air, which they take great Care to improve by rich dress. One Fault I find with them is, that they are very affected, and that they have too much Action when they talk. As to their tempers, they are reckoned to be good-natured; but then they are subtle and crafty. They love Dress and Ornament more than all Women that ever I saw. They are lively and gay, and passionately fond of Dancing and Merriment. When once they love, they love with Tenderness; and there are among

them such Examples of Constancy as would eclipse even a *Cleopatra* (!) or a *Clelia*. These heroic sentiments of Love they learn from Romances, which they are vastly fond of. But this must be said to their honour, that Gallantry does not take up so much of their Time or their Thoughts as to make them neglect their business; for they are laborious, dextrous, and amuse themselves with all sorts of work."

So great was the rage for fine and rich dresses, from the Prime Minister's wife down to the grocer's, that a nobleman-visiter, who did not look deep below the surface, said, on his return home—"I have just escaped from a city to which the devil appears to have carried all the riches of Europe."

Let the most rigid moralist take up a French novel of the bad kind, and allow his judgment to remain passive for the first eight of the ten volumes filled by the story. If at that stage he allows his perception to dwell for a moment on the other slumbering faculty, without waking it to moral consciousness, it will be found sympathizing with the author's views and wishes, and utterly insensible to considerations of right and wrong. Something similar had taken place at the Saxon court, and in the society whom it naturally influenced. The careless Count Pollnitz could not be expected to be a very rigid "censor morum," for he only lived when moving among courtly throngs. Hear how he mentions the Countess of Königsmark, when giving an account of the four sons and three daughters legitimized by the King:—

"Count Maurice of Saxony* is the eldest of the King's natural children. His mother, Aurora, Countess Königsmark, was the most worthy of her sex in Europe to be the mistress of a great sovereign, and of all the King's favourites, she kept longest in his favour, so that after her retirement she continued in the possession of his Majesty's Esteem and Favour. She is still living, and after having been the Prioress of the Imperial Lutheran Abbey of Quedlinburg, she rose to be the Abbess."

Once on a time, when her royal lover was in an uncomfortable per-

* Madame Dudevant (*George Sand*) prides herself on being the lineal descendant of King Augustus and Countess Aurora. When genius takes possession of an individual of such a race, we cannot expect the results to be otherwise than of a bizarre and eccentric character.

plexity between Charles XII. and his own senate, and concluded that a private treaty with the Swede was the only means to get him out of his difficulty, he empowered the fair Aurora to act as plenipotentiary. With any other European sovereign she would have been successful—perhaps even with the cast-iron Charles himself, but he took special care not to hazard an interview. Count Piper was indiscreet enough to promise her that favour, but all his and her efforts were to no purpose. Yet she seemed to have everything in her favour. She was a Swede by birth, and had even celebrated the Hero of the North in passable French verses. (She could speak several European languages with fluency). These are the concluding lines of the composition, in which the gods had vied with each other in conferring gifts on the insensible hero:—

“Enfin chacun des dieux discourant a sa gloire,
Le plaçoit par avance au temple de mémoire,
Mais Venus ni Bacchus n'en dirent pas un mot.”*

Other stratagems proving useless, she attempted to waylay him in his daily excursions. Meeting him one day in a narrow road, she at once alighted from her coach, but the enemy was so dismayed that he at once turned his horse, and rode back in unseemly discomfiture. So the fair Aurora failed in her mission, but she had the satisfaction of feeling that she was the only mortal of whom the redoubted Charles XII. stood in awe. The unhappy and unprincipled lover of Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I. of England, was her brother.

Lady Mary relates the wooing of the Countess of Cozel at second hand, but the amusing circumstances detailed by her are, we admit, improbable. Our readers shall have them, true and false, as they remain in the witty Englishwoman's lively gossip. We first hear of her as maid of honour to the Duchess of Wolfenbuttle, then as the wife of Count de Hoym,

Augustus's minister of state. He had scarcely conveyed her to Dresden, when the King and she became irrevocably enamoured of one another. The enraged husband at once obtained a divorce, and to spite his faithless wife, he took another to his bosom. If we mistake not, King Augustus must, by this time, appear to our readers as a sort of suitor irresistible to the too impressible ladies of Poland and Saxony from his manly beauty, and the combined dignity and agreeability of his manners; yet the report of the wooing subscribed by Lady Mary ran thus:—*Enter Gentleman with a horseshoe in one hand, and a bag containing a hundred thousand crowns in the other. The expression of his face is at once tender, insinuating, and truculent.*

Lady.—O, my sovereign! why this unreadable expression on your august face, so calculated to produce rapture and dismay? Why are the muscles of your strong right arm distended by that cruel weight, and why is your royal and electoral left degraded by that vulgar adjunct to the foot of a domestic drudge?

Gentleman.—Madam, I am a man of few words. Quit Hoym; “come live with me and be my love,” and take, oh take that heavy bag. But if you adhere to Hoym and the conubial *pot a feu*, and thus treat your lover and sovereign with neglect, observe what such contemnners may expect, and tremble! *Twists the horseshoe, and it snaps in twain. Lady turns from the terrible sight, kneels by the money bag, and kisses the securing string.*

Countess de Hoym being created Countess of Cozel, rather abused her privileges. The king, though a married man at the time, gave her in writing a matrimonial post obit on himself, payable whenever death should remove his queen. And if her devotedness to his person could ensure happiness, “Seged, King of Ethiopia,” might envy him. She more than once exhibited to his admiring though startled gaze, a small and richly ornamented pistol, and solemnly swore, by the unbounded love she bore

* Last of all, each of the gods holding forth in his praise, set him up in the Temple of Memory. But not a word was uttered by Venus or Bacchus.

him, that if he "proved false to his vows" she would most assuredly lodge its contents in her own bosom—do you suppose! by no means—in the most vital portion of his own well-developed person. An intense passion of love or hate being irreconcilable with domestic comfort, the poor king began to hint to the countess that his conscience was perpetually upbraiding him about that unlucky written promise of reversionary marriage, as ever was the English Harry when he began to reflect that he had married questionably. She hinted that she was by no means keeper of his conscience; that being master, he might take her life at any time, but her precious paper—never!

So the lovers, who erst found life unendurable if separated for half a day, found out at last that they were not at all too remote from each other—one at Berlin, the other at Dresden. As she continued inflexible in her determination to retain the engagement, the Prussian king, at the request of his brother of Saxony, permitted her arrest and deportation from his capital. Continuing obstinate, she was confined in a Saxon castle, until the death of Augustus determined her reversionary claim, in 1733. Lady Mary remarks, in reference to her determined will, "I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over-scrupulously observed by ladies."

One of Countess Cozel's successful rivals was a certain Mme. Renard, of Warsaw, though the king for a long time did not show much affection for the daughter, afterwards Countess Orzelska, whom she presented to him. Her half-brother, Count Rotofski,* finding her in that city in circumstances very unsuitable to the daughter of a king, took the liberty of reminding her father of her condition. We shall here quote the words of our valuable acquaintance

the Prussian Pepys, as he detailed his experiences to our British tourists:—

"The King thereupon desired to see her, and she came into his presence in the Amazonian habit, which was her favourite Dress. The King thought she resembled him very much; and not being able to resist the tender Impressions of Nature, he embraced her and called her his Daughter. At the same Time he ordered the whole Court to acknowledge her in that Quality, gave her a magnificent Palace, with Diamonds without Number, and settled great Pensions on her. 'Tis certain that never was Daughter so like her Father. She had the same Features, Temper, and Genius. It was impossible for her to be handsomer, with a more grand Air. She is fond of Magnificence, Expence, and Pleasures. One of her Diversions is to dress in Man's Apparel. It was in this Habit I saw her for the first time when she was on Horseback, in a purple Habit embroidered with Silver, and wore the blue Ribband of Poland. Being all alone I could not learn who she was; but really took her to be some young foreign Nobleman whom I had not seen. I never did see any Body sit better than she did on Horseback, or have a more amiable Air, inasmuch that many Ladies would have been glad of a Lover so handsome. The same Evening I saw her at the Ball, where she was still dressed like a Man, only her Habit was more rich than it was in the Morning, and her dishevel'd Locks of Hair hung down in fine Curls about her Shoulders. So that Cupid himself was not more tempting when he appeared before Psyche. Her good Mein (*sic*) and the graceful Air with which I saw her dance a Minuet, made me enquire who this pretty youth was. Count Rotofski, who overheard me, made Answer, 'Come along with me, and I will make him known to you. Then I will leave you to come off with him as well as you can.' I guessed by these Words that the Person he was going to usher me to, was the Countess Orzelska, and I was confirmed in my suspicion when I heard Count Rotofski say to her, 'Sister, here is a Gentleman who has all due Respects for you, and who, I'll engage, will be ready to serve you in whatever you shall require of him.' Mademoiselle Orzelska smiling at this discourse, I saluted her with all the respect which I owed to her Rank, and she received me in the most obliging manner possible. I saw her next Day in Women's Apparel, and thought her still more amiable. I visited her every day and generally found

* Another illegitimate child of the King's. His mother was a Turkish lady who happened to be made prisoner of war, and Augustus would have probably remained constant to her had it not been for the unprincipled Mme. de Lubomirski, to whom he was obliged to surrender at a very short notice. Rotofski inherited much of the strength, dexterity, valour, and bonhomie of his father.

with her, *Charles Lewis*, a younger Prince of the Family of *Holstein Beck*, who, 'twas said, was the happy man for whom she was designed in Marriage."

The King of Poland and his contemporary Philip of Orleans, the Regent, resembled each other very much in their good and evil qualities. Both were above taking personal revenge; each possessed the qualities that eminently distinguish the gentleman; each was prone to ennui, Philip particularly so, when not engrossed by business or in the full swing of enjoyment. Augustus conceded something to religious etiquettes and decencies, Philip renounced them all, and both died before their natural time. Even in their favourite daughters the parallel held good. Countess Orzelska was as great a favourite with Augustus, as the Duchess of Berri was with Philip. Neither of the ladies ruled a happy household. Charles Lewis deserted his wife after the death of her father, and students of French history are not ignorant of the unedifying life of the "Regent's Daughter."

At the time of the visit of our sight-seers, the great Count Flemming had gone to his account, and very various were the impressions sought to be made on the strangers concerning his character and administration. He was the son of the President of the Regency of Stargard, the capital of Prussian Pomerania, and had served in his youth in the army of Brandenburg. He entered the Saxon army during the short reign of Augustus's brother, and served against the Turks in Hungary, in 1695-6. In 1697 he was sent into Poland, where, by the aid of some powerful relatives, he was instrumental in having his master elected king, with the title of Augustus II. This service procured him the office of Major General, and laid the foundation of his fortunes. It is said that he advised the Elector to detain Charles XII. on the occasion of that mad hero's visit to Dresden. Whether he urged his master to deliver up the Russian Patkul or not, there existed a confirmed dislike between the two men. Patkul having presented a petition to Augustus for the amelioration of the Russian soldiery

in his service, concluded it with these words:—

"*Dizi, et Salvavi Animam.*"

Flemming, on reading the document through, and stumbling on some uncomplimentary remarks on his own conduct thus subscribed it:—

"*Maledixisti et Damnaveris.*"

In our paper on Frederic William's household, some of Flemming's proceedings were discussed. He had the honour of negotiating the marriage of the Prince Elector with the Archduchess Maria Josepha. He obtained a divorce from his wife, and his son by his second was only a year and a-half old at his own death in Vienna. This child dying shortly after, the vast riches which the count had accumulated at the expense of his country and his king, passed into the hands of his second wife, who soon transferred them to a second husband. So, as the French say, "what was got by the fife was spent by the drum."

The count could be courteous when he judged it needful; otherwise his demeanour was contemptuous, and bitter jests were no strangers to his tongue. Pollnitz had experienced some unkindness at his hands, and the character he has sketched of him savours of his soreness:—

"Count Flemming was taller than ordinary, but a handsome Man. He had very regular Features, a lively Eye, a disdainful Smear, a haughty Air, and he was really proud, and beyond measure ambitious. He was generous to a degree of ostentation, and always aimed to do something to be talked of. He was vigilant, laborious, indefatigable, allowed himself little sleep, and whenever he took a Debauch, a Nap of two Hours set him to Rights again. It was no more for him to go from a Debauch to Business, than from Business to a Debauch, and he never fatigued himself, but dispatched the greatest Affairs with so much ease as if they were only a diversion. He loved to banter, but did not always make use of the terms suitable to his character; and Persons who did not dare to answer him again, were commonly the Butt of his Raillery. He was polite when he had a mind to it, but in the general Course of his Behaviour, he carried an Air fitter for a Captain of Dragoons than for a Marshall and a Prime Minister. He never did a Thing for any Body without some view. He scrupled neither Cunning, nor even Perjury; and provided he could

gain his Ends, all ways were alike fair to him. All his Life-Time he took care to do his own Business first, and then his Master's, the King's; and I question if I do him any Injustice if I say that he was the King of Prussia's Minister much more than the King of Poland's."

We have seen that the Elector conformed to the Roman Catholic religion on being crowned King of Poland. He did not much relish the restrictions attached to that high and uneasy dignity, and spent as little time at Warsaw as he could. His Saxon subjects disliked his new faith, but were much attached to his person, and remained loving and loyal lieges to his descendants, though they continued in the adopted faith of their strong-armed ancestor. Count Pollnitz happened to be a Roman Catholic* when Peregrine and Mentor enjoyed the advantage of his society, and the three gentlemen being very tolerant in their way their intercourse was pleasant enough. The count would frequently invoke their sympathies for the sufferings he was enduring at the hands of one or other of the Lutheran ministers, who looked on him as no better than a brand reserved for Gehenna. One of these complaints took the following shape :

"I happened yesterday to be making a visit to a Lutheran Lady, who passes for a very devout one, when who should come to add himself to the Company but a Minister that was a Doctor, and by consequence a Man of Importance. As such too he was received by the Mistress of the House, who, as soon as she saw his face, said to me, 'you will now see a holy Man.' The Good Man entered the Room with the air of one saying *Domine non sum dignus*. He spoke on serious subjects, and was hearken'd to with as much attention as if he was an oracle. I listen'd to him at first like the rest, but at last I thought I might as well talk to a pretty young Lady that sate just by me. The Doctor, offended by seeing the little regard I paid to what he said, enquir'd of the mistress of the House who I was. She told him my Name, and I withal that I was once a Calvinist, but that I was turn'd Papist. What a Thunder-Stroke was this to the Doctor! He threw himself to the Back of his Chair, lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, sigh'd, and cried out '*Das Gott erbarme*'—i.e., God help us! Then transported by a fit of Zeal, he turned about to me, and asked me what had induced me to embrace

a Religion which he treated as Idolatry. I told him that I did not think that he n give himself any trouble about my Conversion, since according to his System was damn'd when a Calvinist as well when a Catholic. 'The Case is not quite Same,' said the Minister. 'But to t Papist!' cried he, 'to adore Baal! to beco a disciple of Antichrist! Alas! it were b ter to be a damn'd Calvinist! I own t I had much ado to help laughing outright the Minister's impertinent Zeal. He said deed a great deal; and because I ma no answer, he thought he had touc me to the quick. He was actually plauding himself for the good W he had wrought upon my Soul, w I told him it neither consisted with Character nor my Temper, to disp about Religion. 'What Blindness here?' cried the Doctor again. 'What mad Papist are you? If you will not of our Communion, return to the Relig which you have abandon'd, in which th is some hope, at least, that God will par you.'

"Formerly the Preachers had the Pleas of venting their choler in the Pulpit, but t King has confined them now to the preach of the Gospel, and t to treat of controvers matters no farther than is merely necessa for the People's instruction. For the re the Parsons need not fear being soon s planted, for the Saxons are hearty Luther and if they tolerate the Catholics 'tis beca they can't help it. They have exclud them from offices in the Courts of Judicatu and from the Privilege of enjoying Lan but they have not been able to keep th out of Places in the Ministry, or at Cou nor from Employments in the Army, wh are three very engaging Articles to ma Proselytes among the Gentry."

This phase in the progress of a ciety from the sharp warfare of cre to indifference or toleration, is wor a passing thought. The sincere P testants and Roman Catholics Germany in our day, are rather m interested in checking the spread Colenso-Strauss-Renanism, than girding at each other.

In one of the excursions made our tourists they came to the town Merselbourg; and entering the chur they stood for some time before t monument of Rodolph of Schwartz bourg, who died in a battle foug with the Emperor Henry IV. I had lost a hand in the fight, and wh he was dying he held it up with t other and reproached his allies f

* Let it be hoped that the reader has kept in mind his three changes of faith.

having induced him to use that member against his lord, before whom he had once held it up when promising faith and allegiance. The worthy citizen who related this incident to the strangers also mentioned the circumstance of Henry's visit to this church and tomb, and what he said when one of his courtiers suggested the destruction of the rich monument raised to the rebel. "Would to God," said he, with as much wit as bonhomie, "that *all* my enemies were as pompously interred!"

They were hospitably received by the resident Duke and Duchess, and in the course of the day were introduced to the hall where trophies of fight and chase were none, but in their stead bass viols covering all the walls from ceiling to floor. In the centre stood a giant instrument whose head touched the ceiling, and near it was a double ladder for the convenience of visitors who might be curious to see it from different points of view. It was a present made to the Duke by one who wished to be privy councillor, and who became one accordingly. The Duke was a genuine *Fanatico per la Musica*.

Having dined and spent a pleasant evening with their noble hosts, they returned to their lodgings, and were putting their wardrobes in order, when a gentleman of the Duke's household interrupted the operation. But we must quote Mentor's own words on the subject of the visitation:—

"He said, as he was passing by he saw our Man packing up the things, and that therefore he came in purely to wish us a good Journey. He assured us he had a secret kindness for us; that we might safely take his word; that he was sincerity itself; and that he wished 500,000 d——a might twist his neck if he was not heartily our friend. 'And to give you some proof of it,' said he, 'I will treat you with some trifle, such as a dram of Orange-water, Anniseed, or Ratafia. Upon my word my Apothecary has what is choice good; he lives but at the end of the street. Come, I will show you the way to his house.'

"While he harangued me in this manner, he reeled, being so drunk that he could not stand. I thanked him therefore for his Love, and told him that I did not drink Drama, but that if he had a mind to any liquor of that sort, I would send for some for him, and I bid our Landlord fetch it. The Apothecary, as luck would have it, was

not yet got up. 'Soho, here,' said our new friend, 'there is nothing to drink but aquavits. Here, Landlord, a Glass of Brandy, Pipes, and Tobacco. You must have something,' said he, 'to be doing.' Every thing he called for being brought, my Gentleman drank two or three Glasses of Brandy and smoked as many Pipes of Tobacco. I hoped to see him tumble down, and by consequence to get rid of him, when he took it into his head to call for some dishes of tea that I had ordered to be made for myself, and which made him so sober that he recovered his reason. I laid hold of this happy interval (for I heard him calling out for Brandy, which I apprehended would occasion a Relapse), and talked to him about his Master's Bass-Viols, upon which, without much Intreaty, he said to me—'You know, sir, that almost every one has his particular Whim, Princes as well as private Persons. One is an admirer of Magnificence, another of Troops, and another of Mistresses. As for my August Master, his Fancy runs only on Bass-Viols, and whoever solicits him for an Employment or any other Favour, can't do better than to accommodate his Arsenal with one of these Instruments.'

"This officious Gentleman told me a great many other Particulars of the Court of Merzebourg, but I don't trouble you with it, because the Truth is not to be told at all times."

Weimar was a place of some consequence at the time with which we are concerned, though Goethe was not yet in long clothes. The reigning Duke was Ernest Augustus, his family consisting of three daughters and a son about ten years of age, the latter rather deaf and difficult of utterance. He spent the greater part of his time at his country house of Belle Vue, and no one presumed to disturb him except on Mondays, when people of the middle and lower classes attended with their petitions and applications, all of which were received by the secretary, and laid before his august master. The Englishmen applied to the marshal of the court for leave to present their dutiful respects, but were as unsuccessful as most other applicants for that honour, whether German or foreigners.

This potentate, as our visitors learned, spent his quiet life at Belle Vue, the chief attractions of his household being two young ladies whom he styled his maids of honour, and three others of somewhat inferior condition, called the ducal chamber-maids. The male dignitaries of this country residence were—the Baron de Bruhl, his

master of the horse, the major of the troops, and the captain of the guards.

The Duke awoke betimes, but was no patron of early rising. He took breakfast in bed as well as George Augustus Sala, and sometimes treated himself to a tune on the violin. At others he summoned his architects and gardeners, and amused himself drawing plans for them. If there were any pressing affairs of state that could not await his highness's afternoon leisure, his councillors submitted it while he was between his feather beds.

He arose about noon, and as soon as he was well established in his clothes he passed his guard in review, and used his ducal cane on any soldier not lacquered or pipe-clayed to his satisfaction. This labour got through, he took an airing; and between two and three o'clock sat down to dinner in company with the two maids of honour, the master of the horse, the major of the troops, the captain of the guard, and any guest so happy as to have received an invitation. The dinner, dessert, and libations occupied from three to five hours, and the Duke talked incessantly. If the wanderers received a report of the conversation of any particular day, they have not preserved it, for it was said to be very gross and unintellectual. Coffee concluded the entertainment, and whatever part of the remainder of the evening was not engrossed by the major and the two maids of honour at the game of quadrille, was fully occupied with drawing, playing on the violin, or smoking.

There is here a tempting opportunity to dwell on the demoralizing influence which a little court thus ruled would exercise on the surrounding population. We might also enlarge on the evil effect produced by the presence of a standing army of 700 infantry, all picked men, 180 troopers, and a mounted company of cadets, in a little duchy like Weimar. But our mission is to give as agreeable a picture as we can of old-world institutions, and to be as sparing of moral reflections as possible. When Augustus needed assistance he called on his cousin Ernest, and paid the men while they were in his service.

On returning to Dresden they were so fortunate as to fall in again with

the garrulous and good-humoured Pollnitz, who proceeded to give them an account of an excursion he had lately made as far as Wurtzbourg the south-west of the country. The ruler enjoyed the style and title Prince Bishop of Wurtzbourg and Duke of Franconia. John Phi Francis, Count of Schonhorn, had been dead a few years, having been arrested in the act of erecting strong fortifications and a magnificent palace. Wurtzbourg possessed a noble hospital, affording shelter to 400 patients, and on every Holy Thursday the Prince Bishop there washed the feet of a large number of the poor, and afterwards treated them to a noble feast. In another part of the building he entertained his own household and his friends.

We have often dreamed of the comparative happiness likely to attend the dwellers of a little state, ruled by a good prince bishop, who might be said to know all his people by sight. Why, a person prone to roguery would be restrained from as much by respect and love for his patriarchal chief as by a dread of the legal consequences. Then what incentive to good conduct it would be to feel that the eye of the good ruler never slept, and that he only wanted means or opportunity to reward every well-deserver. There would be no wars, no national debt, the tax imposed would be the lightest imaginable, and every individual in the little state would feel that he was a cherished member of a large and prosperous family. But what if the ruler were a wicked prince bishop? We must now quote from Pollnitz's budget news:—

"If ever you visit Wurtzbourg, be sure to see the Arsenal and Wine-vaults, both in the Castle. But be on your guard in the Vault. Your Conductors will think the least compliment you can make them, is to forbid your reason. I speak from dear-bought experience. Three days ago I asked leave of the Bishop to see the Castle, and he was complaisant enough to order one of his gentlemen to accompany me. My honest companion, fearing that a tête-à-tête would be rather melancholy, chose for our companions two toppers whom Silenus would not disown for children. When they had shown me the arsenal, the apartments, the fortifications, &c., they carried me at last into the vault, which I found illuminated like a chapel, where I was to lie in state. . . .

The glasses served for bells, and torrents of wine gushed out instead of tears. . . . Two of the Prince's *Heydukes* carried me to a Coach, and thence to bed—that was my tomb. Well, I rose next day at ten o'clock, my lungs very much inflamed with the wine I drunk the night before, took a large dose of tea, dressed myself, and then went to make my compliments to the Bishop. The Marshall of the Court invited me to dine with the Prince, and promised, and even swore that I should not drink. At Noon we sat down to Table. The Bishop did me the honour to drink two or three healths to me. The Master of the Horse and the Marshall toasted the same number to me; and I was under the necessity of drinking to no less than fourteen persons at the Table; so that I was drowned in Liquor before I dined. When the Company rose, I waited on the Prince to his chamber door, where he retired, and I thought to do the same, but I found an Embargo put upon me in the Ante-chamber by the Master of the Horse and the Marshall of the Court, who, with great Bumpers in their hands, drank the Prince's health to me, and Prosperity for ever to the most laudable Chapter of Wurtzbourg. I protested to them I was the Bishop's most humble Servant, and that I had a very great veneration for the most laudable Chapter, but that to drink their healths would destroy mine, and therefore I begged they would excuse my pledging them; but I might as well talk to the wind. These two healths must be drunk (*sic*), or I should be reckoned no friend to the Chapter. If this were all my task I should have been well off, but then came M. de Zobel (Master of the Horse), one of the most intrepid carousers of the age, who squeezed me by the Hand, and with an air and tone of the most perfect cordiality, said to me—'You love our Prince so well that you can't refuse drinking to the prosperity of the illustrious house of Houtten.' When he had made this moving speech, he took off a great Glass to witness his great zeal for the Life of his master. After which an officious *Heyduke* brought me a glass, and being infected with the goust (*sic*) that prevails, assured me that this wine could not possibly do me harm, because it was the very same that the Prince drank. By a persuasion founded on so just an inference, I had the courage to venture on t'other glass, which was no sooner drank than I reeled and could drink no more, when, in order to flush me, M. de Pechtelshelm, one of the honestest gentlemen living, but the staunchest Wine-Bibber that I know, accosted me with a smile, and said—'Dear Baron, one Glass more to better ac-

quaintance. I conjured him to give me quarter; but he embraced me, kissed me, and called me his *Herr Bruder*. How could a man withstand such tender compliments?

"At last I put myself in a fit posture to run away. I sneaked off, stole down the steps as well as I could, and squeezed myself into a Sedan, which carried me home, where my people dragged me out like a dead corpse and flung me on a bed. After three or four hours I woke in a maze, put myself to rights, to make or receive visits, but whichever I did, I soon found myself in such a pickle that I could not walk alone. There is no such thing in Wurtzbourg as conversation between one friend and another without the bottle."

The wine-bibbing and garrulous nobleman then gave them an account of his visit to the Scots Benedictines; who treated him to some stone-wine—so called, probably, because it grew on rocky soil—and that in their society he broke through his Wurtzbourg regimen by omitting to get drunk. On Saint *Quilian's** day he saw the Prince Bishop go in state to the Cathedral. There were six carriages, with six horses to each. Twenty-four footmen and sixteen pages were in attendance; eighty gentlemen walked before the episcopal carriage; and two files of halberdiers served as a guard of honour. The Prince Bishop celebrated mass, and from the commencement to the elevation, the Master of the Horse held upright before him the naked sword of the Duke of Franconia. Immediately after the "Elevation" he sheathed the weapon and turned its point downwards. This peculiar privilege reminded our men of that enjoyed by the Count Abbot of Gemblours in Brabant, viz., to celebrate mass in boots and spurs.

Peregrine and Mentor made a flying visit to Anspach, to pay their respects to the young Margravine Frederica Louisa, as they had received many civilities at the court of her father, Frederic William of Prussia. They found nothing here worthy of recording except a report of the non-existence of rats in the Margravate, as one of St. Hubert's rat-killing family had once passed through the country. To this they

* St. Killian, an Irish missionary, Apostle of Franconia, who was martyred in 678. In 743 his tomb was opened, and a Latin copy of the Four Gospels, stained with his blood, taken out.

had the comfort of adding a legend, proving that other families as well as those of pure Celtico-Hibernian blood enjoy the undesirable privilege of receiving death-warnings from fays or spirits. Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, wishing to enlarge his palace at Berlin, purchased up the houses built on the site. One old woman would not sell her patrimony, but, after many applications, the enraged Elector ordered that the money should be forced on her, and she herself turned out. On receiving this treatment, the old lady swore that she would be a plague to Joachim and his posterity to the end of the world. After that, none of this house could die without a previous visit from the *woman in white*, who was uniformly seen some nights before, wandering up and down stairs, and along the corridors. This tradition was more firmly believed in the smaller courts of the house of Brandenburg than at headquarters—the palace of Berlin.

With the vindictive White Lady haunting their minds, our countrymen returned to Dresden, to resume their baggage and continue their tour. A son of one of the parties, to whom the journal of his father was well known, passing through Saxony forty years later, found little of the magnificence or prodigality that prevailed in the time of Augustus II.* Frederic Augustus, his successor, whose marriage we have detailed, set a good example to his court, but was somewhat indolent, and little fitted to cope with the man of iron, Frederic the Great, who effectually dismantled and disfigured his city. The visitor, in 1773, found buildings injured or demolished, little public feasting, few gala days at court, and theatres in anything but a flourishing condition. A circumstance which occurred at the time at the palace of Prince Charles, grandson of Augustus, was calculated to excite more attention than the most magnificent spectacle the court could afford to exhibit.

It is no secret to the generality of reading people, that the quiet man-

nered though imaginative folk of the fatherland are prone to superstitions. In the day-dreams consequent on inaction and large indulgence in tobacco and beer, they cannot fail to see disembodied spirits in profusion, and among these will be found, now and then, the shades of old and dear friends, or of historical personages, with whom their reading may have made them familiar. These phantasms, however, are of too ethereal a nature to brook questions, or hold intellectual communion with their beer-bemused admirers; and if they wish to secure a genuine conference with some unsubstantial being, they must have recourse to one who, by study of forbidden sciences, has subjected spirits of the air, of fire, of water, and of earth to his will, and is powerful enough to call them from their dreary abodes, and render them visible to his patrons.

Prince Charles was heir to his uncle, the Chevalier Saxe, whom the reader will please not to confound with the warlike Marshal Saxe, his half-brother. It was the current belief at court that this very rich Chevalier Saxe had concealed his treasures here and there, and his nephew became very desirous to have an interview with his spirit, to derive some exact information as to the whereabouts of these deposits. While his mind was in this state he bethought himself of Herr Schrepfer, a worthy with whom he was on very unsatisfactory terms. This adept had originally been a keeper of a coffee-house in Leipzig, but not succeeding, he took to occult studies, or pretended to do so, and soon gave out that he had acquired power to call good, bad and indifferent spirits from their various spheres, and oblige them to give answers to such queries as he chose to propound. He observed a very wise caution in these awful proceedings, for he first invoked friendly demons, who served as guardians to him when the evil ones entered on the scene.

Before he quitted Leipzig he hap-

* This monarch's death occurred in 1733, being occasioned by a hurt received in his foot as he was stepping into his carriage. Some time before, his physician had effected a sort of cure of a disease induced by his dissolute habits. He was obliged to remove two of his toes to prevent mortification, and he then earnestly warned his patient to quit his "custom of an afternoon." The advice was neglected, and death supervened on a slight hurt.

pened to make use of some degrading and insulting expressions relative to Prince Charles, which, on being reported to him, irritated him so much that he commissioned one of his officers to wait on the conjurer, and give him a sound cudgelling. The officer so far discharged his duty as to get into the room where the offender was, and begin to cane him in the most serious fashion. The victim got out of his hands some way, ran into a corner, and loudly called on his familiar demons to come to his aid. Something in the tones or the expressions acting on the native superstition of the operator, so terrified him that he cast away his weapon, and fled from the house. So the sage escaped for the moment, but the results of the reported chastisement were so disagreeable that he quitted the city.

Sometime after he appeared in Dresden as a French colonel, and exhibited such proofs of proficiency in art magic that every idle tongue in the city found interesting occupation. His identity with that of the Leipzig conjurer being established, the money-spending and money-loving prince did not think it beneath his dignity to wait on him, and apologise for the little mistake he had made in the matter of the caning. Of course any advances from so high a quarter could not be received but in good part, and the prince was soon urging him to make his preparations for disturbing the repose of his departed uncle.

Schrepfer was apparently very unwilling to undertake the task. He represented the risk he ran if the good spirits were not powerful enough to protect him against the evil-disposed ones. He also dwelt on the trouble it caused him to dismiss them, and on the terror—even horror—that the presence of these denizens of the unknown world was always sure to bring on the witnesses, ay, even on himself. All these representations only stimulated the eagerness of the postulant, and at last, Schrepfer appointed the hour for the incantation, the place to be the great gallery in the prince's own residence. As the reigning Elector was by no means superstitious, the thing was to be kept a profound secret.

The appointed night having arrived, the prince and eighteen of his most intimate friends were collected in the

great gallery of the palace. Schrepfer had ordered in a large bowl of punch, and now he mentioned to the noble company, that as their utmost powers of will and courage would be needed in the terrible scene about to commence, it would not be unwise for each to partake of the stimulant before them. All took his advice except two, one of whom thus gave his reason for abstaining:—"I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and nothing will induce me to put anything inside my lips." The other placed himself near the door to prevent any entrances or exits on the part of mere human agents. The doors and windows were all looked to, and in the middle of an awful silence the operation began.

Schrepfer retired into an obscure corner, and on his knees he conjured with various ceremonies, his good spirits to come to his aid. His invocations being for some time apparently unheeded, he got into a painful ecstasy, even as a pythonesse of ancient times. A profuse perspiration broke out on his body, and he was, or appeared to be, seized with convulsions. At last a rattling was heard on the outsides of the windows, and this was succeeded by a more pleasing noise resembling what is produced by the rubbing of wet fingers on a row of glasses. The magician seemed to hail this with pleasure, as betokening the presence of the kind spirits, but he was obliged to proceed with invocations of the evil demons also. Soon was heard a terrible yelling; and while the company, who concluded that uproar to come from the evil influences, were seized on by dismay and horror, the principal door burst open with a violent clash, and a dark spherical mass, enveloped in smoke rolled rapidly into the centre of the gallery. In its wheelings a human countenance resembling the Chevalier Saxe, became visible at times, and a voice, loud and angry in tone, shouted, "Carl, was willst du mit mich (Charles, what do you require of me?)"

All seem to have completely lost their presence of mind. They were seized with consternation, a state for which the previous ceremony and the horrid sounds had well prepared

them, none so much as the prince. He threw himself on his knees, and loudly cried to God for pardon and protection. All whose voices were not rendered powerless by terror besought Schrepfer to remove the horrible apparition, but that was more easily asked for than effected. It was an hour before the wizard's spells of power succeeded in causing the frightful thing to disappear.

Even then, when they began to gather some courage, and congratulate themselves on their riddance from the fearful object, the door flew open once more, and once more the ghastly apparition rolled in, and another scene of mortal terror was enacted. However, the adept rid his patrons of its presence in a shorter time than before, and the company separated to their several lodgings with all possible speed. N. W. Waxall was personally acquainted with several of that company, but none of them could give him any satisfactory account of how the thing was effected, if a piece of clever jugglery, nor explain why they had not presence of mind to attempt to lay hold of the cause of their confusion.

The assistants at the spectacle were not much inclined to speak of their ghastly experiences, but still the Elector came to hear of it, and was in consequence very wroth against all the parties concerned. Schrepfer re-

tired to his native city, and continued to amaze and terrify all those whose superstitious curiosity led them to his cave. At last he conducted three pupils to the wood of Rosendaal, to show them something more wonderful than anything yet witnessed by them. It was about three o'clock of a summer morning, and when they came to the selected spot he retired from them to make some necessary incantations, as he said. Immediately after they were startled by the report of a pistol, and hastening in the direction of the sound they found him expiring. Credulous people attributed his suicide to the wretched state into which the powers of his evil genii had reduced him.

We left our travellers preparing their mails for departure for Dresden, to pay a flying visit to the court of Bayreuth, now graced by the erstwhile Princess Royal of Prussia, who, having been sought in marriage by Charles XII., Prince Frederic of England, Augustus of Saxony, one of the Romanoffs, and a nobleman or two of inferior rank, and having suffered sufficient rough treatment at the hands of her harsh father, was so fortunate as to be united to the estimable Margrave of Bayreuth. In due time and place the reader will be made better acquainted with whatever they saw there and at other courts of greater pretension.

A PASSAGE FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MS.

DISCOVERED AT OSTEND, A.D. 1860.

IN the autumn of 1860 I crossed to Ostend, in which town I believed my stay would be limited to a couple of days, but where, as it happened, I was destined to remain for more than a week, awaiting instructions from the London house of which I was an agent. As it was still the bathing season, the town continued pretty full, and presented an aspect of gaiety very different from that it displays during the winter, when the strong cold wind of the Mer du Nord sends the discoloured waters raging along the muddy shores and over the long wooden pier, rustles round the chimneys, and whirls the slates from the buff-coloured lines of houses, coming across the deserted gravelly Place du Roi, lashing the panes and shutters

with drifts of rain, and sweeping away over the leafless trees of the canals and fortifications to the desolate sandy down which stretches to the south-east, dotted here and there by a bosky mound or wooden hut—the only objects which mark its wild overblown and dismal expansure. In the summer or autumn, however, a week may be expended passably in visiting the churches and historic localities, watching the polyglot gathering of visitors, bathers, and oyster-eaters, or making a pedestrian excursion to some of the spacious clean farm-houses in the adjoining country, where the rural Flemish beauties, with honest blue eyes, and skin and hair so fair that they seem to have fed only on the purest wheat, adorned

with caps of rich Valenciennes lace, welcome the stranger with bowls of sumptuous cream, and display an honest pride in exhibiting the beautiful kine in their clean farm stalls—presenting in appearance, manner, and conversation, no bad idea of a prose Belgium picture of pastoral life.

A week is quite enough, however, to see all that can be seen in this sand-girt sea-town and its neighbourhood; and this period having elapsed, *ennui* was already taking possession of us, as, one dusky night, having extended our walk in a direction unknown, we were not displeased at the excitement of having lost our way upon the wild down above alluded to, and the darkness of nightfall having been increased by a sea-fog which completely smothered the lights along the ramparts, and even of the lighthouse itself—that never-failing guide to the town from either direction, land or sea—stumbling over the sandy mounds, and now plunging through a patch of marsh land, a ruddy glare presently met our eyes, and advancing toward it, we found it proceed from a hut, like a capized boat, in which some men were drinking round a wood fire. On our appearance one of them addressed us in Flemish, a tongue of which we were innocent, and which has always appeared to us like bad German spoken by a party whose mouth was full of porridge. Then another who possessed French, rose and addressed us, and finding our object, volunteered to guide us to a road which, as it happened, was not more than a hundred yards distant.

"Such fogs," said he, "are frequent on the coast at this season, and you are not the first who have lost their way on this down. The west wind always brings them, and afterwards heavy rain. We will have a pouring day to-morrow, or I'm mistaken."

In a little, reaching the road, we thanked him, with a couple of cigars for his trouble, and setting out again by ourselves through the fog, soon arrived at the Rue St. Joseph, where we lodged.

Next morning I found my friend's prediction had turned out true; never was there a more resolutely wet day. The rain, which poured incessantly from the dense gray cloudy sky, increased occasionally to a deluge; and as the wind from the sea forced it in heavy

drifts along the deserted streets (the canal fronting our window being the only object which seemed to take to it with an indifferent relish), it was clear that, for that day at least, we were destined to remain in-doors, hopelessly imprisoned by the weather.

After despatching some correspondence, we began to look about the chamber for books to while the hours till dinner-time, and presently found in a bracket a volume of Thiers' "Consulate," Rousseau's "Social Contract," and an old Road Guide through Germany—all which, being either familiar or obsolete, promised but weary entertainment. After a brief examination we threw them aside, and proceeded to investigate an old press, which occupied a deep nook in a dark offset of the room. Being in search of literary works, the few broken cups which embellished the lower shelves were little calculated to afford the instruction or amusement we desiderated; and feeling as lonely amid the watery elements which surrounded us as the Rabbi who was locked up in the Pharos of Alexandria to translate the Scriptures, we were again, in the despair of *ennui*, about to recur to the works above-mentioned, when, the press-door remaining open, we dimly perceived an upper shelf which had not been investigated. Having therefore lit a bougie, and "ascended ourselves" on a chair, we brought the light to bear on the dark upper cavity. Here the dust lay inch thick, and we were about descending, when a mouldy roll of paper, protruding from the furthest corner, met our gaze. To seize it and shake the dust from its leaves was the work of a moment; then next, we discerned that it was a roll of manuscript in the French language, written in a cramp but distinct hand, and which, from its stained condition, with its yellow pages and faded ink, had undoubtedly been transcribed many years before. Forthwith, moving the sofa to the window, and lighting a cigar, we began clearly to decipher the document, which ran as follows:—

In October, 1718, I accompanied the expedition of the King of Sweden against Fredericksball, in Norway. The winter had set in with unusual severity, and the prospect of taking so strong a place at such a season was looked on as little less than madness by

almost all except his Majesty himself, who entertained the fullest confidence of reducing the town in a few weeks, and making himself master of the kingdom of which it was the key in six months at furthest.

The town, which is a small place—looking like a cluster of molehills in the lonely valley where it stands—and strongly fortified, is situated some mile or so up the river Tisendel, which flows into a deep reach which serrates the shore of the Baltic. From the day of our arrival, on which they were commenced, the siege-works were pushed forward with great energy, despite the immense difficulties presented by the frozen soil; but the King said he would teach his soldiers how to conquer winter itself; and truly, if all were gifted with the iron frame which the hero possessed, the rigours of the season would have mattered little; for he seemed as indifferent to cold as to fear, worked frequently in the trenches with the men, and while even the hardest of them coveted a few hours of shelter and sleep in tent or by camp fire, invariably stretched himself, when wearied, at night, on the hard ground under the icy sky, wrapped only in his cloak. But was not his entire career an attempt to conquer nature and circumstance, and to contend, but too frequently, with the impossible?

The engineering department of the army of course occupied the point from which the works were carried on, while the lines extended on either side over an area of nearly five miles, the right and left wing occupying the villages of Bahus and Anslø, which stand on the river on either side of Frederickshall.

From October to the first week in December, the army, working in relays, were engaged day and night in throwing up the siege-works, which by that time were advanced within 800 yards of the enemy's bastions. As the winter deepened the cold rapidly intensified; every day from sixteen to twenty men perished from its effects, dropping dead at their posts; and the obstructions offered by the ground, which was frozen hard as iron, the scarcity of provisions, and other difficulties, would have paralyzed the energies of any other army than that fortified by the example of the King. Daily many were struck down from

the Norwegians' fire. The Swedes, however, who, seasoned to the practice of war, held their enemies in contempt, feared nothing but the horrors of the climate—of a sky which seemed filled with the presence of a universal death, approaching nearer and nearer. The Prince of Hesse, who was making the campaign with his Majesty, had his camp, which was well provisioned, at Bahus, about three miles from the trenches; but the King was seldom of his company, passing his entire time with the men engaged in the works, and in surveying the surrounding country.

On the 11th of December, about half-past eight, I was making my way toward my tent, through the trenches, when a sentinel stationed at one of the angles, as I was about to cross an open space exposed to the fire, motioned me not to advance. In an instant I had retreated into the shelter of the parallel, which was very high at that place, and the next a discharge of grape came tearing and whizzing past. The trench and parallel at this point was very high, and the darkness complete—so dark that the nearest object was invisible. I was just about to hurry across to the next line, when I heard two men, whose figures I could not see, and whose voices I did not recognise, conversing in a low tone together.

"He ought to be near hand by this time," said the first; "he left Bahus half an hour since on horseback."

"What say you," inquired the other—"are our friends yonder to be relied on?"

"This affair is one of general interest," returned the first; "this wild expedition is regarded in the same light in Stockholm as in Copenhagen or Christiana. How bitter cold the night is! Providence should have made man a hibernating animal in this climate."

At this moment, anxious to reach my tent, I thought nothing of those fragmentary remarks of my invisible comrades, but recollected them afterwards from the event which presently occurred.

I had proceeded some fifty yards on my way up the trench, and had reached an angle where another communication with the outwork diverged, when I saw a tall figure

hastily approaching, which I quickly recognised as that of the King. He stopped an instant and recognised me, and as I uncovered, said—"Come with me, Abedhyl; I am going to inspect the advanced lines, which are proceeding more slowly than I expected; I want to give you some instructions on our return."

I followed his Majesty, who meanwhile remained silent, till we came up to the advanced parapet, beneath which Siquier and Megret, masters of the engineer corps, were conversing. When the King went up to them, I heard him address Megret in a tone of dissatisfaction and anger, reproaching him for the slow progress of the trenches.

"Sire," said Megret, "you forget it is December in Norway; the earth is iron; we are not—I wish heartily we were—besieging a town in Pomerania and in summer."

"Put a hundred men additional on this parallel to-night," said the King; "there is no time to be lost." He paused a moment, and then said—"Tell me, Megret, how soon do you calculate this place will fall?"

"In eight days, your Majesty, I promise you we shall be inside the bastions yonder."

"We shall see," returned the King, and proceeded with the two officers to inspect the works at a little distance off, where he remained some time giving directions.

It was then about nine o'clock, and although the Norwegian night was bright overhead with stars, so deep was the gloom which pervaded the deep trenches in which we stood, that it was impossible to recognise any one except by their voices. There had been a lull in the cannonade from the town, whose intermitting flame occasionally shed a red glare over the summit of the trenches, and complete darkness prevailed.

I was walking to and fro at the place where his Majesty had ordered me to await him, trying to keep myself warm under the dark sky, whose benumbing cold weighed like lead on every nerve and fibre, when once, as I turned, I thought I saw two figures stealthily approaching in the deep shadow of a converging parapet, but took no heed of them, believing them to be soldiers descending to their labour below. Presently

I dimly recognised the King striding hastily away from Siquier and Megret, who followed him at a distance; and as a sudden discharge thundered from the enemy's batteries, saw him, illuminated in its red light, advancing to the most advanced outwork fronting the town, mount the slope, and rest on the parapet, looking toward Frederickshall. The scene is still present to my imagination as it then was to my eyes—the little town huddled under the dark hills in the wild valley; the red gusts of flame from its line of batteries throwing long glares momentarily across the gloomy intervening ground; the distant roar of the guns; the rattle of the shot against the earthworks, and their hurtling hiss through the air;—and the figure of the King, leaning on his elbow on the parapet, dimly defined, as he gazed underneath where the men were working by starlight. The cannonade from Frederickshall was then so briskly maintained that the roar hardly ceased for a minute. I was still watching his Majesty's figure, expecting him to descend every instant, when I was surprised by the sharp report, as of a musket close by, which rung almost simultaneously with a shower of shot from the enemy which came rattling overhead; and thought I saw a figure like a shadow flit from the place where I fancied I heard the report of the small-arm along the trench and suddenly disappear. The next moment I saw the King rise, look round, his frame agitated by a quick, convulsive movement—then fall, and Siquier and Megret hurrying toward him, followed by Swerin, who carried a lantern;—I then ran forward.

As Siquier raised the King, he heaved a deep sigh, and we saw he was dead. Blood streamed from his right temple and covered his face, and in his right hand he clutched his sword, with the air of one suddenly attacked. When lifted into the trench below we examined the wound in the temple, where the fractured bone presented an aperture some two inches wide, while that made by the ball, which had passed through the head and escaped at the back, was of much smaller size. Never shall I forget the last look I obtained of the hero whose fame had filled the world—the iron frame rigid in death; the blood

flowing from the great high forehead, fringed with light brown hair sprinkled with gray; the calm, stern face, slightly bronzed by weather and the sun of Turkey; the last gesture, fixed by fate, fierce and implacable, with which he had suddenly confronted death. Siquier examined the two fractures caused by the ball. "Yes," said he, "a grape-shot from the enemy's batteries." At this Megret smiled curiously, as he held the lantern and surveyed the wound. "If so," said he, "the wound at the back, where the ball escaped, should be larger than where it entered in front." Siquier appeared much horrified at an event so unforeseen and terrible; but Megret, who was noted in the army for his coolness and sardonic humour, folding his arms and

smiling grimly, exclaimed—"Well, gentlemen, the siege is raised, the farce is ended, and we may now go home to supper."

It was necessary to disguise the King's death from the army until the Prince of Hesse was acquainted with the circumstance; so, Siquier, taking off his wig, placed it on the head of his Majesty, who being then wrapped in a cloak, was carried through the men, working forward, under the name of an officer. Intelligence was immediately conveyed to the Prince of Hesse, who was then at supper; and it was rumoured that as the news passed round the company in a whisper, it affected them rather as an expected than a sudden and unforeseen calamity—for the King always exposed himself recklessly to fire.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

MR. PILMER was less fidgetty than any man or woman in the kingdom; he never hurried himself or his friends upon any occasion, in the least degree, for which reason he was frequently late for coaches, trains, and steam-boats; nevertheless, Lizette and he contrived to arrive at Yaxley in time for the starting of the "Swift Hawk," with actually a minute to spare, on the morning appointed for their journey to London; and our young friend found herself, for the first time since she was a very little child indeed, travelling in a public conveyance. She did not dislike the movement of the vehicle; it was pleasant to gallop by all the strange places passed on the way; and she did not mind the jolting, nor the occasional leaning to one side of the heavily-laden vehicle, which stopped ever and anon to pick up a passenger or a band-box in waiting for it on some lonely country road. She wondered at all the strange faces she saw—wondered at their different expressions—some sad, some merry, some stamped with a look of grave, hard thought, but all lighted up by the living soul within. It almost seemed to her that these strange people had only now started into existence for her peculiar benefit. She could scarcely comprehend that each

new person had a home and friends and interests of his own, and that all had lived in the world long before that bright June day which first revealed them to her eyes. Everyone appeared busy, bustling, careful of self. Mr. Pilmer, however, was an exception; he took things easily, snoring away on the opposite seat; so she had plenty of time to make observations, no one being inside the coach but herself and her companion. Very little conversation had been exchanged between her and Mr. Pilmer since his coming to the Rest. She had not dared to talk to him on terms of equality—she had scarcely summoned courage to ask about his daughter Bessie—no longer "Bessie" to her she feared, but Miss Pilmer, cold and stately and forgetful of the past. Oh, how dreadful to have to meet either her or her mother! These thoughts occasionally floated through her mind, as, with head turned towards the open coach window, she watched passengers getting up and down, playing out the day's drama, and ostlers bringing out horses when the coach stopped at wayside inns, to exchange the tired, gaunt animals, that were exhausted and panting after bearing the weighty coach-load, mile after mile, at a quick pace, for others

no less gaunt, but not so weary; and she heard the coachman swear at the horses; and once a great volley of oaths was poured out on a stable-boy, who happened to be stupidly setting one of the leaders restive. In what frightful language the poor lad was desired to go to perdition, and denounced with Heaven's vengeance because the old gaunt horse was twisting his bony body about, and refusing to go on! Ah, yes, Lizette, you had yet to learn that God's name was oftener taken in vain than in any other way. The coachman, with his dull light eyes and red face, was not the only man in the world that swore upon every trivial occurrence. For many miles the Yaxley coach bore our travellers along; and it was far advanced in the warm summer day when they arrived at the Barham Railway Station, where they were to take the train for London. What puffing and panting, screaming and whistling there was here! What crowds of people hurrying to the long train waiting to start! Lizette was bewildered, and even Mr. Pilmer had to look sharply about him. They were soon in a comfortably-cushioned carriage, steaming on towards the metropolis. How Lizette's heart beat and sank lower and lower at the thought of this great London! Nothing could be seen of the country now—nothing distinctly—for swift as the wind the train rushed on. They stopped at a few stations on the way; and upon reaching the small town of Wedmington, where the train was to stop for a little time longer than elsewhere, Mr. Pilmer got out to procure an ice and to walk about. He asked Lizette if she would also alight and get some refreshment, but she preferred remaining where she was. Now, there was a certain little bag containing important documents—copies of leases, deeds, and other law papers—which Mr. Pilmer had carried on his lap during all the journey; and even now, when getting out of the train, he conveyed this precious bag with him.

"You will have some time to spare, I suppose," Lizette had ventured to say.

"Yes, some minutes; but I had better take care and not run the risk of losing my place, as no other train will leave Wedmington for several hours."

Lizette watched the people passing to and fro on the platform near her, shrinking occasionally back as some bold eye fixed itself impertinently on her face, and had time to make sundry observations before the first bell rang out its warning that the train was soon again to be in motion. She now looked out rather anxiously for Mr. Pilmer, whom she did not yet see among those hurrying towards the carriages. The last bell sounded forth its peal. She was really growing uneasy; but she soon espied him making his appearance with all haste. He was just about to enter the carriage when, suddenly, with an exclamation, "Oh, I have forgotten the bag!" he darted back towards the station. Lizette grew very anxious indeed. There was no time to spare; the porters were shutting to the doors with great bangs; the engine shrieked; the driver sent forth a shrill whistle; and just as Mr. Pilmer emerged from the station, the train was off!

And now Lizette was alone, without money, and not knowing how she could dare to present herself at Markham House without the protection of its master. She had received no invitation from its mistress to make her home a refuge. She had not been sent a message of condolence even by Bessie; and besides this, the Pilmers lived far from the city; their house was situated in the suburbs. How could she reach it? Cabs in abundance might be at her command; but how very awkward for her to procure one, and drive to Markham by herself, and to be obliged to ask Mrs. Pilmer to pay the cab fare, and then to enter into explanations as to how her escort had missed the train at Wedmington. It was altogether most embarrassing. Reviewing all things in her mind, she came to the conclusion that she would wait at the London Bridge Station till the next train from Wedmington should arrive, bringing Mr. Pilmer. Now it was that perhaps she felt for the first time, in all the force of reality, what a thing it was to be alone in the world, without friends, and without money—alone in the great busy, bustling, heartless world, where no one seemed to care about the other, where everybody appeared to consider that selfishness, cunning, and distrust of his fellow-man was wisdom. If there

is one thing above another that brings us palpably and glaringly into contact with undisguised selfishness, it is certainly travelling in public conveyances, where the *saute qui peut* system prevails most heartily. With a beating heart and pale face, Lizette left the train, and stood, in the warm evening, on the platform, at the London-bridge station, with crowds jostling past her, and porters hurrying by to execute the commands of impatient travellers. All at once she recollected that her own luggage and that of Mr. Pilmer was in the train, but her timidity and ignorance prevented her being able to command the notice of any porter, where all were so busy in attending to the orders of bolder and more experienced wayfarers. A fat, elderly woman was hurrying by her, when she seized the opportunity of accosting her and asking if she would be kind enough to get some one to call a porter for her, adding that she found it impossible to procure one for herself.

"That's very odd," replied the woman, staring doubtfully at her, and pressing her hands on her pockets in terror; "there, can't you see for one yourself, they're plenty enough I'm sure!" and she hurried speedily on. Why is it that beauty so often lays its possessor, when a woman, open to suspicion and doubt? Does it not seem to argue too little faith in the power of resisting temptation? Had Lizette been an ugly girl, that woman would not have distrusted her nearly so much; as it was she looked upon her with a sort of horror—and she may have been an honest woman too—just because she was unprotected and very lovely. The poor girl turned away sorrowfully and was growing most despondent, when a voice that caused her to start, though at the time she scarcely knew why, accosted her, "May I call a porter for you?" was asked in rich musical tones, as a gentleman advanced and stood beside her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

HE had heard her accost the fat, ungracious woman, and he had also heard the answer she received. More deeply skilled in the expressions of the human face—at least of female faces—than the worthy and prudent old soul who wished to preserve herself from possible contamination, this man knew well that the fair young girl, standing alone and bewildered in the crowd, was no impostor, seeking assistance under false pretensions. If women possess intuition as regards the characters of men, so, on the other hand, do men sometimes possess unerring insight into the characters of women. This gift of discernment is mutual and natural.

"Thank you," replied Lizette; "I will indeed feel obliged if you call one."

As the gentleman passed before her on his expedition of discovery, she had an opportunity of seeing what his appearance was like. He was young, tall, and of goodly presence, walking erect, with a military bearing, but of easy and elegant deportment; he made his way through the crowd like one who could well buffet

his way through life. Lizette watched him as he went on, and wondered at the courage of men, though, after all, why should she wonder? What had they to fear, with only men to contend against like themselves; while women were so much weaker that it was difficult for them to push through a world where there were so many beings stronger than themselves. No, she would cease to wonder, but she felt very glad to receive a man's assistance at the present time.

The gentleman soon came forward with a porter who was desired to attend her, and in thanking him, Lizette raised her eyes to his face, but lowered them quickly again, on perceiving that his own clear and penetrating orbs were resting on her features. She turned at once to seek the luggage with the porter, and was fortunately able from memory to recognise Mr. Pilmer's portmanteau and travelling-bag, for neither bore any name or address; and having desired them to be placed somewhere in safety, as she was not to leave the station for some time, she proceeded to wait patiently for further good

inspirations. On approaching again the station she observed that the gentleman who had procured the porter for her was still sauntering up and down as if waiting for some one. Something in his appearance struck her forcibly: it was chiefly the expression of his eye. She was busy with strange fancies and surmises, when the object of her attention was approached and accosted by a friend who appeared *en scene*, looking cool, careless, and as if he had not been lately travelling.

"How do, Crosbie? Just arrived, I suppose?"

"Yes; I came by the train from Chatham five minutes or so ago; and I turned in here to look for my uncle, who I heard was coming up from Barham by the seven o'clock train; but I don't see him anywhere. Have you met him?"

"No; I came to drive you and him down to Markham; but it seems he has not made his appearance though the Barham train has just arrived."

Lizette lingered there, listening with interest; she now knew that the surmises which she had fancied wild and improbable were correct. Her memory had not deceived her; it was, indeed, Dillon Crosbie who stood there before her. Very much changed he was, yet still bearing in his appearance a great deal that recalled what he had been as a boy. He was now a fashionable looking young man, dressed with quiet elegance; his boots were small, but only duly proportioned to the size of the feet they encased; his hair that used to be so uncared for was now arranged with due regard to the fashionable order of the day; he wore a military undress cap, that most becoming of all head-gear, when the face beneath is young and handsome, and very handsome, indeed, was the face of Dillon Crosbie. His features were much like what they had been years ago, only, of course, more manly looking; the upper lip was still as finely chiselled, the nose as straight and well shaped, the forehead as well formed as in days of boyhood—the smile, above all, was the same as of old—frank and bright; yet the expression of the face, in repose, bore a matured, thoughtful, almost sad cast, that it did not wear in early youth. Feelings, passions, though

still slumbering, or in a quiescent state, had left their impress, nevertheless, on the countenance of the man, unknown to that of the boy. Whatever was gained, there was certainly nothing lost of depth or sentiment in the expression of the face that Lizette had so easily recognised. His friend who stood beside him was not so good looking; he was older, too, and decidedly of an unpleasant cast of face; his eye was the eye of a cynic—but that only appeared when it was wider open than the owner usually allowed it to be; he had evidently seen a good deal of life, and mixed much with a certain description of his fellow-men, who had taught him to distrust mankind in general. Very low, indeed, was this individual's estimate of human nature; of the worst side of it he may have judged pretty correctly; but the better side had either been always turned from him, or passed by unheeded. Lizette always lowered her eyes before the gaze of this man, and very often it was fixed upon her face with a scrutinizing stare, such as no drawing-room belle ever saw in his eyes, though it may have been familiar enough to sundry milliners' apprentices and ladies' maids. He said something in a low tone to his companion in which the words "pretty" and "girl" were audible, and Dillon for an instant glanced at the figure of Lizette, who still lingered at a distance, uncertain what to do; but he turned once again to talk of indifferent subjects to his friend, whom Lizette soon heard speak thus: "Mr. Pilmer was to bring some young woman from Yaxley, I believe, and Mrs. Pilmer expected them both punctually this evening; but we need not wait here for them any longer. Jeffreys and the phaeton are outside. Are you ready to start, Crosbie?"

"Now," thought Lizette, "if I could only summon up courage to speak to Dillon Crosbie and tell him who I am, how well it would be;" but the disagreeable eyes of his companion made her tremble. How could she endure his stare of wonder, even for an instant, if she advanced to speak to Mr. Crosbie? That man had called her a "young woman," as if she were a servant; he must have heard her spoken of at Markham House in terms that did not inspire

him with any other idea of her. Poor Lizette felt mortified for a few seconds, but not longer. "I must be humble," she said to herself, endeavouring to quiet the proud swelling of her heart. Oh, very hard it was for her to bear the thoughts flitting through her aching brain, as she

stood there, in the fading light of the summer evening, unprotected and embarrassed. The young man were moving away; in her despair and having no more time to reflect, in battle with herself, she approached them, colouring very much and then turning pale.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ARRIVAL AT MAREHAM HOUSE.

WITH all the quiet dignity she could command she introduced herself to Mr. Crosbie, presuming he was Mr. Pilner's nephew, and explaining in few words how his uncle had missed the train at Wedmington, which placed her in rather an awkward position. The politeness and quick comprehension of young Crosbie spared her any further embarrassment; he understood at once all that she had endeavoured to say with so much pain and timidity, and appeared to think it the most natural thing in the world that things should have so happened. Too well-bred to let it appear that he was in the least amused at his uncle's usual luck of being late, he did not even smile, though the faintest spark of humour flashed for an instant in his dark eye. Neither would he confuse the young girl by too much show of attention; he knew it would be more agreeable to her to treat her as a rational being, merely wanting rational assistance, than with any mark of ostentatious gallantry. While she was speaking to him his companion was looking at her with eyes curiously contracted, thinking she was quite a spirited little girl, and uncommonly pretty, and he smiled at the cordiality of young Crosbie's manner when he found out who she was. He took an opportunity soon of asking her name, which he had not caught from her own lips. Dillon told it to him in a low tone.

"Stutzer," repeated the man inquiringly. "Is she the little girl who was at Meiklam's Rest some years ago, when I was at Yaxley?"

"Yes. She is the daughter of a person whom I valued much in boyhood, and whose memory is still very dear to me," replied Crosbie, with the shadow crossing his face that sometimes crossed it in these days of sober

manhood; the shadow that comes oftener and oftener as years roll on, and then rests for ever on the furrowed brow, till death smooths away. "He was an humble man, highly gifted, but frowned on by fortune—poor Paul Stutzer!"

Dillon's companion struck his bow with his cane, and looked upon the ground, nor did he speak again till Crosbie went to procure Lizette's luggage and have it placed in the carriage waiting outside the railway station. It was a light open phaeton, pleasant for that hazy evening, warm and sultry. Dillon handed Lizette and then sat beside her himself, while his friend drove the carriage sitting on the box beside a somewhat dandified servant, not at all like the sober coachman at Meiklam's Rest. Tired and jaded as she was, she leaned back in the vehicle, now and then looking at her companion's face with curious eyes, wondering if he was the same in heart as he used to be in those old days long ago when he drew pictures of lions and panthers for his pictures which were still preserved among treasures of the past; or when he watched that never-to-be-forgotten night beside her dying father, when neither he nor she spoke a word to each other all through those lone frightful hours. She thought she saw him again as he was that night in the dim room of death, now putting coals on the fire, now snuffing the long wick of the tallow candle, now standing noiselessly beside the bed. Was he changed in heart since that time? She could not tell; she saw that his figure was changed, his face was a little altered too, it was paler than formerly, and the white hand occasionally raised to push a cap a little off his forehead did not look like the red, scared boy's hair

that had drawn the pictures for her long ago. She could not help feeling fearful and shy, sitting there beside him, for he seemed a stranger to her now. He spoke of Yaxley and Mrs. Meiklam. "I never heard of her death till she was in her grave," he said, speaking gravely. "I only arrived about a fortnight ago from Gibraltar on leave, and I have been at Chatham for the last few days with a friend at the depôt."

"Then you have not yet been to see your friends in London, since your arrival in England?"

"Oh, yes; I spent a week with them before running down to Chatham."

He then told how he happened to hear his uncle was to be at the London-bridge station much about the same hour that he himself arrived there from Chatham, and that he should have met him there that evening. Lizette felt a little constrained; she could not ask about Miss Pilmer; she dared not; she knew they stood no longer on an equality in a worldly point of view. Long ago, she had never thought whether they were equals or not; they were both children then; they were now grown up, and that made a great difference in their relative positions. Dillon did not mention his cousin either; indeed he did not speak much about anything.

Now and then his friend on the box-seat turned round to make an observation to him, and perhaps to have a look *en passant* at the sweet face beside him—for Sir James Bend could admire a great many pretty faces at

the same time. How noisy and busy London was, even now, at an hour when rather empty as regarded fashionable equipages; very different from the stillness of little Yaxley. When the city was left behind and the carriage drove into quieter localities Lizette felt less bewildered; the air grew fresher as she came within view of detached villas in the suburbs, but again her heart palpitated violently as the vehicle stopped at the gate of Markham House. The house stood in a pretty lawn where a few trees and shrubs of low growth greeted the eye pleasantly. The grass plots looked green, and there was altogether something refreshing in the aspect of this half-town, half-country dwelling.

The carriage entered the gateway and drove up the gravelled sweep to the entrance door. The young girl felt almost faint as Dillon Crosbie handed her out; her head was giddy; her heart still throbbing; oh, it required a great deal of heroism to bear up against the many feelings that now oppressed her. How would she be received? Would she be welcome at this house, her only present refuge? A nightmare seemed upon her; she saw the horses nodding their heads, and Sir James Bend striking the dust from his boots with his cane; she saw the blue sky above her, and heard Dillon giving directions to have the luggage brought in; all was confusion for a few seconds. The hall-door was opened—some one ran down the steps quickly.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DEAR FRIEND'S WELCOME.

SHE was clasped in somebody's arms, fervently, most fervently.

"My dear Lizette!"

"Oh, Bessie!"

Were words uttered with emotion on both sides, as Lizette leaned confidently on the bosom of her early friend. She knew at once she was not forgotten.

Beautiful, more beautiful than ever was Bessie Pilmer now—tall, graceful as in days of childhood; every charm she had possessed in early youth was enhanced by the perfect-

ing hand of maturity. She seemed radiant and bright as an ideal picture; and as she saw before her the gentle girl whom she had loved so well, and who was so little altered in the years that had elapsed since their separation, a host of recollections started up, chiding her for much past negligence. Miss Pilmer wore a silk dress of a slight mourning colour, her hair was not curled as of old, but drawn in wavy bands off her face, displaying the perfect form of her head.

"I ought to feel ashamed to look:

you straight in the face, my dearest little Lizette!" she said blushing slightly, when the first greeting was over; "but though I did not write to you myself I often thought of you, and I always desired mamma to give you hundreds of kind messages, but I dare say she forgot them. She often neglects to do what I ask."

Lizette had not received any messages from Bessie through Mrs. Pilmer's letters to Meiklam's Rest for the last three years. But was not the past all forgotten and forgiven now when that silvery voice was pouring forth apologies in such sweet tones?

Bessie's greeting of her cousin, Dillon Crosbie, was very warm; and he spoke of how well she looked, and laughed with her, saying he liked her hair arranged in bands better than in curls, as the former allowed the contour of her head to be seen, adding that it looked like a Greek model now; and Bessie smiled very brightly as she took his arm and mounted the hall-door steps. Lizette felt more at her ease than she had expected to feel; and even when Mrs. Pilmer, very stately and grand, gave her a cold shake of the hand, and inquired about her husband, whom Bessie had quite forgotten to ask for, she was able to answer her questions courageously. How scornful was the expression of Mrs. Pilmer's face when she learned how it happened that her better-half had not arrived; but she did not openly remark upon the subject, for she had given up scolding, so much as formerly, her daughter having requested her to take things coolly in the approved fashionable style; and therefore she was less brawling and noisy, but not a bit better-tempered than she used to be in days "lang syne" at Yaxley. It was quite evident that Bessie had her own way on all occasions, still as much as ever; and she chose to be very attentive to Miss Stutzer, ordering her own maid to wait upon her, and doing a great deal for her herself also.

"I think very often of Meiklam's Rest," she said as they talked together in her own dressing-room, "and I now regret so much that I never accepted any of Mrs. Meiklam's kind invitations to go there from London. Mamma used so to press me to go; but I had always something else to occupy me. I dreaded spending a

winter in the country, and then used to go to Harrowgate, or some other watering place every summer, leave the spring for town. I am sorry that I never met my dear old friend for five long years!"

And thus she talked on, sometimes mournfully, sometimes gaily, but ways with a charm that fascinated Lizette, who, however, could help fancying there was something feverish in Bessie's animation, especially at dinner, when she talked Sir James Bend, who sat beside her.

After dinner, that evening, there was a large party at Mark House, and in spite of her fatigue Miss Stutzer felt obliged to go up late "enjoying" the company of a great many strangers who whirled about the room, waltz and galloping with marvellous spirit. She took part in a quadrille once twice, and then sat still; for Mrs. Meiklam had not approved of what were termed "the fast dances." Occasionally Dillon Crosbie sat beside her when he did not choose to seek a partner for a waltz or polka.

"How beautiful Miss Pilmer is," she said at one time, as Bessie whirled past in a waltz with James Bend.

"Yes, very handsome indeed; but she was always pretty—now she is superb," replied Dillon.

"Does her sister often see her family now?"

"No, I think not; she and Mr. Devenish have been travelling abroad for some time; they have been over the Continent, and are now going with friends to Egypt."

It seemed strange to poor Lizette the idea of anyone going to Egypt, which was chiefly connected in her mind with thoughts of Pharaoh and the Red Sea, and the Captivity of the Jews; but rich people might travel where they pleased.

"How very quiet you two are," said Bessie, advancing towards her cousin and Lizette when the waltz was over. "Why are you not dancing, coz?" she asked with a sweet smile.

"I cannot persuade Miss Stutzer to waltz, and nearly all the people here are unknown to me. Then we shall have a waltz together when the music begins again."

said Bessie, sitting down. Sir James had followed her and stood near, conversing with her in low tones.

Again the music began—partners were preparing for a *galop*—Sir James begged Miss Pilmer's hand again.

"No, I am engaged to my Cousin Dillon," she replied; and without waiting for Crosbie to rise, she started up, telling him she was ready to begin the dance. He got up and they took their places.

Very gracefully they both danced, for both were elegant. Lookers on admired them, thinking they would be well matched as partners for life. Sir James Bend looked on also, and thought Miss Pilmer really *was* a fine looking girl, and Crosbie handsome, too, and aristocratic looking. He did not care for dancing himself, so he sat down and talked to Lizette, who endeavoured to check the dislike that stole over her, everytime this man approached her. He asked her a few questions relative to Yaxley, and if she recollected where she had lived previous to her arrival there. "Scarcely at all," replied she; "of my life in the north of England I retain but a very shadowy remembrance, though its moors and barren heaths seem still familiar to me. It is curious, but I think I recollect having heard my father or mother often speak of the name of *Bend*," she added smiling faintly, and speaking musingly.

Sir James looked steadily at her face for a few moments, and then dropped his eyes on the carpet.

She was soon so much fatigued, that when Bessie again came near enough to give her an opportunity of speaking to her, she expressed a wish to retire for the night. Miss Pilmer accompanied her to her room, and as

they were ascending the stairs, Lizette was surprised to meet Mr. Pilmer, coming down with a candle in his hand, looking rather out of sorts.

"Dear papa," said Bessie, who had not before known of his arrival, though it took place some hours ago, "I was not aware that you had come."

"Oh, I suppose not: with all the fine company you have below, you quite forgot your old papa. Where is your mother? I can't find anything; everything is upside down; I can't find my slippers; I don't know where a single thing is! Why could you not have kept this party for another night?"

"It is only a few friends that were invited a few days ago," said Bessie, apologetically.

"Oh, how I detest 'a few friends,' I had rather see a great many enemies! Everything is most uncomfortable; I have no fire in my room. I can't get a servant to attend me!" And, in a deplorable state of helplessness, the poor man went down stairs looking really miserable.

"Papa hates gaiety," said Bessie, by way of explanation to Lizette; he hardly ever comes into the drawing-room when there is a party."

"Then he must be very unhappy when there is company."

"Oh, no; mamma and I never mind him; he goes to bed very contentedly; but to-night he is cross because, I suppose, he is tired; a good sleep will quite refresh him."

With a faint notion that there was not much happiness for Mr. Pilmer at home, Lizette now wished her friend "good night," and found herself alone in her room.

CHAPTER XXX.

REMINISCENCES.

NEXT morning she awoke far later than usual; but found, on rising, that the house was very quiet and no one, as yet, astir, but the servants. The breakfast hours ranging from eleven till half-past one or so in the afternoon, had not yet arrived, so she thought of taking a little walk in the grounds outside the house; for

the morning air wafted through her open window was fresh and fragrant, loaded with the perfume of mignonette from the parterres below. Putting on her wide-brimmed hat, which she had been accustomed to wear at Meiklam's Rest, she descended the stairs and was soon out upon the lawn, where the sun was

shining as brightly as ever it shone in the heart of the country. She could hardly believe that London with its din and smoke was so near. After walking a short way through a little shrubbery, she came to a gate which stood open as a man was passing out with a wheel-barrow; and seeing gay flowers blooming within, she knew it was the garden. With a glad heart she entered it, for those bright roses and tulips were like old friends. After examining a few rare kinds of flowers minutely, she sat down on a rustic chair and began to form some plans for her own future life, which might enable her to leave Markham House as speedily as possible. Her father had long worked humbly for his bread: why should not she? Very thankful she felt, now that Mrs. Meikham had so kindly educated her in such a way as to render her competent to become a respectable teacher; she understood French, German, and Italian, and she was a good musician also; while in other branches of knowledge she was likewise well skilled. Thus she sat musing, when Dillon Crosbie came into the garden to walk about and smoke a cigar; he did not see her for some time, as he was at a distance going up and down a long, broad, level walk. She watched him as he went to and fro; he was dressed in negligent morning costume which looked quite as well as his dress of the previous evening. As soon as he caught sight of Miss Stutzer in the arbour, he flung away his cigar and came towards her.

"There is no one up yet, but you and me, I believe," he said, taking out his watch and smiling a little as he saw the hour the hands were pointing at.

"What o'clock is it?"

He showed her the watch, and she saw that it was nearly a quarter past eleven; she returned his smile, and, pulling a little bit of woodbine from the arbour, he sat down near her. Lizette could not help looking again at him to trace the likeness he bore to his boyish self; she wondered if he recollected the events that had happened ten years ago as well as she did; but she had not to remain long in doubt upon that head, for he opened the subject of the past himself.

"Do you recollect me as a Miss Stutzer?" he asked, pulling a piece of woodbine to pieces.

"Yes, very well indeed; my memory would be very bad if I did not."

"There are many people who cannot remember so long; besides, I was only a very little child in those days. For my own part I think I should have almost known you somewhere without hearing your name. You are not much altered since you were a child; but it is true that I have a memory that astonishes me of my friends; something extraordinary they say it is."

"It could not be better in all respects than mine," said Lizette, faint glow came over her face, as kindling light burnt in her eye. "I could never forget your kindness to my dear father, nor how great a favour you were of his."

Dillon looked on the ground for a little while without speaking, and then pointed to a ring that he wore. "This little gift has been as a talismanum for many years," he said, smiling. "Your father gave it to me very long before his death, and I have worn it almost ever since. I scarcely look at it without recollecting the person who bestowed it on me; perhaps it is because I have received few presents in my life that this has made so much impression on me."

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Crosbie," said Lizette, voice speaking merrily, as the glow of it drew near unperceived. "so I suppose all my presents of gloves, slippers and smoking-caps are considered as nothing," and laughing Miss Pilmer stood before Lizette and Dillon, interrupting their *tête-à-tête*. "Good morning, my people; you see I won't allow flirting or love-making in my dominions; you have been talking of times of course?"

"We have scarcely had time to say anything whatever," said Dillon, looking rather saucy.

"Then it is so much the better. Nothing is so dangerous as to dwell upon the past, especially before breakfast," continued Bessie, laying her fair hand on her cousin's shoulder. "Had I not arrived so opportunely one or other would have been sure to fall in love."

Lizette smiled, but if Dillon

pected her to blush he was disappointed, for the delicate colour on her cheek did not deepen its shade in the least.

"My little seraph here must think us all savages and heathens," said Bessie, smiling brightly upon Lizette. "What would dear old Mrs. Meiklam have said if she knew you were kept waiting till noontide for your breakfast?"

"You should commence a reformation, most truly, Bessie," said Dillon; "half your life is wasted away in a most unprofitable manner."

"Ah, and if it was *all* wasted so, of what consequence would it be?" returned Miss Pilmer sighing, and not looking as if she were jesting.

Lizette looked reproachfully and sorrowfully at her.

"You are just the same as you ever were!" exclaimed Bessie, who understood the glance of the soft, pitying eyes turned upon her; "and, dear Lizette, bad as I was in old times I am far worse now; oh, far worse! Dillon knows what a wretched cousin he possesses; you have heard him preaching the necessity of a reformation."

"However, I had better learn to practise before I preach," said Dillon, leaning back in his rustic chair.

"Miss Stutzer will teach us both how to conduct ourselves soberly, honestly, and quietly, as we say in the servants' discharges," observed

Bessie, passing her hand over Lizette's soft hair.

"I am afraid she will have hard work, Bessie," remarked Dillon, looking at Miss Stutzer's fair face, with a contemplative, almost tender expression. She looked troubled and sorrowful.

"It is her vocation, cousin," said Bessie; "she never did anything but preach and try to make me a good girl all the time she was at Meiklam's Rest, while I was at Yaxley; I am afraid she cried over my shortcomings more than once. Lizette, do you remember how you used to despair about me?"

"Come, let us go to breakfast," said Dillon, who saw Miss Stutzer did not enjoy Bessie's light way of speaking upon serious subjects; "Mrs. Pilmer must surely have made her appearance by this time."

They all went towards the house, and found breakfast waiting them. Mrs. Pilmer presided at the table with a dignified asperity of expression, and in a coldly polite way asked Miss Stutzer how she had slept, without attending to the answer. Mr. Pilmer was there, looking rather fatigued and not very well. Bessie alone, of all at the table, seemed in high spirits, talking chiefly to Lizette and Dillon; but the former remarked that once or twice Bessie's eyes suddenly filled with tears which were hastily wiped away.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MISS PILMER'S CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.

For some days Lizette found it impossible to speak about leaving Markham; every one there seemed in a perpetual state of commotion except when asleep. The late risings, the drives in the park, the receiving and paying of visits, the tedious dinners, gave Mrs. Pilmer and her daughter no time to hear what she had to say of a businesslike nature. She waited patiently, therefore, for a fitting opportunity of consulting one or other upon what she ought to do towards her future maintenance. Miss Pilmer was invariably kind to her, but still she felt that she must leave Markham.

Sir James Bend dined nearly every day at the house, and Lizette began

to wonder if he were any relative of the family. One day when she and Bessie happened to be alone together in the garden the latter asked her what she thought of Sir James.

"To tell the truth, I don't much like him," replied Lizette.

"Why?" asked Bessie, smiling curiously and looking decidedly amused.

"I do not think he is a good man; I may be wrong, but then I must express my opinion candidly."

"But you have no reason for your suspicions, my little friend. Sir James, you know, is a man of the world; he has been brought up in a school that teaches people to distrust and become cynical. If he entertains a bad esti-

mate of human nature, perhaps he is not far wrong."

"I know little of the world, Bessie; but I feel glad that I am ignorant, if to have a knowledge of it is to make one doubtful of all sincerity and goodness."

"There may be *some* sincerely good and humane people," said Bessie; "but very few, I fear; high and low, rich and poor, seem all working alike for self-interest. The servant seeks to overreach and supplant his fellow-servant; the tradesman, his rival; ay, even where you would naturally expect honour and honesty, there is deceit and underhand dealing: the very preacher of the Gospel will sometimes envy his fellow-preacher!"

"We know that human nature of itself is far short of perfection, dear Bessie; but believe me you are wrong in thinking it so generally bad. I am convinced that it is possible, through God's grace, to root from the heart all selfish bitterness and envy; and I feel certain that there are many and many true Christians walking humbly among their fellow-men, seeking to do good merely for the sake of others, not alone for the reward of an eternal crown or an exceeding weight of glory in the next world, but for the love of Christ, and through sympathy with their fellow-mortals on earth."

Miss Pilmer looked admiringly at the pure and enthusiastic expression of her friend's face as she spoke with energy and in full confidence that she spoke truly.

"You are one of the rare exceptions to the dark rule that orders the world, my dearest Lizette," she said, taking her hand; "but do not judge too well of mankind; you will be sorely disappointed if you do. Oh, it is very, very bitter to find out that the people whom you may dearly love are among the common host of unworthy beings! That the people whom you still love, in spite of their faults, make you blush for them and their actions!"

Bessie's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and her lip trembled, but the emotion was only momentary; after a short pause she reverted to the subject of Sir James Bend.

"And so you do not like the excellent Baronet?" she said pleasantly.

"No, not at all."

"But I cannot allow you to say that in my hearing."

"Does it offend you? Certain he is a gentlemanly person in appearance and manners."

"Oh, he is a perfect gentleman," returned Bessie, energetically. "He is of a very high family, and has a large property; his old ancestral house is, I hear, a delightful place, quite romantic, and very ancient, with a moat and drawbridge, and various remains of feudal grandeur; just what I like."

A new light dawned upon Lizette's mind as Bessie finished her sentence.

"You comprehend now, Lizette, what I wish to confide to you," she said, blushing slightly, and not looking straight at her companion. "I am engaged to be married to Sir James Bend."

Neither spoke again for some minutes.

"I hope, dear Bessie, that you may be happy," whispered Lizette at last, clasping her friend's hand warmly. Miss Pilmer returned the pressure in silence.

"Thanks, my dearest Lizette," she said, after a little pause. "I think shall be very happy—with no better whatever to my utmost wishes. Sir James and I suit each other well, and then his rank and fortune are unexceptionable."

"And you really are attached to him?" said Lizette, hoping she might not be deemed impertinent.

"Oh, I am quite satisfied about the matter. You know, of old, Lizette, that no person could ever force my inclinations or persuade me to a contrary to my own wishes. If I did not choose to accept Sir James Bend, no one in the world could compel me to do so," and Bessie coloured proudly, with something of the expression that used to illumine her face in childhood when she was wayward or self-willed.

"As to loving to distraction, as all that sort of ideal attachment, I do not pretend that I feel it. I certainly have my wits about me very rationally, but I would experience much pain and disappointment if anything prevented the match. Now do not look so gravely at me. You may probably, love to distraction some of these days, and become a dutiful slave to your husband, but I always think it is safer for a woman not to be too much in love. She can see clear

for her own advantage when she is not blinded by other powerful feelings; and I assure you I intend to have my own way in all things, and I never will submit to tyranny or anything like that," said Bessie, in a determined tone.

Lizette did not think this speech savoured of deep love and confidence on the part of the affianced bride for her husband elect. The latter part of it sounded rather like a declaration of war to the knife unless the enemy yielded to all conditions.

"I hope you will always live on happy terms with your husband, Bessie. I should think marriage must be a very wretched state where there is not perfect union between the husband and wife."

"Oh, provided I can do as I please, I shall be most peaceful and amiable; and even, perhaps, I may occasionally sacrifice my own wishes for the sake of my beloved James, if he is particularly good; but I assure you I am not one of those tame-spirited people who let themselves be trampled upon."

"You speak, dear Bessie, as if you were about to marry some dreadful tyrant."

"Oh, I dare say it is / who will be the greater tyrant of the two; but there is no knowing what men are. I hardly know a good man among my acquaintances, except one."

"Who is he? Your father?"

"No; I forgot papa: he is good enough, but I did not mean him. You must know the person."

"Unless you mean Sir James himself, I cannot imagine who this solitary good man may be."

"Sir James!" repeated Bessie, looking amused, as if she thought Lizette had said something very absurd. "No; I did not mean Sir James—I wish my good fiancé had a prettier name—the person I mean is nearly good to perfection."

"Do tell me his name, Bessie."

"My own dear cousin, Dillon Crosbie."

"He was always very kind."

"Oh, he is too good! and brave and sensible—perfection, as I said before. You have heard, of course, how well he behaved when the transport was going out to Gibraltar?"

"No, I have not heard of it," said Lizette.

"I wonder mamma never told Mrs.

Meiklam of it," resumed Bessie. "Colonel Selby, who commands the regiment, sent home a flattering account of his courage and presence of mind during a fearful storm which arose and threatened to destroy the vessel. I believe it struck on a rock, or something of that sort; and in the midst of horrible confusion, Dillon went about exerting himself most bravely—encouraging those on board. Indeed, Colonel Selby said only for him the troops would surely have gone to the bottom. It is only what I would expect from him. Do you know where he is now?"

"I cannot tell."

"In papa's room; reading the newspaper for him from top to bottom."

"Is Mr. Pilmer ill?"

"Yes; he fancies he never recovered the cold he caught travelling at night from Wedmington; but mamma thinks he could get up if he liked; and there is Dillon tormenting his brain with speeches a yard long, and debates of the most tiresome description. I was quite provoked with him because he refused to come down and practise an Italian duet with me. Do you know what Dillon said of you yesterday? but I must not tell."

Lizette's colour changed a little; she was glad Bessie did not tell her what Dillon had said of her.

"Dillon is very poor," said Bessie, picking a rose; "his father left him wretchedly off. I have no patience when I think of that selfish man spending all his money, and leaving his son with hardly a penny, you may say," and she pulled the rose all to pieces in her indignation against the late Captain Crosbie. "Mamma told him yesterday he must look out for a wife with plenty of money. But he said he never would; that if he did not happen to fall in love with a rich woman he would never marry one, as he had a great horror of people marrying through interested motives; and perhaps, after all, he is right."

"Perhaps!" repeated Lizette ardently. "Oh, Bessie, believe that he is quite right, there cannot be a doubt of it."

Bessie remained silent for some minutes, still plucking at the remnant of her rose.

"And now, dear Bessie," said Lizette, after a lengthened pause in

their conversation, "I wish to speak with you upon a subject that concerns myself. It is time that I thought of leaving Markham, and determined upon some plan for my own support. I am ready and willing to earn my bread, and the sooner I set about it the better; I should like your advice, however."

All at once Miss Pilmer's face assumed an indignant, surprised expression.

"And do you really think that I—that any of us—would allow you to go out upon the world earning your own bread—you, the favourite of our dear friend, Mrs. Meiklam? No, my dear Lizette, while I have a home you shall not want one. Do not attempt to leave Markham unless you go to some better place."

"But I must learn to make myself useful and independent; I could not think of intruding longer upon such kindness as I have met here."

"Kindness!" repeated Bessie, curling her lip; "I think it is your *right* to be here. Had Mrs. Meiklam been spared such a sudden death she would surely have made a provision for you. Do not imagine for a moment that you are an intruder in my father's house."

"You are too good to me. Why

should I become a burthen on Meiklam's relations, merely because she was kind enough to take pity on me when I was a poor destitute child with no one to claim protection? and to rear me up and educate for so many years? I am now to push my way, in some degree, into the world."

"Silence, my little friend," Bessie, gently putting her hand to her mouth, "you offend me by such things; you make me ashamed of myself—of my family."

Lizette held her peace; she felt that she dared not speak further upon the subject of leaving Markham that day, at least.

"Do you remember how fond we were of flowers long ago?" Lizette, as they were leaving the garden.

"Yes; but I hardly care about things now;" and, twitching off a flower from a shrub at hand, Bessie opened the garden-gate. Lizette could help remarking how haughty the carriage of her friend's head was as she moved towards the house; whenever Miss Pilmer was annoyed or disconcerted she looked very proud, and Lizette's allusion to quitting the shelter of her father's house had pleased her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

THERE was a continued routine of gaiety going on at Markham House, inasmuch that poor Lizette grew weary of it. Bessie wished her to join in all plans of amusement, with much kindness, and she felt unwilling to refuse, even though Mrs. Pilmer treated her with a coldness which was only the more marked from its contrast to her cordiality and attention to rich or influential friends. Sir James Bend, of course, was a daily visitor at the house; and certainly Lizette soon came to the conclusion that there was no love lost between her and himself; if she disliked him, he decidedly returned the ill-feeling. More than once he asked Mrs. Pilmer if "that girl, Miss Stutzer," was about to make her house a home; and Mrs. Pilmer had replied, "Indeed I don't know what she intends; it is all

Bessie's fault that I haven't been to her to leave Markham;" and, of course, Mrs. Pilmer would naturally behave coldly to Miss Stutzer, not listening or replying to her observations, and very seldom addressing her. Lizette thought that Bessie's wedding took place she would again endeavour to speak of leaving Markham, and earning her bread.

Mr. Pilmer's cold did not get better; he never came to his room, and Lizette often heard calling Dillon Crosbie in fretful tones whenever his nephew was long absent from him. Indeed Dillon was to be seen running lightly up and down stairs, perhaps humming an opera air, several times a day, and coming on errands for his father, who, like a great many people, in quiet demeanour, when in health

extremely exacting and peevish when ill; and he fancied no one did anything so well for him as his nephew, who was called upon to drop the exact quantity of laudanum for sleeping draughts, or to mix up potions of nauseous flavour; and Bessie was highly amused when she saw her cousin moving about her father's room, very carefully, setting things to rights, or dropping the aforesaid laudanum with as great precision as if the smallest drop over or under would endanger life; and she laughed, and said he ought to apply for a situation in an hospital, as he would make an invaluable nurse; and indeed he made a far better one than Miss Bessie did, for she found it very hard to make herself at all useful in a sick room. She would spill papa's draughts in handing them to him; and knock down chairs with her wide skirt; and, in short, do more harm than good during her occasional dutiful moments of attendance. The chief thing she could do was to kiss papa and hope he was better, coax him to get up, playfully telling him he was quite well, and might come down stairs if he only chose, which always enraged the sick man very much; and he would inform her that she had no feeling—that nobody had any feeling except Dillon; but this never vexed Bessie. One day as Lizette was on the lobby near Mr. Pilmer's room, Bessie beckoned to her from the door to come in. She obeyed, and found Mr. Pilmer half sitting up in bed, looking very ill, indeed, quite sallow, with great lines and wrinkles seaming his face. His nephew was sitting at the head of the bed, with the *Times* in his hand. Lizette had scarcely seen the latter for some time lately, except at breakfast and dinner. Mr. Pilmer shook hands kindly with Miss Stutzer, and asked her how she was; he had often inquired for her latterly.

"I want Dillon to ride with Sir James and me," said Bessie; "and I am sure you will read the paper for papa, Lizette."

"With great pleasure," replied Lizette, putting her hand on the *Times*, which Dillon was holding carelessly. He relinquished the newspaper, but did not move from the chair.

"Well, are you coming?" asked Bessie.

"I don't think I am."

"Why?"

"I am greatly interested in politics now; I want to hear all the debates and disputes in to-day's paper."

"Then you had better read for yourself, and let Lizette come out with me," replied Bessie.

"No, I am tired reading; Miss Stutzer will finish the rest of the speeches," and Dillon leaned back in his chair, with a fixed determination not to leave it. Lizette sat down and prepared the *Times* for perusal, while Bessie, after sundry remonstrances, went away to ride out with her affianced husband.

"Well, who is going to read for me?" inquired Mr. Pilmer a little impatiently.

"Miss Stutzer will be kind enough to read," replied Dillon smiling at Lizette.

She began to read a very long speech in which one noble lord abused several other noble lords and "hon. members," condemning various measures in strong terms; and, as her silvery gentle voice read on, Dillon's eyes were often resting on her pensive face with a dreamy, musing expression. At length, having wended through some long harangues, interspersed here and there with "cheers," "hear, hear," and "laughter," Lizette looked up and laughed herself. She caught Dillon's earnest looks, which speedily changed to a brighter one, and he laughed too.

"Is it not all very absurd?" he said.

"To me it is uninteresting," replied Lizette, and she laid the paper down, with a graver look as she added, "Would it not be well to ask Mr. Pilmer if we might read something else for him besides the newspaper?"

"You mean something more serious, perhaps," said Dillon, looking into her soft eyes.

"Yes; I wish he would let me read—the Bible," observed Lizette, feeling afraid to ask the favour too abruptly.

"Well, what are you whispering about?" demanded Mr. Pilmer fretfully.

"Miss Stutzer wishes to know if you would not like to hear her read a chapter in the Bible," replied Dillon frankly.

"The Bible? what is that for?" and Mr. Pilmer opened his dull light eyes widely for an instant, with a look as

if he were surprised or frightened. "Well, she may if she likes. Miss Stutzer, you may read."

"Dillon got up to fetch the required book, and then Lizette read some portions of it that she considered suitable to the occasion, and to the comprehension of the invalid. Few and far between were the times that Mr. Pilmer had ever read the Bible for himself or anybody else; and now there was something strange and solemn, almost fearful, in the sacred words falling from the reader's lips. Something of greater weight than had ever seemed conveyed in them before. He lis-

tened attentively, all the breathing heavily, and sighing or twice. Dillon's eyes were upon the reader nearly all the but she did not know it; she altogether absorbed in her study and she continued reading till one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Dillon.

"There's a gentleman below to see Miss Stutzer," said a servant entering.

A gentleman? Who could The colour rose to Lizette's not unperceived by Dillon Cross she reluctantly laid the book and repaired to the drawing-ro-

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

As she had half expected, she found the mysterious gentleman desirous of seeing her to be Mr. Tom Ryder, who had called upon her and the Pilmers. Very dandified indeed was Tom, and Mrs. Pilmer thought him quite a fine-looking young man; and so he was, if to be very large was to be fine-looking. He was very *empressé* in his greeting of Miss Stutzer, and shook hands cordially, looking so tenderly into her blushing face that her eyes speedily sought the carpet. The shrewd Mrs. Pilmer, who had keen knowledge of such matters, saw at once that young Ryder admired Lizette, and, quick as lightning, some thought entered her head as to the likelihood of him being induced to offer himself as a suitor; for though very often in London, he had never before visited at Markham, and his appearance there now, so soon after Miss Stutzer's arrival, and his having asked particularly for her, certainly looked rather suspicious. The lady had a pleased smile on her sharp face, for Tom was a lawyer, already in pretty good practice, and the probability of his proposing for Lizette, and marrying, and thus relieving herself and Mr. Pilmer of the responsibility of thinking what was to become of her, was grateful enough to her. But would he be induced, even by the beauty that Mrs. Pilmer acknowledged Lizette to possess, to marry a penniless girl? Ah, there was the stumbling-block—a great one in Mrs. Pilmer's mercenary estimation.

While Ryder was speaking to Lizette who felt much confusion in recalling their last most unpleasant, and disastrous interview, the shrewd was making up some plans for future and present behaviour.

"I am so happy to see you Ryder," she said; "it is very since I had that pleasure, and you are grown so tall, so impudent that I could scarcely believe it you at all when the servant announced you."

"You are not as much altered then, as I could have expected," replied Tom, who was more bluntly polite. "I don't think you have gray hair more than you had seven years ago!"

"You flatter me," said Mrs. Pilmer with a secret sneer.

"Upon my soul I don't; it's a I never do, that; I never flatter one, and I hate to be flattered in too."

"Ha! ha! You are very amiable really; but surely you do not rudeness?"

"It's better than humbug, decide. Don't you think so, Lizette?"

Lizette smiled—she could not it.

"I think sincerity preferable to flattery; but I also think I should be polite on all occasions."

Tom looked at her, as she spoke with a penetrating expression of eye, and then burst out laughing.

"Politeness, in my opinion, is

rally compounded of lies ; and if I do intend to fib now and then, I'll know for what ; there's no use sinning for trifles. If I was honest, upon my honour, I'd starve—that is, if I was dependent on the business—though happily I am not. The governor sees that I have a pretty smart allowance, so that I needn't do more than I like in the fibbing line."

"Really you make me laugh," simpered Mrs. Pilmer.

"Oh, laugh away, ma'am," said Tom, who detested Mrs. Pilmer and her airs, which had accumulated in a most aggravating manner since her residence in London. "I like to see people enjoying themselves, I'm never offended at people laughing at me."

"But I am only laughing at your droll way of talking. How are your mother and sisters?"

"Hang me if I know ; they don't write often, and when they do favour me with an epistle, there is never anything in it worth twopence. I'd as soon never hear from home. Do you know, Lizette, I never heard you were in London till my father accidentally mentioned it in his last letter, containing a remittance."

How Lizette wished he could have remained in ignorance of her being in London!

"So Crosbie's come home?" he said, after a very little pause.

"Yes ; my nephew has arrived on leave from Gibraltar," replied Mrs. Pilmer, graciously.

"A nice young fellow he always was," resumed Tom ; "is he as good-looking as ever?"

"Just the same, almost, as he was in boyhood," replied Lizette earnestly.

"And the army hasn't spoiled him? Officers get so confoundedly conceited and upsetting."

"Mr. Crosbie is not at all conceited," said Lizette.

"So much the better. Do you stay long here?"

Lizette coloured and felt embarrassed.

"Oh, she is to remain for some time here," replied Mrs. Pilmer.

"You know she and my daughter were great companions in childhood, and Miss Pilmer does not easily forget her friends."

"What a little piece of tyranny and pride Bessie was in old times!"

exclaimed Tom. "Is she still as overbearing as she used to be? Had she been a boy, I think she and I would have quarrelled desperately. I never could bear her. Ha! ha!"

"You did not understand her," said Lizette.

"Oh, faith I did, though! She made no mystery of her contempt and dislike of myself. It was she began the ill-feeling, decidedly. However, I never fretted about it, I assure you."

"That was fortunate," said Mrs. Pilmer. "Will you stay and dine with us to-day?"

"Eh?" said Tom, looking surprised, and thinking he had not heard aright.

"You will stay and join our circle at dinner this evening!"

"Thank you, I will be very happy," replied Tom, glad to have received the invitation on Lizette's account, and to be near her, but for no other reason, as he rather hated the Pilmers. Tom had a great deal of pride of a certain kind, and much independence of spirit. His father was rich, and he himself had prospects of being far richer, so he was by no means awed by the grandeur and elegance of Markham House.

Dillon Crosbie and he met very cordially that evening ; they had many reminiscences of old times to recall to each other's mind, and they laughed over sundry schoolboy pranks, carried on at "old Benson's," with much interest. Bessie was not displeased to see an old friend, or rather enemy ; she shook hands heartily with Tom, and was very gracious, though she thought him, in her heart, a fearful savage, and wondered what on earth had put it into his head all at once to pay a visit at Markham ; for Bessie, in some respects, was very much less sharp-witted than her mother, and it never entered her head to think of connecting the visit of the large, rough, unrefined-looking young man with the presence at Markham House of her fair, spiritual-looking little friend, Lizette Stutzer. Sir James regarded Tom with curious eyes ; but it did not in the least concern him what sort of people dined or were intimate at Mr. Pilmer's house. He was quite indifferent on the subject. No description of company to be met at Markham could

at any time have altered his feelings or intentions towards the young lady to whom he was affianced. His intentions!

"He is the son of our Yaxley physician—our medical man, formerly"—said Mrs. Pilmer in explanation of her attention to the strange young man, as she addressed the Baronet; "and I always feel it my duty to patronize these sort of people. His family are most respectable—very much so, indeed—but unless you wish it I will not introduce him to you."

"Oh just do as you please," the Baronet replied, receiving Mrs. Pilmer's information with an inane, careless expression of countenance, which betrayed no interest whatever in the matter. The lady, however, did *not* introduce Tom to Sir James, an omission that young Ryder never remarked, so it gave him no concern whatever. He had not the slightest wish to make the acquaintance of any titled person except in the course of business; and he surveyed the

present Baronet with cool eyes, thinking, probably, that he was himself far the finer-looking man of the two, and possessing a very hearty contempt for affectation and conceited airs.

"We will be glad to see you, Mr. Ryder, whenever you call here, which I hope may be often," said Mrs. Pilmer, as she bade Tom good-night; "and you will always be welcome at our dinner-table."

Bessie stared wonderingly at her mother.

"Thank you very much," replied Tom, really obliged, for once in his life, to "Old Mother Pilmer;" and he wrung her hand most warmly. Lizette received an unmistakable pressure of the hand in parting that night.

"I dare say," thought Tom, as he walked home, with the stars shining down upon him and all the great city round him, "I dare say Lizette has confided to Bessie Pilmer our little love affair, and that makes Mrs. Pilmer invite me to the house. Sly little fairy, after all!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LETTER FROM YAXLEY.

THE post had just arrived; Mrs. Pilmer was reading a letter received from Mrs. Ryder, at Yaxley.

"MY DEAR MRS. PILMER.—Many thanks for your kind attention to my dear Tom, who writes of you all with gratitude and admiration. I have often reproached myself for not writing to make inquiries about you and dear Bessie whom we all miss so greatly at Yaxley: and now I am glad to take the opportunity of doing so, and of thanking you for your hospitality to Tom. The Doctor is always talking of you and Mr. Pilmer; and our dear Mrs. Meiklam, though dead in the flesh, still lives in our memories as vividly as ever. Sad, indeed, was her end! How cruel that anyone should have annoyed her in her old age; hurrying her to the tomb! My dear friend, it is a sad world; you know, of course, to what I allude. I suppose Miss Stutzer has left you long ago; I wish her well, in spite of her ingratitude and shameful conduct to Mrs. Meiklam; her light behaviour

at Meiklam's Rest, in connexion with a young man, whom, for many reasons, I must not name, made me greatly fear she would find it difficult to get on in life as a respectable, serious-minded young woman. How thankful we should feel, my dear Mrs. Pilmer, that our own dear girls are all that we could wish! Poor Miss Stutzer! I pity, while I condemn her: she was young, of course; but that cannot excuse her flirting about at all hours, in direct contradiction to Mrs. Meiklam's orders. I hope she will get steady, or else the consequences may be very grave. Give my love to dear Bessie, and say I long to hear from her, and believe me

"Your very sincere friend,
"EMILY RYDER."

Mrs. Ryder piqued herself much upon her powers of letter-writing, and, in great dread of her son Tom being thrown in the way of his dangerous little sweetheart, she wrote to Mrs. Pilmer that epistle, hoping Lizette Stutzer might be sent away from

Markham, and placed in safety elsewhere. Mrs. Ryder was not cruel; she only regarded herself as prudent; and, dear reader, bad as she may look here on paper, she was only very much like thousands and thousands of beings in the great round world, who pass for kind-hearted, very nice women among their acquaintances. She was acting under great temptation; she wanted to save her son from what she thought a ruinous, ignoble connexion, and so she wrote *what she did not believe*. Oh, the vast number of lies told, and acted, and insinuated, in the everyday walk of many lives! We punish our little ones for glaring falsehoods; we slap Master Johnny if he breaks the window and denies the deed; we put little Polly in the corner, with her face to the wall, when she eats the jam and says she did not do so. Ah, if there was some one to chastise us, grown-up folk, when we told untruths!—some one to keep us in check before we entered, sooner or later, the Court of the Eternal Judge, and stood quivering for what had been done that was unprincipled, and for what had been said that was false!

Mrs. Pilmer doubted the truth of Mrs. Ryder's assertions against Miss Stutzer. Whatever the young girl may have done that was objectionable in her short life, she did not think lightness of behaviour was at all likely to be among her faults. A flirt never confines her flirtation to one individual; she must always seize upon the man at present within reach. Therefore Lizette's conduct towards young Crosbie and Sir James Bend, and many other men at Markham, pointed out to the keen Mrs. Pilmer that she must have been misunderstood or belied at Yaxley. She did not accuse Mrs. Ryder of falsehood; she was sure she had reasons for what she had written to her, but Mrs. Pilmer knew she had received a letter from Mrs. Meiklam three days before her death, in which she wrote thus of Lizette:—"My dear Lizette continues as dutiful, as affectionate, as ever; do not imagine that I am prejudiced or imaginative when I say that I believe most sincerely she is one of the purest-minded creatures on the earth." Yet Mrs. Pilmer was not ready to write back to Mrs. Ryder, and quote these words in vindication of the slandered and forlorn girl; she had never even

told of them to her husband or Bessie. Without telling palpable falsehoods of everyone might be misled; she did not say what others said without revenging her own ideas on the subject in Miss Stutzer's conduct. Oh, Mrs. Pilmer and Mrs. Ryder! did you really believe there was a God, though you went to church every Sunday, and read aloud the responses of the liturgy, and even knelt at the altar to receive the sacrament?

Mrs. Pilmer debated a good deal in her own mind whether she would forward Tom Ryder's courtship of Miss Stutzer in defiance of his mother's expressed bad opinion of her, and so get rid of the girl altogether, or turn the orphan out of doors on the spot, as a person unworthy of further countenance. Either course might answer her own views, and as to the Ryders, she would not care to have her acquaintance with them terminated at any time, or in any way. We care very little, generally speaking, for the opinions of those who are beneath us in wealth or rank; yet some revenge might be gratified by sending Miss Stutzer adrift—revenge for long years of uneasiness, envy, and hatred, experienced on her account.

"Read that letter," she said, flinging Mrs. Ryder's epistle over to Bessie, some hours after its arrival. "I think you will be rather surprised at its contents."

Bessie read it wonderingly, flushing up, and then growing pale.

"Oh, what a dreadful woman!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Even if such reports were spread by ignorance and malice, she never should have repeated them to us. I did not believe Mrs. Ryder could have been guilty of such unkindness."

"You allow your enthusiasm to run away with your good sense, Bessie," observed Mrs. Pilmer. "How can you or I possibly know how Miss Stutzer conducted herself as a grown-up girl at Yaxley? I have known hundreds of instances of good little children growing up into very bad, unsteady women."

"And, surely, mamma, you do not think that poor Lizette is unsteady?" said Bessie, with trembling earnestness. "And she, who thinks so well of mankind, to be thus slandered! Oh, it is cruel! Let us put this letter into the fire."

at a stay, Bessie," remonstrated Mrs. Pilmer, eagerly possessing herself of Tom's Ryder's unhappy epistle; "you must let me answer it. I wish you were not so hasty and obstinate in your opinions. I must have my own way about that girl. I will not have any one in my house that has been so talked of. I thought young Ryder admired and liked her, and I would have promoted her interests in every way; but certainly not now. I give her up from this day."

"Mamma," said Bessie, her eyes shining with great tears, "you know I will soon leave you, never to be again in my childhood home as I have been for so many years, and you cannot deny me this request. You will not seek to part with Lizette till she is provided for? Tom Ryder will propose for her most certainly, and he will make her happy I am sure. Do not try to separate them; it is a last request of mine, dear mamma, and you know you have rarely ever denied me anything."

Mrs. Pilmer had tears in her own eyes too. She drew her child to her bosom—that dearly loved child—precious above all treasures, and mother and daughter wept sorrowfully—more sorrowfully, perhaps, than either would have dared to acknowledge to the other, or even to herself. But, Mrs. Pilmer was still determined to have her own way. She would not annoy Bessie at present any further about the matter; her marriage would soon take place, and things might rest in a quiescent state till then. As soon as she was gone away, Lizette might go too.

Miss Pilmer thought it would be well if Ryder married Lizette—well to have her settled in the world, with some one to protect her. His mother might hate the match, of course, but mothers always objected to their sons' chosen wives; it was only a matter of natural everyday occurrence. Poor Lizette did not know that eyes were upon her, and speculations entered into respecting her future destiny, as Tom Ryder talked to her in evenings; neither had she an idea that he was seriously thinking of asking her to be his wife. She only knew his attentions were marked enough to be annoying; yet she was too gentle to repel him by any incivility. She thought it would be best to allow him

to talk to her without betraying perplexity or dislike, and she hoped he might soon leave London; but hope was vain. London was now to be his home, for he had left his parent roof at Yaxley to live in the great metropolis, and practise in vocation there.

One evening, as he was sitting in the drawing-room, talking to her in tones, while she was patiently doing some fancy-work at a little table, Bessie, who happened to be at a tant part of the room with Dinah Crosbie, touched the arm of the lady as she directed his attention to the very devoted manner of Mr. Ryder. Quickly enough Dillon's eye gave a look at the little work-table, for a second or two it lingered there. An entirely new idea had been suggested to him by Bessie's observation, and as his glance fell upon Tom, he could not help suddenly thinking of the thrashing he had given him eleven years ago at Benson's school. It was a curious association of ideas, the connexion of a courtship with a long-agoing match; yet, in some strange way, it possessed Dillon's mind for a moment; then he looked upon the ground thoughtfully for a long while.

"What do you think of it?" asked Bessie, who was a good deal amused herself.

"I really cannot say."

"Does not our little friend seem contented and happy at her work-table with that pretty pensive expression of face? How very sweet looks."

Again Dillon's eyes sought the little work-table, and he observed that Stutzer certainly did look extremely composed, sorting her worsteds, occasionally raising her soft eyes to answer some observation of her admirer.

"She evidently likes him," Bessie, who felt quite satisfied and pleased, "for I am convinced would not encourage him if she did not; she is the last person who would. Her ideas agree with her own respecting marriages de convenience. She certainly is a sensible girl, and I sincerely hope that Tom will make her a good husband. I am sure poor little Lizette would never know how to manage a man. She would just let him do his own way, and be a most u

sisting slave, if he were a perfect Blue Beard."

Dillon made no answer to all this. Was he thinking of how well off Miss Stutzer would be if she married Tom Ryder, whom report said was in a fair way of having soon a thousand a-year? Was he thinking how fortunate she was to have captivated him, and more than all, how fortunate he was in having captivated her?

When he went up to see his uncle that night, he did a great deal of mischief. He let a wine-glass slip out of his hand, and broke the laudanum bottle; he poured out hartshorn instead of the usual cough draught, never finding out the mistake till his uncle refused to drink it, asking him what on earth he was about and if he had lost his eyesight?

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DIMMING NIGHT.

THE August twilight was deepening in the sick-room; the house was very quiet.

"Are you here, Dillon?" asked Mr. Pilmer, awaking from a short sleep.

"Yes," replied Dillon, coming into view of his uncle.

"Where are all the rest?"

"They have not returned from driving out yet; they will soon be at home."

A sigh and a little pause, broken at length.

"Dillon, are you satisfied at the way you have been treated for twenty years under my care?"

"Yes, uncle, perfectly satisfied. You have been most kind."

"Oh, I fear not. I fear there have been omissions—neglect—much to complain of. When I meet your mother, my dear Agnes, what shall I say to her of my guardianship of her boy? I have just been dreaming of her. She stood before me clearly, and I shrank from her gaze when I thought that you had not received the same treatment that would have been given a son of my own. No, Dillon; do not say I was kind to you. I have been harsh, unfeeling—oh, very bad indeed. I shouldn't have sent you to Germany for so many years, and never allowed you to come home at vacation time. It was wrong, wrong, and I am sorry for it."

"Nay, my dear uncle, I consider that you have acted as a father to me in every respect; far better than many fathers would have acted; my gratitude to you is unbounded."

"Thank you, my dear boy; but my own conscience condemns me. Where is Bessie?"

"Still out, I think. She and Sir James were riding, I believe."

"And nothing will prevent that match—oh, nothing, I suppose? I wish, Dillon, I had never come to live in London; I wish we had never known Sir James Bend."

"My dear sir, Sir James is a very sensible man," said Dillon, fearing Mr. Pilmer was beginning to rave.

"Sensible, do you say? I believe not. Dillon, I have lived all my life, as it were, in a trance; I never could rouse myself up, and go energetically about anything. I was seldom firm in opposition to wrong or cruelty; I seemed to go through the world with my eyes shut; but I see pretty clearly now—now when I am going away for ever from those I have wronged and ill-treated. And so Bend is out riding with Bessie? Oh, God! I wish I had been firmer about that. The marriage settlements are drawn up already—you know I signed them a day or two ago; but something might happen yet to put it all off. How very dark it grows, Dillon? Are you there still? Give me your hand. I haven't made any will yet; but to-morrow, perhaps, that may be done. Whose step is that outside?"

"It is Miss Stutzer."

"Call her in."

The young girl entered at once. She and Dillon had met very often of late in the sick-room, where she was called upon to read and give her assistance, for Mr. Pilmer had grown fond of her, and he meant to leave her the five hundred pounds suggested to him by Doctor Ryder; perhaps, he would make it over to her at once. To escape from the unwelcome attentions of Tom Ryder, Lisette was glad

to remain upstairs attending the invalid, while she was also gratified to find her serious reading and conversations listened to calmly and hopefully. No one in the house knew so well as herself how to be useful in the sick room; no one knew how solemn the time was, so well as she did. She was familiar with the approach of the dread messenger since she was a little child; he had come suddenly; he had come stealthily; he had come in many forms and under many guises, before her eyes for the last ten years of her life. Young as she was she had already stood patiently beside many death-beds at Yaxley. Without fear, without loathing, she had closed many a peasant's eyes in the last long sleep; those delicate fingers had never shrunk from the duty. Although by nature timid, this young and tender girl had nerved herself to meet many an arduous task bravely, yet she had not courage to tell Bessie openly and candidly that her father would never more take his place in the family circle below stairs; never more leave the chamber where each coming dawn and twilight, each sunlit morn and darkening night, found him always weaker and weaker—failing in strength of mind as well as of body, yet gifted with occasional flashes of bright intellect, the last flashes before extinction. She dared not inform the unthinking daughter of the dread time coming, and her heart smote her for the cowardice. She felt that she was culpable.

"Good evening, Miss Stutzer," said Mr. Pilmer, as she drew near the bed; "you are there, I suppose, though it is so dark I cannot see you. Could the window-curtains not be drawn aside, Dillon?"

The curtains were drawn as desired; the faint evening light stole in, revealing everything distinctly in a subdued way, but Mr. Pilmer's eyes saw no clearer.

"I think of making my will to-morrow," he said, "and I hope everything will be arranged satisfactorily; you and your aunt, Dillon, will be my executors. Miss Stutzer, I will not forget you; and if I am spared longer than I expect I will make over five hundred pounds to you at once; I should have done it before; I have money enough; I think I'll make it eight hundred or a thousand; yes, I

ought to do it—my own daughter will have twenty times that much."

And Mr. Pilmer seemed as though speaking to himself, muttering his thoughts aloud. "Does Bessie intend to ride all night? It must be near nine o'clock. Oh, I wish Bessie was away in his own home; anywhere but in mine. Miss Stutzer, are you here? Well, I want to ask a favour of you; when Bessie marries—she marries that man, don't desert her; don't lose sight of them. Light the candles, Dillon; I cannot be in this pitch darkness."

Dillon and Lizette exchanged looks of anxiety. Some one was heard running up stairs.

"Hah, that is Bessie come back last; call her, Dillon, and light candles when I desire you," said the old man, starting, as he heard the step without.

Bessie did not wait to be summoned; she entered in her hat and habit, looking very lovely. Lizette trembled and turned pale from sympathy.

"My dear Bessie—my beloved child," said Mr. Pilmer, as his daughter bent over him, the plume of her hat almost touching his forehead. "I cannot see you, for they won't light the candles, and the hour near to perhaps midnight for what I know."

"Dear papa, it is only seven," said Bessie.

"Seven! Ah, you rogue, you joke! In August it does not grow quite dark at seven."

Rising slowly from her stooped posture, Bessie looked fixedly at Dillon and Lizette. Her eye bore an inquiring, scrutinizing expression, the latter shrunk from it.

"Will you light candles when I ask you?" called out Mr. Pilmer, impatiently.

Dillon rang the bell.

"What does he mean?" asked Bessie, sitting down as if weary or overpowered.

No one replied to her.

"Bring candles, and tell Mrs. Pilmer to come up," said Dillon to the servant, who now entered.

Light appeared; the room was filled with brightness.

"So you won't have candles? Did you order them, Dillon?" said Mr. Pilmer.

"Is he blind?" whispered Bessie, clasping Lizette's hand tightly.

Mrs. Pilmer ran up as soon as summoned. She was in a measure always prepared for the worst; the attending physician had informed her long before that her husband's illness might terminate fatally, but she was not quite sure of that; she never placed implicit faith in doctors' prophecies.

"You are all here now?" said the sick man, whose ears were still acute of hearing. "I cannot see you; I think I never will see you again. Bessie, my child, draw near to me; let me hold your hand. Is it too late to speak now—could you break off that

marriage?" he asked in a faint tone. "*Don't marry James Bend.*"

"He wanders," said Mrs. Pilmer, looking alarmed.

But he wandered no more that evening, nor uttered sound of mortal speech again; the head fell farther back, the dim eyes closed as if in sleep, and he slept the sleep of death.

"Oh, my God, why was I not prepared for this!" exclaimed Bessie, wildly, when the fearful truth became known to her, and then she fell senseless into Dillon Crosbie's arms.

NINEVEH.

We stood at evening on the Asian plain
And looked across the waste where Nineveh
Stood glorified amid her rivers once,
And pondered o'er the peoples of the land,
Long fallen amid the shadows of the past,
Long faded from the memory of Time.

Around us stretched the plain—a grassy disk,
Spotted with lowly hills and shapeless mounds,
That held entombed the dust of centuries.
Along the river side in dusky groups
The Arab tents were huddled, whence arose
The smoke of evening fires, and on the wind
Came the low neigh of horses feeding near;
But other sound was none. Ages had fled
Since aught save the wild cry of wandering horde,
Or eagle, type of victory in old time,
Startled the sullen solitude. At length,
Wearied with fancies born of the dim scene,
We laid us on the matted floor to sleep;
While swooned anear the tent the low night wind,
As though it murmured tongueless legends o'er,
Waiting but an interpreter to fill
The soul with wonders. Ere we sunk to rest
We gazed upon the setting orb, whose light
Shone slantly o'er the blackness of the place;
She only was unchanged of all that gave
Their glories to the plain; vanished were all
The golden-vaulted chambers of the kings,
The temples full of incense and of song,
The stirring incidents of ages, when
The shawled Assyrian, charioted and armed,
Dashed through the dust of battle—all was dust,
And spirit-like she only hovered near
Watching the world from her eternity.

Then, ere the soul was dipped in sleep, there rose
The wish to view the splendours of the past;
And looking on that sphere immutable—

"Oh, Moon," we said, "that gazest o'er the waste,
Shine through our dream and light the vanished years
Which thou hast looked upon along this land,
Since the dusk tribes wandering the desert o'er,
Reared their rude tents beneath the azure air
Lured by the freshness of the streams; and then
As years rolled on and temples rose with them,
To many a god, and many an armed tower
Looked o'er dominion widening more and more,
The wondering nations flocked from distant climes,
And through the east and deep into the south;
As from some golden gong at sunrise swung,
Sounded the name of Nineveh."

Awhile

Our spirit, lost to earth, floated along,
Enveloped in the folds of phantom clouds,
And sightless in the hollow life of night;
But soon the distance cleared as with a dawn,
And wonder light sudden before us glowed
The mighty orient capital. It stood
High in the sunset heavens, a gloried pile,
With massy walls and mighty gateway towers,
And broad courts open to the fiery sun,
Gardens and shrines and skyey pyramids.
Upon the marble terraces, that looked
High o'er the river floating to the west,
Lay many a group in festal attitude,
Lulled by the tonings breathed from harp and lute;
And every soul seemed steeped in luxury,
Effeminate as the gentle summer air
That breathed around the bowers where they reposed;
Warrior and minstrel, prince and potentate
In revel joined, forgetting state, and lapsed
In pleasure enervate, as though the clime
Infused with magic elements transformed
The soldier, once the terror of the van,
Into the smooth and ringleted Sybarite.
The trees drooped heavy with perfume, and anear
A fountain playing in the rising moon,
A dusk-faced lyrist shook from out the strings
Of a small lute a shower of melody.
Forward we passed amid the shadowing streets,
And saw the people tread the round of life
Mid sacred ceremonials, luxuries
That steeped the soul in sense—charioted trains
With conquest crowned and sacrificial pomp.
The hour seemed one of victory—from afar,
A vanquished host moved slow with downcast brows
And shoulders bent with many a treasure vase
Toward a great temple door that gleamed anear;
And followed crowds of cattle, dumbly driven,
And throngs of women, huddled in despair,
With garments torn and flying, hurrying on,
Meaning in many a tongue their piteous fate.
Around the king, upon his chariot throned,
Gathered his captains and his councillors—
The booted warrior and the sandalled priest,
And many a long emasculated train,
Cunning and cold; while troops, bearded and armed
With shield and spear and ponderous battle-axe,
In brassy glitter, followed the victor's wheels.

Still moving with the moving cavalcade,
Upon a templed height we stood, and viewed
The gloried space around. Across the land
A river floated, like a stream from the sun,
And branched afar its golden tributaries
By breadths of summer gardens and by bowers.
Along the marble quays that flanked its sides
Full many a fountain spouted, amid heaps
Of coloured fruits and bales of merchandise ;
While painted barges floated on its wave,
Heavy with riches from Arabian shores,
And islands in the sumptuous Indian seas.
Beneath us all the city seemed alive,
As with the impulse of one joy that spread
Like light around it, and the brazen trump
Stormed triumphing around its skyey towers,
As we approached a mighty temple porch,
Whose walls colossal crowned a height : it stood
Armed with twin effigies of power, huge forms,
Wide-winged and lion-headed, but which looked
Upon the crowd from man's immortal brow.
Before them bent the passing multitude ;—
Then entered, filling the vast halls that yawned
With chambers like the caverned western clouds.
Around the walls that soared to roofs of gold,
The mystic learning of the ancient time
Was graven, as with the gloomy hand of death,
Prophetic type, symbol inscrutable
And legend long traditioned, though the learned
From hours when man and angel trod the earth,
Lay in the silence of unspoken tongues ;
Far off the altar shone amid the priests,
While high above them in mid-air looked down
Dark idols with a star upon each brow.
Beneath an opening in the cedared roof,
Whence fell a burst of sunlight, the great King
Stood with unsheathed sword ; the altars flamed
With incense and the chants of victory rose
From white-robed trains of priests and choristers ;
Around them spread the trophies of the war,
And by the portals, scribes with reed and scroll
Sate numbering the slaves and spoils of fight.
Thus for a space in sacred sacrifice,
And ceremonial gorgeous passed the hours
Till night grew radiant with the summer stars ;
While o'er the city's tracts, by shrine and bower,
In scattered tent and pleasaunce chamber, pealed
One rich voluptuous song of revelry.

A KING FOR AN HOUR.

THE STORY OF THEODORE OF CORSICA.

PART THE FIRST.

THE last century was the century of adventurers. In the last half especially, when the days were growing disorderly, and nations hurrying on to the grand combustion, the ground seems to emit gases and lurid light, and many will-o'-the-wisp figures and spectres flit by. "Knights of Industry" have crowded the road at all times, with more or less freedom; but a hundred years ago a peculiar class of dramatic adventurer—theatrical in dress, and really interesting in the line he chose—came to the footlights, played with success for a time, was received with applause, and then of a sudden went down through a trap, and was, perhaps, killed by the fall—was at least never heard of again. They wore gold and silver, these men and women; they lived sumptuously, with kings and nobles, and there was a gloss of fascination over all they did. We know the kind of person when we think of *Law of Lauriston*, of *Cagliostro*, of *Oliva*, the heroine of the *Diamond Necklace*, of *Baron Trenck*, of *Paoli*, and of *THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA*.

These actors are not to be met with now—at a sacrifice of much picturesque effect for social history. The stage is not suitable for their performance. There was a slow communication between countries, and the clouds and mists of the distant and unknown, hung over remote lands. It was laborious and difficult to get from France into Germany, or from Germany into Italy. The highways bristled with adventure. A hero disappeared from a city, and became lost as it were, and was heard of perhaps two years later, in a dusky rumour, borne home in a stray ship, or in the wallet of some traveller fresh from the grand tour. There were splendid hunting grounds for the adroit, daring, and unscrupulous man, and the crowd could easily be dazzled. But we see it was what verged on the flashy or theatrical that was most likely to succeed—something gaudy

that presented itself in cloth of gold or silver; and the most melodramatic of the whole train of dazzling impostors that trooped across the stage in a sort of uninterrupted procession, was the *Baron Theodore*, who became *King of Corsica*. His is the most fascinating story of all.

II.

THE struggles of the picturesque little island in the Mediterranean had begun to attract a decent attention from the rest of Europe looking on. The particulars drifted home at uncertain intervals were meagre enough; and though "*James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck*," considered that a London newspaper of his day was one of the most marvellous achievements of the human race; the scraps of foreign news that reached England were of the baldest sort, and more like telegrams. The contest had been going on for four or five years, and at the *St. James's Coffee-house*, and other places of resort, it had become fashionable to talk with interest of the "*brave Corsicans*" and their desperate efforts to eject the Genoese. Soon ten thousand Germans appeared in the island, under *Baron Wachtendonck* and the *Prince of Wurtemberg*, whose presence, after a good deal of severe fighting, with issues surprisingly doubtful, considering the weakness of the insurgents and the good training of the German troops, scarcely appeared to mend matters. The island, meanwhile, was laid waste. Within a year more than thirty forts and towns had been given up to sack and ruin. The rich gardens and orchards had been rudely torn up. Both parties began to tire of the unsatisfactory issue of the struggle, and finally at the little city of *Corte*, a sort of convention of delegates from both sides assembled to discuss an arrangement—the thoughtful precaution being first taken of giving hostages.

Everything about this episode was

destined to be dramatic ; and even this meeting was theatrical enough in all its properties. The Germans were represented by the Princes of Wurtemberg, Culmbach, and Waldeck, the Count de Ligneville, and the Baron de Wachtendonck; the Genoese, by a Doria, a Rivarola, and others ; the Corsicans, by Giafferi, a priest, Raffaelli, Alexandrini, and some more.

The place where these deputies met was singularly striking in its bold and picturesque situation. The little city is in a sort of bowl ; and the sides of the bowl are mountains of a prodigious steepness. It is built partly in the plain and partly runs up the sides of these mountains—is at the edge, as it were, of a sort of meeting of the waters, and has always impressed travellers by the strange wildness of its situation, and its strong significance of natural strength.

From the side of one of the hills and at the back of the town, projected a sort of bold crag, upon which the citadel was built, and considered a miracle of inaccessible strength—to be approached by a little winding pathway, broad enough for two persons only.

The German commissioners, with a wise forecast, took up their abode in this fastness. The Genoese stopped with the Franciscan Fathers, whose convent was in the plain below, and where later Paoli, and Mr. Boswell, and every stranger of distinction, was entertained ; and the Corsicans, at the Podesta's house, in the city. The Bishop of Aleria also took part.

The first meeting took place on May the tenth. All the different parties made speeches, and those of Giafferi and the Corsicans are said to have been marked by singular wisdom. The second took place on the following day, and lasted until four o'clock in the evening, when all sat together at a splendid banquet, given by the Corsican Giafferi. Everything was happily arranged, or at least agreed to. It was settled that certain taxes should be abolished, that the natives should be eligible to office in their own country, and that the Corsican nobility should be treated with all proper consideration when they presented themselves at the capital of the republic.

But, as might reasonably be expected, this enforced accommodation

did not last very long—even though they presented the German negociator with "a sword, a star of diamonds, and a cane"—presents worth 500,000 crowns. A cane was the grand decorative testimonial of the day, and by-and-by another cane, of a yet stranger significance, was to make its entry on the scene.

Wachtendonck and his men, accordingly, embarked and left the island to the two parties, who very soon relapsed into the old sore state of feeling ; the governing party bitterly resenting the mortification they had suffered from inferiors whom they despised ; the governed jealously suspicious lest the new engagements should not be carried out.

Suddenly, however, news was spread through the island of a violent proceeding. On pretence that a Corsican marquis (Raffaelli) had made his escape with some papers which compromised certain parties, the faithless Genoese seized on the deputies, whose persons might have been presumed to be sacred after the analogy of ambassadors ; and having put three of the more guilty to death, sent the rest away to Bastia, from Bastia over to Genoa, and finally, on the 11th October, lodged them in the strong fort of Savona.

On this the islanders again assembled in force. They forwarded complaints to Vienna ; and Baron Wachtendonck, who with his Germans had so lately brought about an accommodation, was specially appealed to. It was felt, indeed, at that Court—then not too scrupulous—that a rude and rough outrage had been committed.

It was one of "the strong, big boys" of Europe ; and the little fry of republics and small states kept running to it to complain of one another. The Genoese grew alarmed, and sent to Vienna, to state *their* defence before the Emperor. There was much letter-writing and protocoling ; and suddenly, to the surprise of all, on the 22nd April, 1733, the gates of the Savona fortress were thrown open, and the Corsican deputies enlarged—an act of grace which caused great discussion, some saying that it was the direct act of the Emperor himself, others that it was owing to the skilful intercession of a *quasi* envoy of his, then at Florence. Whatever the true solution, it at once

introduces this truly dramatic figure on the scene, and shows this king of knights of industry, busy at his little schemes.

III.

LONG before, about the beginning of the century, a certain Antony, Baron de Neuhoft, of a good family in La Marck, had suffered terrible loss of caste by marrying a Vifea merchant's daughter. He was regarded so coldly, that he and his wife left the country, and came to France, where he made profit of an acquaintance with that strange, loose-speaking—even filthy—old Duchess-Dowager of Orleans, who, in her budget of odd letters, calls a spade a spade, with an energy no woman ever did before. She was German, so there was likely to have been an old acquaintance; nor was she likely to heed that "under-match," as it is called in one book. She got him a small government in Metz; and when he died, provided for his two children, Elizabeth and THEODORE STEPHEN.

We cannot discover in what year Theodore was born; nor does his son tell us. Horace Walpole says that he was born about 1696, and Theodore's son gives no date. But it seems he was about twelve years old when his father died, and the "old Duchess-Dowager" sent for the children to Paris. Theodore was made a page to the Regent, and the sister maid of honour to the coarse old lady herself. Excellent training-schools, both! Later on, the maid of honour was to marry an infamous Count de Trevoux.

It was told long after, in an inflated tone, how the Regent's page had always "manifested a passionate attachment to military glory;" how he applied himself with "great ardour" to history, and specially to Plutarch; and how the achievements of the most illustrious Greeks and Romans afforded him "the most lively pleasure." His son actually attributes his joining the Swedish service to some such romantic notion, and to a sort of passionate *fureur*, arising from hearing of the exploits of Charles the Twelfth. But this chivalry is not to be accepted. Through his life, Theodore did not

show signs of fighting qualities, or of relishing fighting for fighting's sake. Most likely the Regent's page, and the coarse old Dowager's protégé, fell into some little embarrassment, which made even that not over-rigorous society too unpleasant to hold him. His son, Count Frederick, tells us that, actuated by this ardour, he entered the service of the Swedish King, obtained some reputation in his armics, "and became perfect in the art of war, and on all occasions showed that indifference for life and death, which is ever the first principle of heroic actions." His son colours up his history in a very distinguished career. He attracted the attention of the Prime Minister for his skill in politics, and was sent on several very "delicate missions." He was despatched into Spain to arrange with Alberoni about restoring the Pretender to England; and the Cardinal, "who had great knowledge of mankind," soon found out his gifts, "conceived an attachment for him," and presented him to the King. He left, loaded with marks of honour, and carrying with him "the esteem of the whole Court."

He then went with Gortz to the Hague, to be nearer England, and carry out the Pretender's schemes, and on several occasions crossed over on secret missions to Gillenburg, then Swedish Minister at the English Court.

He met the Jacobite leaders on several occasions. But soon the whole affair blew up, the ambassador was arrested, as was also Gortz at Deventer by the States General; but Theodore luckily made his escape to Holland, and got shelter and sanctuary at the hotel of the Spanish Minister.

Gortz, however, was released, and with his useful emissary got back again to Sweden; but only to have his head cut off at the foot of the Stockholm gallows. A narrow escape for the "Baron Neuhoft," whose head also would have been dealt with in the same fashion had he not got away to Spain, where he became a colonel and married an Irish Jacobite lady of rank, called Lady Sarafield, and daughter of Lord Kilmallock, and who was besides lady of honour to the Queen, in which description there must be some confusion, for Lord

Kilmallock was Scotch, and Sarsfield belonged to the Lucan title.

This was about the year 1723 or 1724, and though the Baron naturally had great hopes from this alliance, still he was presently "constrained by misfortunes to abandon his lady," and fly to France. His son describes this desertion yet more candidly, for "finding that his hopes did not answer his expectation, *he forsook his wife.*" But Genoese reports added some colouring to this retreat, and it was given out that the lady was plain and had all manner of ambitious schemes in her head, being in high favour with the Queen. That while the Court was at the Escorial, the Baron suddenly disappeared, taking with him all his wife's jewels. He managed to reach Carthagena, and from thence got to France. All this, however, comes from the Genoese Police. In fact, the whole of these shifting honours and changes of country seem to point to no more than this, that in these days of plots he was found a useful and cunning hand, and had done service to the Jacobites, had been furnished with the cheap reward of a penniless Jacobite wife, and could not keep out of those tricks and devices with which these useful handy men are always stored, but which are sure to lead them into straits. Hence those sudden appearances as colonel in this and that service, and disappearances quite as sudden. Boswell, a great inquirer who got upon his track in Corsica, says merely that he "got some marks of regard" from Alberoni, and describes him as a sort of knight of adventure and suspicious Colonel, with a roving commission. What bears out this view, is that his next appearance, after deserting the Baroness Neuhoff, then with an infant about being born, was in Law's famous swindle. Thence "on the catastrophe that ensued" he sunk under the waters, but turned up at Florence, where he got "introduced to the Emperor." His son tells us he was made the "Minister Resident" there, an appointment not to be received by us as credible. Much more probable is it that he fell in with a Prince of Wurtemberg, who had "served" under Charles XII., and who was now at Leghorn, and there renewed a sort of acquaintance. The Prince was, no

doubt, glad in these days of intrigue, to have the services of this man of all work, who had graduated so handsomely in that department.

Another prince, too, of the same Royal blood, had served with the Germans in Corsica, and would, therefore, be open to intercession from his brother, who had known the adventurer, Theodore. However this may have been, the latter, passing from Genoa to Leghorn and back, and hearing of the excitement about the affair of the deputies, must have seen an opening by which he might profit. He got admission to these prisoners, talked with them, heard their grievances—of their oppression, and above all of the distracted state of the island. Being a specious man, his advice, and sympathy, and hints, made a great impression on them. And by-and-by when a mandate came from Vienna, ordering their release, the whole credit of this interposition was set down to him. No doubt he took the credit of it, though indeed so arbitrary an act as their seizure would naturally have attracted the Emperor's attention.

His son reports all the conversation between the deputies and his father, and how he suggested to them that the only plan for the island was a sort of unity and order, to secure which, they should become a republic, or a *kingdom*; on which they took the hint, and proposed that he, being "a man of birth," should take this office. The Baron, says his son, "as one may easily imagine, was agreeably surprised at so great an offer, *which he did not in the least expect.*" He declined at first; but pressed for an answer, said—"Gentlemen, the affair you mention is of the highest consequence. I can see nothing but dangers and obstacles." In a few days they pressed him again, "with more vehemence than ever," when he gave way, bidding them, however, communicate with their countrymen, and hold themselves in readiness for whatever might turn up.

This pleasant arrangement is to be suspected: for some of these patriot deputies (who were set free on the 22nd April, 1733) were at once purchased up by the Genoese Government. One was made Commandant of Savona, with a handsome salary;

another obtained a rich ecclesiastical benefice; and a third was provided for by the Grand Duke of Florence, in a very high office. The rest, however, got back to the island. But there can be no question that Theodore thought here was the situation for an adventurous game. Everything about him encouraged him. There was precedent and encouragement in the renegade Bonneval, who now as Osman Pacha was ruling Turkey. There was Rakoczy, another adventurer, fallen from being Prince of Transylvania, now planning and scheming in Roumania. About the little island itself, the greater powers round were watching each other jealously.

The three years that followed must have been spent in trying to get his plan "taken up" by some influential Court. He tried Rakoczy, Bonneval, and the Turkish Court, who are not unlikely to have looked favourably on his scheme. He is said even to have got money, and letters and instructions to the Bey of Tunis. The adventurer, who knew so well the fruits of adventure, would have encouraged this feasible scheme.

Meanwhile the islanders' affairs were growing more and more distracted. The Genoese were pouring in troops, and the struggle was carried on with successes pretty impartially divided. Sometimes there were compositions and articles of agreement drawn up, and all would seem likely to be arranged; then the tocsin would ring out suddenly—the wild Corsicans would be in arms again, and the senate at bright, glittering Genoa would hear of their forces having to surrender, of Bastia and Ajaccio being closely besieged, and of Corte being obliged to capitulate. It was, indeed, almost the fate of the harbour of Genoa; and the Genoese were sending over its waters shifting commanders, but with very little profit. Pallavicini, Grimaldi's, and names as succeeded each other; but in the end the Corsicans had got general—Astelli, Giafferi, and others—in assemblies, passed laws, fell out with each other, and carried on a successful guerilla war. It was not sur-

prising, therefore, when a mysterious letter reached them,* reminding them of their promise, and bidding them be ready, for at any moment strange assistance might be looked for. It was natural that in their straits the wild, native warriors should anxiously expect such aid, magnify it because of its distance, and every day scan the blue horizon round the island for the expected deliverer. And this continued until the month of March, 1736.

IV.

"CHARMINGLY situated in the Mediterranean, from whence continual breezes fan and cool it," as Mr. Boswell found it, Corsica deserves the name of a most agreeable island. The rich molten cobalt of that seaglistens in the sun all round it. From Leghorn light feluccas glide over in a day, to fetch wine from Corte; and the sailors are heard singing the Ave Maria, as they come into port when the sun sets, accompanied on the citra. But on this main, too, are swooping the terrible Barbary corsairs, whose profitable ground it is.

Just opposite Civita Vecchia, on the Roman coast, lies a little creek formed by the mouth of the river Tavignano—where a huge, rich plain of some fifty or sixty miles in length stretches along the coast. Here were some old Roman ruins, and a modern town and citadel called Aleria; and from here, of this March morning, the men and women of the town saw a large vessel sailing slowly in, attended by two smaller craft. As the large vessel drew near she was made out to carry guns—ten a-side—and showed English colours. All three presently dropped anchor in the little bay.

The Corsican soldiers soon gathered on the shore, and watched these new arrivals with a curious interest. Presently boats put off and made for shore, and a very remarkable-looking person, evidently of distinction, landed, accompanied by a sort of retinue.

The remarkable-looking person was

* Boswell says it was directed to Count Rivarola, their Envoy in Tuscany, whom he himself had talked with, and "pumped" dry.

a stately figure, tall, and imposing, and dressed *à la Française*, as it was called. He wore a rich flowing scarlet robe, of a sort of clerical pattern, only it was trimmed with fur. He had a Spanish sword by his side, and carried in his hand a "crow-bill" cane. He had an enormous flowing periwig, which made his full face appear yet fuller, and on his head a great three-cornered cocked hat. With him came a general train of attendants, aides-de-camp, secretaries, chaplains, &c.; so that altogether the appearance of these semi Eastern strangers must have struck the simple Corsicans with awe and wonder. But soon the English ship, who was said to be commanded by Captain Dick, began to get its cargo ashore; and a more reliable testimony to the power of the stranger was given when boats were seen busily landing stores of all kinds and in ample abundance. Ten cannon, of which four were of large bore; 14,000 muskets; 3,000 pairs of shoes; provisions; uniforms; and above all, certain heavy chests said to contain thousands of golden Barbary sequins;—these were what Captain Dick's English sailors were seen setting on shore. No wonder that this looked like a true deliverer, and genuine earnest of deliverance. But what must have signally impressed the gaping multitude were the Moors—three slaves black as ebony—who attended on their master.

The chiefs crowded to welcome him. He was led away with great state to Campo Loro, at Cervione, the Bishop's palace. Who was he, the multitude wondered; but the chiefs kept up a sort of mystery. They were heard to address him as Excellency, and as Viceroy, but no one knew that it was the adventurer Theodore. Cannon were placed before the door of his palace; and he must have lain down that night with a strange and delightful feeling—the feeling of successful adventure, much akin to what another bold adventurer felt when he laid his head on the pillow in the Tuileries, after marching up from Cannes, and after being welcomed on the great stair—what, indeed, he owned long after to have been about the happiest night of his life.

v.

BUT he must have also dreamed—unless he had the true adventurer's *nonchalance*—of the troubles that were sure to be in wait for him. The chief of these were these rude Corsicans themselves, with their jealous leaders, and their quarrels and vendettas. The soldiers who stood on guard at his gate were not unpicturesque figures, in coarse black tunics, with scarlet waistcoats and breeches, and black bonnets and splatterdashes—fierce, truculent fellows, of whom might have been the one who frightened Mr. Boswell, by telling how he got the heads of two luckless Genoese "in line" and sent one musket-ball through both.

The islanders had all sorts of stories about the new-comer. Some had it that it was the renegade, Bonneval, himself, from Turkey, and the black slaves made this look probable; some that it was the Duke of Ripperda; some that it was the Chevalier St. George, the Pretender's son. But gradually it was allowed to go forth that this was the Baron Neuhoft, Knight of the Teutonic order, a being of enormous secret influence at every Court in Europe, the man, as the Deputies now gave out, to whom they owed their liberation from the Genoese, and who was now come to restore the island.

His state supported these pretensions. He had brought with him a suite of fifteen persons—a colonel, a secretary, a chaplain, a major-domo, a maitre d'hotel, a cook, and four servants. He impressed the people by extraordinary marks of state. He went pompously to church, attended by guards. He was served off silver. But almost at once he turned his thoughts to serious business. He formed the straggling cohorts into twenty-four companies of soldiers, appointed regular captains, and made four of the chiefs colonels, with a salary of 400 livres. Every soldier received a pair of shoes and a musket, and a gold sequin. He even graciously knighted an inhabitant of the little town of Aleria, named Matra, and appointed a treasurer, named Paoli.

So delighted were they with these tokens of power, that they were for proclaiming him king on the spot.

But he with a judicious moderation very wisely checked their ardour, and was content with the simple title of "Vice-Governor," for the present. With this authority he determined, as his first step, to check what was the great evil of the island, their dreadful internal brawls and savage enmities; and having summoned all the clans together, he made them swear friendship and reconciliation, and when a short time after, two broke out into an old quarrel, he struck terror into the rest, by having them hung at once. This was said to have produced the best effect. And one effect, strange to say, which it produced was enthusiastic instance on the people's part that he should at once assume royal honors. So, like Richard in the play, he allowed the crown to be forced on him. And another delightful day, afterwards sweet to think on, came round.

Accordingly, on the 15th of April, a sort of *quasi* Roman assembly of all the tribes was got together at Allesano, a little village about twenty miles away from Aleria, and on the other side of the Tavignano, and there the Seigneur Theodoro, Baron de Neuhoft, was solemnly elected King; but under rather strict conditions, which were drawn up regularly, sworn to, and signed. By this act the throne was secured to him, to his heirs, and in default of such, to the successor he should think fit to appoint. That there should be a Diet of twenty-four members, to control the expenditure and regulate the question of peace and war. That no taxes should be levied higher than three francs for each family, and that the King was to have a monopoly of salt; but should dispose of it at a certain low fixed price. It was provided also that a university should be established, and a royal order of knighthood. The latter, we may be sure, was suggested by the new candidate himself. He accepted all the terms, signed the treaty, and was crowned with a simple laurel crown. He received the oath of obedience from all the leading inhabitants, and amid loud shouts of delight, was carried tumultuously in the open country on the shoulders of his followers. As may be conceived, the news of these proceedings excited the liveliest curiosity and interest, not merely in

Genoa, but all over Europe. It had all the colour of a romance, and was very welcome to newspapers and gossips. We can see in the Marquis D'Argen's letter, how *intrigué* was every politician, and how all the men on the mainland looked on, as it were, at a play. But what every one was eager to see was, how the play was to go on. And, indeed, that was the problem.

The Genoese, only a day's sail away, were at first scared, then affected to treat the whole with contempt. But there was a serious danger, and they knew it—the danger that came from union and order. And it was said they suspected that he was merely the puppet; and that some of the greater powers were behind, not pulling the strings, but waiting until the puppet's performance had attracted sufficient popularity to allow of its stepping in and taking its place. Their suspicions settled on Austria or England, being directed to this latter power by reason of the English vessel.

The Genoese Senate and the Doge did not think it beneath them to issue a proclamation, which was indeed a sort of hue-and-cry, denouncing him as guilty of high treason, and giving a complete history of his movements. The Italian governments of those days were not very scrupulous as to the means they employed to destroy an enemy; but somehow there is an awkward air of truth about the story of his life set afloat. Wherever they found the materials, or by what detective agency they were procured, it is certain that on the 9th May, a solemn proclamation went forth from the palace at Genoa, in the name of the Doge, and signed by the Secretary of State, Giuseppe Maria.

In this document it was announced to the Corsicans that their new king was "a vagabond" and an impostor, affecting to know magic and cabalistics, and to have secret powers by these arts—very much according to Cagliostro's programme. They had discovered, by information obtained from the various countries in which he had lived, that he had been using false names and passports—that in London he had passed for a German, at Leghorn for an Englishman, at Genoa as a Swede. Sometimes his name had been Baron de Napoer,

sometimes Smihmer, Smitberg, or Nissen. When in Spain he had received money, through the interest of his wife, for the purpose of raising a German regiment, and had made away with the money. He had plundered people of all nations; and a Spanish gentlemen had just written over a terrible account of his chicaneries in that country.

But there can be no question of the little incidents in his Leghorn life, so lately as the year before, because they appeal to legal acts and documents. The whole, too, has a probable air, and is only a necessary incident in an adventurer's life. He had got indebted to the Leghorn banker Tabach for 515 pieces of eight. He was arrested at Cologne, put in the public goal, caught a dreadful malady there, and was released on getting—with true adventurer's ingenuity—a small householder to be his bail; then getting back to Leghorn, continued this fatal document, appealing to a notary's Act of the date of 6th September—before one Jean Baptiste Gumano, of that city—was consigned to the public hospital—the *Bagno*—like a common pauper.

He was then traced to Tunis, where he set up as a quack. But here, the Genoese admit that he contrived somehow to have secret interviews with the "chief of the Infidels," and had brought him over to give those supplies of arms and money. Then they pitilessly analyzed the "suite" which he brought over from Tunis, with a sort of accuracy which shows they must have had tolerably sure information. The "chaplain" became a sort of disreputable priest, called Portoferraio, whom the missionaries at Tunis had turned out of their body; the colonels and captains were two young Leghorn runaways, named Attiman and Bon-delli; and one of the three blacks was a certain *Mahomed*, who had been a galley slave at Tuscany. Thus were all King Theodore's theatricals—his gold-paper crowns, and glass jewels, and his hired supernumeraries, dressed up for the night, blown into the air. I say, again, the whole seems awkwardly probable, allowing even a wide margin for malicious magnifying.

Of course it was all "lies"—"les choses les plus horribles," says Theodore's friends, telling the story.

"Scandalous falsehoods," "personalities," says his son. But these assertions were scattered through the island "so boldly," that they actually gained credit with the people "among whom," says the son, "credulity and ignorance were predominant"—symptoms which Theodore remarking, he found it necessary to make some answer to the Genoese document, and accordingly, a broad-sheet was scattered everywhere, commencing pompously—

"THEODORE I.; first by the grace of the Holy Trinity, and secondly by the device of the true and glorious deliverers of the country, KING OF CORSICA." And he proceeds to refute each statement by a series of bitter *tu quoques*. Granting that he had brought three Blacks with him, "it was not with the design of plundering friends and enemies, as the Genoese of old had done." By this stroke he thought he had stayed the mischief; but it is said that confidence in him was a good deal shaken—rather it was the natural fickleness of a rude and excitable multitude.

Meanwhile, he had really made progress in the serious organization of the country. He carefully kept up the old state, and the semblance of a court. He was "The Baron de Neuhoft, Grandee of Spain, Lord D'Angleterre, Peer of France, Baron and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and King of Corsica." As the first and most appreciable exercise of royal prerogative, he began to coin money, both silver and copper. These were but rude performances, and of the class called by the French, "*Pièces de Nécessité*," and very clumsily struck. The silver pieces were very few in number; and such was the curiosity of the world looking on at every trick of this little pantomime, that all those pieces were greedily bought up at fabulous prices; and when the supply failed spurious ones were manufactured in numbers and found places in the cabinets of collectors. Mr. Boswell succeeded in picking up a copper five sous piece, with a crown and "T. R.," on one side, and "Pro bono publico, Re. Cor.," on the other. Another coin had a figure and inscription "*Monstra te esse matrem*," too. He even put together a small code of civil law, very simple, and suited

to their state. He himself used to administer justice personally, in the patriarchal manner, examining with great pains into the truth of the stories brought before him. He took particular care that criminal law should be administered fairly. He invited over trained officers to instruct his raw soldiers, he lightened the taxes. He actually got together a sort of army of nearly 15,000 men, and contrived to support it on the money he had brought with him. In short, every act of his in this little drama showed a sort of prudence and wisdom.

To make all complete he had his "great seal" of the kingdom, a crown surmounting a shield on which were a broken chain and a Black's head with two wild-looking figures carrying clubs for supporters, and the motto "IN TE DOMINISPERAVI." Patents of nobility granted lavishly, exhibited this token of high authority.

Giafferi and Paoli became thus counts and generalissimi, and were to be addressed as "Excellences;" D'Costa was Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals. Another, Doctor Cafferio, was Secretary of State. Arighi, his soldier, was Secretary of War; Fabione, Vice-President, &c. This little Yvetôt was complete at all points. Surrounded by five hundred mounted soldiers, with drawn sabres, His Majesty rode about in state.

It was not likely that the new king, who had passed through what the French call "*une vic orageuse*," would be specially noted for sanctity. Yet it would have been expected that he might have learnt discretion enough, not to speak so freely and openly against the religion of the country as he was said to do. These speeches, reported to the Corsican priests, soon caused a feeling against him. Another false step was proclaiming liberty of conscience, which was meant to draw, and did draw, to the island, a disorderly miscellany of Jews, Greeks, and even Moors, to whom he gave ground for churches and cities, and who forthwith set to work to build. He long after saw

his mistake, and told the people that their only chance of liberty was in the Spanish saying—"Consejo pelayo y Roma."

The people were, however, murmuring; and he even detected some conspiracies, and loud murmurs were heard through the island when it was said that he had summarily put to death three of the ringleaders.

However, he had now to take the field, and had actually laid siege to Bastia, sending a haughty summons to Rivarola, who was in command. The reply was a discharge of cannon, which compelled him to retreat precipitately. He then broke up his forces into divisions, and proceeded to besiege various small towns, with successful results. The capture of Bonza gave him the command of the navigation of the Gulf of St. Fiorenzo; then, flushed with success, he returned to Bastia, and, wasting the country about, began to blockade it. During these operations, he never forgot his stage business. He used to be seen on the top of hills, with a telescope, anxiously looking out towards the sea, as if for succour. Sometimes great official packets were brought over to him from the mainland, which he announced to be despatches from royal persons acknowledging his power, and promising aid.

Nor was the Republic idle. Troops were continually coming across. The admiral's galley was cruising in the waters, and they had set their ambassador in London at work, who had been so successful at the Court of St. James as to obtain a proclamation, published in the *London Gazette*, warning all British subjects against giving aid of any kind to "the rebellious Corsicans." And one of the odd rumours of the time which drifted over to the island was, that the English Captain Dick, who had brought over Theodore, had pistolled himself at Smyrna, from fear of being arrested and punished.

A very welcome piece of news, however, now reached the Genoese.

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PRESENT POSITION OF THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.*

THE State undertook a task of enormous difficulty when it assumed the office of national teacher in Ireland. To establish a successful system of primary instruction in a country where it was not appreciated by the people would have been a work of immense labour, had no greater obstacle existed than popular apathy. But religious and political issues were raised in this case which any thoughtful man might, even thirty years ago, have seen no perseverance would outlast or empirical treatment solve. A mechanism of compromises would work for a time, longer or shorter according to the craft with which it was adjusted to meet fresh discounts; but there would always hang over the system the danger of a

break-up, depriving it of distinct principles, paralyzing its operations, and denying it a character for solidity or permanence. Thus, to all but the partisans of the National Board, it has been apparent throughout its history that the institution continued to exist only by reason of the changes it was undergoing, in the nature of concessions to this section or to that, as agitation demanded. At an early period in the project now hasting to dissolution, principle was thrown to the winds. The object was to gain over new sects, parties, and cliques, by an assent to their terms, provided only the proselytes consented to "join the Board," and avow the fact, just as the Roman Pontiffs have permitted various peo-

* National Education, Ireland.—"Parliamentary return of the whole of the Revised Rules recently sanctioned by the Commissioners of National Education: of any Dissents from, or Protests against the adoption of all or any of the above Rules on the part of any of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, and given in by any of the Commissioners to the Board: and of all Memorials to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland against the recent Changes in the Rules and Regulations of the Commissioners of National Education, and the Replies of the Commissioners thereto."—Obtained on motion of Sir H. Cairns, 18th March, 1864.

"Copy of Correspondence between the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Chief Commissioner of National Education in Ireland, relative to the recent Alterations in the Rules of the Board."—Obtained on motion of Sir H. Cairns, 6th April, 1864.

Estimates for the Civil Services for the year ending 31st March, 1865. Public Education (Ireland). Estimate of the sum required by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland for year ending March, 1865, £316,770.

Report of Inspector Sheridan on Convent Schools. Published in return to an order of the House of Commons of 26th February, 1864.

"A Letter or Memorial to the Board of National Education from Baggot-street Convent School, Dublin, applying for payment for Training Teachers, and the Answer of the Board thereto."

ples to retain their old creeds, customs, and forms of faith, even when antagonistic, on their consenting nominally to acknowledge the Papal supremacy. One body and knot of persons after another, accordingly, was brought into an ostensible union with the National system; and the extraordinary measures adopted to ~~secure their alliance~~ betrayed the ~~consciousness of an inherent weakness~~. Under the circumstances, the new adherents could add no strength to the scheme, and the only effect of the pains taken to satisfy their exactions was to institute a rivalry, under which the advantages obtained by one religious denomination constituted a basis for aggressions by another. Every privilege accorded to one section was resented instantly by the representatives of jealous and opposing parties in the Commission; and in that game, naturally, the most powerful in numbers, the subtlest in organization, and the least scrupulous in means, came ever off victorious in the highest degree. So that, now, the whole undertaking seems about to fall to pieces, after all the possibilities of compromise and concession have been exhausted, because there is nothing more to be given, in the way of special favours, to buy the good-will of the dominant party, unless the management of the institution in all its branches, and for all its recipients, be simply handed over to Ultramontaniam.

Against the last "modification of the Rules," which all but effects this revolution, numerous and indignant protests have been made by those finally worsted in the competition just described; but all dispassionate observers perceive that there is in this ultimate result of the working of the National Board nothing that has not flowed directly from the original and essential faultiness of the plan. It has required a longer time to work the scheme out to the inevitable issue than its early opponents supposed, but their prophecies have proved to the letter true. We are called on now, in fact, to record their fulfilment—to officiate at the obsequies of a system that, in becoming ultramontane, has lost whatever title it possessed to the respect of the enlightened portion of the community.

It is idle for the apologists of this enormous failure to pretend that present circumstances do not furnish a complete justification of the course pursued by nine-tenths of the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland. The sincerity of their opposition to the National system has been tested by a quarter of a century of proscription and persecution, of pains, penalties, and perpetual calumny. The convictions must have been deep which survive a trial so fiery and protracted. They must have been intelligent, also; for had the position of the clergy been logically weak, it would have been surrendered long ago to the pressure of argument or the force of ridicule. In our political history there is no parallel for the tenacity of opinion here exhibited, accompanied by a readiness at all times to break a lance with the adversary which spoke the abiding and vigorous consciousness of an unsailable position. The leading minds among the Irish clergy and laity saw, not only that the scheme was wrong in principle which made the State, and the Protestant patron of a school, active and responsible agents in withdrawing the Scriptures from a people not unwilling to receive them, but also that the political effect of the System would be to foster the extreme and most dangerous form of foreign influence in our domestic affairs. During the controversy that has raged without intermission for so many years, the former, as the more palpable and more grave objection, has been well-nigh exclusively insisted upon; but it is worthy of remark that the first and keenest opponents of the National Board discovered afar off the political consequences now upon us, and warned the Ministers of their day that the eventual result would be to commit to a priesthood without native sympathies in the superior grades, a power that would be found more than inconvenient, and to blot out the liberties of the Roman Catholic laity, in addition, in favour of aspirations and intrigues paralleled only in the times immediately preceding the Revolution of 1688.

When some years ago a movement in favour of the National system suddenly arose among certain Churchmen in Ulster, and the late Lord

Primate, impressed too deeply with the difficulty of maintaining Scriptural schools in localities where the Protestant gentry were sparsely resident, stated it as his opinion that the clergyman who could not support his school would do better to accept the State's conditions than to close its doors, it was thought by superficial observers that the contest was at an end, and that the Established Church clergy were about to attach themselves to the Board in a body, as the Presbyterians and Methodists had done before. A number of the clergy of the diocese of Down did announce their adhesion, and several individuals of eminent position among Scriptural educationists, with a strange felicity in the choice of their time of conversion, followed their example. The Government, dazzled for a moment by the prospect of an imminent adoption of their principles by the Irish Church, rewarded those prudent proselytes with bishoprics and other substantial marks of favour. That movement did not fail, therefore, for lack of patronage. The encouragement supplied to it was so ostentatious, indeed, as hardly to be covert bribery. And still, the new advocacy of the System made little way. Articles appeared daily in praise of the liberal-minded converts, and in abuse of those who preferred principle to promotion. Pamphlets rained upon the public, the composition of persons of all classes, from ex-chancellors to expectant prelates. For some six months the Government zealots pressed their case with earnestness, and among other things contrived to foment dissension among the friends they had quitted and betrayed. Yet not more than thirty clergymen in all joined the Board during that crisis. This fact offered as strong a proof as it is possible to conceive, that the scheme had not, in its working, conciliated the most educated and independent portion of the Irish public.

Events soon proved that this section of the community had again judged wisely. Not long after, in perfect accordance with the principle of competition among the negotiating sects before adverted to, the Roman Catholic hierarchy, making concessions supposed to have been granted to the few Churchmen recently intro-

duced a ground of complaint, professed dissatisfaction with the constitution of the Commission. Their organs throughout the country, with the simultaneousness customary among them, so plainly indicating organization, clamoured this grievance in the ears of the timid and short-sighted official then in the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Cardwell in due course succumbed, probably under the special influence of the Resident Commissioner—the evil genius of the scheme—and the Board was enlarged to the number of twenty, *ten to be Roman Catholics*, and the other ten distributed among Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Unitarians. By this constitution the first-named obtained a continual ascendancy. In any Board where the number of Roman Catholic representatives and of Protestants are equal, the former will enjoy a practical majority, their Church's control over the personal action of her lay delegates never failing to secure zealous and constant service; but in this instance the Ultramontane hierarchy had not to trust to a majority of that nature, for the "modification" of Mr. Cardwell secured for them an absolute numerical preponderance upon every question of administration affecting their ecclesiastical interests. A glance at the list of Commissioners proved this. Abstracting from it the votes of those whose position and antecedents showed that they might be depended upon to take an independent course, there remained on the side of the Ultramontane episcopacy fully thirteen votes. At all events they could always count upon two in addition to their own men—"Chancellor Brady and Alexander MacDonnell." To indicate the character of Mr. Cardwell's "reform" in the constitution of the Board, it is enough to say, that of the eight persons added in 1861, six were Roman Catholics, all of the more pronounced character; one an official, in this instance, as it chanced, a lawyer of constitutional bias; and the other a young Presbyterian clergyman. That Board was not long in making itself felt. It had been selected, really, by the Roman Catholic episcopacy, for a special purpose, and in due course, this purpose began to be put in train for accom-

plishment. The first thing that strikes the observer is, that just before the new Commission was constituted, a Report of a remarkable character had been made by one of the Chief Inspectors, with regard to a certain class of schools in his districts situate in the province of Munster. In this Report, the writer, with an apology for being compelled to speak "unpalatable truths," and many accompanying statements of the respect he entertained for the morals and accomplishments of the ladies resident in the Convents, whose schools were multiplying in number over the *lay* schools of the country, still inveighed in very strong language against those Convent and Monastic schools, as being carried on with the design of "extinguishing" all education except such as they afforded—an education properly flavoured with the ceremonial, and propagative of the doctrines, secular and other, of the religious Orders. That striking document, which we shall in the sequel fully justify our description of by extract, also contained a promise by Mr. Sheridan, its author, that on account of the gravity of the subject, he would devote a sufficient portion of his time at an early date to an examination of those convent schools, with a view to a more elaborate report. That Report Mr. Sheridan never drew up; and although, in reply to a question by Sir Hugh Cairns, the Attorney-General for Ireland has stated in the House of Commons, that Mr. Sheridan was not forbidden to carry out his design, it is remarkable that his non-performance of an intention of the kind should correspond in time with a change in the composition of the Board, rendering it ultramontane, and, therefore, favourable to the convent project. Mr. Sheridan was, perhaps, shrewd enough to perceive that his new masters would be little pleased with a defence of the "*lay*" system in opposition to the monastic orders. The genius of the whole scheme had, in fact, altered within a few months, and what formerly was a line of objection calculated to satisfy the Government and not offend the Commissioners, it had become flat heresy so much as to name.

This preface will prepare the reader, not before familiar with the topic, to

understand the nature of the struggle now going forward, and the various documents already issued bearing upon it. For instance, we take up a Return to an Order of the House of Commons dated 11th February, 1864, for (1) copies of the whole of the *Revised Rules* recently sanctioned by the Commissioners of National Education; of any dissents from or protests against the adoption of all or any of the above Rules on the part of any of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, and given in by any of the Commissioners to the Board; and, lastly, of all memorials to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, against the *recent changes in the rules and regulations* of the Commissioners of National Education, and the replies of the Commissioners thereto. We now for the first time hear of *revised rules*, and *recent changes*; so that the ultramontane majority of the Board went very soon to work after being established in Tyrone House. The nature of those so called "revisions" will be best explained by quoting the memorials and protests of the supporters of the system who have been betrayed by them.

The history of the matter may be taken up at the moment when an influential deputation, headed by one of the latest and most enthusiastic converts to the Government scheme, the Bishop of Down, along with a number of Presbyterian clergymen, and influential laymen, wait on the Lord Lieutenant and place in his hand a statement which he immediately enclosed to the Commissioners for their observations, adding—

"I have received private letters to the same effect from persons entitled to much deference; but their views, as well as those stated by the deputation, during our interview, may be sufficiently gathered from the contents of the two documents enclosed.

"It will appear that the apprehensions thus widely excited, are mainly founded upon the 10th paragraph of the rules and regulations, printed in 1863, fifth part, under the head of paid monitors, page 17.

"It was also alleged that the addition of monasteries to the heading 'Schools connected with Convents,' (page 18) was an innovation.

"It is obvious, from the character of the persons who have made such representations, as well as of the representations themselves, that I must wish to be put fully in possession

sion of any observations which the Commissioners of National Education may think it right to supply on the subject."

The documents referred to by Lord Carlisle are, a memorial of the Ulster National Association, and of the Londonderry branch of it. The former contained the following resolutions, unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Society, held on the 7th of January, 1864, in Belfast :—

"The Committee of the Ulster National Education Association having been specially convened to consider what action they should take in consequence of certain alterations made by the National Board in the rules regarding the training of pupil-teachers and monitors, after very full and mature deliberation, unanimously resolved :—

"1st. That the Model Schools, as training schools for teachers, have been eminently successful, and have preserved and exhibited to the country more thorough examples of the working and advantages of the system of united education than any other department of the National School system has done.

"2nd. That to extend to any National Schools under private patronage the privileges of Model Schools, by constituting them training schools for teachers, is virtually to encourage establishments as rivals to those erected at the public expense, and so provide a class of teachers trained under the denominational system, thereby in so far subverting the great principle on which the National system is based.

"3rd. That the recognition, in any sense, of the necessity or the propriety of training teachers in National Schools under private patronage, involves the principle of separate training for children, is fatal to the plan of united education, will unquestionably be used as an argument by the opponents of the National system for its subversion, and ought therefore to be resisted by every legitimate means.

"4th. That, impressed with the grave character of the changes referred to, and seriously alarmed at the introduction of an element that seems to be fatal to the very existence of the principle of united education, the Committee resolve to submit these views to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and to the Right Honourable the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and most earnestly entreat Her Majesty's representatives not to sanction these intended changes, but to maintain intact the great principle on which the National System of Education for Ireland is based."

The Londonderry memorialists were, for their part, not less explicit :—

"That memorialists are informed that a change has been, or is about to be, made in their rules by the Commissioners of National Education, which, while wholly unnecessary and uncalled for as regards other schools, would, in memorialists' opinion, have in their effect upon Convent schools a direct tendency to make the Commissioners, to a great extent, the fosterers and encouragers of sectarian and denominational education, and would be in several respects detrimental to the well-being of the National system.

"That memorialists would remind your Excellency that the rules relating to Convent schools, as originally framed, limited the amount of salary awarded to such schools to a capitation allowance regulated by the average number of children in daily attendance; and, while permitting the members of the community themselves to discharge the office of teacher, expressly stated that the salaries of any assistants they might see fit to employ should be defrayed by the community.

"That for a considerable time past, in contravention of these rules, large sums have been allocated by the Board to the payment of monitors and other teachers in Convent Schools.

"That it is now proposed, not only formally to declare such schools to be entitled to the services of paid monitors, but to provide them when very large and efficiently conducted with pupil-teachers paid from the funds of the Board, thus placing them on the same level with those schools in which the National system is fully carried out, and making them in effect substitutes as preliminary places of training for the model schools founded and conducted by the Board.

"That memorialists cannot but deprecate in the strongest manner these farther concessions about to be made to Convent schools as being at once impolitic and unjust, and directly tending to imperil the existence of the National system.

"That memorialists have arrived at this conclusion for the following reasons, which they beg respectfully to submit to your Excellency."

The lines printed in italics show the general character of the change which the Twenty Commissioners call a "revision" of the Rules. But before going further, the importance of the subject must serve as our apology for extracting again from the Derry memorial the compact and forcible statement of reasons which the framers have appended to it. They protest against the alterations in question—

"Because. Conventual and Monastic.

Schools being practically exclusive and denominational, and consequently an obstacle to the extension of the National System, their farther increase is not desirable. It is, therefore, in memorialists' opinion, most unwise to offer them such advantages as tend directly to their increased establishment throughout the country, and thus to the extension, *by means of the National System itself*, of another system at variance with its principles and objects, a result which seems certain to arise from the grant to Convent Schools of capitation allowance, free stock, premiums for extras, paid monitors, industrial teachers, pupil-teachers, &c.

"Because where such schools are established, they are used, as your Excellency may by inquiry find, to *draw away the pupils from other schools in which the system of the Board is honestly conducted*, thus leading to the impoverishment or entire closing up of these latter schools.

"Because from the hostility exhibited by the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy towards the Training and Model Schools of the Board, and their openly expressed wish to get the training of Roman Catholic teachers into their own hands, there can be little doubt but that an attempt will be made to use the Conventual and Monastic Schools as Training Schools — an object which the grant of allowances for pupil teachers would greatly facilitate.

"Because the favour already shown to Convent Schools having excited the suspicion and jealousy of some to whom similar indulgence has been denied, any extension of exceptional privileges must increase such feelings, and will no doubt be successfully, and with some degree of justice, used as an argument against the National System by many of its opponents.

"In fine, memorialists object to the proposed alterations, because not only would they continue and greatly extend a system based upon principles inconsistent with those of the National System; but they are of a nature to support and strengthen schools which are openly and without disguise used for the overthrow of others founded by the National Board, and in which its rules and regulations are *bona fide* carried out."

The third of these paragraphs merits the close attention of the reader. He will learn from it, if he has the least previous knowledge on the matter, or has weighed our opening remarks, that the step of making the Convent and Monastic Schools *training-schools for teachers* is but a means to an end. The party in whose interest those changes are made first got the Board into its hands by obtaining a fixed majority; they then

proceeded to establish the system of paid monitors in Convent Schools; they next cut down, as we shall subsequently show, the sums spent on the Model Schools proper, to obtain larger funds for their policy; and it was only after a vast deal had been securely accomplished in this direction, that they placed a Rule upon their books justifying their conduct, as appears by an entry under date the 21st of November, 1863, which we take from the Parliamentary Return:—

"Extract from Minutes of the Proceedings of the Board of National Education in Ireland, at their Meeting on the 21st November, 1863.

"The Commissioners resume the consideration of the Rules and Regulations as re-arranged, and some further verbal alterations and omissions are made.

"Ordered—That the Rules, as now altered and arranged, be approved.

"Mr. Gibson and the Rev. John Hall protest against the insertion of the new Rule (Part IV., section 5, paragraph 10), viz.:—

"In the case of a few very large and highly efficient schools, the Commissioners are prepared to appoint young persons of great merit to act as first-class monitors, with a rate of salary somewhat higher than that of paid monitors of the above grades."

For "a few very large and highly efficient schools," the reader is to substitute the terms, which the Commissioners astutely avoid—namely, Convent and Monastic Schools. Indeed the grossest part of this unexampled transaction is their use of such phrases as "paid monitors," "superior monitors," and the studied omission of all reference to the conventual establishments, in order to disguise their real policy and doings from the public, whose servants they are. The Derry memorialists further pronounce those proceedings "fraught with danger to the existence of the system," and language of the same description has been since held by all the independent organs of opinion in Ireland formerly advocates of the system.

Let us look now at the protests registered against the exploits of this ultramontane majority of the Commissioners by a minority of their own number. It will appear conclusively from those documents that the public

have not taken up the matter under any misconception, or without accurate information. So far as is known the non-content Commissioners were, the Lord Bishop of Derry, Dr. P. S. Henry, the Rev. John Hall, and Mr. James Gibson. The latter two may have fought against the innovators round the green cloth when the subject was under debate. It cannot be said whether they did or not; they were content with a very brief and feeble intimation of dissent when the revolutionary project was completed. But our concern is not with the alleged failure of individuals to perform with courage and efficiency the duty intrusted to them by the religious body to which they belong. Dr. Henry, even, was more outspoken in his protest, though tardy—

"In accordance," he said, "with views formerly expressed by me respecting the inexpediency and great danger of the recent changes that have been made in the rules of the Board of Education, in regard to conventual schools, I have to request that my name shall be recorded on the minutes as indicative of my dissent from those changes. . . . In my humble judgment the recent changes of rule seriously interfere with one of the fundamental principles on which the system of National Education was founded. . . . After the experience of nearly a quarter of a century in administering the funds of the State in order to sustain a system of united education that has conferred inestimable blessings upon Ireland, I am constrained, by a sense of public duty, to express officially my opinion upon a question which I regard to be of imperial importance."

This declaration of opinion is unmistakable. If the younger Commissioners are all but silent objectors, those whose experience goes over nearly the whole period during which the system has been in existence, speak plainly enough. The most important protest, however, is that of the Lord Bishop of Derry. Dr. Higgin, an old and earnest supporter of the system, puts his pen to paper against it with manifest unwillingness. But there is no sign of hesitation in the able letter he wrote on the 6th of November, 1863, whilst the New Rule was not yet finally passed—a letter sustained by a second protest on the 4th of February, 1864.

Having considered with much attention" (says his lordship) "the Revised Rules and

Regulations which are proposed for the adoption of the Commissioners of National Education, I feel myself called upon to express my dissent from any alteration of the rules relative to the grants made to convent schools; and at the same time I take occasion to observe that I am of opinion that any revision or alteration of the Rules and Regulations of 1855 is inexpedient, inasmuch as such a procedure creates distrust in the public mind, and is at variance with that understanding of fixedness with which they were compiled and published.

"As it is now proposed to augment the allowances (to convents), by the introduction and payment of pupil teachers, it appears to me that such augmentation will countenance and promote to a serious extent the denominational system. It is a fact that many vested and non-vested schools have been closed by the operation of the rule as it now exists; and it cannot be doubted that, should the amount of aid already given be increased, this class of schools will be greatly augmented, the denominational system more extensively spread by the establishment of additional convent schools; and when they are so established, the adjacent female schools will be seriously interfered with, and in the end altogether absorbed.

"This further departure from the principles of the National system, in favour of schools belonging exclusively to one religious body, will afford a cause of well-grounded dissatisfaction to others to whom such privileges are refused, thus furnishing the opponents of the National system with an argument which they will not fail to employ to its disadvantage.

"Considering that the restrictive rule relative to convent schools is a fixed and fundamental rule, calculated to meet the just expectations of the Protestant and Roman Catholic mind, I am of opinion that its alteration will be a *breaking of faith with many who have placed their schools in connexion with the Board, under the conviction that the National system was clearly and unalterably settled*; and some of these persons may be constrained to withdraw from a connexion which has already brought them into collision with their private and political friends.

"I am of opinion that the granting of pupil teachers to convent schools would be an admission that these schools are *preliminary training-schools, as much so as Model Schools*, and is therefore to be regarded as the introduction of a new principle, or at least the changing of a fundamental rule.

"The model and training schools are under the direct cognizance and control of the Commissioners; and, being so, they are the proper places for the training and improvement of the pupil-teachers.

"I have only further to observe that when, at the request of Her Majesty's Go-

vernment in Ireland, I was induced to accept the office, and undertake the responsibilities of a Commissioner of National Education, I did so under the assurance that the organic rules and regulations of the Board might be considered definitively fixed."

Before inquiring what answer the Commissioners were able to give to these memorials and protests, when forwarded to them by the Lord Lieutenant for explanation, let us revert to Inspector Sheridan's Report of 1861, which possesses peculiar value as a document prepared at a time when the subject of the character and working of convent and monastic schools was not formally under consideration, and when the evil, if evil it was, of subsidizing and encouraging them was less in magnitude than now. Mr. Sheridan wrote without any very apparent or immediate object, what his observation and experience had taught him. As a Roman Catholic, and a zealous one, moreover, he was an impartial witness, and every word he says on the question goes to support the views expressed by the Bishop of Derry and the Ulster memorialists. For example, it is stated in the paper drawn up by the Derry Association, during the present year, that the effect of showing special favour to convent schools will be, to "draw away the pupils from other schools in which the system of the Board is honestly conducted." Let Mr. Sheridan be heard on this point, in the words of his Report:—

"While there is, undoubtedly, a large proportion of children that will attend the schools of religious communities in preference to any other, there is always, on the other hand, a not inconsiderable number of children who would readily attend *lay* schools, but cannot be induced to frequent those conducted by religious teachers. This is a fact which cannot be gainsaid. I have an intimate knowledge of its truth, and could readily adduce abundant proof of it. And let it be understood that I am not alluding to children of different denominations, but only to Catholic children. What is the result? When the *lay* schools are extinguished, a considerable portion of the children of the poor locality receive no education whatever.

"In the town of Killarney there are two convent schools and one monks' school for the education of the children of a population amounting to nearly 6,000 persons. No day school conducted by *lay* teachers would be tolerated there. Well, I have it on the

best authority that the number of children attending schools in Killarney is considerably less than that of those who never enter a school."

It is true that Inspector Sheridan pronounced no absolute condemnation of convent schools, but he pointed out as defects in their constitution and management, principles, motives, and practices, which the New Rules, far from modifying, will vastly intensify. For instance, he recommended that a *lay* superior teacher should be introduced into each convent school, under the direct control of the Commissioners (as we understand him), from whom the lady managers might acquire a proper system of teaching, and who would represent in this class of schools the spirit of the State system. That suggestion, it need hardly be said, has not been adopted: the later policy runs quite the other way. But hear Mr. Sheridan speak again on the "intolerance" of the convent-school propaganda:—

"It is a characteristic of these teachers that they are impatient of competition. A rival school, if it can possibly be extinguished, is not allowed to exist. In crowded cities this is, of course, impossible; but in Tralee, Killarney, Newcastle, Kinsale, Queenstown, Middleton, Skibbereen, Randon, Dingle, and a host of smaller towns, no female schools, except those connected with Convents, are to be found; none are permitted to be established. In some of them, indeed, such as Tralee, Killarney, Newcastle, and Dingle, in which there are Monks' schools as well as Nuns' schools, even the ordinary male National schools have been proscribed.

"Now, I am perfectly convinced that in pursuing this policy these worthy teachers are actuated by good motives. They have faith in themselves, as all earnest devoted teachers have, or ought to have; and believing conscientiously that their own schools are best adapted for the proper training of youth, they consider themselves justified in using all their influence to remove other schools out of the way. But to me such a policy appears most objectionable. It savours of intolerance. In fact—there is no use in mincing words—it is intolerance; and, like every other intolerant policy, the evils it gives rise to are more than sufficient to counterbalance the good it is expected to effect."

What reply have the Commissioners given to the several documents of 1864, before referred to, and to the equally remarkable Report of their

own officer? Their "Explanatory Paper," printed with the Parliamentary return, is an elaborate evasion of all the points at issue. The Resident Commissioner, of whose practised hand the essay bears evidence, goes into a history of the old convent schools of the Board, and of convent schools before the Board came into existence—does everything, in fact, but address himself to the questions he was required to answer.

Along with this poor piece of special pleading the Commissioners print their entire voluminous array of rules, by-laws, trifling regulations, lists of school requisites, and it is hard to say what not besides, in order to bury among these leaves the single New Rule they were asked to produce. If this "revised" rule were really so innocent a thing as the "explanatory paper" would have it supposed to be—merely a resolution declaratory of what was in operation for years before—why is there so much mystery made about it? After groping through a great amount of adroitly accumulated irrelevancies, we detect the Rule in question in this form:—

"The members of the community (Convent) may discharge the office of literary teachers, either by themselves, or with the aid of such other persons as they may see fit to employ; the salaries of such assistants to be defrayed by the community, *except in the case of Monitors.*

"The amount of salary awarded to Convent schools is regulated by the average number of children in daily attendance, according to a scale laid down by the Commissioners."

The "except" here is a slight addendum; who would imagine that it involves special expenditure in the support of convent establishments amounting to a sum not much short, if short at all, of £12,000 per annum? It will be borne in mind that not only are these monitors in, as the too cunning framer puts it again, "a few highly efficient schools," to be paid, but they are to have a "rate of salary *somewhat higher* than that of paid monitors of the above [or ordinary] grades." Language it is said was given to man to conceal his thoughts. These score of Commissioners, minus the quartett of protesters, seem to have attained by long practice an unexampled facility in so constructing an "explanatory

paper," or a "revised rule," as to give the least possible indication of the policy which it covers. The special talent of the resident scribe may be recommended to the compilers of Queen's speeches. But this last attempt at least has failed to deceive the public. The protests elicited by it have been referred to already. These have been endorsed at a number of public meetings and ecclesiastical conventions in Ulster, and have found utterance in the House of Commons from the lips of one no less careful with regard to his facts and the use made of them than Sir Hugh Cairns. Nor is it likely that those feelings will subside; at all events, confidence will never be restored in the Commission among any considerable body of the Protestant population until the offensive sectarian rules are simply rescinded.

Several prominent members of the Presbyterian Church have, it is true, given the Board to believe that if their denomination be but treated with a corresponding liberality, they will readily condone the offence of the convent schools grant; it would be discreditable, however, if a selfish sentiment of this nature were the highest rule of action known to the entire body, and it is fairer to take the public documents of the General Assembly as exponents of the course likely to be pursued. From one, entitled a "Statement of the Elementary Education Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland on the subject of Convent and Monks' Schools, and of the recent regulations of the Commissioners of National Education," the subjoined passage may be suitably extracted; the whole document, which is marked by ability and honesty, bears the signatures of John Edgar, D.D., and the Rev. L. E. Berkeley, as Chairman and convener of the Committee. The special importance of the memorandum arises from the fact that it takes the shape of a reply to that "explanatory paper" of the Commissioners, which we have just characterized as an evasive and unworthy production. The "Presbyterian Church," after a fuller consideration of the "first-class monitors" scheme, says:—

"The Assembly's Committee now solemnly renew the protest of the Church

against the exceptional legislation of the Commissioners. They consider that members of the religious orders of the Church of Rome ought not to be included as teachers under a system of united National Education, and especially when 'clergy-men' of all other denominations are expressly prohibited from acting in that capacity. Convent and Monks' Schools are essentially sectarian and denominational institutions. According to the letter of the Right Hon Mr. Stanley, dated October, 1831, announcing the determination of the Government to constitute the Board, 'even the suspicion of proselytism' was to be banished from its schools. That is not and cannot be the case in Convent and Monks' Schools, where denominational badges are continually worn, and where the whole character and aspect of the school is so peculiar. Their connexion with the Board is contrary to another of its rules, which affirms that 'no emblems or symbols of a denominational nature shall be exhibited in the schoolroom during the hours of united instruction, nor will the Commissioners in future grant aid to any school which exhibits on the exterior of the buildings any such emblems.'

This document, coming as it does after the Commissioners have had the advantage of putting the best face they could upon their case, possesses peculiar force; we therefore quote from it again:—

"It is proposed, for the first time, to institute a class of superior monitors, or pupil teachers, the overwhelming majority of whom will necessarily be given to schools taught by members of religious orders, to the great detriment of the Model Schools of the Board, in which the principles of the system are fairly carried out, and in which the practicability and value of united education are so well illustrated.

"The time when this is proposed to be done renders the proceedings peculiarly suspicious—a time when the hierarchy of the Church of Rome are forbidding the children of their people to attend Model Schools, and when they are demanding separate training for their teachers. The necessary consequence of the new regulation, if sanctioned by Parliament, will be that in a few years the great mass of the teachers connected with the National System in Ireland will be trained by members of religious orders, and trained in bitter hostility to that very system of united education in connexion with which they have been nurtured, and which they will go forth professing to administer. Sectarian rivalry and religious animosity will be inevitably increased, and the educational progress of the country greatly retarded.

"For such reasons the Committee resolve to reiterate the protest of this Church against the connexion of Convent Schools with the National System so long as their teachers are not required to submit in every respect to the regulations of ordinary schools, and to endeavour to prevent the Parliamentary sanction of the changes recently proposed by the Commissioners."

Before making any further observations on the inevitable effect of the changes now in progress, in introducing an entirely new system into the management of National education in Ireland, a reference to the Estimates for 1864-5 will show how skilfully the project of subsidizing the convents by means of salaries to their "religious" teachers is being worked out. It has been stated that the New Rules remain still unacted upon. An examination of those Estimates tells a different story. There is an increase proposed in the votes for 1864-5, over 1863-4, of £10,753 9s. 9d., the total grant being raised to £316,770. A closer inspection of the figures, however, shows that the Commissioners intend next year to lay out over £15,500 more than last year under the two heads—"Salaries of Teachers, &c.," and "The Inspection Department." The balance between £10,753 additional asked for, and the sum proposed to be expended, is obtained by cutting down a number of items, and most seriously the Model Schools, the book department, and the supply of school requisites. As the System is said to be extending, it would seem to outside observers that these are the very departments in which an increase was desirable. A little reflection, however, explains the anomaly. The Commissioners have reduced the necessity for their Model Schools—and there will be less necessity for them next year, if their plans succeed—by substituting Convent Schools for them. In other words, they have entered into a competition with themselves, and are effectually doing the work of the ultramontane hierarchy, by "extinguishing" their schools under State management, by a gradual but sure process, to replace them by a class of exclusive ecclesiastical schools, which, besides all their other objectionable peculiarities, have this in addition, that

their teachers will not submit to the authority of the Board, accept its methods of classification, or acknowledge the authority of the State in any practical form. It is to those teachers, under various designations, that the major part of the new grant is to go, which, added to what they enjoy already—and they have been gaining ground pecuniarily since 1861—will enlarge by a substantial sum the revenues of the conventual establishments of Ireland. It was repeatedly stated, and generally believed, some time since that the Pontiff, in his difficulties, had levied a serious contribution from the monks and nuns of this country, and it may be that, among other reasons, the managers of these establishments of “religious” have been impelled by a motive of economy to gather large crowds of children into their schools, to the prejudice—the ruin, in fact—of the lay schools in their neighbourhood, and to claim on their account new subsidies from the Commissioners.

This is a source of revenue which, besides being convenient, and possessing the virtue of elasticity, has also the special advantage of introducing the principle that the ultramontane episcopacy wish to see universally adopted. It is the thin end of the wedge, driven a good way, too, by one effective blow. It seems to them but a single step more to complete triumph—and what that triumph is to be, it behoves the public to consider. It was reiterated very significantly on a late occasion, that nearly four-fifths of the pupils in the National Schools of Ireland are Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholic body practically distribute at present, therefore, four-fifths of the grant, or probably close upon a quarter of a million sterling per annum, on an education in all respects such as they could reasonably desire. But their convent schools aggression shows that they are not satisfied with this. They aim, in fact, at obtaining four-fifths of an expanding grant, in the form of a sum of money handed over to them, to be disbursed by their Church upon a scheme entirely exclusive, having its secular books of the Church's preparation—its independence of intrusive inspection—and its teachers belonging to the

Orders, many of them really unpaid, and their nominal salaries going to the support of the convent or monastic establishment. Under a scheme thus wholly subordinated to ecclesiastical control, it must be manifest that the Roman Catholic portion of the public grant would become the solid resource of a potent and universal agency for proselytizing purposes, in addition to being an instrument of the ultramontane reaction in Ireland, which means a revival of superstition, agitation, and poverty.

It is plain, then, that by their “superior monitors” scheme—which they have had the hardihood to represent by the mouth of the Attorney-General in the House of Commons as a slight extension only of an existing and legitimate practice—the Commissioners have finally demolished any claim of their system to be considered a “mixed” one, and have introduced sectarianism in its most objectionable form. They were warned that this would be the ultimate result of the policy of weak compliances, so far back as the time when Archbishop Whately seceded. The Rev. Mr. Rutledge, in a masterly speech delivered at the last meeting of the Church Education Society, quoted the motto affixed by the late distinguished prelate to a pamphlet addressed to his clergy after he had resigned his place on the Board. This motto consisted of a passage from Thucydides, to which Dr. Whately gave a significant and forcible application. “For this small matter,” it ran, “contains the very thing that is to put your resolution to the test, and if you give way to these demands, a still heavier burden will presently be laid upon you.” Various burdens, each heavier than the preceding, have been laid upon the shoulders of the Commissioners since 1853, and now, at last, they have bent their backs to one which crushes them to the earth. Sir Robert Peel, speaking with all the responsibility of his position of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and certainly with no feeling but a friendly one for the system, has declared that the change they have made involves a sacrifice of “fundamental principles.”

At this crisis in the history of the National System, it is proper to inquire how far it has succeeded in

really educating the people. We see that in its political relations it is an enormous disappointment. We turn to the Census Report for 1861, on Education, for information as to its success or failure in what is its real task. There is much here that is very cheerless. The Census Commissioners say, with reference to elementary instruction, that the Society of Friends is that in which it is most general, there having been only 4.1 per cent. of its members, five years old and upwards, returned as unable to read or write. The Independents come next, with 6.8 per cent.; the Methodists third, with 9.0 per cent.; the Baptists fourth, with 9.2 per cent.; the Presbyterians fifth, with 11.1 per cent.; those tabulated under the head of "All other Persuasions," sixth, with 11.8 per cent.; the Jews seventh, with 11.9 per cent.; the members of the Established Church eighth, with 16.0 per cent.; and the Roman Catholics ninth, with 45.8 per cent. From these remarkable statements it appears that the Church population, though excluded for a generation from the advantages of a State grant, stand almost as well as the Presbyterians who have enjoyed and used it with skill and perseverance. The slight difference between the Presbyterian body and the Church population in this point is attributable to the different circumstances of the poorer classes of Protestants, in the north and in the south. But when we come to the figures relating to the Roman Catholic inhabitants we are really amazed. Nearly half the Roman Catholics in Ireland can neither read nor write after thirty years of a National Education supplied with ample funds. Is this creditable? Does it show that those who have managed the system deserve public gratitude? The more the painful fact is examined the less does it tell in their favour. Of the emigrants of the last ten or fifteen years, it is not too much to suppose that a great proportion were unlettered persons. They were in the prime of life, and had not enjoyed in their youth the advantage of the National school. Their removal ought to have reduced very greatly the relative number of the inhabitants unable to read and write. On the other hand, the National system has been in effective existence

during the process of instructing the generation now in early manhood, comparatively few of whom have emigrated. The Roman Catholic Church has given it the warmest support, and worked it out earnestly. Every parish has had its National school; and yet, after at least twenty years of an effort embracing all parts of the country, the result mentioned is the saddening record. In Leinster, 34.9 per cent. of the Roman Catholics can still neither read nor write; in Munster, 48.4; in Ulster, 44.4; and in Connaught, 59.4. The Commissioners say that "the difference in favour of the members of the Established Church and the Protestant community generally, between the per-centage of their ignorant and that of the ignorant amongst the Roman Catholics, may be accounted for to a great extent by the social position of the two bodies;" but surely, making every allowance for this consideration, it is depressing in the highest degree, that after so long and full a trial of the education experiment, there is nothing better to show than this. The phenomenon is calculated to awaken suspicions and excite serious inquiry. In Ulster, too, it must be remembered, where the Roman Catholic general population more nearly approach in their condition in life the Protestant people, the per-centage of totally ignorant is 44.4. It appears, moreover, that 19.1 per cent. of the Roman Catholics in Ireland could "read only" (one can well fancy how trifling a test of literary acquirements this was, as applied by the enumerators), and 35.1 per cent. could read and write. Startled by these figures, the Census Commissioners themselves say:—"Upon the whole, while regarding the ability to read and write, or to read only, ascribed to individuals in the Census Returns, as but an inadequate test of the diffusion of elementary instruction, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that the want of that power is a very sufficient indication of ignorance."

It would be obviously unsafe to institute any very close comparison between the educational statistics of 1834 and 1861, but it is, nevertheless, remarkable that in the former year there were not less than 9,657 schools in Ireland. In 1861 the number was 10,170—but a slight increase. In 1834 the Protestant pupils numbered

162,953; in 1861, 127,173. As the former figure must have been pretty accurately the total of the Protestant scholars in 1834, the remainder may be set down as having been Roman Catholics. There were, therefore, about 470,993 Roman Catholic pupils in 1834; in 1861 there were, according to the figures of the second school inquiry of that year, 339,645. The difference in the totals of the population for 1834 and 1861 is to be taken into account, however; the population in 1834 was 7,954,100 (probably much too high an estimate), and in 1861 it had sunk to 5,798,967—a difference of 2,155,133. Relatively to the population, there is rather more education in Ireland now than then. Still, it is a fact of no little significance that, despite the encouragement given to National education during the last thirty years, the absolute progress should be so trifling. The total number receiving instruction in 1834 was 633,946; in 1861 it was 436,873. The total number of pupils in attendance at the National Schools on the 17th of May, 1861, was 304,162; in Church Education and Parochial Schools, 43,842; in Christian Brothers' and Monks' Schools not under the National Board (many of which have, probably, been since introduced), 25,819; in schools under other societies (most of these ought in fairness to be ranked among Scriptural schools), 25,099; in private schools, 43,624. But in the National Schools the large number of 222,250 were in 1862 learning the first book, or little more than the alphabet: these formed nearly forty per cent. of the whole. The average daily attendance, moreover, was as low as 284,870. It is further remarkable that the province having the largest number of schools was Ulster, the disparity between the northern and the other provinces in that respect being thus shown:—National Schools in Connaught, 927; in Leinster, 1,388; in Munster, 1,462; in Ulster, 2,233. In connexion with this feature in the working of the system it should be mentioned that of the total moneys available for the teaching staff of National Schools—£265,506 in 1862—as much as 82.73 per cent. was derived from the State funds. From these particulars the general conclusion seems to arise, that the National

System is a failure in respect of the numbers it is educating, the degree of proficiency to which the education it supplies is carried, and the local efforts on behalf of popular instruction which it has evoked. It is also plain that the religious denomination least disposed to help themselves, and most disposed to rely upon the State in the matter of education in Ireland, is the Roman Catholic. The members of that creed contribute so miserable a sum to the salaries of their teachers, that, according to Mr. Thom's Almanac—whose information on this subject is stated with admirable brevity and lucidness—the Commissioners have intimated to the teachers of National Schools (of whom the greater number by far are Roman Catholics) that the local provision in aid of their salaries is wholly disproportionate to the sum contributed from the public grant, and that any addition to their remuneration must be sought from the parents of the pupils, or from the managers or other persons locally interested. This language, however, has not been held, we may remark, to the Convent Schools; and, perhaps, its use now, in the case of the ordinary school teachers in poor districts, is due to the necessity which the Board feel under to economize their general expenditure, that they may better sustain the schools of the religious Orders.

It is unquestionable that the National System has educated a generation, of whom a vast number have emigrated, and succeeded in life, in America and Australia, in consequence of the primary instruction received at home. A large portion of the emigration from Ireland is to be placed to its credit, as the natural result of the intelligence which it has diffused. Still, that it has failed to educate the Irish people in the truest sense is manifest, not only from the comparatively small number of children forming the average daily attendance in its schools, but from the fact that its own principles of professed toleration and liberality have not made sufficient way, after thirty years, to preserve it under ultramontane attacks. There is a much less liberal feeling, in fact, with regard to education now than in 1834. The Roman Catholic Church demands at

present to have all the female pupils pressed into Convent Schools, and as many of the male pupils as possible into the establishments of Monks. The hierarchy clamour for special secular works of instruction, so compiled as to teach Papal views of history, and especially of the inflammatory history of our own country. All their efforts are in the direction of the narrowest exclusiveness. They are suspicious, intolerant, aggressive. They carry that bigoted policy beyond the limits of the National System. Thirty years ago, for instance, there were in the city of Dublin admirable schools for the middle classes, some conducted by Roman Catholic gentlemen, others by Protestants, as private enterprises, in which Roman Catholic and Protestant pupils, the sons of professional men or well-to-do traders, mixed freely with each other, were taught in the same classes, from the same books, no religious controversies ever arising to mar harmony, or contract the minds of the scholars. Those mixed superior schools were not opposed by the Roman Catholic Bishops of that day. The idea does not appear to have occurred to the priesthood then, that there could be any danger to the faith or morals of the children of their flocks in learning English history from a book used by Protestants, or in a course of general study which simply avoided the ecclesiastical element. They did not dream of claiming to control the entire education of youth. But now, schools of that class have disappeared. Instead, there are superior schools where only Protestant children are taught, not because there is anything in the teaching to exclude others, but because the Roman Catholic children of the middle and higher classes are urged, by a direct and assiduous exercise of the ecclesiastical influence, into seminaries managed on principles of the strictest sectarianism—schools under the patronage of various Roman Catholic saints, where the ceremonial of the Roman Catholic religion is ostentatiously observed at certain hours of the day; where the pupils wear a distinctive dress, marking them out as belonging to a semi-ecclesiastical fraternity, and are taught from books different from those in general use among the chil-

dren of the other religious denominations in the kingdom, and certainly retrograde from them in point of educational value, as well as in the spirit by which they are pervaded.

The effect of these schools, which are yearly on the increase, is to do for superior education what the Convent Schools project in the National system is doing for primary education—namely, to hold the Roman Catholic people apart, to instruct them according to a special and narrow idea, to infuse into their minds an early reverence for spiritual authority, to separate them from all sympathy with their countrymen of other creeds, to prepare them for running in a particular groove in politics, and to render them loyal—to the Church. The growth of this principle is lamented by numbers of Roman Catholic laymen. We have seen that Mr. Sheridan himself caught the spirit of resistance to it, when he complained of the absence of a *lay* element in Convent Schools. But the hierarchy have forced it on with their usual ability, zeal, and success; and the laity have succumbed. It is a *separate system* of this worst description that the Commissioners of National Education have, in reality, by their New Rule, adopted and endowed. To speak figuratively, but with perfect clearness, they propose to subscribe a large and increasing annual sum towards the ultramontane project of building a wall up between the Roman Catholic and Protestant people—to keep them in perpetual isolation and antagonism—to obliterate all common sympathies and inflame every circumstance of embitterment, and tradition of conflict and of wrong.

To turn from these figures to the future. The question of what is to be done in the matter of National Education in Ireland is one of greater difficulty than ever. That the present system cannot last, is generally admitted. Its old friends shrink from it, and the Government itself, by the pen of Sir Robert Peel, have condemned it, as fundamentally changed. And yet the Roman Catholic Bishops are not satisfied with the successes they have achieved. They have at this moment all the advantage of what is called the *Separate System*; and in the circumstance that they are not content even with

this lies the principal difficulty to any re-arrangement. If a scheme of separate grants could be devised, which would secure for the Government and its inspectors—officials whom it could depend upon—a real, substantial control over the education of the youth of the country, the authority to prescribe the books used in the schools, and a power in the appointment and dismissal of the teachers (all surely very reasonable claims when the State pays 80 per cent. of the salaries of the latter), there would not be in that scheme such a difference from the present that the public need start back from the words, separate system, or denominational grants. Under that plan, the Irish Church and the Protestants of Ireland would, at all events, have pecuniary justice done to them. They would cease to be punished for their loyalty to the Constitution. They would no longer be asked to outrage their consciences by becoming active and responsible agents in an education which withdraws the Bible from the hands of very many who are willing to receive it. They would have funds to carry out improved methods of teaching in Church Education and other Scriptural schools; and if so much has been done, and done so well, with no other revenue than public benevolence, founded on attachment to principle, it is certain that with a fair share of the educational revenues furnished by the State, those schools would not be excelled by the best to be found in the sister country. It would be better, of course, if the Government could make the Bible the foundation of national teaching in a larger sense than this; but as that is impossible in the present state of things, it is a question whether the Irish Church is called upon to refuse a position which would be, so far, an approach to a desired end. But then comes the difficulty of the Roman Catholic episcopal claims, which extend much beyond a denominational grant, administered by the Government. As has been shown, they wish to supersede the admirable secular books now in use, for others compiled by themselves, the character of which need not be described. They would, furthermore, never submit to an effective lay inspection by independent officers. The

secret of the failure of the existing system, to the degree in which it has failed, is defective inspection of schools in rural and remote districts; and what would be the result if those schools were under still less control, with books carefully ecclesiasticized?—we know no better word.

The State shrinks from the social and other consequences of reposing unlimited confidence in the Roman Catholic prelates, and their system of educational management; and the most liberal-minded man in the community cannot say that this distrust is other than warranted. What, then, is to be done, since it is admitted on all hands, in Ulster as well as in Leinster, in England as well as in Ireland, that, as constituted and administered at present, the National system cannot continue? The writer of this article does not undertake to say; but it seems plain enough, that the Twenty Commissioners themselves do not intend to prolong their lease by retracing their steps to the ground they occupied before the recent fatal changes. They have defied public opinion; they have denied the charge of fundamentally altering their rules, in the face of a regretful admission by the Government that such has been the case; they have come to the conclusion that they can ride out the storm with the help of the ultramontane anchor. Whether they are reckoning with sagacity upon popular apathy, and the noisy unreality of Northern demonstrations, time will show. There is one conviction, however, so universal that the alteration to which it points may be almost regarded as an accomplished fact—namely, the dispersion of Mr. Cardwell's ultramontane Board, in favour of paid Commissioners, three or more, responsible to Parliament and the country. The Board, as now formed, could not but work ill; and by its positive delinquencies it has forfeited the confidence of the community. One thing more must be said. Should the system drag on, and Irish Protestantism be excluded from its proper educational position and rights, as it has been for the last thirty years, no party in the State need suppose that the contest will be abandoned. The fight waged so long will be carried through. As this review has dealt largely with figures, it may not be

unsuitable to close with a reference to the annual receipts of the Church Education Society, from voluntary sources purely, as we find them stated in Mr. Thom's Almanac. In 1839 the Society had 825 schools, 43,627 pupils, and spent £8,740. It increased every year, and ten years later its statistics were—schools, 1,868; pupils, 111,877; and receipts, £39,648. In ten years more, 1859, its schools were 1,615, its scholars numbered 78,487, and its receipts were £41,938. In 1862, notwithstanding the effects of emigration, it had 70,696 pupils,

and received from the public its largest total of revenue, £48,477. The powerful and permanent influences which have produced these results will not cease to operate, should it be necessary to maintain the same testimony for years to come. Fortunately the whole subject will soon occupy the attention of Parliament, under circumstances more favourable for its comprehensive and unbiased consideration than existed on any previous occasion when a similar discussion arose.

MARY.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

COME draw thee near my elbow chair,
My dainty little Mary;
And, while your needles tic-tac, there,
Upon your forehead, once so fair,
I, with a one-and-twenty air,
Shall plant a kiss, my Mary.

Shall plant a kiss, and bid it grow
So rosilily—my Mary—
So star-like on that arch of snow—
That milky-way of thought which so
Won all my worship long ago,
My heart of hearts, my Mary!

Do eyes grow dark as winters flee!
Then bless their darkness, Mary!
For while, within, I clearer see
Two pictures fair—my God and thee—
Ah what are other scenes to me,
My guiding angel, Mary!

Oh! 'tisn't winters make us old,
My little merry Mary:
Your heart has neither blight nor cold,
Although your brow, of queenly mould,
They say, has changed its rippling gold
For sober silver, Mary.

Ha!—On my cheeks and through my brain
What music trips there, Mary,
More witching than when summer rain
Plays tip-tap on the whitening grain!
That hand—ha, ha! 'tis there again—
Thy gleeful hand, my Mary.

Oh! Mary—Mary, gay and mild—
My dearest, dearest, Mary,
I hear your laughter, warm and wild,
And feel once more a little child,
My love—my dove—my undefiled,
My sun—my moon—my Mary.

MILTON'S MINOR POEMS.

In his youth Milton was wholly absorbed in study—inspired with a passion for mastering all literatures in which works of excellence existed; hence it was only occasionally that he devoted a period to original composition. His earliest verses are Latin themes, in which he endeavoured to imitate, as closely as possible, the manner and language of the classic Latins, but despite this very successful attempt his imagination occasionally introduces the modern spirit of picturesqueness, chiefly in the way of associative image and expression, of which his models offered hardly an instance. With the exception of some brief matters, his first important poetic essay in English was the "Lycidas," and in it we see the influence of his classic reading reflected quite as strongly as in his Latin poems. Alluding to his early studies and compositions (Preface to the second book of Church Government), he says of the latter:—"It was found that whether aught was imposed on me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, that the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live;" and he goes on to refer to the ambition which hence grew upon him—"That by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they would not willingly let die." Again, writing in 1637, to Charles Diodati, in his twenty-ninth year, he says:—"What beside God has resolved concerning me, I know not, but this, at least: *He hath instilled into me, at all events, a vehement love of the beautiful.* Not with so much labour, as fables have it, was Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpine, as I am wont, day and night, to seek for this idea of the beautiful through all the forms and faces of things—for many are the shapes of things *divine*—and to follow it, leading me on with certain assured traces," &c. He was animated by the true poetic spirit—saw that the sense of the beautiful was that of the divine,

and sought it in every phase of contemplation—moral, physical, intellectual—embodying the lofty ideal of chastity in "Comus," and the beauty of rural nature associated with particular moods of mind in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

In "Lycidas" we have a notable instance of the "vital signs" which were discovered in his "style." That of this poem is indeed its chief excellence. This elegy was written on the death of a Cambridge friend, Edward King, who perished crossing the Irish channel, but there is perhaps no other poem of this class of a high order, so totally devoid of natural feeling. With a mind full of these "industrious and select readings," which, he says, constituted one of his chief delights, he took up the subject as a mere essay for his imagination, and to see how much poetry could be developed from it. Never was anything written on a cotemporary event so thoroughly abstract in its spirit and treatment, nor any poem so thoroughly infused with classic allusion, illustration, and image. But although deficient in the essential element of the elegy, and more like an exquisite translation from some poet who concentrated the excellencies of Theocritus, Bion, and Virgil, than an outpouring of natural feeling; it is extremely Miltonic in two respects—first, in the occasional introduction of lofty individual sentiment, and secondly, in its imaginative and pictorial diction. The lament is put into the mouth of a shepherd; and the keynote of the opening lines—

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown," &c.

Struck by that in Virgil's second eclogue—

"Et vos, O lauri, et te proxima myrtil."

But soon we come to some of his beautiful lines, perfect in their union of imagination and music. Lycidas must not float upon the watery bier, unwept—

"Without the meed of some melodious
tear."

"Together both, ere the high lawns appeared,
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn."

In the "sultry horn," we have an instance of the associative play of poetic fancy, which peculiarly distinguishes the modern as compared with ancient poetry, in which, while there is little picturesqueness of this sort, there are abundant instances of imitative music, such as, among many others, Virgil's storm in the 1st "Georgic," the humming of the bee in the fifth Idyl of Theocritus:—

"Ode kupeiros,
Ode kalon bombeunti poti smanese
melesai."

An idyl, too, whose verses were in his mind when he penned the lines—

"Their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw."

Throughout, this elegy is full of fanciful associative painting and epithet—such as the "gadding vine,"—"Devas' wizzard stream;" when in other places there are instances of picturesque expression—

"Gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely
looks."

When the herald from the sea—

"Questioned every gust of rugged wings."

And the bark—

"Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses
dark."

The passage in which the flowers which lament the death of Lycidas are enumerated, is here and there touched with the truth of fanciful vision:—"The primrose that forsaken dies." "The pansy *fraked* with jet." "The glowing violet."

Towards the close of the poem, Milton has divested himself of classical imitation and allusion, and becomes more emotional and naturally idyllic; as when he compares the lost Lycidas to the day-star, which, though sunk in the ocean bed,

"Anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

Só Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him who walked
the waves," &c.,

is raised to the

"Blest kingdoms, meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory,
move."

Which two last lines are almost a translation of a couple in Dante's "Paradiso." The poem, however, ends delightfully with a passage full of idyllic picturesqueness:—

"Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks
and rills,
While the still morn went out with
sundials gray.
He touched the tender stops of various
quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric
lay,
And now the sun had stretched out all
the hills,
And now was dropt into the western
bay," &c.

The passage to which we alluded, in which Milton throws his individual spirit, is that about the preference of pleasure to fame, the last infirmity of noble minds, which inspires—

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

As poetic expressions of the two contrasted moods of mind, the "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso," while illustrative of the spirit of young Milton, his healthy mental pleasures, observation, fancy, and language, are the most charming poems of the sort in any language. The idea of writing two poems on mirth and melancholy he very possibly derived from some of the canzoni of the Italians; and during his residence at Horton, whose scenery he has reflected in the "L'Allegro" especially, he seems to have thrown together a series of impressions taken off during his walks, and with other passages originated from his reading then, eclecticized each collection suitable to each theme, and turned them into shape. One would say that he had just laid down his favourite Ovid, when he commenced the "Allegro" with the birth of Mirth:—

"Whether Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her first a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair," &c

Ingentique implevit, Achille — in (Met.) Ovid's story of Peleus and Thetis.

During his college career, Milton's life was almost wholly acquisitive; past, firstly, in obtaining a laborious and earnest mastery of the dead and chief European languages, in which Genius had stratified a noble and classic literature; and secondly in scientific studies. It was not, however, until having left Cambridge, and gone to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he passed five years making excursions through the entire circle of ancient writers—and doubtless those of modern Italy—that the eye and genius of the student, who had hitherto lived in the world of books encompassed by the horizon of the library, illuminated by the intellectual constellations which mark the course of the ages, from the dim twilight of time downward through its spiritual noons, for the first time, became directed to the charms of rural life and the beauties of external nature. It was while residing at Horton that the "Ode to the Nightingale," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus," were composed. Petrarch and Dante, "the noble renowners of Laura and Beatrice," as he has told us, were his chief favourites, and preferred by him for "their pure and sublime thoughts" to the poetic masters of the pagan ages; and this peculiar excellence which he found in them seems to have produced a degree of admiration which warped his critical judgment toward the numerous strained conceits of the one, and the romantic barbarisms of the other. A platonic idealism and purity of sentiment, indeed, characterizes the greater part of the sonnets of the poet of Arqua; but, with the exception of some fifteen, the merit of the remainder is almost wholly the result of their symmetrical structure, and those delicate musical cadences of which, more than any other, the soft Italian is capable. Of the "Ode to the Nightingale," the most that can be said of it is, that it is a composition pleasing in tone. The idea was possibly derived from Petrarch's 117th sonnet on a similar theme; and though the two penultimate lines of the last couplet are somewhat obscure, those with which it concludes

realise the law of the sonnet—a graceful climax:—

"Whether the Muse or Love call thee his
mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train
am I."

That to Cromwell, composed at a later period, possesses more energy; but none of Milton's sonnets can be compared for finish to those of Petrarch, for sweetness to those of Shakespeare, or for ideal beauty, to a couple of those of Keats.

The performance of masques in castles and country houses of the nobility and gentry formed one of the most attractive features of rural life in Milton's day. His first essay in this style was "The Mask Arcades"—a slight piece, struck off doubtless at a sitting after dipping into Fletcher and Johnson, and chiefly notable as the forerunner of "Comus." This elegant and noble composition is said to have had its origin as follows. Two of the sons and a young daughter of the Earl of Buckingham, on one occasion, found themselves benighted in a Herefordshire forest, in which they strayed and separated. The loss of the lady caused for the time much fraternal anxiety.

This slight superstructure, Milton appropriately selected as the subject of a masque to be performed at Ludlow Castle, under the auspices of the earl, and in which the young lady and gentleman engaged in the adventure, were to perform the chief characters. Once in his imagination the theme became idealized and classicized spiritual machinery was originated to give poetic interest and enlargement to the story, and contrasts of character to enhance the dramatic effect; while by the introduction of the enchanter Comus, the son of Circe, and the supernatural adjuncts, he gave an ideal remoteness to the play, and so increased its poetic charms. Milton was well read in the masque literature and pastoral drama of England and Italy, but both the theme he had before him and the character of his mind, which exalted everything it touched, prevented him from falling into an imitation of any previous works. In some of the masques of Johnson and Fletcher, spiritual and fairy machinery are introduced when

the subject is poetic, in others the interest is derived from the burlesque humour derived from the Italian pantomime. In the "Amyntas" of Tasso and "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, which are founded on the Greek and Latin eclogue, pastoral love is the theme. Guarini, indeed, displays considerable ingenuity in giving dramatic unity to the string of eclogues of which his poem is made up; but despite the variety of incidents introduced into the piece, whose chief merit is its beauty of language and variety of versification, it is an extremely tedious performance to labour through. In the "Amyntas," Tasso has displayed hardly any invention, having eclecticized almost all the incidents, and many of the passages, from the classic writers; and with the exception of a couple of the chorusses, into which he threw his imagination, such as the description of the golden age (and even the nucleus of this is in Ovid), the whole composition seems to have been made up of a series of translations and separate essays, rapidly turned to shape in the form of a pastoral poem.

Unlike this and such-like poems of which love is the exclusive theme, Milton has breathed into his masque a more exalted spirit—the effect of the dramatic argument, and indeed of the whole tenor of the piece, arising from the two ideals of pleasure and chastity being brought into juxtaposition—ending with the triumph, to which the supernatural agents conform, of the latter. The glory of chastity was a favourite theme of contemplation to the seraph-like mind of Milton, and both in his poetry and prose works has elicited some of his most eloquent passages. As illustration of the creations of two poets founded on a similar idea, it is interesting to contrast the Isabella of Shakspear, in "Measure for Measure," and the lady in "Comus;" in the one, the poet, for dramatic effect, has idealized to the last extreme this style of character, as in the famous scene between Isabella and Lucio, in which the sister demands of her brother the sacrifice of his life, and in which, with the ruthless inexorable purity of a personality which abolishes filial affection, upbraids him for the cowardice

which in the contingency in which they are placed, makes him cling to existence. There are beautiful traits and sentiments in this character which Shakspear was thus obliged to render dramatically hard. While, however, he has made Isabella speak as the type of the highest female purity, Milton makes his lady speak like the impassioned exalted spirit of Chastity itself.

The masque opens with the appearance of the guardian spirit who announces his mission in a strain of eloquent poetry; then enters the route of monsters headed by Comus, chanting his pleasure song; "the star that bids the shepherd fold his flock is reigning high in the night":—

"Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine," &c.

The song is suddenly interrupted by Comus recognising the footstep of a pure being in the wood, and presently the lady enters forlorn in the wild wilderness of trees and darkness, and gives utterance to the impressions the gloomy scene creates on her mind:—

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows
dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not
astound
The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion—conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed
hope—
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of chastity."

She is interrupted by the song to Echo sung by the guardian spirit appealing to the vocal phantom—whose story and places of retreat Ovid has so charmingly told:—

"Spreta latet in sylvis, pudabundaque frondibus ora
Protegit, et solis ex illo vivit in antris"—

to indicate the part of the wood in which the lady's brothers have lost themselves. Comus then enters, listening to and enchanted by the unwonted

beauty of this melody. The passages in which Milton describes music, are among the most exquisite in his poems, and nowhere is there one finer than that which he has put into the mouth of Comus:—

"Can any mortal mixture of earthy mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with those raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silver through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled."

And, again, in the description the spirit gives of the lady's singing:—

"At last a soft and solemn breath-sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air," &c.

A beautiful simile, as nothing can be so appropriately compared to sweet flowing music as perfume.

Possibly Milton had read this passage in Bacon's essay on gardens. "And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand," &c.

Comus offers to guide the lady out of the woods, and, exeunt. Then the brothers enter and converse "in the darkness of the close dungeon of innumerate boughs," respecting the lost sister; of whom the first says he entertains no fear so strong in virtue she and "the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever"—an expression something like Dante's—

"Sotto l'asbergo del sentirsi pura."

Among the fine spiritual sentiments which Milton has made his higher characters utter is that of the lady's brother, who contrasts the gloom of the place with the internal calm of a virtuous soul, says:—

"He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the noon-day sun—
Himself is his own dungeon."

In the same platonic strain also, is the sentiment—

"Virtue may be assailed but never hurt."

The great scene of the masque, however, is that which takes place between Comus and the lady in the enchanted palace, in which the one tempts and the other indignantly repels—a scene in which we have a foretaste of the high argued speeches in the "Paradise Lost" and "Regained." One may contrast with this scene, that between Iachino and Imogene in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline." Milton's is more argumentative—Shakspeare's more passionate. The lady says to Comus:—

"To him who dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say, but to what end?—
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced."

And Imogene to Iachino, when she at length suddenly detects his purpose:—

"Away—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee: if thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seekest, as base as strange;
Thou wrongest a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicitest here a lady who disdains
Thee and the devil alike."

Presently, as Comus is presenting the lady with the magic cup—

"One sip of which
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams."

the brothers rush in with drawn swords—dash the cup to the ground, and then the guardian spirit enters, and invokes the water nymph, Sabrina, in the well-known and charming song, written in a taste as purely classic, musical, and elegant as the best of Horace's; and after the nymph has risen and sung, the scene changes to Ludlow Castle, where a group of rustic dancers herald the lady and her brothers, who, being restored in their family, and a dance performed, the masque ends with all

epilogue and song by the guardian spirit—a song in which, as in the others, there is a fine union of original fancy, with appropriate classic allusion, and in its envoy containing the moral of the piece :—

"Mortals that would follow me
Love virtue—she alone is free ;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheric clime ;
Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

As "Comus" is a purely abstract composition, the characters—part spiritual, part human—are indeed but personifications of ideas and sentiments ; but their imaginative keeping and symmetry are very perfect, to each the sentiments are admirably adjusted and contrasted, the classical allusions throughout are finely introduced, and woven into the texture of the poetry ; several of the similes and images are of the highest order, and the descriptions well worked out ; the sentiments, according to the characters, appropriate and exalted, and the songs musical and pictorial. Though here and there a slight strain may be observed in the composition—the result, doubtless, of rapid workmanship, it is in all respects a masterly poetic essay of young imagination, and in the choice and treatment of the subject very characteristic of Milton.

In his cheerful mood young Milton loved to hear the lark begin its flight at dappled dawn (this bird's song is the keynote of *L'Allegro*, as that of the nightingale of the *Penseroso*) and at his casement bid him good morrow through the eglantine.

"When the cock with noisy din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin"—

the hunting horn echoing through the high wood ; sometimes he likes to walk not unseen

"By hedge-row elms and hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light ;"

listening to the mower whetting his scythe, the milkmaid's song, and the gossip of the shepherd under the hawthorn ; at noon to let his eye range round the landscape, its russet lawns and gray fallows, daisy sheep-scattered meadows, mountains on whose barren breast the labouring clouds rest, towers and battlements,

"Bosomed high in tufty trees,
Where perchance some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes :"

at evening on some sunshine holiday to watch the young folk dancing in the shade of some upland hamlet, and hear their gossip and legends, over the nut-brown ale ; then later to read in old poetic romances of tournaments and triumphs of knights and barons bold—

"With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize,"

of marriages, masques, and antique pageantry ; then to banish care with Lydian music married to immortal verse,

"In notes with many a winding level,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

The contemplation of pensive delights was, however, more charming to Milton than a life of mere gaiety ; hence he had more to say on the previous theme, the *Penseroso* being somewhat longer than *L'Allegro*.

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing in majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
About thy decent shoulders drawn."

He loves retired leisure that in trim gardens takes its pleasure,

"And join with these calm rest and quiet,
Spare fast, that with the gods doth diet."

The scenic sketches are as beautiful in this as in *L'Allegro* ; such as the allusion to the lark, the moon, "Like one who had been led astray through the heaven's wide pathless way," the curfew bell ; the morning,

"Kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
Where rocking winds are piping loud."
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust has blown its fill,
Ending with rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves."

To sit in a lonely tower and out-watch the bear at night in company with the spirit of Plato, or the great antique masters of tragedy, or the Romanic poets of Italy or England ; or, at noon, to walk the studious cloisters' pale, listening to holy anthems ; and, lastly, end his days in a peaceful hermitage, wherein to study the stars and herbs—

"Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

It is to be regretted that Milton did not find time for composing many more such poems as those which illustrate his youthful imagination—full of originality at the same time that they wonderfully eclecticize and embalm the spirit of his manifold studies. The “Hymn of the Nativity” is written in a strain of poetry holy and majestic as its object.

There is no more pleasing subject of biographic contemplation than the student days of young Milton—with a character so noble, pure, cheerful, and intellectual; so bright and imaginative; so learned, so vigorous and comely. Something of a seraphic spirit animates his boyhood and early manhood. Pity, also, that we knew so little of him during his continental tour, when full of health, genius, and learning, he travelled through the famous Italian cities, so full of

beauties and associations, visiting the famous men of the time, among them “The starry Galileo,” in his villa, near Florence, addressing his friend, the Neapolitan Manso, in his fine Latin epistolic style, receiving high-flown compliments in verse from the members of the numerous academies; and, lastly, after so long an enjoyment of novel observations and graceful exercise of his erudite intellect;—having, ere he turned homewards, his heart touched by the nameless beauty at Bologna, to whom he wrote three Italian canzoni as he travelled Englandward, and in one of which he gives a glimpse of her:—

“Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che l'cruor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,” &c.

THE CLURICAUN.

Oh, gaily sings the Cluricaun
When not a mortal's near him,
At rosy eve, or pearly dawn,
When but the birds can hear him.
Beneath the branches of the trees,
By shrubs and grasses hidden,
He spreads his apron o'er his knees,
And works away unbidden.
And well he shapes the tiny brogue,
And well he cuts the leather,
And deftly binds, the little rogue,
His soles and vamps together.

His last's a pebble smooth and small,
The stuff he sews around it
Was ivy on some tree or wall
Till fairy fingers found it.
For awls he picks the thistle-spikes,
For thongs, the grass blades narrow,
The hammers wherewithal he strikes
Are thigh-bones of a sparrow.
He pulls the little thorns for tacks
From off the prickly bushes,
The wild bees' nest supplies his wax,
For twine he peels the rushes.
But all his work is only play,
He knows no care or sorrow,
He needs not fear a “rainy day”
Or think about to-morrow.

He flings his "kit" whene'er he wills
 To hide amidst the brambles,
 And off by streams and woods and hills
 He sets upon his rambles ;
 He rests in many a cosy nook
 Where late the hare was seated,
 He cools him by some silvery brook
 If woodland winds are heated ;
 Upon the soft green turf he lies
 And lists the ripllets flowing,
 Or watches with his calm grey eyes
 The wild flowers round him blowing ;
 And when he's tired of this repose,
 Once more amidst the heather
 He lights his pipe, and binds and sews,
 And raps and taps his leather.

Sometimes in homes of men he bides
 Who keep a roaring table,
 Between the cellar casks he hides
 And swills while he is able.
 He knows the smack of sweet *potheen*,
 Old wines, and brandies mellow,
 He owns a throat and nose as keen
 As any jolly fellow ;
 But little hurt or harm does he,
 Judged by the wild vagaries
Of Phooka, Shefro, Linaun-shee,
 And other dreadful fairies.
 He frights no women into fits,
 He makes no babes to sicken,
 He drives no cattle into pits,
 He never chokes a chicken.

Yet often, while he works and sings,
 Or midst his walks so pleasant,
 Upon him like a hound there springs
 A panting brawny peasant,
 And grasps his neck, and, with a curse,
 Says, "willing or unwilling,
 Come hand me here your fairy purse
 That ever holds a shilling !
 And lead me where in days of old
 In times of war and trouble,
 Rich people buried crocks of gold
 'Neath bush or stone or stubble.
 Come, guide me forward to my prize,
 And never think to fly me,
 I'll hold you straight before my eyes
 Though Nick himself stood by me."

Right onward moves the little man,
 Cast down and sad in seeming,
 But framing many a subtle plan
 Beyond his captor's dreaming.
 For vain will be his active strides,
 And vain his grasp of rigour,
 If once his glance a moment glides
 From off the fairy figure.

A thousand sounds rise in his rear,
 A thousand strong temptations—
 Men, women, horses, dogs, are near,
 Friends, foes, and blood relations.
 Hurroo! his pigs are in his track,
 He knows the lively squealers—
 Ha, here are bailiffs at his back,
 And there's a squad of peelers!
 And now a call from Nell's *shebeen*
 Into his brain comes ringing,
 Now whispers from his own *colleen*
 About his ears are singing!
 Now rushing on with trampling sound
 That fills his soul with wonder,
 A troop of horsemen scour the ground
 That echoes back like thunder!
 'Tis past—the bugle's blast is o'er,
 But hush, and list a minute—
 There's fighting on the *bohermore*
 And all his friends are in it!
 The noise dies out, and on the wind
 Come tones of sadder meaning,
 A funeral crowd is close behind,
 He knows for whom they're *keening*!
 Yet never once to left or right
 He looks for joy or sorrow,
 He holds his fairy prisoner tight,
 He'll settle all to-morrow.
 At last they reach a weed-grown field,
 Neglected, wild, and dreary,
 " 'Tis here the treasure lies concealed,"
 Outspeaks the cunning fairy.
 "But lose my throat, and let me talk,
 And listen to my counsel,
 The gold's beneath this very stalk
 Of blooming yellow groundsel."
 The peasant's pulses madly beat,
 His brain is wild with pleasure—
 "What, here!" he cries, "beneath my feet
 The heap of shining treasure!"

Here, here, beneath this dark brown mould,
 That ball of sunlight gleaming—
 That brimming pot of blazing gold—
 Heaped up and over-streaming!
 Oh, kind, oh gracious cluricaune
 Who calls you old and footy?
 My heart's delight, my *bouchal bawn*,
 My youth, my truth, my beauty!
 But say who wrongs or injures you
 And soon I'll make him rue it;
 And say what mortal man can do
 To serve you, and I'll do it.
 And sure the gold is here indeed,
 Where safe 'twas hid from plunder,
 'Tis here beneath this darling weed
 And but a short way under!
 And sure 'tis gold that will not lack
 Good weight, whoever weighs it,
 And sure 'twill nearly break my back.
 From out its hole to raise it—

Oh, cruel, now to be delayed,
 And back, o'er bogs and ditches,
 To tramp again for pick and spade
 Ere I can clutch my riches !
 I'll travel quickly through the night
 While all the world is sleeping,
 And here I'll be ere morning's light
 Above the east is peeping.
 But first, to mark this precious spot,
 I'll scrape this ring to bound it,
 And this sweet flower above the pot
 I'll tie my garter round it."
 "Good-bye, young man," the fairy cries,
 "You're rich and wise and clever ;"
 "Good-bye," the happy youth replies,
 "And joy be yours for ever."

Back through the gloom the peasant hies,
 His brain with wonders teeming,
 He slaps his hands, he rubs his eyes,
 He's wide awake, not dreaming !
 He reaches soon his cabin door,
 And not one moment losing,
 With tools in hand, he's off once more,
 Low muttering still and musing.
 Well, there are men, and women too,
 So fond of all contraries,
 They say these things are never true,
 They laugh at ghosts and fairies.
 But let them scold or laugh away
 As they feel vex'd or funny,
 One thing is sure—at break of day
 He'll just be made of money !
 And then good-bye to toil and care,
 To plough and spade and harrow,
 To tattered clothes, and humble fare,
 And cabin dark and narrow.
 For soon he'll have a grand estate,
 'Twould take a day to view it,
 A fine big house, an entrance gate
 With gravel walks right through it.
 And happy there as man can be,
 At rest from all his labours,
 He'll evermore be glad to see
 And help his good old neighbours.
 When rents are tight, and markets slack,
 When there's no price for butter,
 When oats are light, potatoes black,
 And turnips rot to gutter ;
 Then oft, to help him o'er his loss,
 He'll fill the poor man's pocket,
 And never ask his name or cross
 To I O U or docket—

His own *colleen*—upon his life
 She'll find him not a traitor,
 No other girl should be his wife
 Even if his luck were greater.
 Och, there are "ladies" he can see
 With puny forms and faces,
 Pale, thin, and cold, what would they be
 But for their silks and laces ?

But wait till Mary, plump and red,
Strong-limb'd, bright-eyed, and merry,
Sets up a bonnet on her head,
Deck'd out with leaf and berry !
Has round her neck, that 's white as milk,
Gold chains and flashing spangles,
And yards on yards of screeching silk
In flounces round her ankles—
Ha ! stop, he's near the very land
As morn is breaking brightly—
Soon by that glorious weed he'll stand,
No doubt he marked it rightly !
And then, 'tis but an hour of toil,
And sure the work will please him,
'Tis but to dig some feet of soil—
How lucky no one sees him !
The field is large—in last night's gloom
It looked not half so spacious ;
And see ! the field is all a-bloom
With groundsel stalks !—good gracious
Ay, but he'll find that deep-cut ring
He marked around his own one—
Yes, knotted with that piece of string,
It must be soon a known one.
But what is this—the stalks, oh Lord !
Have all such marks to bound them !
They are all tied with just such cord !
In just such knots around them !
Oh cruel trick, oh shameful cheat,
Oh spiteful, wicked fairy,
Oh bitter piece of black deceit,
To rob himself and Mary !
Oh, if he had another hold
Of that old villain's wizen,
He'd keep it till he'd got the gold
From out its gloomy prison.
But who could delve to holes and grooves
That field of forty acres,
In midnight hours, when no one moves
But troubled ghosts and bakers ?
And who, while shines the noon-day sun
On wood and grass and tillage,
Could labour there and bear the fun
And scoff of all the village ?
He journeys homeward, sad at heart,
Why does he stop to listen ?
What makes him stamp and threat and start
What bids his eye-balls glisten ?—
He hears that thief, the *cluricaun*,
Far off amidst the heather,
A-singing of the *cruiskeen lawn*,
And tapping of his leather.

A KING FOR AN HOUR.

THEODORE OF CORSICA.—CONCLUSION.

I.

By one of those curious chains, of which a couple of very old men might hold the links, all this episode might be linked to our own times. But there is a yet nearer association. This adventurous king's son used to call himself, long after, half jestingly, "Prince of Caprera," but did not think there would be a later Prince of Caprera of a certain mark, who should be of his blood.

Among those who had gone to offer the island to Theodore was a certain Joseph Battista Mira, whom the King, shortly after he was established, sent away with a letter to his mother, who was still alive, at a place called Peddenhole, close to Ruggeberg in La Marck. Here he not only saw the mother but also a sister of Theodore's, called "Catherine Amelie;" with her he fell in love, and, writing for Theodore's consent, married her. The *quasi* royal condition on the one side, and the sense of gratitude for services received on the other, were the inducements. Later on, Joseph Battista and his wife came to Ajaccio, and finally, on the fall of their relative, settled at Nice, where the husband became a doctor. So far, these are trifling facts; but it is more important to learn, that a registry was lately discovered at Ruggeberg, by which it appeared that the Doctor had a son, and that son another son, who was the father of Joseph Garibaldi—at present certainly a Prince of Caprera in all but the title.* The oddity of the whole is this, that as the crown of Corsica was settled on Theodore and his direct heirs, the soldier of Caprera is really now a sort of King *in Possé*, and has a good cause of action, whenever the little island shall be enabled to declare

itself free by a "Plebiscite" or any other of the ingenious modes now in fashion.

News came to Genoa that the rebels were divided among themselves, and had actually broken up into three parties. There was one for the Republic; a second, headed by Astelli, Rafaelli, and others, were for a Republic, while Giafferi and the rest remained faithful to Theodore. It was previously heard that the King—"his extraordinary majesty," as he was jocularly styled in the foreign letters—had taken a short way with these malcontents and had arrested Raffaelli and Antelli, and put them in prison.

A sort of disgust had been excited by the non-arrival of the promised foreign aid. They mistrusted Theodore's sham packets and telescopes. But they were still more alienated on account of an act of rough-and-ready justice on their king's part, towards a certain Casaccolli, who had been pardoned, but who was detected intriguing with the Genoese. He had him summarily shot. This caused yet louder murmurs.

It produced, too, a sort of disorganization. A certain Colonel Arrichi up at Foriani—a sort of mountain fastness—had carelessly left it in charge of only twenty soldiers, which coming to the knowledge of the enemy, they attacked it, and, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in carrying it. The commander had some five hundred men for the defence, which he had criminally or carelessly withdrawn to another quarter. Furious at the loss, Theodore hurried up from Monte Maggiore, to punish this colonel; but the latter wisely fled to Reno, when Theodore was said to have taken a barbarous and savage vengeance. He fired his

* See a communication to, the *Athenæum*, in 1860, which is given on the authority of "a Rhine Paper." As a corroboration, I find in an old French memoir, this brother-in-law of Theodore's set down as *Sinibaldi*, which is very like Garibaldi. There is no reason to doubt the statement, especially as mere fabricated lineage would aim at a higher person than a mere adventurer like Theodore.

house, together with all the other houses of the place, and the mother and sisters of the false captain are said to have been burnt; but this has rather the air of such a story as the Republic would send abroad. Nor is it likely that a shrewd adventurer would be guilty of so gratuitous and unprofitable a piece of cruelty.

The Corsicans, too, felt more the hopelessness of their struggle, when news came to them that the kings of England and France had issued proclamations cautioning their subjects against furnishing aid of any kind to the rebels. The English proclamation may be read in the *London Gazette*.

Still, divided as they were, and thus put under a ban, they carried on the struggle with spirit and success. They beat the Genoese in skirmishes up at Ziglia; and, later, in a very dashing affair at Isola Rossa, where nearly a thousand of the enemy, who came in boats, were beaten—400 killed or drowned—their Colonel, Marcelli, taken, and, what was the most welcome fruit of the day, a stray boat captured, which contained a great supply of muskets, 200 barrels of powder, and other useful aids.

The enemy had, however, reduced a little province, called Nebbio, and had distributed some two thousand muskets among the natives who favoured them.

It began, indeed, to look a little hopeless for the Republic. Rivarola, their General, who commanded at Bastia, was appealing for money, men, and arms, but they could not send him any. His own soldiers were deserting in troops, and one day the whole garrison of San Idelfonso disappeared—each man carrying off a couple of muskets. Inside Bastia he was about to try one of the officers who had behaved badly at the boat-attack; but he fled for sanctuary to the church of the Jesuits. Outside, they had the enemy at the gate, flushed with all the triumph of the successful skirmishing. In this state of things the Republic canvassed the great powers of Europe for aid, but unsuccessfully. They succeeded, however, in extracting the proclamation just mentioned. They continued also to purvey scandal and stories to the different courts. "This same vice-roy," says a person at Paris, "is a sad rascal. I remember his wife; she

died here two or three years ago, in the greatest distress; she was an Irish young lady, sister, I think, to Lord Kilmanock. He pretended after this marriage to raise a regiment, and, through this girl's interest, got a sum of money, which he spent, then played tricks and cheated several people."

They also kept harping on his being a Mountebank and a Charlatan; which, when it was reported to him, he only smiled, and said, he hoped soon to set up his stage in the market-place of Bastia. He even sent into Bastia one of his singular, vapouring letters, addressed to the Genoese Senate, full of taunts and personal abuse of the oddest kind; so curious, indeed, that, when it was seen afterwards, it was considered to have been a hoax. It is in the true gasconading key, and has therefore the adventuring air. This sort of petulance is quite in keeping. As though he were abusing some single person, instead of a corporation, he heaps together a collection of almost childish taunts, "You charge me," he says, "with *lèse Majesté*. But tell me, please, whence do *you* fetch this Majesty of yours? Was it from the Turks, whom, for the sake of vile gain, you have allowed to swarm into your states? Or did it come to you from England in that vessel consigned to one of your trading dogs, and which was addressed to 'Monsieur —, Doge of Genoa, Wholesale Merchant?'" He then goes on: "You talk of my creditors, you may be assured they shall all be paid—out of such property as *you* have in Corsica." He adds that he should like much to see some one at least of their number at the head of their troops in the field. But he knows that they are too absorbed in their "bills of exchange, and usury, and traffic," to find time for courage. This singular document was "given at our camp before Bastia" in July, and signed, THEODORO, and also by Sebastian Costa, his "Grand Chancellor," and Secretary of State.

II.

STILL, striking a balance of profits and losses, his cause was steadily advancing. Nearly the whole island—Bastia and a few other forts excepted

—was under his power. And in these places the Genoese were so coupled up, that they had to draw all their supplies—even water—from the seaboard. For his short reign, he seems to have availed himself of every chance with wonderful art. He proclaimed freedom of conscience, and there was naturally a rush of all creeds into the island. Even escaped galley-slaves flocked thither and were confirmed in their freedom. He was equally favourable to the Turks and Moors, whom he sent back to their own country. There was actually a colony of some 400 Lutherans who were about Haennelver, a town of their own.

Again, however, the murmurs began to be heard. The fickle mob began to tire of him. Their minds, too, with the true childishness of a mob, were fixed on those splendid succours, which never would come, and which the adventurer used to ascend the hills and look out for with his telescope. He must have been at his wits end for a device. Putting many things together—his son's account—and the fact that his son later became a sort of broker in procuring little armies for European states—there can be no question but that he really was expecting some foreign aid—mercenaries, procured on hire. And there was a band of 2,000 Albanians under Carafa, with whom he was negotiating; but who, seduced by higher terms, and perhaps a better security, had taken service with the King of the Two Sicilies.

The world, meanwhile, was looking on, watching with curiosity. The lively Marquis D'Argens, a very skilful interpreter of the ways and politics of court, prophesied, in his odd Jewish letters, that he was but playing a game for other powers, who would never allow him to win. France, besides the danger of tolerating a king whose patent was revolutionary, would never allow of a free port so close to Marseilles. For the same reason, they would never allow it to fall into the hands of a first-class power, so that King Theodore was making but a bootless struggle, whatever might be the issue. The same crafty *Publiciste* heard an odd romance which quite falls in with Theodore's character

and the true adventurer's impudence. He had written to Vienna, choosing for his correspondent "the wife of the Maitre d'Hotel of the Grand Duchess," to secure her good offices in procuring passports for an ambassador which he was about to accredit to the Imperial Court. This, if true, was quite characteristic, both the proposal and the channel through which it was made. The Marquis also hints that he is being made use of as a puppet by certain great influences, and adds, mysteriously, that there are about six persons in Europe who know the secret—a view that suggests the Garibaldi of a hundred and thirty years later. But there is a more curious connexion still. That same political Marquis had heard some other rumours. One was, that three vessels, who showed no colours, had been seen cruising off the island. It had been whispered also that they were loaded with stores and supplies; and it presently leaked out that their last port had been Barcelona. "If this should be the case," said the political Marquis, "the fifth act is drawing on."

It so happened that it was. The more his difficulties are considered, and the impracticable material, both in men and means, that he had to deal with, greater credit must be given to him for his strong purpose and versatility of means. Not often in a rebellious island, when succours are failing and confidence in the leaders departing, do we hear of a regular and orderly assembly being held, as was done at Casaconi, on the 2nd of September, where Theodore himself presided. When the improbability of succours arriving was calmly discussed; when it was gravely set before Theodore that he had now promised, over and over again, and fixed days for their arrival; and when, finally, they agreed to abide by Theodore's voluntary offer to lay down his authority if supplies did not reach them before October. The whole of the temperate proceedings is worthy of all praise, and of the Corsican's later behaviour under Paoli. The common course in such a crisis is a popular tumult and summary execution of the unpopular chief.

But, again, Theodore struck in with more of his theatrical devices. The present one took of the shape of an

"Order of knighthood founded by Royal Decree; the Order of Deliverance for the glory of our kingdom as well as for the consolation of our subjects; also to render *respectable*, before all Europe, the aristocracy of our kingdom." It was evidently modelled on the plan of the Knights of Saint John and the other religious orders. There is a stateliness and magnificence about the rules, amusing when contrasted with the "raw" state of the island.

Every knight was to be a pure aristocrat and to have followed no trade—either himself, his father, or grandfather; was to bring in a thousand crowns, for which loan he was to receive 10 per cent.; was to attend the King in battle, and to support two soldiers.

In return, they *alone* were to have every office of command, either on sea or land. The theatrical business of the order was very effective too. There was to be a solemn function for their reception, and the King was to make him a speech in this fashion:—"Mine is to be the only hand from which you will accept three strokes of a naked sword, and you will be obedient in all things, even to death itself." Theodore in his rambles may have been at Rome and have seen the striking ceremony during a Pontifical Mass when the "noble guard" assist, for his knights were to draw their swords when the Gospel was being read. They were to wear a gorgeous sky-blue mantle, with a cross and star enamelled in gold. Pictures of this star are to be seen to this day. It had twelve points, and showed a figure of justice with a triangle underneath enclosing a T. There is a hint of freemasonry in this device. Finally, they were to say a sort of Office each day, and were exempted from all imposts and taxes.

There is something of the Napoleon craft in this busying itself with decorations in such straits. Whether the "sky-blue mantles" were ever made or worn, we know not. These constitutions were "given" solemnly "at our chamber at Sartena," and "published" on the 16th of September. Just now, too, he was seen to be flush of moneys and took the sea in a galley, and chased the Genoese. But, even

with all these devices, confidence was failing.

It was stated in some letters that these long-talked-of succours had at last reached him, and that his nephew, the Count de Trevaux, who had been in the French service, had landed with "6 battering cannon, 4 field pieces, 600 bombs, musquets, beside cannon ball and other ammunition, and 30,000 Louis d'Ors," which may have been the cargo of the three mysterious vessels without colours. Still this was but unsubstantial and temporary aid. The adventurer king saw that the tide was turning; he saw the clouds gathering. There was a reward of 4,000 crowns upon his head. The "brave Corsicans" were not too nice about assassination, and so he drew up his curtain for his fifth act.

It was as theatrical as the rest. The scheme was a grand assembly of "the Estates" at Sartena. It was crowded, and all the deputies attended. The King entered the hall with all state, ascended the steps of his throne, and seated himself. It was said that he had been warned not to trust himself among his faithful people, who were bitterly inflamed against him. Then, rising, he addressed them with "an air of dignity." He told them that he was about to leave them, to go and seek those succours which he had so long promised them. He bid them remain faithful during his absence, and not disgrace themselves by discord "or he would forsake them for ever, and cease to recognise them as his subjects. He did not care for the crown, and was ready to resume his former station without regret; and although his finances were exhausted, he still possessed 'an intensified mind.'"

This spirited speech—in which he did not spare their faults—produced, as might be expected, a revulsion in his favour. All the deputies rose together, and offered to renew their allegiance, and to spill the last drop of their blood for him. He, however, persisted in his design. On the 14th November he issued a proclamation conferring the regency on thirty nobles, making Paoli and Giafferi "Marshals-General" of the kingdom; distributing the rest in commands over the various forts and strong places of the country. The proclamation kept up

the old inflation and bombast to the end—speaking of his wish to “console our subjects during our absence,” and leave a sort of organization “to take charge of all the warlike stores we shall despatch.” He threatens them with his displeasure, at his return, if they do not render perfect obedience to his officers, and concludes with the old flourish, “Signed by our Hand and Royal Seal, and Given at Sartena, this 14th day of November, 1746. Countersigned by Count Costa, Grand Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals.” It is impossible not to admire this persistent courage.

The day of his departure came. He went down to Aleria, accompanied by all the chiefs of the island. He made his exit, strange to say, not flying for his life in disguise—as the unsuccessful in his profession have usually to do—but with the same state with which he came on the stage. He harangued them once more. A little French vessel was waiting ready, and he went on board, with Costa his Chancellor, a secretary, chamberlain, two Leghorn pages, and some thirty Genoese prisoners. What he meant to do with these will be seen later.

Before they were well out at sea, a Genoese vessel, with Rivarola on board, gave chase, and, it is said, would have captured her, but for the remonstrances of a Spanish officer, who warned them against not respecting the French flag. This, too, suggests the escape of the more famous Corsican adventurer who was to come later.

III.

No sooner was he gone than the Genoese began to issue their police manifestoes in the old, undignified way. These gave out that he had been compelled to make his escape through trackless paths; and with great difficulty had got down to Aleria, and from Aleria on board a barque of one Captain Delugie, of St. Turpè, a Provençal, who was lying off shore to take away some Spanish deserters, claimed by that nation. The Captain, they said, refused, at first, but was overcome by his entreaties, and by the “natural curiosity which filled the *Sieur Delugie* to know something of so remarkable a man. The Baron

was disguised as an Abbé, and the other passengers remarked that he was in great trouble of mind until they got well out to sea.” There is one fact here which gives a little colour of truth to this Genoese story, namely, the presence of the deserters—which is a more natural explanation than that Theodore would encumber himself with a number of prisoners.

Again, all Europe was equally “intrigued” by this disappearance—about as mysterious as his original appearance—and it soon was known from Leghorn that “a French vessel put in here, the 12th instant, having on board the Lord Theodore”—the newspapers always spoke of him as the “Lord Theodore”—“and his Prime Minister, Costa. They went ashore, and immediately took post-horses, it is believed, for Bologna.” He just staid one night, with a “Captain of the Port,” whom he had known before, and was gone the next morning. The Genoese police, true to their dramatic instincts, made out that he had with him “three trunks filled with papers and dresses.” All sorts of stories were afloat. He had made a present of his thirty prisoners to the colonel of a Foreign Legion at Naples—for recruits in those times were a negotiable chattel. It was given out, too, that the secretary had tried to poison him. But, however, it is certain that he got away with his post-horses, disguised as an abbé, attended by the secretary and two other persons; while the luckless Captain who brought him was at once arrested by the Consul of France for his conduct. But the French account adds, with grim humour, that he was not such an idiot as to pistol himself, like his English brother. In fact he was shortly after set free.

At Leghorn Theodore dived, as it were, into the earth. No one really knew where he would again turn up, or what was to be the next point in his game. Some said he was at Rome, striking a bargain with the Pretender; some, with Cardinal Alberoni at Naples. He was at Pisa, Ravenna; had tried hard to get to Naples, but could not succeed. Whatever truth there was in these matters, the travelling adventurer, in his abbé's dress, goes under the ground about this place, but shall re-appear by-and-by.

Everything about this little episode seems exceptional; and nothing is more exceptional than the honesty and faith of these simple islanders. As soon as he was gone on his doubtful expedition, it would have been almost natural that the chief governor should seize the opportunity, and avail himself of the power that had been put in his hands, to establish himself as a dictator or king. Some of the more ambitious military chiefs would in another country have set on foot various intrigues; but instead, these faithful Corsicans, on the 1st December, actually took up the cause of their absent chief, and issued a counter proclamation to the Genoese document defending him warmly and declaring that they would be "wanting both in love and gratitude" if they did not come forward to refute "such evil insinuations." They went on to say that as he had only toiled from the very hour of his arrival to do them every possible good, that they would always continue bound to him by "the most tender attachment."

Meanwhile the struggle went on. The Genoese determined to prepare for one last effort—took into their pay a large force of mercenary Swiss, borrowed 5,000,000 crowns, and fitted out galleys; still success was decisive on neither side. There were some unfortunate excesses in putting women and children to death, which inflamed matters. The Genoese even issued another of their proclamations against Theodore in person, denouncing him "as a seducer of the peoples," a disturber of public peace; and they offered a price for his head, which was indeed a scandalous encouragement to assassins—"2,000 gennines or golden crowns," to be paid down "sur le champ," by the court of "our State Inquisitor." They gave besides a solemn assurance of secrecy as to any denunciations which might be made to them. News of this declaration soon reached the object of it; and a mysterious letter from him who was ever watchful was conveyed to the island, full of words of encouragement, and hints that though absent he was working for his faithful subjects. Hence it was supposed he was not far away.

He was, indeed, indefatigable. He got to Turin, and from Turin to Paris,

where, according to a Corsican story, he had a narrow escape of assassination—three pistol-bullets having passed through his carriage without touching him. This was, of course, the fruit of the Genoese proclamation. They gave out as their version that no sooner had he arrived in that capital than he received notice to leave in twenty-four hours. It is certain, however, that he presently found his way to his old Flemish quarters; for he turns up at La Haye, where he stayed some three weeks with a certain Jew called Tellano, at a house "in the Cul de Sac of the French Theatre;" then flitted away up into Zealand, and finally descended on the great commercial city of Amsterdam, which he knew pretty well. He wrote to an old friend to hire him a house just outside the town; but the key could not be got the day of his arrival, so he had to put up for the night at a little obscure place known as the Red Stag Inn. Here some one recognized, or, as it was suspected, his old friend may have betrayed him; and police came to the Red Stag Inn and arrested the wandering King for an old debt. It was for 5,000 florins. There was excitement in the town when it was known; and very speedily creditors from England and other places, seeing there was fair security, lodged detainers against him for other old liabilities. Old Hamburg obligations cropped up suddenly, and the King of Corsica lay in a debtor jail. It was said that he had bills for 30,000 florins on a merchant there, who, when he found the holder in such straits, declined to cash them.

However, some persons were found to come forward and help him to an arrangement. They lent him 12,000 florins, and he was invited to engage himself solemnly before the public magistrates for the rest. He declined to appear, unless he was allowed to have his sword, and carry his "crow-billed" cane, privileges which were granted. There was quite a sensation in the busy town, and the curiosity excited was so strong and the crowd that gathered at the Town Hall so large, that he was obliged to take the precaution of getting away by a back door.

The Corsicans meanwhile were carrying on their struggle with

wonderful spirit. They pushed the siege of Bastia with ardour, in the midst of which a felucca set on shore, at Aleria, two "officers of the Royal Corsican Guard," one of whom was the Garibaldi ancestor, Giovan Battista Sinibaldi, who brought the humiliating news of their chief being at that moment in the Amsterdam debtors' prison. The Genoese in Bastia heard of it too, and their commander caused a message to be sent in to the rebels' camp, offering pardon and peace on condition of submission. Rivarola, from his walls, could see them collecting in knots to discuss this tempting proposition, and had great hopes. Still those wonderful Corsicans only answered by a great shout of "Oh, long live King Theodore, our father!"

The fight went on. The Genoese were straitened for supplies, whereas the rebels abounded in all things. Strange vessels appeared hovering off the coast, and set stores on shore; one specially brought the welcome cargo of 500 pairs of shoes, and took in oils and salt. On the 5th of January, a vessel without colours was seen to stand in close, and landed substantial supplies; "a great many chests" of arms, both mounted and unmounted; 100 tons of lead, powder, &c.; six foreign officers also came, who brought letters from Theodore to his deputies. They were so delighted with their contents that Te Deums were ordered to be sung everywhere, and bonfires lighted over the island. It did look symptomatic of relief, when some of the king's "confidants and domestics" were said to be among those that arrived. A week later another vessel came with more accommodation. Emboldened by this assistance, they made a desperate attempt on a fortress in the Isola, and captured it. Their prisoners they treated well; but a lieutenant of the party, who was a deserter, and who had fled on being detected in a conspiracy against Theodore, was allowed but a quarter of an hour to live, and put to death with great cruelty. His tongue was cut out, and he was then tied to a stake and burned. The Genoese officer was obliged to look on at this spectacle, and wrote an account of it to his principal.

But now, at last, with everything

apparently in his favour, the chances of the travelling king were never so low. The King of France had determined to interfere, and it was felt from that moment that further struggle was idle. It was different dealing with the impotent little republic, now dying out in its socket, and with the great king. And, accordingly, news soon even reached them of a convention signed at Versailles, and of the arrival of a French force at Bastia, under M. de Boisseux. With him was a young M. de Contades, afterwards to turn up as marshal, and command at the battle of Minden.

The skilful Frenchman managed things better than the clumsy Genoese. He treated with the Corsicans, showed them the final hopelessness of their struggle. Conferences were held with the chiefs, proclamations published, and there did seem some likelihood of an accommodation. The plan of the French was, as Mr. Boswell heard, to force them back under the yoke of their odious masters. The people remonstrated in what he calls "a very affecting memorial," which, however, was thought too bold at Versailles; so it proved ineffectual; and Giafferi and Paoli, issuing a spirited manifesto, which finished with the well known words of Macabeus, "It is better to die than to see the misfortunes of our country," this brave people began the fight once more—this time against two powerful foes. Their exertions with the famous Paoli attracted more conspicuous public attention, but for their earlier struggles the heroic little island deserves almost greater credit.

De Boisseux adapted his strategy to the irregular character of the war; for Mr. Boswell heard that he had actually dressed up French soldiers like natives, and thus artfully drew the islanders into all manner of fatal ambuscades. More troops arrived from France, but some of the vessels that brought them were wrecked, and furnished spoils and arms to "the patriots." Finally, in 1739, De Boisseux died at Bastia, and a Marquis de Maillebois, an officer, says Boswell, in his odd way, "of great penetration and uncommon fire," arrived from France to succeed him; with his coming the whole face of the war changed.

IV.

BUT the indefatigable Theodore was all this time at work. He had managed to restore his credit—had talked round the Jews of Amsterdam, had raised moneys, and had actually chartered and freighted four vessels with cannon and other stores. He flitted through Paris, got down to Marseilles, joined his vessels in the Mediterranean, and soon Europe heard with amazement that he was again off the Corsican coast with his vessels. "Special advices from the island," said one journal, "announce positively that he had succeeded in landing on the twenty-first of the month."

But he never went ashore. The French had made themselves felt. They had succeeded in turning the crowd against him. A price, too, was on his head; and it is a little against a true adventurer's character that he had not the boldness to cast his fortunes on the island once more. He hovered about the coast doubtfully for some days, finally saw all was lost, landed his supplies, and sailed away. The Jews had sent a supercargo of their own to look after their property; and Mr. Boswell heard in the island that Theodore had put this officer to death on the voyage to get rid of an awkward restraint upon his plans.

After this failure we again lose sight of him. The French made way. The most patriotic of the islanders gave up the struggle and left the country. Later on, when the greater war on the Emperor's death broke out, he again appeared fluttering for the coast, hoping to make his profit out of the confusion. He was said to have turned up in England, to have half-persuaded Ministers of the advantage of helping him back to his island, and actually was taken out in a ship of war to the Mediterranean. Out there he passed to and fro a little wildly, could get no one to "take up" his scheme, was set on shore at Leghorn, "sent dispatches" from this to the Court of London, and finally came back there, baffled and disappointed. That was his last attempt on the Crown of Corsica. His day-dream was now finally over. He was to pass out of the history of the island. The air is so misty, as we look back on

his short but exciting race, that it becomes hard to form a judgment as to whether he is to have true historic dignity, to take rank above a mere vulgar and—unsuccessful—adventurer. A good test is the impression he left behind him, and this Boswell gathered up only a few years after his departure, when it was still fresh. "Some," he says, "who had most faith in his fine speeches, still extol him to the skies to support their own judgment; others who looked on him as an impostor represent him as a kind of Wat Tyler, a King of Rabble. But the more moderate, and Paoli himself, were inclined to judge favourably of him, and owned that he had been of great use in stirring up the spirit and courage of the country."

He was now to subside into that secure but humiliating character, the "Adventurer in London," about which capital he fluttered hopelessly. He lived in lodgings in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, which we may be sure were mean lodgings, though even then in a good quarter. He was occasionally asked out, and Mr. Walpole told Boswell that he once met him at a lady's house, but he never once opened his mouth, from "dulness or pride," said Mr. Walpole. "But," added Mr. Boswell with more charity and with more probability, "I suppose he had been so dejected and so much hurt by his misfortunes, that he was become sullen and indifferent." Perhaps, too, he was at that time getting deeply into debt, for presently it was to read in the papers, that "this day" had been cast for a debt of £100. (His son says £450). For this he was arrested and committed to the King's Bench Prison; and this was the issue of the "crowbill cane," and the scarlet robe *à la Franque!* Poor adventurer! His son hints plainly that the Genoese minister in London, acting on instructions, had secretly furnished him with credit to this amount, in order to get him thus quietly into confinement—a skilful device, which had its effect.

While there, a few charitable people occasionally sent him aid. Among these were Lord Granville and Lady Yarmouth. His son, Colonel Frederick, the poor "Prince of Capraia," was now in London, with a family, "giving lessons in French, German, and Italian," ac-

cording to the true reduced foreigner's pattern, and he helped his father with what he could spare out of the fruit of the lessons. This son had fought well in the island after his father had gone, but had been obliged to surrender to the French.

V.

FINALLY, Mr. Walpole, hearing of his state, and possibly looking out for something to patronize, wrote a sort of "appeal" for him in the "World," which we would set down as a specimen of exceedingly bad taste and misplaced banter, but that it may be suspected he conceived it was the most effectual tone for making an appeal successful with the public. It appeared in the "World," No. viii. of Thursday, February 22, 1753. In his marshalsea he became a sort of lion, and was treated with mock dignity. His behaviour, indeed, recalls a certain more famous "Father of the marshalsea," who figures only in fiction. He, like Mr. Dorrit, is said "to have maintained a stately port," and to have received "testimonials," sitting in state under the top of "a half tester bed." He even used to knight certain persons, and add to the "Order of Deliverance;" and there was an old gentleman alive in the year 1800, who had received this honour, and had paid the fees of office. He was always known facetiously among his friends as "Sir Michael;" and a "Doctor Miller of Maidstone," who had been kind to the poor adventurer in his jail, had been gratefully presented with the sword with which these distinctions had been conferred.

Mr. Walpole's appeal produced but fifty pounds. "His Majesty's character is so bad," said the great letter-writer, possibly chagrined at the ill success of his appeal in "weekly papers that are much in fashion," and in which Lords Bath and Chesterfield were writing. Dodsly at the Tully's Head was treasurer, and it is said that the poor prisoner was so disappointed that, after receiving the amount, he actually sent a solicitor to threaten the printer for having dared to use his name. "It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit," adds Walpole—"a printer prosecuted suppose for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that

man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country! *But I have done with countenancing kings!*" But though he calls it "a dirty knavery," we cannot accept that rather harsh description of what seems to be more the pettishness of one that had known better days, and was sensitive on the score of his position. It fell in, too, very much with that Dorrit character of which there was such a strong leaven in him.

Many people knew him in these straights, and visited him. Dr. Nugent, of the Literary Club, when on his travels, entertained a little foreign Court one evening at dinner, with what he knew personally of the poor prisoner. Voltaire introduced him into his gay, unapproachable satire, *Candide*, among the four uncrowned kings, or kings that ought to have had crowns, who met by a sort of accident at a coffee-house, and makes the others join in a subscription for Theodore, his case being the hardest of all. His granddaughter had actually the "day-rule," which allowed him to go out upon business, which in itself is a curiosity:—*BANC. R.—The bearer, Theodore, Baron de Newhoff and de Stem, hath this day a rule of court to go out of the prison of the King's-bench granted to him, to transact his affairs. Dated this 12th day of February, 1753. (Signed), LAW. COTTAM.*

Two years later came the next step—an act of insolvency; and he was actually allowed to carry out the masquerade to the end, by "giving up" his kingdom of Corsica for the benefit of his creditors. A copy of this legal document reads curiously; and it will be seen the law declines to admit the theatrical element, sternly calling a spade a spade—that is, styles him "a German from Westphalia."

"Copy of the Act of Renunciation of the Kingdom of Corsica by Theodore I. in behalf of his Creditors."

SURNEY. { "A schedule or inventory, containing a full and true account of all debts, effects, and estates, both real and personal (of what kind or nature soever) of Theodore-Stephen de Newhoff, a German from Westphalia, and late of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, now a prisoner in the King's-bench prison, and a list of the names of all and every person and

persons that are anywise, or how much, indebted unto him, the said Theodore-Stephen, Baron de Newhoff, and the witnesses that can prove the same, pursuant to an Act of Parliament made in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of his present majesty, King George the Second, entitled an Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors.

Debtors' Names and Places of Abode.	Sums due.	How due and for what.	Witness and voucher thereof.
That he is entitled to the kingdom of Corsica, and hath no other estate or effects but in right of that kingdom.			

"The above written is a full and true schedule, as aforesaid, of all my estates and effects whatsoever, except wearing apparel, bedding for myself and family, working tools and necessary implements for my occupation and calling, and those, in the whole, not exceeding the value of £10. Witness my hand this 24th day of June, 1755.

"THEODORE BARON DE NEWHOFF.

"Examined with the original in the custody of John Lawson, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for the County of Surrey, this 2nd day of September, 1757, by me,

"HERMAN VERELET."

About the same time the following advertisement appeared in the public advertiser :—

"*In Address to the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain, in the behalf of Theodore, Baron de Newhoff.*

"The Baron, through a long imprisonment, being reduced to very great extremities, his case is earnestly recommended for a contribution to be raised to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late Act of Parliament. In the late war in Italy the Baron gave manifest proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are so well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to assist a brave, though unfortunate man, who wishes to have an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the British nation.

"Those who are pleased to contribute on this occasion are desired to deposit their benefactions in the hands of Sir Charles Argyll, Alderman, and Company, bankers, in Lombard-street, or with Messrs. Campbell and Coutts, bankers, in the Strand."

It is to Walpole's credit, that though he had "done with countenancing kings," he was not too proud to make this second appeal; and his behaviour on this occasion should be considered as a fair test of his conduct in the Chatterton episode.

The insolvent ex-king did not, however, at once quit his prison, but lingered on there till the December of that year (1756), when he one day called a chair for a ride, and not having money to pay, bid the men carry him to the Portuguese Minister's in Audley-street. That minister not being at home, he got them to take him to an obscure tailor's at No. 5, Little Chapel-street, Soho, who had known him in days perhaps something better. This man humanely took him in. The wretched king was ill at the time, and died in a few days, on December the eleventh.

There were "difficulties about his burial," says one of the accounts, with an ambiguity that is not hard to interpret. But over this last dismal ceremony an air of burlesque was to be cast. A Mr. Wright, "an opulent oilman in Compton-street," announced that he was determined for once in his life to have the honour of burying a king! And Mr. Charron, an artist, whose father and mother lived near Soho, recollected perfectly seeing the corpse *lying in state!* The whole was an indecent jest, over-laying, perhaps, a little humanity.

The undertaker's bill has been preserved; and it will be seen that the "opulent oilman" did not discharge all his liability :—

UNDERTAKER'S BILL (*copied from the original*).—Joseph Hubbard, coffin-maker, undertaker, and sworn appraiser, at the Four Coffins and Crown in New-street, near Broad-street, Carnaby-market, St. James's, Westminster, performs funerals, both public and private, at reasonable rates, and as cheap as anywhere in London. N.B.—Buys and sells all manner of household furniture.

For the Funeral of Baron Newhoff, King of Corsica, interred in St. Ann's Ground, December 15. 1756:

To a large elm coffin, covered with superfine black cloth, finished with double rows of brass nails, a large plate of inscription, two cup coronets, gilt, four pair of Chinese contrast handles, gilt,

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
with coronets over ditto, the				Beer for the men,	0	1	0
inside lined and ruffled with				Attendance at the funeral,	0	2	6
fine crape and in-seared,	6	6	0				
A fine double shroud, pillow, and					£10	11	2
nutts,	0	16	6	Received in part,	8	8	0
Four men in black to move the							
body down,	0	4	0	Balance due,	£2	3	2
Paid the parish dues of St. Ann's,	1	2	8				
Paid the grave-digger's fee,	0	1	0				
Best velvet pall,	0	10	0				
Use of three gentlemen's cloaks				Finally, Mr. Walpole had a "neat			
and crapes,	0	4	6	marble monument," to be erected in			
A coach and hearse with pairs,	0	16	0	St. Anne's church-yard, with an in-			
Cloaks, hat-bands, and gloves for				scription, setting out his titles and			
the coachmen,	0	7	0	honours. So the show was kept on			
				till the end.			

FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF IRELAND.

WHEN we come to examine the mythologies of different countries, we always find the character of the people passing for much in the dispositions of their divinities. The reader's memory will supply him with abundant instances, taken from ancient Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, Mexico, &c. In no country do we find such graceful, airy, and mirthful relics of the once feared or revered divinities as in our own. Had the ancient Britons not been disturbed, nor the followers of the long-haired Merowigs settled themselves in the pleasant lands of Gaul, a living man of England, Ireland, or France, would, at the present day, find little novelty in the fireside stories he might hear in the other two nations. The Welsh and Bretons are not nearly enough connected in race with the Hibernian Celts to permit an identity among the imaginary inhabitants of their elysiums, whether in hillock palaces brilliantly lighted, or pleasant lands of youth, over which the waters of seas or lakes form a lovely, greenish-tinged atmosphere.

The French writers on this subject will have it that the Fata, the Parææ, or *Moiræ*, gave the original idea of these unsubstantial beings called fairies, and that to those dread goddesses who presided at the birth and the death of every human being were associated the tutelary nymphs who watched over hills, forests, and waters. These divinities were invisible, except to the very highly favoured, but their priestesses were not; and as their lives were generally distinguished by purity of manners, and their minds

comparatively well cultivated, they came in for a part of the respect paid to the divinities whose altars they attended. St. Eloi and other missionaries about his time found it a difficult matter to prevent the early converts from resorting to the altars placed by fountains at the crossing of forest roads, and on the sides of hills, and offering to the dishonoured divinities some hurried and timorous rites. Wearied with their persistence, they set up images of the blessed Virgin and of other saints in these localities, put the well under the patronage of St. John or St. Martha, and thus, by degrees, dislodged the heathen by a Christian sentiment.

Odin, and Mars, and Zeus, Pan and his satyrs might readily come in time to be represented by a certain ill-favoured personage provided with horns, hoofs, and tail; but the beautiful and beneficent goddesses who had watched the pleasant hills, the sheltering woods, and the all-refreshing springs, could not undergo such degradation. They or their representatives became the sylphs and fairies of legend and tradition.

We find a trace of the original Celtic tongue in the name of a fountain near Colombiers in Poitou—*La Font de S'ée*, which the Gallic savants look on as a corruption of *La Font des Fées*. A glance at an Irish dictionary would show them that *S'ée* was thoroughly correct—a modification of the Gaelic *Síghé* (pronounced *Shia*). In Gaul, as in Erin, mortals were taken into the affections of these aerial beings. The Fée Mélusina is

the ancestress of the noble house of Lusignan, and like our Bean Sighe, bewails the approaching death of her noble descendants; Viviana held Merlin in thrall, &c.

Even as the Parcæ or other female divinities assisted at the births of Achilles, Meleager, &c., so, in the romances of the middle ages, fairies were present at the births of Holger the Dane, Oberon, Tristrem, &c., and endowed them with valuable gifts, or predicted their future fortunes. Till our own days the Bretons would have a feast laid out in an adjoining room on these occasions for their fairy visitors. Aurora carried away the favoured Tithonus into her glowing palace of the morning. Calypso retained Ulysses in the happy isle of Ogygia. King Arthur was borne to the isle of Avalon by Morgana. Lanval was conducted into the same isle by his fairy love; Ossian was kept in the "Land of Youth" under the Atlantic for a hundred and fifty years by Nea of the Golden Hair; and the fairies contemporary with our fathers and mothers stole away to their Sighe-mounts as many mortals as they could get into their power. The druidical bowl of inspiration, and the symbolic lance, sought by Peredur in pagan Brittany, became, in the hands of the Christian romancers, the *sangreal* or bowl used at the last supper, and the spear which pierced our Saviour's side; and Sir Percival went forth in quest of them. Error varies its form, but its essence is indestructible. There is scarcely a legend or article of belief of the Greek or Roman mythology which, in some modification, may not be traced in the fairy systems of all the countries of Europe.

From what has been said it may be guessed that when treating of Irish fairyism it will not be presented as a thing apart, but as a portion of the general system of spiritual error which once pervaded the intellect of our Western world. It will not be uninteresting to present sketches of the principal tutelary beings with

whom the unseen rule of the country once rested; and we begin with him who chiefly looked after the welfare of seafaring men, and when his influence waned in Erin on the preaching of St. Patrick, bestowed his care on the little Isle of Man.

MANANAN, SON OF LIR.

THE story of the children of Lir has been already related to our readers. They were of Danaan race, and having been transformed into swans, endured the extreme of misery for near two thousand years, till the ringing of the Christian bell dismissed their imprisoned spirits to the enjoyment of Paradise. Mananan was their brother, and, like other mythological personages of this magic race, seems to have been exempt from decay and death.* His full style and title was "Mananan Mac Lir, Sighe na Cernac"—Mananan, Son of Lir, Fairy Chief of the Headlands. His chief personal accompaniments and other properties were—the *crann bui* (yellow shaft—spear); the *moraltha* (large fierce one—sword); the *beagaltha* (small fierce one); the *Ga Dearg* (red javelin); his horse *Inbhear*; and his boat *curadh curuchain*. He made it his particular care to defeat the efforts of the foreign invaders, the Fomorach, and always aided the native heroes, whether Danaans or Milesians, in their patriotic efforts. Diarmuidh, the hero of the beauty spot, being obliged by Zeasa laid on him by Grainné to carry her away from her bridegroom, Fionn, overcame all that were sent against him by means of the irresistible arms of Mananan. His death, by the tooth and bristles of the boar of Ben Gulban in Sligo, was owing to his being armed on that disastrous day with the yellow-shafted instead of the red-shafted dart of Mac Lir.

In the tragic story of the "Children of Tuirrean" mention is again made of the arms of Mananan enabling the patriotic Luacha of the Long Hand to destroy the Fomorian in-

* The mortal part of this chief perished at the battle of Moycullen (plain of the holly) in Galway, after which his fairy reign commenced. One of his names was Orbsain, which he bequeathed to Loch Corrib. He is mentioned by the annalists, who took no account of matters connected with Fairyland, as a Phœnician merchant, whose trade lay with our harbours and those of Man.

vaders.* Here is the manner in which he acted towards King Cormac, reminding us of the Genius in *Zadig*, and the Angel in Parnell's *Hermit*.

KING CORMAC'S TRIALS.

WHEN Cormac was standing at the gate of his palace of Liathdruim (Liath's Ridge, Tara), he saw a beautiful youth on the plain before him, playing with a glittering fairy branch with nine apples of gold growing on it. And the virtue of that branch was, that when he shook it, wounded men, and women in childbirth would feel no pain, and the man or woman sunk in grief would remember their sorrow no more. "That is a priceless article," said Cormac; "what do you require for it?" "Eithne, Cairbre, and Ailve—thy wife, thy son, and thy daughter," said the youth. "They are yours," said he, and he took the branch into the sunny chamber of the Rath, the grianan, and shook it before Aithne, Cairbre, and Ailve. "What hast thou given for that branch, O Cormac?" "The dearest things I have in the world—thyself and our children. Then they fell into grief and wailing, but he shook the branch again, and they went forth to meet the youth with happy minds.

When they were gone, and the people of the court heard it, they burst into loud lamentations, and the people of Erin thronged to Leathdruim, and wept aloud, and then Cormac came forth and shook the golden fruit, and a feeling of happiness came on the crowd within the halls, and the multitude that filled the plain, and they retired every one to his own rath.

So, when a day and a year were gone,

Cormac went forth to seek his wife and his children, and he saw many strange things as he went, which he did not understand, and at last he came to a house in the middle of a field. He went in and found a tall man and woman sitting by the fire, and there were many colours in their clothes.† "Sit down, O youth," said the woman, "and stay a day and night with us. And you, man of the house, if you have any kind of food better than another, bring it in."

So the man of the house went out, and returned with a boar on one shoulder and a log on the other. He laid them down, and divided them into four quarters each, and then said to Cormac, "put a quarter of the boar on a quarter of the log, and tell a true story, and it shall be cooked." "Tell the first story thyself," said Cormac; and he agreed. "That pig is one I have of seven, and when all his flesh is consumed I put his bones into the sty, and I find him alive in the morning." That was a true story, and the quarter of the boar was cooked.‡ Then the man of the house put another quarter of the log under another quarter of the boar, and said, "Bean a teagh, tell a true story and let this be cooked." So she said, "I have seven cows, and these seven cows fill seven keaves every morning, and if all the men and women on the ridge of the world were in the plain, the seven keaves' milk would satisfy them all." That was a true story, and the second quarter was cooked. Then said Cormac, "Thou, O Man of the house, art Mananan, Son of Lir, and thou, O Woman of the house, art his wife." For it was to Tir Tairngire he came to seek that maid who

* In the "Flight of Diarmuid and Grainn" we find a kindred legend to that of Venus and Adonis. This last-named youth must have been irresistible, since even the Goddess of Beauty was his slave. The *Ball seirc* (beauty spot) on Diarmuid's breast made every woman love him the moment her eye fell on it. Venus vainly endeavoured to keep Adonis from the dangerous sport of hunting; Grainn, with as little success, besought her husband not to venture on Ben Bulbin that day to chase the druidic boar.

† Distinctive marks of people of rank.

‡ At the evening festivals of Walhalla the horse Sleipnir was cooked and eaten, and was found alive and hearty next morning, and ready to do duty for Odin Thor and the rest. A certain saint, building a monastery in the north, daily fed all his labourers and tradesmen on a cow, charging the hungry men not to break a bone. These bones were carefully collected, and rolled up in the hide, and the cow was grazing next morning. At last a misbegotten churl, partial to the taste of marrow, broke one of the bones, and the miracle ceased to work, and the building was suspended—a lesson to epicures and gluttons! Moreover, the ruins of the building will some day fall on a descendant of the culprit and kill him.

owned the seven wonderful cows. "That is well said," said Mananan; "and now tell a true story thyself to cook the third quarter." "I will do that," said Cormac, and he said:—"It is a year since I gave a fair-haired youth—my wife, my son, and my daughter—for a branch with golden fruit; and I am now seeking them through Erin." With that the third quarter was cooked.

"Eat now your dinner," said the man of the house. "I never eat," said Cormac, "with only two in company." "Then will I indulge you with three more," said Mananan; and he went into the next room, and returned with Eithne, Cairbre, and Ailve. There was much embracing, and crying, and laughing; and then Mananan spread a table-cloth, and set them at dinner. "That table-cloth is such," said Mananan, "that whoever sits at it, will find before him whatever food he wishes for." He then took a cup from his girdle, and said, "the virtues of this cup are such, that if a lying story is told before it, it will fall in four pieces, and when a true story is then told the pieces will come together again." "Let that be proved," said Cormac. "It shall be done," said Mananan. "This woman that I brought from thee, has had another husband since." Then there were four pieces made of the goblet. "That is a falsehood," said the wife of Mananan. "These have seen no man or woman since they left Teamor but their three selves." That was a true story, and the pieces went together again.

"These gifts of yours are very precious things," said Cormac. "They shall be yours," said Mananan. It was I that appeared as the youth with the branch on the plain before Leathdruim, and I brought thee here to bind friendship with thee." Cormac and his family slept on noble couches that night; and when they awoke next morning it was in the bed-chambers of Teamor they found themselves; and the table-cloth, the goblet, and the branch with golden fruit, were with them. And from that time there is a saying in Erin—"As Cormac went in quest of his family."

Mananan is perhaps the only fairy chief distinguished by a uniform spirit of beneficence. He was obliged, as we have said, to retire to Man, but zealous missionaries soon made even Man an uncomfortable residence for him. He quitted that island also with many a sigh of sorrow, and has not since been within our seas.

His successor was Macaneanta, who held court at Scrabby, in Cavan. He was but a shadow, however, of the much-lamented Son of Lir. The acknowledged queen of the fairies of Erin rejoiced in the name of *Maebh* (pronounced Maev). Whether the Queen Mab of Shakespeare takes her name from *Maebh*, mentioned by Heywood, or our own Celtic sovereign, is perhaps not very important. The difference between Mab and Maev being so very slight, inclines us to think that the two names have a common origin.

Mavin Rua ruled the district round Shane's Castle, looked after the interests of the O'Nials, and bitterly wailed round the battlements and under the windows, when one of the noble family was about to be called away.

Donn Maquire, the founder of the race of the Fermanagh chiefs, passed into the fairy state at his death. When the head of the family, for the time being, is about to pay the great debt, Donn appears on the declivity of Ben Eachlabhra (Hill of Lavra's Horse), near Swanlinbar, utters wild lamentations, and flings a huge piece of rock down the side of the mountain. *Crap* is a chief among the Connaught fairies; but we must not at present enlarge on his sayings and doings. *Anna Cleir*, sister to the great Donn Fearine, of whom we shall have something more to say, guards the waters, and reeds, and banks of Lough Gur, in Limerick.

Donal na Gulach (query, *Gealuch*, of the moon) rules all the aerial beings that frequent the sweet lakes, and woods, and hills of Killarney. *Donn Vick Daba*, of Donn Fearine's family, is a chief among the fairies of Clare, and Donn of Knock Vais, of the same family, reigns on this hill, from which he has a pleasant prospect over Abbeyfeale.

* *Donn* (pronounced, Drown)—cognate word with *dominus*—king, lord, poet, philosopher. When used as an adjective it means brown.

In the Grecian and Roman mythologies, not only the powers of nature and the passions of men, received divine honours, but even powerful or beneficent mortals were raised to the rank of demi-gods, after their death. So in our fairy systems we rank the guardian nymphs of stream, wood, and hill—the angels who neither joined St. Michael nor Satan in the great contention of the spirits; and lastly, the spirits of heroes and benefactors of the human kind, such as the O'Donoghue, Donn Fearine, Mananan, Aongus, of the Mound by the Boyne, the Great Barry, and Earl Gerald, the only fairy chiefs we can recall of Anglo-Saxon race. Barry was carried away to fairy land, and became an Ard Thierna (high chief). His glittering palace is in the hill of Knoc Thierna, the last of the chain of the Nagles mountains. Like the O'Donoghue and Mananan, his delight is to succour the poor and oppressed, and scourge the oppressor. In "Croker's Fairy Legends" the reader will find a pleasantly related example of his mode of dealing with these two classes. *Ouibhrin* protected North Munster; but no circumstances worth detail are remembered concerning her.

Balkin is the king of the fairies of Sutherland and Caithness. He and his people speak Irish, or the Highland dialect of it, and are friendly to the children of the Gael. They are frequently engaged in conflicts with the dark and weird "trows" of the Shetland and other northern islands. He and his folk are mentioned by Reginald Scott, in his work on Witchcraft.

Besides the great Barry, our invaders have furnished us with the great and patriotic fairy personage, *Gearoidh Iarla*, Gerald or Garret, the Earl, a Desmond of course (killed 1582). The reader will find one version of his legend in the "Leinster Folk-Lore Papers" in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE: the scene being the Rath of Mullach Maistean; and another in the "Leadbeater Papers," Kilkea Castle witnessing his transformation. The people of Munster could not be expected to resign one of the *Hibernus Hiberniores*. So they have appointed his sleep below the waters of Lough Gur, in Limerick, where he stands bound to a pillar. In the Leinster Legends he will ride round

the Curragh once in every seven years, till the thick silver shoes of his battle-steed are as thin as a cat's ear, and then he will lead forth his enchanted warriors from their cavern, and expel the Sassenach. In the Munster version he goes through the same exercise on the loch mentioned, and must continue till the shoes are not only as thin as the article mentioned, but even worn away altogether.

In the Scotch version, in which Thomas the Rhymer is concerned, the horses are all in the stalls, and every knight sleeping beside his steed, with his buckler for pillow. In the Welsh the enchanted heroes are discovered sitting around an immense stone table, with their helmed heads resting on it. There is scarcely one of the ghostly legends more widely diffused than this. Holger the Dane, Ball Dearg, King Arthur, King Sebastian of Braganza, Thomas the Rhymer, James IV., and many others are waiting for the signal words—"The time has come," to arise and do such deeds as the world never yet heard or saw.

We have mentioned those Danaans who became fairy kings after their decease. The oldest Sighe-Chief of the Milesian line is *Donn Fearine*, the truth-telling king. He was the son of Mile, or Milesius, and when the Danaans raised a fog round the island, to prevent the landing of him and his brothers Heber, Hereimon, and Amhergin, he was shipwrecked on the Duchains, in West Munster, and there perished as to his mortal part. The people to this day call these rocks *Teach Duin* (Donn's House). He bestows his attention on the invisible concerns of the whole kingdom, but resides in Knocfierna, near Limerick, and when not presiding over the sumptuous entertainments there furnished, he looks after the fairy tribes of Thomond (North Munster) and Ormond, and occasionally makes a raid at their head against the fairies of Connaught or Leinster, or South Munster. He is rather patriotic, and friendly besides, to native talent. In Croker's Legends is given an address made to him by a poor poet, whose verses seemed to be in no request by king or chief of mortal mould. It begins thus:—

"Donn of the ocean vata, I give due reverence to thee."

Donn would not be a genuine Milesian spirit if ungifted with combative propensities. A blacksmith near the Feale was one night awaked to put a shoe on the steed of a noble-looking rider. He fashioned it without much delay, but the great feat was to adjust, and fasten it on. So skittish and mettlesome were the mare's capers, that he could not bring the iron convenience within a yard of its appointed place. The master, after looking on for some time, with grim amusement playing over his features, quietly wrung off the lower portion of the leg, and presented it to the operator. Awe of the rider now unnerved him as much as the tricks of the steed had done before, but the stranger at once proceeded to encourage him. "Don't be frightened, but fasten in your nails. I am Donn Fearinú, and am conducting ten thousand of my forces to wage battle and conflict against the fairies of Cork. My people are awaiting me outside your door at this moment." All this was far from putting the village Vulcan at his ease; but, better or worse, he got through the job some way. The version of the story accessible to us mentions the conclusion of the shoeing, the adjusting of the shod portion to the rest of the leg by Donn, the shout of the tribe when they saw their chief emerging from the forge, and the speed with which they escaped from the blacksmith's sight. Donn seems to have been in such a hurry that he omitted to make any compensation to the black artist for his trouble.*

CLIONA OF MUNSTER.

CLIONA, the most powerful, and at the same time the most wayward, of the Munster fairies, was daughter of the terrible Red-haired Druid who once threw a thick darkness over a Northern force set in battle array against the Southern men, and thereby effected their defeat. *Cliona* (Lovely)

and *Aoibhil* (pron. Evil, All Beauteous) were his daughters; and Caoimh the Pleasant (O'Keefe), a neighbouring chief, was suitor for the hand of the younger (Evil). Cliona happening to have her affections set on Caoimh, brought a wasting sickness on her sister, and at last the appearance of death, by the administration of a narcotic. She was interred, but the spiteful Cliona had her conveyed to a cave, where, under the appearance of a cat, she is still occasionally seen. Her head-quarters are at Carriglea, near Killaloe.

Cliona's Court is five miles south of Mallow, in a lonely district: it consists of a rock in the centre of a circular space, surrounded by other smaller ones, the whole enclosure (about two acres) carpeted by the finest turf, and no rocks interrupting the view for a considerable distance. Belated travellers have seen Cliona and her troops holding consultation here, or leading the dance round the delightful enclosure. On winter nights frightful noises have been heard from Carrig Cliona, and no peasant or peasantess would enter or cross the eirie place after nightfall, for any consideration.

As Cliona was once disporting in the neighbourhood by moonlight, under the appearance of a white rabbit, she was espied and made captive by an unlucky farmer, who bore her home, and kept her well secured. From the moment of her unwilling entrance into the house, misfortune descended in a storm upon the owner. Floods carried away his stacks, his cattle were missing, and at last two of his children lay on the bed of death. Within the space of a week all were at their wit's end, till some one remarked on the presence of the rabbit, and the beginning of their woes as occurring on the same day. The hint was sufficient. The unlucky animal was liberated, and the children recovered. The strayed animals were found, ill-luck left the place, and white

* A legend something like this is related of St. Eloi, a skilful worker in metals as well as a saint. In his youth he was rather vain of his skill, and a strange artist came to try conclusions with him. This new man took off a horse's leg, shod it, and restored it again to its place and natural functions. He also put an old woman in the fire, and drew her out in the pride of youth and beauty. St. Eloi, striving to imitate him, killed both horse and woman. The unknown—an angel in disguise—then read a lecture to him on the sin of pride, and restored the dead to life.

rabbits were carefully avoided for the future by every member of the family.

There was a "hurling" in the glen by the side of the river Leere, and among the spectators were James Roche and his son John, a child of seven years old. Cliona came out of the rock, unseen by any one in the crowd, and throwing a cloak over the boy, she led him into her cavern, and for fourteen years he was never seen by mortal. At the end of that period he presented himself to the eyes of his father, a full-grown young man, and while fear and joy were struggling in the breast of the old man, he thus spoke: "Dear father, I have been kept by Cliona in her rock for fourteen years, and now she is obliged to let me be seen by my family. If you cannot free me from her power in three months, she will oblige me to marry a young woman whom she stole when a child, and neither she nor I will ever again enjoy the society of our kind. If you travel to the lower part of Ireland, and persuade Kathleen Dhu, who lives by the church of Clogher, to come with you, she can free me from the enchantment in which I am held."

It was not long till the sorrowful father was on his journey, and after long travelling and much fatigue, he was in the presence of the dark witch. She was ill of a fever at the time, but told him her daughter was equally powerful with herself, and would return with him if he would liberally reward her. "There's nothing in my possession she may ask," said he, "that I can refuse, if she free my son from the S.ghé."

So they set out and in due time they arrived at his house. "Get me now," said she, "the skin of a newly-killed sheep." It was got, and dried, and the wool plucked off, and she put it on as a cloak with the flesh side out; and so she and Roche presented themselves at the entrance of Carric Cliona. "Hail Cliona of the Carrig," said she. "A long distance I came to see you, all along from the church of Clogher, where the birds speak to the border of the foxes.* If John, son of James, has wedded the

young woman of the Sighe, or kissed her lips, woe and wrath shall light on him, and her, and on their Mistress, Cliona, daughter of the red druid!"

At these threatening words Cliona came forth, and was dismayed by the long coarse hair of the young witch that fell to her hips, and by the cloak of raw hide, with horns, legs, and all hanging about her; she had put a druidic charm on her eyes, that even made the Sighe tremble. "Who are you?" said she. "Are you Aine,† or Venus, or Aoihbhil of the gray rocks, or Ana Cleir, come hither from Bemus, or a witch westward from Beara?"

"No, I am not of your race at all. I am of the Bollar Beamish, and my brother is *Slawbocht no Treamhúic* and the *Ruiddhera Rua*, (Red Knight), from the harbour of *Ben Hedir*, (Howth). My other brother is *Dorrin Deidh gal*, who can make the old young, and the young old, and raise the dead out of the earth; and the Ard Rígh of the *Stuadh Sighe* (Fairy Tribes) of Eriinn has given me the run of all the country, and if I meet with refusal or evil treatment, he will come and take sharp revenge for it."

Cliona was overawed by the wild appearance and the threatening language of the daughter of Black Catherine, and she gave up John, son of James, praying that the witch might be nothing the better for her acquisition. But she was the better, for when she flung off her raw cloak, and her long head-covering of coarse horse-hair, and stood before John, son of James, as a dark-eyed, beautiful young woman, he said if she would not become his wife, he would return again to the Sighe of Cliona. The father gave his consent, a little unwillingly; but our authority has afforded us no information on the subject of the subsequent housekeeping of the young couple.

A loud noise as from the surging of a wave is occasionally heard in the harbour of Glandore, county of Cork, both in calm and stormy weather. It is a forerunner of the shifting of the wind to the north-east. It is called the "Tonn Cliona," or Cliona's wave,

* The reader will naturally request the meaning of this expression. The writer would very willingly furnish it if he knew it himself.

† A powerful Munster fairy.

and was supposed in days gone by to portend the death of a king or great chief.

FINVAR, THE FAIRY KING OF CONNAUGHT.

After Mananan MacLir had given up his rule in Erin, the most powerful chief of those who chose to remain, were *Macananta*, whose palace is in Scrabby, and Finvar (the fair Great). This fairy potentate selected Knoe Moy in Galway for his residence. It exceeded in splendour even the glittering hill-palace of Donn Fearainn of Knochierna. Near it stood and stands Castle Hackett, the hospitable residence of the Kirwans, and, time out of mind, Finvar extended his patronage to that brave old family. The late John Kirwan successfully contended for the prizes at the Curragh for near half a century. His nearly invariable success was attributed, both by his neighbours and his grooms, to the influence of Finvar. This chief and his people would hold carouses deep and long in the Castle cellars; but the good wine, instead of being diminished, seemed ever on the increase in quantity and improvement in quality. Then the stable-boys were ready to take oath that Finvar and his train, richly attired in silk jackets and caps, would exercise the race-horses night after night, thus adding speed and mettle instead of inflicting fatigue, or hurting them in any way. The late Mr. Hardiman, of Galway, is our authority for this bit of fairy history.

Having thus given information concerning the principal fairy kings and queens, whose names have been handed down to us, there remains the duty of mentioning the different classes of the hill folk. The labour in this department will be light, as the subject has been often touched on. It may be supposed that as the information about the *Duinné Maha* (Good People) has been chiefly obtained from uneducated people, not accustomed to classify or analyse their stock of knowledge, the distinctive boundaries of the different classes of the airy population, would not be always well defined.

Of the *Cluricaune* we have little here to say, having treated of his habits and rogueries in "Leinster-

Folk Lore" in this Magazine, and given two of the legends concerning him from oral information. He bears different names in different localities, being called *Luricaune* in Kerry, *Lurigadawn* in Tipperary, *Leprechaun* and *Lurikeen* in Leinster, *Lurikeen* exclusively in Wexford, and *Lochryman* in Ulster. His employment, as every one knows, is the making of tiny brogues for the general population of Fairy Land, and his recreation, drinking beer made from heath by a receipt derived from the Danes. This of course is accompanied by smoking, and his favourite resort is a shelter, grassy nook in an old rath, or a sunny spot in the ruins of an old castle. He has about him a heavy purse filled with worthless coin, and another containing one shilling (*sporrán na skillenach*). When a determined country boy or girl seizes on him, and will not be seduced by his palaver to let him go, he offers them the choice of the heavy or the light purse. They generally select the heavier lump of counters, whereas, if the one with the solitary shilling was chosen, they would find a new coin of that value every time they introduced their fingers into it. Master Lurikeen frequently gets into the cellar of some old family and drinks while a bottle remains. He frightens the servants at times, but generally is respectful to the master of the house.

The *Gan Cemach*, or love-talker, is a variety of this division. He is a thoroughly idle scamp, and employs his time telling love-stories to idly-inclined damsels, found loitering abroad in fields and lanes when they should be usefully employed. In the year 1825, a lurikeen's shoe was exhibited in the office of the *Carlrow Post* for some months—a genuine one—for what clumsy hands of flesh, blood, and bone, could have fashioned the delicate little thing? The sketch of the little fairy cobbler made that year for the *Dublin and London Magazine*, conducted by Mr. Whitty, a Wexfordian, is one of the happiest of George Cruikshank's inventions.

The Welsh *Knoctar* is a relative of this Irish Fairy, but he is a more unselfish little fellow. Wherever the sound of his little hammer is heard, the listener is sure, if he digs deep enough, to find treasure. The Scan-

dinavian miners and sword-forgers of dwarfish size are of the same general class, the difference in their occupation and character being the result of difference of climate and modes of life.

The Enemy of Mankind having only the apish semblance of wisdom, used frequently, in the all-believing times, to take pleasure in frightening poor mortals when he had no opportunity of seducing them into evil paths. He thus defeated his own purposes. For many who would not at the instance of parent or priest, renounce "night-walking" and its damaging results, were scared into a good course by the horrid appearance of Satan as an enormous *puck-ron* (he goat) with long horns, and fiery eyes, and beard. He probably gave preference to this figure, as under the similitude of Pan and the Satyrs, who united human and hircine traits in their outward appearance, he had received worship from the pagans. So, when heathen belief faded into the state of dim superstition, the blended ideas of the devil and Pan were embodied in the being called the *Pooka*. The people of Hanover called him *Tuckbold*.

This malevolent sprite, impotent of doing harm except to drunkards and "night-walkers" bent on mischief, frequently presents himself as a quiet ass or mule to his tired victim, who, getting gladly on his back, finds at once his quiet beast transformed into a wild black steed, or bull, or puck-awn, and tearing at whirlwind speed up and down rocks, through forests, and across headlong torrents. After a night of terror and agony the *mauvais sujet* is found lying somewhere near home in a state of utter prostration, and generally becomes that darling of weak woman—a reformed rake. The *Dulachan* (*Durrachan*, dark or malicious man) or headless horseman is a species of this genus. He forgathers with belated riders, and challenges them to a race, which very often ends in the churchyard, where a crowd of these headless gentry indulge in the most ludicrous and terrific pastimes, flinging their heads at one another, and indulging in all the profane licence of a Sabat.

The *Tinne Geolan* (Will o'the Wisp) seems to be of the same malignant tribe: not an inkling of good

feeling is ever to be found in *Pooka*, *Dulachan*, or *Tinne Geolan*. Shakespeare's Puck has scarcely anything in common with the *Pooka* except the name. Quere, was the frolicsome sprite of the Midsommer Night's Dream ever naturalized among the Folk-lore gentry of the English peasantry, or merely borrowed by the poets, and invested with a tricky, harmless character? There is but little variety in the legends in which the *Pooka*'s doings are involved. The mortals are mostly found as poor Daniel O'Rourke was—under the walls of Carrig-a-Phooka or elsewhere, with all the symptoms of fatigue about them, and a perfume resembling that of whisky exhaling from their parched lips. Several of these which are met in periodicals are mere inventions of the writers—copies rather of others that preceded them in time.

The house-drudge, Nisses of Scandinavia, and the Brownies of Scotland have a corresponding class in Ireland; but knowledge concerning the individuals is vague, and they have received no general name. In our "Leinster-Folk Lore" mention is made of one who did the kitchen drudgery of the "Big House" of Rath C—, in Kildare, in the outward appearance of a jackass. The people of the neighbourhood persisted in calling him the *Pooka*, though he had not a single quality in common with that spiteful being.

The reader will find the character and habits of the *Pooka* illustrated in different collections of Irish Legends. The adventure that follows was related by the sufferer to a gentleman, from whose mouth we have it. Our authority felt certain that the man was fully persuaded of the reality of the facts which he was unable to detail without a feeling of terror.

THE POOKA OF MIRROR.

The unfortunate hero of this narrative was returning home one night along an avenue which lay between a hedge and a wood, the trees of which stood so close that the boughs interlaced. He was not naturally subject to superstitious fears, but he could not be otherwise than frightened after advancing some distance,

on hearing a rustling in the boughs overhead, keeping pace with his own progress. Looking up he was terrified by the appearance of a dark object visible through the foliage and boughs where they were not too close, and the outline dimly defined by the obscure light of the sky. The form was that of a goat, and it kept nearly over his head, springing from bough to bough as his shaking limbs carried him forward. The only encouraging idea that occurred to him was, that he would soon be at the border of the wood, and that in all probability the evil thing would trouble him no further. After what seemed a very long time, though it probably occupied but a few minutes, he was under the last tree, but while hoping for the cessation of his torment, the dreadful thing in the full caparison of a he-goat dropped on his shoulders, and bent him down on all fours !

He retained his senses, and merely strength enough to creep under painfully, labouring the while under such a sensation of horror as perhaps none can comprehend except such as have endured the visitation of the nightmare. He could not afterwards form any idea of the time occupied by his staggering home under the fearful burthen. His family heard the noise as of a body falling against the door. It was at once opened, and the poor head of the family was found lying across the entrance, insensible. They brought him in, laid him before the fire, had his hands chafed, water thrown on his face, &c., till he recovered consciousness. He was confined to his bed for two or three weeks with pains and stiffness in his bones and joints, as if he was suffering under a severe attack of rheumatism. As there was no intentional deception on the victim's side, perhaps the delusion and illness may be accounted for by his lying insensible for some time in a damp place, and being called on while in that state by that dreadful visitant—the nightmare.

The Pooka's head-quarters in Ireland are Carrig-a-Phooka, west of Macroom, Castle Pooka, near Doneraile, and the Island of Melan, at the mouth of the Kenmare river, a locality dreaded by sailors and fishers at night, or in bad weather, the

most frightful noises being heard there at these times.

The Lubber fiend, Lubberkin, or Lurdane, of the old English poets, seems to be related to our Celtic Lurigadán, by name at least ; but our variety is not noted for household duty, unless making a beast of himself in the cellar, pass for such. The *Fear* or *Fir Dearg* (Red man) is indeed fond of a comfortable hearth in winter, and using the tobacco-pipe left on the hob for his need. He occasionally shows himself to members of the family, but does not like to be looked at too curiously. He likewise takes food, which is thoughtfully left aside for him, and his continued presence in a house brings good fortune with it. Croker says that this little red-capped and red-coated power heads the native forces against the fairies of foreign parts, and if any mortals come in their direct course, they will for the nonce, bridle and saddle them, and convert them into special war-horses, rewarding them by "hands" of tobacco or other delicacies when the fight is done.

The merest novices in fairy lore have heard of the banshee (Bean Sighe, woman-fairy), whose sad office it is to wail beforehand the death of the descendants of the old Celtic nobility, and some of the patriotic children of the invaders. It is not even uncommon to find the melancholy warning given before the death of people in the rank of farmers, when their veins are filled by the pure blood of the O'Neils, MacCarthys, O'Connors, O'Briens, Fitzgeralds, or Butlers. Our own ears have heard narratives of red-cloaked women being heard under the windows of farm-houses uttering the wild *caoine* for the dying master or mistress. We have not the slightest doubt of the good faith of the narrators, but are unable to explain the self-deception.

Accounts of banshees being easily met with in the works of Croker, Keightley, Mrs. Hall, &c., the inquisitive are referred thereto for information—the only one we mean to produce being, so to say, historical.

THE BANSHEE OF THE O'BRIENS.

Lady Fanshawe, whose husband was ambassador at the Spanish Court in the

reigns of Charles First and Second, has left an account of an individual spirit of this class, which was seen and heard by herself. Being on a visit at the house of Lady Honora O'Brien, and having one night retired to rest, she was awakened about one o'clock by a noise outside one of the windows. She arose, withdrew the curtains, and beheld, by the light of the moon, a female figure leaning in through the open casement. She was of a ghastly complexion, had long red hair, and was enveloped in a white gown. She uttered a couple of words in a loud strange tone, and then with a sigh, resembling the rushing of a wind, she disappeared. Her substance seemed of the consistence of dense air, and so awful was the effect produced on the lady that she fainted outright. Next day she related to the lady of the house what she had seen, and the news was received with no marks of surprise. "My cousin," said she, "whose ancestors owned this house, died at two o'clock this morning, and, as is the case with the rest of our family, the banshee was heard wailing every night during his illness. The individual spirit who utters the *caoiné* for this branch of the O'Briens, is supposed to be the ghost of a woman who was seduced and murdered in the garden of this very house by an ancestor of the gentleman who died this morning. He flung her body into the river under the window; so the voice and appearance of this wailer causes more terror than those of other spirits, with whose grief there is no blending of revenge."

On one occasion, when the Bean Sighe of the Knight of Kerry was heard announcing, by her wail, the approaching demise of the chief, the merchants of Dingle, forgetting their plebeian births and occupations, took it into their heads to be frightened, lest the wild sounds should bode the immediate departure of some of themselves. A native poet, however, reassured them in this wise:—

"At Dingle, when the lament grew loud,
Great fear fell on the thrifty merchants;
But fear on their own account they need
not;
The banshee wails not such as they."

Moruaith or *Moruaich* is the name given to the mermaids that haunt the shallow waters near our coasts. The

word is composed of *Mur*, sea, and *Oich*, maid. The mermen do not seem on the whole to be an attractive or interesting class. Their hair and teeth are green, their noses invariably red, and their eyes resemble those of a pig. Moreover they have a penchant for brandy, and keep a look out for cases of that article that go astray in shipwrecks. Some naturalists attribute the hue of their noses to extra indulgence in that liquor. It is little to be wondered at that their young women occasionally prefer marriage with a coast farmer. The wearing of a nice little magic cap (the *Cohuleen Druith*) is essential to their well-being in their country below the waves, and the mortal husband must keep this cap well concealed from his sea-wife. Instances are rife of desolation made in families by the inadvertent finding of it by one of the children, who, of course, shows it to his mother to learn what it is. However strong her affection for husband and children, she is instinctively obliged to seize on it, and clap it on her head. She tenderly embraces her children, but immediately flies to the sea-brink, plunges in, and is seen no more. The distracted husband, when he hears the news from the forsaken children, accuses destiny, and calls for aid to the powers of sea and land, but all in vain. Why did he perpetrate an unsuitable marriage?

One man who lived near Bantry was blessed with an excellent wife of this class. (As a rule, a *Moruaich* is most desirable as wife, mother and mistress of a family). They would have lived comfortably but many sea-cows aware of her original condition, would persist in coming up to graze on her husband's meadows, and thus be near their relative. The husband, an unsentimental fellow, would chase and worry the poor sea-cattle even to wounds and bruises, till the wife, after many useless appeals to his good feelings, poked out her *Cohuleen Druith* and quitted him. He was sorry when it was too late. His children, and theirs again, were distinguished by a rough scaly skin and a delicate membrane between fingers and toes.

THE BLACK CATTLE OF BURY ISLAND.

Several centuries since, a family re

siding on Durzy Island, off Bantry Bay, found a beautiful little coal-black bull and cow on a verdant spot near the beach. The cow furnished sufficient butter and milk for all domestic wants, and next year a calf was added to the number. When this youngster was come to the age of affording additional support to the family, a wicked servant girl one day milking the parent cow, so far forgot herself as to strike the gentle beast with the spancel and curse her bitterly. The outraged animal turned round to the other two, who were grazing at some distance, and lowed to them in a sorrowful tone, and immediately the three moved rapidly off to the sea. They plunged in, and forthwith the three rocks, since known as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, arose, and continue to this day to protest against the wickedness and ingratitude of cross-grained servant girls.

THE SILKIE WIFE.

Those in the Shetland and Orkney islands who know no better, are persuaded that the seals or silkies, as they call them, can doff their coverings at times, and disport themselves as men and women. A fisher once turning a ridge of rock discovered a beautiful bit of green turf adjoining the shingle, sheltered by rocks on the landward side, and over this turf and shingle two beautiful women chasing each other. Just at the man's feet lay two seal-skins, one of which he took up, to examine it. The women catching sight of him screamed out, and ran to get possession of the skins. One seized the article on the ground, donned it in a thrice, and plunged into the sea; the other wrung her hands, cried, and begged the fisher to restore her property; but he wanted a wife, and would not throw away the chance. He wooed her so earnestly and lovingly, that she put on some woman's clothing which he brought her from his cottage, followed him home, and became his wife. Some years later, when their home was enlivened by the presence of two children, the husband, awaking one night, heard voices in conversation from the kitchen. Stealing softly to the room door, he heard his wife talking in a low tone with some one outside the window. The interview

was just at an end, and he had only time to ensconce himself in bed, when his wife was stealing across the room. He was greatly disturbed, but determined to do or say nothing till he should acquire further knowledge. Next evening, as he was returning home by the strand, he spied a male and female phoca sprawling on a rock a few yards out at sea. The rougher animal, raising himself on his tail and fins, thus addressed the astonished man in the dialect spoken in these islands—"You deprived me of her whom I was to make my life's companion; and it was only yesternight that I discovered her outer garment, the loss of which obliged her to be your wife. I bear no malice, as you were kind to her in your own fashion; besides, my heart is too full of joy to hold any malice. Look on your wife for the last time." The other seal glanced at him with all the shyness and sorrow she could force into her now uncouth features; but when the bereaved husband rushed toward the rock to secure his lost treasure, she and her companion were in the water on the other side of the rock in a moment; and the poor fisherman was obliged to return sadly to his motherless children and desolate home.

THE AVENGING WAVE.

The existence of a high and swift wave at particular points of coast and at irregular periods can be readily accounted for by natural causes. There is a bay on the west coast of Ireland where the phenomenon occurs, but the neighbouring fishermen have not the trouble of searching for its cause in chance-combinations of wind and tide. Long since an unfeeling wretch of the family of the O'S—a had a mermaid at his power, and basely murdered her, notwithstanding her piteous supplications for mercy. The next time he was out on the bay, he and they that were with him, were dismayed by the size and rushing speed of a wave careering down on them from the open ocean. Conscious of his guilt, he strained every sinew to impel the boat over the bar of the harbour, but in vain. The foaming water went right over the hapless crew, and not one of them escaped with life. Since that time the direct descendants of the murderer are never

without fear when they trust their lives to the waters; and the neighbouring seafarers are very reluctant to put to sea in their company. A writer in the *Westminster Review* (1833) had heard a detailed account of the dangers of a party, which, unfortunately, included a member of the doomed tribe. As time has slipped by the danger has diminished; and if the pursued individual can get within the sandbar of the bay he may count on safety.

In the article on "Magic," in the number of this Magazine for February last, will be found a very ancient legend illustrating the origin of the modern superstition of the Lianan Sighe, or familiar fairy. Iollan Finn, though in possession of a mistress of the Sighe people, was sufficiently impudent to ask for the hand of Fionn Mac Cumhail's aunt in marriage, and the spiritlover, *Ughdeallh*, (fair bosom), worked woe to him and her in consequence. When Paganism prevailed, such connexions were not looked on as *very* baneful or unnatural. Under the Christian dispensation the unhappy person is strictly bound to the unholy being, is always sensible of its presence, and cannot be freed from the alliance without finding a substitute to take his or her place. It is said that the Lianan is nourished by the food received by its companion. Whatever were the circumstances attending the beginning of the connexion, the wretched mortal suffers at a later period such misery allied to horror, that he or she would welcome death, were it not for the torments to be looked for after it.

The person possessed can make the Lianan confer riches and other worldly goods on friends or favourites, but is not in a position to receive or enjoy such things in his or her own person. While the contract is not broken on the mortal side the familiar is the slave, otherwise unendurable misery and slavery is his or her portion. In the tale of "Zanoni" and in the "Lianan Shie," by Carleton, are

obscurely figured the indescribable wretchedness of the too rash and too curious mortals who would tear asunder the veil that divides the visible from the invisible world.*

The reader is now acquainted with the names of the principal Fairy chiefs in Ireland, together with the distinctive characters of the different classes. We proceed to enter into some miscellaneous details of their domestic economy, and such of their manners and customs as have come under the notice of their neighbours of the human race.

THE FAIRY CURE.

In the "Leinster Folk-Lore" of this Magazine were related the adventures of a woman in the Duffrey, who had been called on at a late hour to assist the lady of a Fairy chief in a trying situation. The person about whom we are going to speak was also a *sage-femme*, and in that capacity was summoned by a dark rider to aid his lady, who was on the point of adding to the Sighe population of the country.

For nearly a year before that time, Nora's daughter, Judy, had been confined to her bed by a sore leg, which neither she, nor the neighbouring doctor, nor the fairy-man,† could "make any hand of."

The calling up of the old woman, the ride behind the *Fear-Dorcha*, and the dismounting at the door of an illuminated palace, all took place as mentioned in the tale above alluded to. In the hall she was surprised to see an old neighbour who had long been spirited away from the haunts of his youth and manhood to the joyless though showy life of the Sighe caverns. He at once took an opportunity, when the "Dark Man" was not observing him, to impress on Nora the necessity of taking no refreshment of any kind while under the roof of the fairy castle, and of refusing money or any other consideration in any form. The only exception he made was in favour of

* Classic scholars will find the memory of the Incubi and Succubi, and Nympholepts of the Pagan system, preserved in these Lianans and the persons possessed by them.

† The worthy who possessed skill in curing all maladies inflicted by the *good-people*, sympathetic ointments and charmed draughts, being the chief articles in his pharmacopœia.

cures for diseases inflicted by evil spirits or by fairies.

She found the lady of the castle in a bed with pillows of gold and quilts of silk, and in a short time (for Nora was a handy woman) there was a beautiful little girl lying on the breast of the delighted mother. All the fine ladies that were scattered through the large room, now gathered round, and congratulated their queen and paid many compliments to the lucky-handed Nora. "I am so pleased with you," said the lady, "that I shall be glad to see you take as much gold and silver and jewels out of the next room as you can carry." Nora stepped in out of curiosity, and saw piles of gold and silver coins, and baskets of diamonds and pearls, lying about on every side, but she remembered the caution, and came out empty-handed. "I'm much obliged to you, my lady," said she, "but if I took them guineas, and crowns, and jewels home, no one would ever call on me again to help his wife, and I'd be sittin' wud me hands acress, and doin' nothin' but dhrinkin' tay and makin' curthies, an' I'd be dead before a-year 'ud be gone by." "Oh, dear!" said the lady, "what an odd person you are! At any rate sit down at that table and help yourself to food and drink." "Oh, ma'am, is it them jellies, an' custards, an' pasthry you'd like to see me at? Lord love you! I wouldn't know the way to me mouth wud the likes; an' I swore again dhrinkin' after a time I was overtaken wud the liccor when I ought to be mindin' a poor neighbour's wife." "Well, this is too bad. Will you even condescend to wear this shawl for my sake?" "Ach, me lady, would you have the dirty little gorsoons roaring after me an' maybe pelting me with stones when I'd be going through the village?" "Well, but what should hinder you from living in this castle all your life with me, eating, and drinking, and wearing the best of everything?" "Musha, ma'am, I'd only be the laughin' stock o' the fine ladies and gentlemen. I'd have no ould neighbour to have a shanachus wud, and what wud the crathurs of women do for me in me own place when their time 'ud be come?" "Alas, alas! Is there any way in which I can show you how grateful

I am for your help and your skill?"

"Musha indeed is there, ma'am. My poor girshach, Jude, is lying under a sore leg for a twelvemonth, an' I'm sure that the lord or yourself can make her as sound as a bell if you only say the word." "Ask me anything but that, and you shall have it." "Oh, lady, dear, that's giving me everything I don't want, and refusing me the only thing I do." "You don't know the offence your daughter gave to us, I am sure, or you would not ask me to cure her." "Judy offend you, ma'am! Oh, it's impossible!" "Not at all, and this is the way it happened—

"You know that all the fairy court enjoy their lives in the night only, and we frequently go through the country, and hold our feasts where the kitchen, and especially the hearth is swept up clean. About a twelvemonth ago myself and my ladies were passing your cabin, and one of the company liked the appearance of the neat thatch, and the white-washed walls and the clean pavement outside the door so much that she persuaded us all to go in. We found the cheerful turf fire shining on the well-swept hearth and floor, and the clean pewter and delft plates on the dresser, and the white table. We were so well pleased that we sat down on the hearth, and laid our tea-tray, and began to drink our tea as comfortably as could be. You know we can be any size we please, and there was a score of us settled before the fire.

"We were vexed enough when we saw your daughter come up out of your bed-room, and make towards the fire. Her feet I acknowledge were white and clean, but one of them would cover two or three of us, the size we were that night. On she came stalking, and just as I was raising my cup of tea to my lips, down came the soft flat sole on it, and spilled the tea all over me. I was very much annoyed, and I caught the thing that came next to my hand and hurled it at her. It was the tea-pot, and the point of the spout is in the small of her leg from that night till now." "Oh, lady, darlint! how can you hold spite to the poor slob of a girl, that knew no more of you being there, nor of offending you than she did the night she was born?" "Well, well: now that it is all past and gone, I be-

lieve you are right. At all events you have done so much for me that I cannot refuse you any thing. Take this ointment, and rub it where you will see the purple mark, and I hope that your thoughts of me may be pleasant."

Just then a messenger came to say that the lord was at the hall-door waiting for Nora, for the cocks would be soon a crowing. So she took leave of the lady, and mounted behind the dark man. The horse's back seemed as hard and as thin as a hazel stick, but it bore her safely to her home. She was in a sleepstate all the time she was returning; but at last she woke up, and found herself standing by her own door. She got into bed as fast as she could, and when she woke next morning she fancied it was all a dream. She put her hand in her pocket, and there for a certainty was the box of ointment. She stripped the clothes off her daughter's leg, rubbed some of the stuff on it, and in a few seconds she saw the skin bursting, and a tiny spout of a tea-pot working itself out. Poor Judy was awake by this, and wondering what ease she felt in her leg. I warrant she was rejoiced at the story her mother told her. She soon received health and strength, and never neglected to leave her kitchen so nice when she was going to bed, that Rich Damer himself might eat his dinner off the floor. She took good care never to let her feet stray over it again after bed-time, for fear of giving offence to her unseen visitors.

THE FAIRY-STRICKEN SERVANT.

A travelling woman once got lodging in a farmer's house, and was provided with a bed in the kitchen. The sluttish servant-maid went to sleep in the settle, and was soon snoring soundly. About midnight the strange woman heard a tapping at the door, and a ghostly voice crying through the key-hole, "where are you, feet-water?" "I am in the tub, where I oughtn't to be." "Hand-reel, where are you?" "Lying loose I am on the dresser." "Reaping-hook, where are

you?" "Lying loose on the floor."* "Wheel-band, where are you?" "Drawn tight round the rim, I am." "Feet-water, reaping-hook, hand-reel, and wheel-band, let us in!"

In came three wild-looking women to spend part of the night in comfort; but the turf had been allowed to burn out, and the hearth was unswept and comfortless. Two of them sat down, while the third searched dresser and drawers for some food. But nothing was to be found except a crust which the lodger had left for the good people on a stool near her bed. She took it, and returned to the hearth, and the three made a meal on it. "Ah, the negligent quean!" said one, who seemed the worst disposed of the party: I'll leave her something to remind her of her negligence, and the only thing that can cure her is a poultice of this bread, left out by that decent woman in the corner. Let us not leave a crumb behind us. After saying this she lifted a bit of thread off the ground, and threw it at the sleeper in the settle, and soon after all the company went away. When they were going out the traveller, keeping her eyes nearly closed, saw the most good-natured of the three look at herself, and drop a few crumbs on the floor. While the women staid, there was a dull light through the room, but the moment they left, all was as dark as pitch.

In the morning, the moment the woman awoke, she got up, and gathered the crumbs, and put them up carefully in a bit of rag in her pocket. About three months afterwards, she stopped another night in the same house. She had scarcely sat down when the servant girl began to tell her of a great swelling in her leg, that hindered her from walking any distance, or standing up at all beyond a few minutes: "and it's on me," said she, "since the very night you were here last." "Well," said the other, "let that *larn* you to keep a sod of turf alive all night, and sweep up the hearth, and leave something to eat for the good people, when you don't throw out the feet-water, and stick

* The housewife may make doors and windows as fast as she pleases; but if she neglects to stick the reaping-hook in the thatch, or if she does not lose the wheel-band, or tie the hand-reel with a rush, or neglect to pour out the water that washed the feet, by the channel under the door, those treacherous allies of the fairies will let them in.

the reaping-hook in the thatch, and tie up the hand-reel, and slack the spinning-wheel. If you'll promise to be more careful, maybe ourselves can do something for you." "Oh, musha, do, and God bless you, and it's me that 'll be careful about what you say from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve." So the woman made a poultice with some hot water and the dry crumbs, and put it to the girl's leg. It was not a minute on, when the skin cracked, and a whole skein of woollen thread worked itself out. You may be sure that she gave herself tidier habits afterwards, and that the wise woman was welcome to a comfortable bed and a good supper and breakfast whenever she passed that way.

Fairies, though long-lived, are considered by a portion of the savans, versed in their natural history, as not enjoying immortality. Their progeny are generally of a rickety character, and they are always on the watch for opportunities to exchange them for healthy thriving children of mortals. Unbaptized children must be carefully watched, or they will be conveyed away, and even men and women, if they are guilty of gross negligence in their religious duties, are obnoxious to the designs of the fairy-snatchers. An instance of the recovery of a beloved wife has already been given in the "*Leinster Folk-Lore*," the following being a variety of the same kind of incident, is given at more moderate length:—

THE RECOVERED BRIDE.

THERE was a marriage in the town-land of Curragnigue. After the usual festivities, and when the guests were left to themselves, and were drinking to the prosperity of the bride and bridegroom, they were startled by the appearance of the man himself rushing into the room with anguish in his looks. "Oh!" cried he, "Margaret is carried away by the fairies, I'm sure." The girls were not left the room for half a minute when I went in, and there is no more sign of her there than if she never was born. Great consternation prevailed, great search was made, but no Margaret was to be found. After a night and day spent in misery, the poor bereft bridegroom lay down to take some

rest. After a while he seemed to himself to awake from a troubled dream, and look out into the room. The moon was shining in through the window, and in the middle of the slanting rays stood Margaret in her white bridal clothes. He thought to speak and leap out of the bed, but his tongue was without utterance, and his limbs unable to move. "Do not be disturbed, dear husband," said the appearance. "I am now in the power of the fairies, but if you only have courage and prudence we may be soon happy with each other again. Next Friday will be May-eve, and the whole court will ride out of the old fort after midnight. I must be there along with the rest. Sprinkle a circle with holy water, and have a black-hafted knife with you. If you have courage to pull me off the horse, and draw me into the ring, all they can do will be useless. You must have some food for me every night on the dresser, for if I taste one mouthful with them, I will be lost to you for ever. The fairies got power over me because I was only thinking of you, and did not prepare myself as I ought for the sacrament. I made a bad confession, and now I am suffering for it. Don't forget what I have said." "Oh, no, my darling," cried he, recovering his speech, but by the time he had slipped out of bed, there was no living soul in the room but himself.

Till Friday night the poor young husband spent a desolate time. The food was left on the dresser over night, and it rejoiced all hearts to find it vanished by morning. A little before midnight he was at the entrance of the old rath. He formed the circle, took his station within it, and kept the black-hafted knife ready for service. At times he was nervously afraid of losing his dear wife, and at others burning with impatience for the struggle. At last the old fort with its dark high bushy fences cutting against the sky, was in a moment replaced by a palace and its court. A thousand lights flashed from the windows and lofty hall entrance, numerous torches were brandished by attendants stationed round the courtyard, and a numerous cavalcade of richly-attired ladies and gentlemen was moving in the direction of the gate where he found himself standing. As they rode by him laughing and

jesting, he could not tell whether they were aware of his presence or not. He looked intent at each countenance as it approached, but it was some time before he caught sight of the dear face and figure borne along on a milk-white steed. She recognized him well enough, and her features now broke into a smile—now expressed deep anxiety. She was unable for the throng to guide the animal close to the ring of power; so he suddenly rushed out of his bounds, seized her in his arms and lifted her off. Cries of rage and fury arose on every side, they were hemmed in, and weapons directed at his head and breast to terrify him. He seemed to be inspired with superhuman courage and force, and wielding the powerful knife he soon cleared a space round him, all seeming dismayed by the sight of the weapon. He lost no time, but drew his wife within the ring, within which none of the myriads round dared to enter. Shouts of derision and defiance continued to fill the air for some time, but the expedition could not be delayed. As the end of the procession filed past the gate and the circle within which the mortal pair held each other determinedly clasped, darkness and silence fell on the old rath and the fields round it, and the rescued bride and her lover breathed freely. We will not detain the sensitive reader on the happy walk home, on the joy that hailed their arrival, and on all the eager gossip that occupied the townland and the five that surround it for a month after the happy rescue.

This event, as mentioned, occurred on a Saturday morning. For some reason or other the good people do not undertake expeditions on Fridays, nor do they either good or evil on that day. They appear to entertain but slight hopes of eventual salvation, after this earth and the things of it have passed away. Man's redemption was wrought on a Friday, and probably a mingled feeling of regret, resentment, and terror, causes their inaction on the day of the crucifixion.

Persons once naturalized among the Fairy tribe are as desirous as they of recruiting the losses in the population of their adopted friends. For this purpose they bring epilepsy on mortals once their intimate

friends, and, under the operation of laws unknown to us, these people so afflicted pass into the *Sighe* hills at their death, instead of remaining in a suspended state of existence, or going to their places of rest or punishment. Some psychologists maintain that friendship and good nature prevail among a section of these fairy mortals, and that they fight pitched battles with the party anxious for recruits. If they prevail they manage to have potent herbs conveyed to the man afflicted with epilepsy, and his cure is wrought. Otherwise he is doomed to endure existence in the hill forts.

If any credulous reader ever find a whirlwind (*sighe gaoithe*) come too close to him for comfort, let him stoop, and picking up dust from under his right foot, fling it into the revolving mass of air. The fairies are at once dispersed, and no danger need be feared. If he wish to get sight of the airy folk while in this whirling occupation, he has only to form a rush into a ring, shut his right eye, and apply the open left one to this simple optical engine. We do not exactly advise him to indulge his curiosity to this point. Historians of deeds done in the kingdom of Faery, have recorded the loss of sight to many individuals whose left eye made trial of rush or "thraneen" ring. However, if any neophyte can procure a four-leaved shamrock, he or she need have no fear. To them fairies will be visible, going in myriads through the crowd in the market street of Enniscorthy or other inland town, tasting the butter, or cheese, or milk offered for sale. It is not safe to accost an individual fairy under these circumstances. He is short in temper, and will treat the impertinent with a slap of his switch across the eye next himself, and it will remain without light even to the death of its owner.

A wonderful treasure is that four-leaved shamrock! Once at the fair of Enniscorthy, a master of sleight-of-hand, willing to astonish the simple Wexfordians, and extract some money out of their pockets, threw his game cock up on the roof of a house, and there every one could see him stalk along with a great log of Norway timber in his bill. Every one wondered, and those nearly under the

cock, as he paced along, got from under the beam as soon as they could.

"Musha," says a young girl who was taking home an armful of fresh grass to her cow, "what are yous gapin' at?" "Gaping at! Do you see the balk the cock is carrying?" "Balk, *Inagh!* Purshuin' to the balk within a street of him! All I can see is a good wheaten straw that he has in his *bake*." The showman overheard the discourse, and called out to the girl—"What will you take for that bunch of grass? I'd like to give a mouthful of fresh provender to my horse." The bargain was made, and as soon as the article was handed over to the conjuror, the girl gave a great start, and cried, "Oh, the Lord save us! See what the cock is carrying! Some one will be kilt." There was a four-leaved shamrock in the bundle of grass.

Much as we have at heart to diffuse a knowledge of the social and political economy of Fairy Land, we are not anxious that any of our credulous readers should desire personal acquaintance with any individual of that country, or practice any magic rites whatever. You set dangerous machinery in motion, without knowing how to put it at rest again, or whether it may not tear your own person to pieces.

Read with attention, and put to heart the moral of

THE LOVE PHILTRE.

Nora, a healthy, bouncing, young country damsel, but no way gifted with beauty, registered a vow that she would be the wife of young Mr. Bligh, a "half sir," that lived near. The young fellow always spoke civilly and good-naturedly to her, but after a year or two's acquaintance, Nora saw no immediate sign of her vow being accomplished. She held consultations with adepts in fairy and demon lore, and discovered that the liver of a cat thoroughly black, white paws excepted, was sovereign in the process of procuring a return of love. Aided by her sister and another woman, researches were made, the cat discovered, and slain with accompaniments which we do not choose to particularise. The liver was then care-

fully taken out, broiled, and reduced to an impalpable powder.

In a day or two the gallant was passing by Nora's cottage, and seeing her at the bawn-gate he "put the speak" on her. She, nothing loth, kept up the conversation, and after some further talk, asked might she take the liberty of requesting him to come in and take a cup of tea. He did not think the better of her prudence for making the demand, but felt he couldn't refuse without incivility. So he was set comfortably at table, and Nora soon filled his cup from a black teapot, which, in addition to some indifferent tea, contained a pinch of the philtre. The guest began the banquet with notions and intentions not very complimentary to his entertainer; but when he took up his hat to walk home, he was determined on setting her up as mistress of his heart and home. It is in the nature of this magic potion, that if the dose is not repeated at intervals, the effect becomes weaker, and at length ceases altogether. Nora, aware of this, renewed the administration at every visit, till his infatuation became such, that he announced to his family and relations his immediate marriage with the cabin girl. Vain were coaxings, threats, reasonings, &c.; and at last the eve of the wedding-day arrived. Paying a visit to his charmer that happy evening, they were enjoying the most interesting and delightful conversation, when the latch was raised, and a party of seven or eight young fellows, armed with good hazel rods, entered and began to lay on his devoted back and shoulders. Nora flung herself between, and received a few slight blows; but before they ceased practising on the amorous youth, every bone in his body was sore, and he himself unable to use arms or legs. That was what they wanted. They trundled him into a car, and took him home, where he was tended and watched for a month. The drug not being administered during all that time, he was amazed when he was able to quit his bed that he should ever have been guilty of such an absurdity. So to Nora's remorse for her unholy proceeding, was now added chagrin at her want of success.

Much interest as we take in preserving the memory of our peasantry's

superstitions and fairy lore, we would not be sorry to hear that they had utterly forgotten them. Let our descendants not be ignorant of the existence of these shadowy myths that were held as substantial truths by by-gone generations; but it is one thing to read a bit of fairy lore with interest and amusement, and another to make it a rule of action. The reader might smile at the notion of an ignorant and credulous person, five hundred years since, having put a red-hot shovel under a poor rickety child supposed to be a changeling, and fling it out on a dungheap to perish. But if he heard that the thing really occurred only a few years ago, would he suppose it desirable that belief in fairy power should be preserved or encouraged? At Walshestown in Cork, some years since, a woman taking her child to be baptized was enveloped for a moment in a whirl of dust. She at once concluded that her child was carried off, and a changeling substituted. She exposed it, immediately on getting

home, to the ordeal of fire and water, and it perished.

In the year 1826, a poor woman having a paralytic child, four years old, unable to stand, walk, or speak, was advised to try if it was a changeling. She accordingly bathed it three mornings in succession in the Flesk to drive out its evil qualities. The third morning it expired in the water.

So the sooner belief in the power of fairies or demons to do substantial good or evil to the human race is extinguished the better. Let legendary and fairy stories flourish at the rustic hearth as long as the audience look on those beings as mere phantoms, presented for the moment to amuse and pass away time; but let everything connected with beings of the other life, which is not sanctioned by the principles of Christian faith, be, in fact and deed, totally ignored and discredited. Poverty and ignorance are heavy loads, but add superstitious terrors, and the burthen becomes really intolerable.*

TWO OLD IRISH ACTORS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES—THOMAS RYDER AND WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

THOMAS RYDER.

HITCHCOCK, in his "History of the Irish Stage," says of this actor—"Ryder was distinguished by the versatility of his genius. He acted a variety of characters in Dublin during a period of eleven or twelve years, when it might be truly said that he was almost every night before the public." It was generally said and believed that he was an Irishman, though, for some reason unexplained, he declared himself, late in life, a native of England. His real name was Darlev. His father was a printer, and brought his son up to the same trade, but at an early age he resigned the typographical for the mimic art, and having shown his indentures "a fair pair of heels," be-

took himself to the life of a strolling player. Before many years had elapsed he obtained an appearance in Smock-alley Theatre, where he made his bow as *Captain Plume*, in the "Recruiting Officer," on the 7th of December, 1756. His success obtained for him a permanent engagement, and before the season concluded he had established himself as a general favourite. This was the year of Sheridan's resuming management, after a forced retirement of two seasons, the penalty of his want of judgment and firmness in not boldly facing the organized conspiracy, celebrated in Irish dramatic annals as the "*Mahomet Row*."† The conduct of the public, or rather

* We must again thankfully acknowledge our obligations to John Wendle, Esq., for assistance in portions of this paper.

† This, and subsequent theatrical riots, "*The Dog Row*," "*The Bottle Row*," and "*The Talbot Row*," have been fully detailed in earlier numbers of the D. U. MAGAZINE.

of that section of partizan play-goers who had driven Sheridan from his theatre and torn it to pieces, was distinguished by the same unmanly animosity on his return which they had evinced in his expulsion. It began to be rumoured, before the first night, that an apology would be insisted on from Sheridan for the enormous injury that had been done to him;—an inverted mode of administering justice by no means unique in the history of theatrical squabbles.

Sheridan saw that he must submit, and tamed his proud spirit down to the level of the humiliation it was impossible to avoid. Victor, his deputy manager, recommended him, as the audience were bent on an apology, to make them pay for it; to announce it in the bills for some time before, and to fix a night when a very weak performance would otherwise ensure an empty house. On such an occasion, it might naturally be supposed that his feelings would be too much wrought up to admit of his performing any character. The advice was sound, and he followed it. Soon after the doors were opened on the appointed night, October the 25th, 1766, every part of the house was crowded to behold the triumph of despotism over reason and equity. It was a painful spectacle. A manager, who deserved a statue to perpetuate the wholesome reforms he had effected, was compelled to appear like a criminal before a self-elected tribunal, which he had so often delighted with rational entertainment. When the curtain drew up he advanced to the centre of the stage, with a paper in his hand, fearing, in the incidental confusion and excitement, to trust entirely to his memory. His speech is too long to insert here, neither could the effect be estimated by mere reading after a lapse of more than a century; but it was the opinion of some of the best and most impartial judges present, that no public servant within their observation had ever appeared before his constituents with so much address, or spoke to their passions with such propriety. The greater part of his female and even several of his male auditors were moved to tears. His apology was followed by reiterated acclamations; and after he had begun to retire, he advanced

again, and with faltering accents spoke as follows:—"Your sympathy at this important crisis has so deeply affected me that I want power to express myself. My future actions shall show my gratitude." Thus ended this disgraceful affair. Every generous mind must be shocked at the degeneracy of the times which could reduce a man of Sheridan's abilities and sentiments to bow down before the destroyers of his property, and, as it were, acknowledge their right of ruining his fortune, and of demolishing the labours of so many years.

Amongst Sheridan's improvements during this season, and one which, with others, proved highly detrimental to his interest in a commercial sense, he determined, if possible, to put an end to the intolerable licence of the upper gallery, by converting it into boxes, and raising the price to half-a-crown. As most things are governed by fashion, so novelty and whim drew the ladies, and consequently the gentlemen, to the newly transformed upper regions. The lower boxes were in a great measure deserted, and the pit thronged as a matter of course. However, Hitchcock tells us that by this regulation peace and order were suddenly restored. Until very recently, and it may be so still in the country theatres in Ireland, it was the custom to make what is usually the pit, the gallery, and the gallery the pit; not from any Hibernian misconception as to the real meanings of the words relatively applied, but from being driven to the measure as a defensive one, inasmuch as the celestials were in the habit of pelting the groundlings unmercifully with any kind of missiles that readily presented themselves. For the damages and interruptions thus produced, no remedy could be found but a direct interchange of territory.

Ryder continued to work his way at Smock-alley for several seasons, under the successive management of Sheridan, Brown, and Mossop. He played all lines, from high tragedy to low comedy, including fashionable rakes, fops, Irishmen, Frenchmen, and English rustics. In 1766 he altered Vanburgh's comedy of the "Mistake" into a farce in two acts, and produced it with the title of

"Like Master like Man." It was subsequently acted at Drury-lane, in 1768 and 1773, and again reduced to an interlude, in 1798, as "Lovers' Quarrels," under which name and form it is still acted occasionally in the provinces. Ryder was the most general actor of his time. Tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce—nothing came amiss to him. In the course of his practice, he was seen in Richard the Third, Scrub, Macheath, Shylock, Cardinal Wolsey, Lionel, Plume, Archer, Hob, Pierre, Scapin, Sancho, &c., &c. It was impossible he could display first-rate ability in all, but he offended in none. We may say of him that his tragedy was more than respectable, sometimes highly impressive, and his broad comedy universally admired.

Between 1767 and 1771, Ryder appears to have been absent from Dublin, and employed in the country theatres of Ireland—whether as manager, or actor, or both, we have no means of ascertaining. He wrote no memoirs, kept no personal memoranda, and seems to have had no idea of furnishing materials for a future biography. In 1771, Mossop had been compelled, by ill-success and the total failure of his resources, to give up Crow-street Theatre, but still retained Smock-alley. At Capel-street he was opposed by Dawson, a seceder from his own company, who proved a formidable enemy. Ryder rejoined the flag of his old master, and opened as *Sir John Restless*, in the comedy of "All in the Wrong." His return was hailed with that warmth of applause which always marked his performance. He was of infinite service to Mossop. For though not able entirely to stem the tide of popular favour which ran violently in the direction of Capel-street, he, for a time, upheld a cause, which, without his assistance, must have sunk under the pressure of accumulated difficulties. Cumberland's comedy of the "West Indian," then running in London with great attraction, was produced, and did nothing. This could scarcely be wondered at, as Mossop chose to act *Belcour*, a part for which his peculiar attributes totally unfitted him; while Lewis, at the rival theatre, drew the whole town to see him in his natural element, and in which he never had an equal. At Smock-alley, the "West

Indian" was acted to icy houses, composed of orders, who never applaud; while Capel-street had a nightly overflow of payers, whose hands are seldom idle.

There is no greater mistake than the common one of trying to bolster up bad houses and weak bills by orders. People set no value on what they get for nothing, and never thoroughly enjoy what they have not paid for. This is a true axiom in human nature, not confined to stage tests. And then the extent to which this ill-based system has been carried is almost incredible. Bunn, in his "Stage before and behind the Curtain," publishes a table of 11,003 orders given at Covent Garden to thirty-eight performances of Charles Kemble, one of the best actors that ever trod the stage:—nearly 300 per night, worth, at seven shillings each, the box price then, an aggregate sum of £3,851—a small fortune.

Nothing is more lamentable, and at the same time more frequently exhibited, than the vaulting ambition of a manager or overgrown actor, which leads him to assume parts utterly beyond his grasp, merely because they happen to be the best in the play. The right cure for this theatrical insania is not Hellebore, but a *quantum sufficit* of disapprobation, conveyed through the medium of what histrionics, in their technical vocabulary, designate "goose," or "the big bird."

In 1772, Ryder stepped into the management of Smock-alley, vacated compulsorily by Mossop, and like all new aspirants, expected to make a fortune where his predecessors had invariably failed. He was at that time in the prime of life, a great favourite with the public, and cared little for the competition of Dawson, whose success had carried him from Capel-street to the more exalted arena of Crow-street. But Ryder got the start of opening by six weeks, and improved the opportunity to the utmost. His bills contained this notice: "As Mr. Ryder has been at the expense of covering the benches of the pit with fine green cloth, he humbly hopes no person will stand on them. Ladies will be admitted into the pit as in the London theatres." Ryder's available capital when he began to speculate as manager, received a con-

siderable and unexpected addition from a large prize in the lottery. This fortunate ticket was lying for several weeks neglected, till at last Mrs. Ryder happening to meet with it in a drawer of her dressing-table reminded her husband, who made inquiry which resulted equally to his surprise and satisfaction. But the news supply was speedily in requisition and soon disappeared. There is no maelström equal to the devouring gulf of a theatrical pay list; you may as reasonably expect to pull up Leviathan with a hook as to satisfy this horse-leech with any treasury less inexhaustible than the purse of Fortunatus.

Ryder's first season proved to be a very prosperous one. One of his great attractions was the celebrated Ann Catley, almost as universal a favourite and as handsome as Mrs. Woffington. She re-appeared after an absence of three years, and acted, if possible, with increased popularity. Miss Ashmore, also, who married Richard Sparks, by her admirable acting as *The Widow Brady*, filled the house, every Wednesday, for upwards of eighteen weeks. The "Irish Widow" continued to be equally productive throughout the next season. Dawson's opposition was not very formidable, and in 1773 he was deprived, unjustly, of Crow-street. Ryder, in 1774, introduced Russian dogs in a pantomime. But this was a trifling step in illegitimacy compared to Mossop's monkey which had preceded it; and Ryder descended many steps lower when he exhibited the "Corsican Fairy" in the coronation of Henry the Eighth. He was, however, indefatigable in his exertions, and the public of those days were quite as exacting and capricious as they are now. For "stars" as they are called, he paid ruinous prices, and imported every name of leading celebrity on the London boards. Barry and Mrs. Barry, Sheridan, Foote, and Henderson, had shares of each performance. To Mrs. Abington he gave five hundred pounds for twelve nights, and to Miss Catley forty guineas every time she appeared. Writers who denounce large nightly salaries as an evil exclusively of modern growth, would do well to refresh their memories by reference to the stage annals of the last century, before

they found conclusions on apocryphal premises.

Amongst Ryder's auxiliaries was an actor, formerly a captain, rejoicing in the ominous name of Death, who played in a varied round, chiefly consisting of light and humorous parts. In a new comedy, by Maynard Chamberlain Walker, an eminent Dublin barrister, called "The Benevolent Man," he acted the huntsman with such extraordinary vivacity that the critics said "Death was quite *alive*!"

Ryder, in 1776, shifted his ground to Crow-street Theatre, of which he took a lease to shut out opposition. His old competitor, Dawson, had now become a member of his company, and officiated occasionally as acting manager. He married the mother of William Lewis, who had served his apprenticeship under him, and for many years held a high position at Covent Garden as assuredly the best light comedian of his day. In *Mercutio*, the *Copper Captain*, and *Ranger*, he had no rival. A long course of Reynolds's trifling five-act farces somewhat deteriorated his style, but he triumphed even over these; and, when he retired, Elliston only proved capable of treading in his shoes. Dawson's son, George, was also a favourite comedian in Dublin, and ballet-master in general. He died before his father, and in compliance with a national custom was *waked*. The company were exuberant in the expression of their grief, and contrived to set the apartment in flames, which were with difficulty extinguished. When the undertaker arrived, the next day, to perform his part of the ceremony, the body was missing, and, after a search, found, nearly consumed by the fire.

Shortly after Ryder began his career at Crow-street, Vandermere, Waddy, and other malcontents revolted from their leader and opened a theatre in Fishamble-street, under a licence from the Lord Mayor. Their great dependence was on "The Duenna," Sheridan's celebrated opera recently produced at Drury-lane, but not printed. Of this they contrived to obtain an authentic manuscript, with permission to play it. They got the piece up at a great expense, and the success promised to be proportionate. Ryder outflanked them by a manoeuvre. He employed some confidential persons

to take down the dialogue in shorthand ; and, becoming thus master of the correct words, advertised the opera as "the Governess," including the songs, &c., of "the Duenna," which had been published. He altered the names of all the *dramatis personæ*, calling the Jew, *Isaac Mendoza*, which he performed himself, *Enoch Issachar*. His piece was better acted than that at the rival house, and turned the tide in his favour. A prosecution was the result, in which Ryder succeeded as defendant. The Irish Judges delivered their opinion that any person may make memoranda of whatever is publicly exhibited, and for admission to which he pays the price demanded. The decision seems singular and inequitable ; but we are not sufficiently versed in forensic "quiddits and quilllets" to say whether it was sound statute law.

Ryder had a period of managerial prosperity, during which his exchequer was full, but he bestowed no thought on a rainy day. His propensity was lavish expenditure and show, and his wife shared and encouraged the extravagance. They kept carriages, horses, a country house, and gave dinners, suppers, and balls, careless of expense and unmindful of consequences. And so they sailed joyously along for a time, on a smooth sea, in a gilded barge.—

"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
sway,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects its
evening prey."

Reader, if you reside in Dublin, or happen to visit that handsome metropolis, walk up Eccles-street, facing towards the country, and when you approach the end, on the right-hand side, you will come to a large mansion called *Ryder's Folly*, in commemoration of the improvidence of the actor whose career we are now sketching. Pause, and look on it. During the brief period of his prosperity he began to build this for a town residence, but his finances gave way before it was fit to be inhabited, and after an expenditure of four thousand pounds it was sold, unfinished, for six hundred. For some years it was known as Mrs. Hart's boarding school for young ladies. Mr. Syme then bought and converted it into two houses. What

mutations it may yet undergo in the "whirligig of time," no one can tell.

Not content with the anxieties and endless avocations of a manager in difficulties, Ryder added the business of a printer to his Thespian duties, and set up a theatrical newspaper, which was published three times a week. In this he criticized, with truly paternal laudation, his own performances ; he also printed some of the plays in which he acted, altering the characters and adapting them to his own taste and humour. Here he had the example of Thomas Sheridan, a better scholar than himself, who, in his concoction of "Romeo and Juliet," appropriated to *Romeo* the celebrated Queen Mab Speech of *Mercutio*.

Pecuniary embarrassments at length obliged Ryder to suspend payment of performers' salaries on Saturdays. This naturally led to a green-room mutiny, which broke out on a most inauspicious occasion. The actors waited until a play was commanded by the Lord Lieutenant. On the entrance of his Excellency, after the National Anthem had been sung, and when the bell rang for the curtain to go up, Mr. Clinch presented himself as spokesman for his brethren, and informed the audience that the company had had no pay for a considerable time, and positively refused to perform again without an immediate instalment and security for liquidation in full. His Excellency and suite accordingly took their departure ; and to add to the insult, the play was *then* acted.

Larry Clinch, who assumed the part of Spartacus in this rebellion, was a native of Dublin, a clever, gentlemanlike actor, and "a smart young man." He came out at Smock-alley in 1767, in a round of tragic lovers, *Castalio*, *Jaffier*, *Lothario*, *Essex*, &c., and made a great impression. His figure was excellent, his face manly and expressive, his voice strong, clear, and gifted with much variety. In due time he forced his way to Drury-lane, where he appeared on the 16th of October, 1772, as *Alexander the Great*, and repeated the part on the 19th and 26th. But Garrick took a dislike to him, repented of the engagement, and tried to buy him off. This Clinch declined ; whereupon the mana-

ger gave him disagreeable characters, and drove him to Covent Garden.

When "The Rivals" was first acted at that theatre, on the 17th of January, 1775, it very narrowly escaped utter condemnation, partly from the extreme length, but more from the wretched acting of Lee as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. After the second night it was withdrawn for alterations; and when reproduced on the 28th of the same month, Clinch was substituted as the fire-eating baronet. He made the part prominent, and secured the success of one of the best comedies in the language. Sheridan was so pleased with his efforts that he prepared the farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and gave him the first night for his benefit. Clinch, however, soon returned to Dublin, and became a leading actor in his native city. His good looks and address recommended him to a lady of fortune, who married him, but she had only a life-interest in her property. Clinch now assumed the airs of a *grand seigneur*, refused to bind himself by articles, and would only act at such times and on such terms as he deemed to intimate. But unluckily for him his wife died, and her money departed with her. Larry, as a matter of course, had been improvident, and was then glad to sue "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" for engagements he had spurned during the brief period of his sunshine.

On the night of the explosion of the mutiny, Ryder, who had just recovered from a severe fit of illness, was confined to his room and unable to appear. On being made acquainted with this strange event, of which he seems to have entertained no suspicion, he advertised that, ill as he was, he would present himself on the stage, and lay before the public the whole circumstances. The night was fixed for his benefit; and when he came out his pallid countenance so moved the audience that they called to the prompter to bring a chair for him. Ryder then read several papers, for he could not, he said, as Sheridan had said before him, trust to his memory on such an occasion. From this it appeared, as is usually the case in popular tumults, that the most clamorous had the least cause for complaint. Mr. Owenson, the father of the late Lady Morgan, wished to

have replied to Ryder, but the audience would not hear him. There was no chance for the rebels on that night. The play did not begin till almost nine o'clock; and each performer on his or her appearance was received with either applause or disapprobation, according to the manager's report. The comedy of the "Provoked Husband" was performed on that night—*Lord Townly*, by Mr. Richard Daly (his first appearance), who afterwards supplanted Ryder in the management; *Manly*, by Mr. Wilder; *Sir Francis Wronghead*, by Mr. Dawson; *Squire Richard*, by Mr. J. Dawson; *John Moody*, by Mr. Owenson; *Lady Grace*, by Miss Scrace; and *Lady Townly*, by Mrs. Lyster, formerly Miss Barsanti, and very soon afterwards Mrs. Daly. Wilder had refused to join the seceders. The audience received him with shouts of delight. He was ever a loyal subject and a favourite with all the masters he served. Miss Scrace received more than her share of hisses, which she bore with the fortitude of a Boadicea.

When disputes occur between managers and actors, both sides and all parties rush into print and appeal to the public, forgetting that the public have other and more important matters to think of, and care little for these petty social discords beyond the "fun" they frequently elicit. The players are pleasant companions, and many of them highly estimable members of society; but they are so many incarnations of vanity, who fancy themselves Alpha and Omega in the economy of life, and that the world pauses on its axis in wonder at their sayings and doings. No manager lies on roses; but Ryder seems to have been doomed to a lease of the bed of Procrustes. Perhaps he prepared and fitted it to his own wearing; but, whether from choice or destiny, he seems never to have been at ease. First, Dawson opposed him; then Vandermere, Waddy, & Co.; then his whole company, with only two or three exceptions; and finally, Daly. The latter, having greatly added to his theatrical importance by his marriage with Mrs. Lyster, grew tired of serving in the ranks, and resolved to grasp a truncheon of command. In furtherance of this plan he applied secretly to Dr. Wilson, proprietor of Smock-alley Theatre, for the use of

that house to perform plays. Ryder was in possession as nominal lessee, but deeply in arrears for rent. The house had been shut up for some seasons and was much out of repair. Not dreaming of intended rivalry, Ryder resigned his tenancy, on a proposal from Dr. Wilson to apply a sponge to the arrears. The figure on the wrong side of the sheet made the offer tempting, and he jumped at it. Within a very short time Daly, who had quietly made his arrangements and engaged the best company that were to be had, announced the opening of his theatre, under a licence from the Lord Mayor, with a new occasional prelude, called "Smock-alley Secrets; or the Manager worried," written by Peter Le Fanu, Esq., a gentleman of Dublin.* The play was "The West Indian," and the farce "The Suitors," in each of which Mrs. Daly sustained the heroine. Daly started with spirit and judgment; the discontented section of Ryder's company joined him; and a dangerous rival he proved. Ryder retorted with Colman's applicable prelude of "The Manager in Distress." Daly assumed for motto, "We can't command success, but we'll endeavour to deserve it." Ryder's answer to this was, "The less we deserve, the more merit is in your bounty."

And now, for the fourth or fifth time, the ruinous game of competition was played on an arena too limited to admit of success to both sides. Dublin once more supplied a proof of the impossibility of supporting two theatres at once on the same scale. Ryder's resources being the weakest, failed the soonest; in due course he subsided into the Bankruptcy Court, and then became a member of the company in the theatre where he had ruled for more than ten years. The events here alluded to bring us up to 1781-2, when Daly, with a new patent, entered upon the sovereignty of Crow-street. Notwithstanding Ryder's misfortunes as a manager, his popularity with the public as an actor was evidenced by the terms of his engagement with his successor. He had a much larger salary than any resident performer had heretofore

enjoyed, with extraordinary privileges. He was to play only *what* and *when* he pleased, and to select whatever character he preferred in every new piece. Thus he continued up to 1786.

The premature death of Henderson, in 1785, left a gap at Covent Garden not readily filled. John Kemble had appeared at Drury-lane, and was steadily establishing his ground, but he already gave indications that his genius was not versatile. Ryder seemed to be the only general actor likely to tread in Henderson's shoes. He had now been thirty years on the Dublin stage, and must have been considerably above fifty—late in life to face a London audience for the first time. George Frederick Cooke was forty-five when he carried the town by storm in *Richard the Third*. Those who knew him before said he was not so good an actor as he had once been; but it was equally well known that habitual intemperance, rather than time, had weakened his powers. This was not the case with Ryder. A tempting engagement was offered to him; and on the 25th of October, 1786, he appeared at Covent Garden as *Sir John Brute*. He came, heralded by a good reputation and overdone puffs in the newspapers, which raised public expectation to such an inordinate height that no actor, however excellent, could come up to it. This managerial extravagance has often marred fair prospects and good abilities. In more recent days, when Bunn engaged King from Dublin, and placed him in a false position by bringing him out in *Alexander the Great*, he not only paragraphed him as a great actor, but as the handsomest specimen of humanity ever seen on the boards. He shut him up to prevent his being looked on until the night of his appearance, and it was even said that he came to rehearsal in a sedan chair with curtains, from behind which he suggested his stage arrangements. The consequence of all this outrageous quackery was, that poor King failed entirely and sunk into insignificance, although a well-looking young man and a respectable performer. He

* Mr. LeFanu was the author of some other dramatic pieces, a few copies of which were printed for friends, but never published.

was one of those who from a good education conceived correctly but lacked the power of execution. He always rehearsed better than he acted.

Ryder's *Sir John Brute* was felt by the audience to be good, and so pronounced by the critics; although the few old playgoers who remembered *Quin*, and the greater number of younger ones who had seen Garrick and Henderson, found that his delineation differed entirely from that of those three great masters. His second character was *Sir John Restless*, in Murphy's comedy of "All in the Wrong," followed by *Scapin* in the farce of the "Cheats of Scapin." Several of his best comic parts were in the possession of Edwin, a great comic actor (father of the Edwin who lies buried in St. Werburgh's, Dublin), and who did not succeed in killing himself by drink until three years later. Boaden says of Edwin senior: "This singular being was the absolute victim of sottish intemperance. I have seen him brought to the stage door at the bottom of a sedan-chair, senseless and motionless. Brandon, the box-keeper, was on these occasions the practising physician of the theatre. If the clothes could be put upon him, and he was pushed on to the lamps, he rubbed his stupid eyes for a minute, consciousness and brilliant humour awakened together, and his acting seemed only the richer for the bestial indulgence that had overwhelmed him."

Reynolds records a remarkable instance of the liberties which Edwin sometimes took with the audience; a type of the practice commencing with Nokes and Pinkethnan, and continued by hereditary succession down to Liston, John Reeve, and Wright. "One night," he says, "I was sitting in the front row of the balcony box at the Haymarket, during the performance of the 'Son-in-Law,' in the excellent scene of equivocation between *Cranky* and *Bowkit* (Parsons and Edwin), when the former, after making objections to the other's offer to marry his daughter, observes, 'Besides, you are such an ugly fellow!' 'Ugly,' repeated Edwin; then advancing coolly towards the lamps, he said, not from the prompter's book, 'Now I submit to the decision of an enlightened British public, which is the ugliest fellow of the three—I, old

Cranky here (Parsons), or,' pointing to me, 'that gentleman in the front row of the balcony box.'" Reynolds made a precipitate retreat, Parsons foamed with indignation; but the audience went with Edwin, instead of hissing him, as he richly deserved, and demanding an apology for his insolence. O'Keeffe says less of Edwin than might have been expected, for no actor and author were ever under greater mutual obligations. Edwin owed much of his reputation to the characters which O'Keeffe wrote for him; and of O'Keeffe it was ludicrously, perhaps somewhat profanely, said, that when Edwin died O'Keeffe would be damned. Edwin came out originally, in Dublin, when very young, under Mossop's management, at Smock-alley. He continued there two seasons; and the most profound judges could not foresee the extraordinary eminence he afterwards attained. His son was a great favourite in Bath, but less successful in Dublin. His widow records on a monumental tablet that he was killed by unfair criticism. Croker, in the "Familiar Epistles" (which, by the way, he solemnly denied being the author of) deals very harshly with him in the passage where he is named.

Ryder played *Ben*, with a song, in "Love for Love;" and not long after, *Falstaff* in the "First part of Henry the Fourth" and "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and *Colonel Reignwell*, in the "Bold Stroke for a Wife," which had been on the shelf for some years. On his benefit night he appeared as *Tom*, in the "Conscious Lovers;" and the *Drunken Colonel*, in the "Intriguing Chambermaid." His other characters this season were *Hob*, *Crispin*, ("Anatomist"), *Lissardo*, *Prim* ("Funeral"), *General Savage* ("School for Wives"), *Captain Ironsides* ("Brothers"), *Sir Harry*, ("High Life below Stairs") and *Lovegold* ("Miser"). Here was variety enough to attest a good and valuable actor, but no exclusive prominence to mark a great one. Early in the season of 1787, 1788, he acted *Iago* when Fennell made his first appearance as *Othello*. In January, 1788, Beaumont and Fletcher's "King and no King" was revived, without success; *Arbaces*, Pope; *Bessus*, Ryder. Until then it had always been received with favour, but public taste had veered round in other directions.

Garrick intended to have revived this play; *Arbaces* he kept himself, and *Bessus* he gave to Woodward. Both appeared much pleased with their characters. The other parts were distributed to advantage, and the play much improved by alterations and omissions; but at every successive reading in the green-room Garrick's pleasure suffered a visible diminution, until he abandoned his design. The play was withdrawn from the bills and the parts from the actors. On his benefit night Ryder acted *Hardcastle*, in Goldsmith's comedy of "She stoops to Conquer;" recited "Bucks, have at ye all," as repeatedly spoken by him in Dublin; and ended with *Gregory*, in the "Mock Doctor."

On the 3rd of October, 1788, Ryder played *Zanga*, in the "Revenge," announced as not having been acted for twelve years. It was, no doubt, revived for his special performance, but as there was no repetition we may conclude there was no hit. In all probability he acted the part from his recollection of Mossop. In his benefit, on the 31st of March, 1789, he produced a comic piece, in two acts, called "Such things have been," altered by himself from Isaac Jackman's "Man of Parts," originally acted at Crow-street. It was not printed, and never repeated.

On the 7th of May, the veteran Macklin was announced for *Shylock*. He was then at least ninety-three; some accounts said several years older. Reasonable fears were entertained that he would be unable to get through—his memory and faculties had failed twice before—and Ryder was told to be in readiness, in case he should be required. When Macklin had costumed himself for *Shylock* with his usual accuracy, he went into the green-room, and coming up to Mrs. Pope, said, "My dear, are you to act to-night?" "Surely I am, sir; don't you see I am dressed for *Portia*?" "Ah! very true; I had forgotten; but who is to play *Shylock*?" The unbecome tone of voice, and the inanity of look with which this last question was asked, caused a melancholy sensation in all who heard it. At last, Mrs. Pope, rousing herself, said, "Why, you, to be sure; are you not dressed for the part?" He then seemed to resume recollection, and

putting his hand to his forehead, exclaimed mournfully, "Heaven help me!—my memory, I am afraid, has gone entirely."

He, however, after this, went upon the stage, when summoned, and spoke two or three speeches in a manner that evidently proved he was unconscious of what he was repeating. After a while he recovered a little, and seemed to make an effort to rouse himself, but in vain—Nature could assist him no further; and after pausing for a few moments, as if considering what to do, he then came forward and informed the audience that he now found he was unable to proceed in the part, and hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute, who was already prepared to finish it. The audience received his apology with a mixed applause of indulgence and pity, and the weak, worn-out old man tottered from the stage for ever. Ryder then went on for *Shylock*, and was well received. Macklin lived until the 11th of July, 1797. By his own computation he was only ninety-eight, but strong and highly probable authorities give him ten years more. His widow had a benefit at Covent Garden in 1805. Macklin was undoubtedly a great actor in a limited line, principally in comedy, with the exception of *Shylock*, in which he stood alone. Cooke, his great successor, admitted that in this part he built himself on Macklin; and Edmund Kean allowed that he drew his conception from Cooke. Many years ago, the writer of this notice saw an aged actor called Edward Cope Everard, who gave himself out as a natural son of Garrick (so did Cautherly), play *Shylock*, in Edinburgh, avowedly in the manner of Macklin; and a very powerful performance it was, overflowing with passion bordering on caricature.

Kirkman and Cooke, whose Lives of Macklin are well known to all readers of theatrical biography, were also his intimate friends, and may be supposed to have coloured him too favourably, both in his domestic and professional life. They class him amongst the best actors that trod the stage, and eulogize him as a kind-hearted man and a jovial companion, though occasionally a little harsh and imperative. Hear, on the other side, Holcroft, a better writer than either,

who had been Macklin's pupil, and fancied himself ill-used when he accompanied him as an actor to Dublin, in 1770. This reads like a truthful portrait, though certainly not penned with an indulgent bias; and embraces some useful hints on the relative positions of preceptor and scholar. Holcroft describes Macklin as gross in mind and speech; constitutionally irritable and overbearing in temper; dogmatic in his opinions, and surcharged with vanity. He admits, however, that his judgment was sound, and his instructions those of a consummate artist. That he could not succeed in making Holcroft an actor, by no means impugns his own professional mastery. His temper was worse than his heart, and kept him in continual hot water throughout a patriarchal life. Qualify the cause as we may, we find little difference in the effect and its contingent results. Bad tempers, so called, are more frequent than bad hearts, but they are quite as effective in the overthrow of social happiness. We have often thought that the three richest gifts which could be bestowed on man would be, a good estate, good health, and good temper. But such a *tria juncta in uno* are as rare as they are invaluable.

Circumstances induced Ryder, in 1790, to bring his two daughters on the stage. They had been educated with other views and prospects, but the *res angustæ domi* intervened with imperative voice. They came out together on his benefit night; the elder as *Estifania*, in "Rule a Wife," a strange part to select for a novice, and one most difficult in the hands of an experienced practitioner. Her father played *Leon*; but the two characters are not associated in the play. The younger Miss Ryder, who was intended for a singer, appeared as *Lronora*, in the "Padlock." They do not seem to have been engaged; neither do their names appear on any of the remaining bills of the season. In one of those interesting documents of that period it appears in print, that on the revival of "All for Love," on the 24th of May, 1790, at Covent Garden, there was introduced, in Act the second, a *Nicketeration* at the meeting of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*. Billy Lewis was at that time in his novitiate as acting manager—amongst whose important

duties is comprised the composition and correction of the daily bill. The above specimen of playhouse Greek must have made Porson shudder or smile, according to the state of his nerves, if he happened to cast his eye upon it. We once saw a play-bill at Cheltenham headed thus, in huge capitals—"Extraordinary UNION of Talent—Mr. C. Kemble and the Dog of Montargis."

The following, of one hundred and fifty years old, is preserved in the British Museum, and is, we may venture to assert, unique:—

"At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera called 'The Old Creation of the World,' yet newly revived, with the addition of Noah's Flood. Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does represent Noah and his family coming out of the Ark, with all the beasts, two by two; and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect—one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise, machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell; and Lazarus is seen in Abraham's bosom; besides several figures dancing jiggs, sara-bands, and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators. The whole to conclude with the merry conceits of Punch."

During the summer of 1790, Ryder was engaged at the Haymarket. For his first appearance, on the 22nd of June, he selected *Shylock*, his two daughters acting *Portia* and *Jessica*, announced as their second appearance on any stage. In a new farce, called "Try again," he played a young lover, called *Sydney*, who assumes the disguises of a smith, a Scotch pedler, and an Irish officer in the Walloons. We find that wherever an opportunity offered, he was fond of displaying his versatility, and frequently introduced the cries of London and Dublin in broad farcical characters. This whimsical trifle of "Try again," owed its success to Ryder

and Jack Bannister. The anonymous authors say he borrowed part of it from an Italian comedy, but it has a strong resemblance to the old play of "Farra-go's Wiles," from which Crowne took his "Sir Courtly Nice," when commanded to write the latter by Charles the Second. That facetious but not over delicate monarch, on hearing the three first acts read to him, said—"Odds fish, man, they are very well, but not smutty enough." The King died a month after, and Crowne printed his play as originally written, without heightening it according to the royal suggestion. A modern reader will not readily detect the deficiency of which His Majesty complained. On the 22nd of July, Ryder acted *Sheepface* in "The Village Lawyer," to Bannister's *Scout*. On the 6th of August Ryder, encouraged, perhaps, by the favourable reception of "Try again," produced for his benefit a farce in one act, entitled "Opposition," avowedly taken from "Sir Courtly Nice," and arranged by himself. It was neither repeated nor printed. The narrow compass of one act negatived the possibility of producing stage effect from that lively comedy. In September he acted another original part, in O'Keefe's "Basket Maker," which died of inanition. It was neither applauded nor hissed. Yet, strange to say, the Covent Garden management of 1820 thought it worthy of revival, when, with difficulty, it passed over two nights.

Ryder returned to Covent Garden on the opening of the season of 1790-1791, when he played *Darby*, in the "Poor Soldier," *Philip*, Edwin's part in O'Keefe's farce of "The Fugitive," *McCormack*, a comic Irishman, in the play of the "German Hotel," by Holcroft; and *Old Grovby*, in General Burgoyne's "Maid of the Oaks." We find no notice of a benefit or last appearance. His health appears to have broken up suddenly. He returned to Ireland, and died at Sandymount, near Dublin, on the 26th of November, 1791. His remains lie in the churchyard of Drumcondra. His wife survived him but a very short time. He had a son, who was at first an actor, under Daly, at Crow-street Theatre, but afterwards entered the army and was killed in a duel, in 1796. His second

daughter, Rose, who married a Mr. Pendred, died at Rathmines in 1801. Ryder was throughout his career considered the safest actor on the boards. He never could be said to fail entirely in any of the diversified characters he undertook; never disgusted, and in comedy always pleased, frequently reaching the highest degree of excellence in conception and execution.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

THIS actor was born in Dublin, in 1736, or 1738. His father was a fencing-master, but he had ancestors of much higher rank, and lofty pretensions. For aught that can be proved to the contrary, they descended from a royal line, and had as much right to the throne of Ireland as Marshal M'Mahon, or the hero of Ballingarry himself. Under the head of the sept, O'Brien. Lord Viscount Clare, a great number of these gallant men followed the fortunes of James II. to France, after the capitulation of Limerick, in 1691, and became officers in the Irish Brigade, where they got hard blows and glory in abundance, but scarcely more pay or promotion than if they had stayed at home. The subject of our memoir was brought up to his father's art, and a most promising pupil he proved himself. But an inward impulse tempted him to the stage, for which nature had given him a handsome face and person, great animation, and a pleasing voice. His education, generally, had not been neglected, and his skill in fencing taught him grace and ease in the management of his figure. In drawing and returning his sword, no actor on the boards could compete with the elegance of his action. Churchill condemns O'Brien as an imitator of Woodward, but admits that he had original talents, had he chosen to rely on them. A young actor who started without practice or apprenticeship in a very difficult leading line, and kept in the front rank for six years, could not have been such a servile copyist as the satirist describes:—

"Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;

Wilkinson this, O'Brien that by name.

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true.

That even shadows have their shadows too!

With not a single comic power endu'd,
 The first a mere mere mimic's mimic
 stood.
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who
 shows,
 In JONSON'S Stephen, which way Genius
 grows,
 Self quite put off, affects with too much
 art,
 To put on Woodward in each mangled
 part;
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare;
 nay, more,
 His voice, and croaks; for Woodward
 croak'd before."

After this deadly thrust, he applies a slight tincture of balm in the concluding lines:—

"When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
 And rests his imitation on defects,
 We readily forgive; but such vile arts
 Are double guilt in men of real parts."

Barry, Mossop, and O'Brien, all three Irishmen, came out as novices in first-class characters, and all held their ground, in spite of Churchill's condemnation, who deals more harshly with them than with many others who never evinced a tithe of their ability.

In 1758 Woodward, who was Garrick's right arm, suffered himself to be wheedled by Barry into the ruinous speculation of building and managing the new theatre in Crow-street, Dublin. Mrs. Woodward was, as all forecasting wives are and ought to be, much averse to a scheme which, though it offered tempting profits on the one hand, displayed a yawning gulf of losses on the other. Woodward himself had many misgivings, but Barry's enchanting eloquence prevailed over prudential scruples and won him to his ruin. Rich, the Covent Garden manager, said of Barry that he could wheedle a bird from the tree and squeeze it to death in his hand. Garrick was startled at the idea of Woodward's desertion, which he had not the slightest reason to anticipate. They lived on the most friendly terms. He often paid Woodward the compliment of asking his advice in stage arrangements, and had such reliance on his personal attachment that he never thought of binding him by written articles, but depended on a verbal agreement from year to year. His income was the best in the company,

except the manager's; but a man who played *Bobadil*, *Lord Foppington*, *Mercutio*, *Marplot*, *Petruchio*, *Lissardo*, and *Harlequin*, was able to ask and secure high terms. Woodward, knowing that Garrick was in a dilemma, and unwilling to lose him, struck for higher wages. He said he would remain at Drury-lane if the managers would secure to him for a series of years the largest salary they then gave or should ever give hereafter to any performer, representing that he laboured incessantly, and was often called on to exercise his talents in plays, farces, and pantomimes. A greater man than Woodward, Edmund Kean, not long before he retrieved the fortunes of Drury-lane, in 1814, acted every night in the country, in play, interlude, and farce, or pantomime—sometimes Richard the Third, and Harlequin together,—for a salary, often not paid, of twenty-five shillings per week; and during his *leisure* hours in the mornings, taught riding, dancing, fencing, and boxing.

Garrick remonstrated with Woodward, acknowledged his merit, and observed in reply that he was well rewarded for it. He bade him recollect that no comic actor ever enjoyed so large a salary as himself; that his superintendence of the pantomimes and acting Harlequin gave him an extra benefit; and that tying the managers down to such an extraordinary article as he demanded, was shutting the door upon great and unexpected merit, should it arise; for it was possible an actor might spring up of such uncommon talent and attraction as to command unprecedented pay. He advised him to be content with his hitherto happy position, and not to be led by vain ambition to forsake his old, tried friends, and to hazard the property which had cost him so much art and industry to acquire. While the negotiation was pending Foote asked him whether he had gained his point, and being answered in the negative, "That is strange," said the wit; "you play in almost all the comedies, and harlequin besides: why then, in my opinion, you are entitled to the money, whether you go by the hour or the ground." Garrick was right and Woodward wrong, as he found to his cost when too late. But he was under the fascination of the

rattlesnake, and no longer possessed the faculty of rescuing himself.

Garrick had become acquainted with O'Brien, saw his natural advantages, and took him under his own immediate tuition. He determined to train him up to fill the place of the deserter Woodward. He took infinite pains in his instruction, and the neophyte responded with gratitude and ready intelligence. On the 3rd of October, 1758, he made his *début* as Captain Brazen in "The Recruiting Officer." The cast of the play was weak; there was no first-rate name in the list. The days were gone by when Garrick himself played *Plume*, *Sergeant Kite*, or *Cosbar Pearmain*, and such men as Quin appeared as *Justice Balance*, and *Sylvia* had for her representative an Oldfield or a Wolfington. The comedy was repeated on the 5th. O'Brien was received with universal applause. His gentlemanlike appearance and easy manners at once engaged the favour of the public and secured success. The "Dramatic Censor" says of this *début*, "Mr. O'Brien's person, manner, and executive powers display the true *je ne sais quoi* of acting." Criticism had very little left to wish for even on his first appearance as *Brazen*, though a more ticklish part never fell to the lot of a young beginner. His second character was *Lucio* in "Measure for Measure," on which occasion Mossop played *The Duke*, and Mrs. Cibber *Isabella*. On the 19th of October he appeared as *Polydore* in the "Orphan;" and on the 21st he acted *Jack Meggot* in the "Suspicious Husband," with Garrick as *Ranger*. These parts were followed by *Mirabel* in "The Way of the World," *The Fine Gentleman* in "Lethe," *Brisk* in the "Double Dealer," *Tom* in "Conscious Lovers," *Young Clackit* in Garrick's farce of the "Guardian," *Master Stephen* in "Every Man in his Humour," *Laertes* in "Hamlet," and *Lord Foppington* in the "Careless Husband."

This season, besides the introduction of O'Brien, was distinguished by another unusual event—the failure of Garrick in a part he was anxious and expected to succeed in, *Marplot* in the "Busy Body." His long and versatile career records only two decided mishaps, this and *Othello*, when he competed with Barry. In the noble

Moor the want of stature more than counterbalanced his fiery energy, and the wonderful play of his features was lost in the dingy hue of his complexion. In those days, *Othello* was represented as a perfect negro, glowing with oil and lampblack. That this was Shakespeare's intention is proved by the text in repeated instances. "The thick lips," "sooty bosom," "the black *Othello*," "haply for I am black," and other direct phrases leave no doubt on the point. *Marplot* was one of the characters in which Woodward shone to peculiar advantage. He assumed an aspect of such natural emptiness that all the mischief he did by meddling in everybody's affairs appeared to be the effect of accident. Garrick thoroughly understood all the tricks of the part, or in the language of the playhouse, the business of it, but the strong intelligence of his features failed to convey the idea of folly and absurdity with the vacuity of countenance the character required. Charles Fox, then a boy of eleven years old, being asked by his father, Lord Holland, one day when Garrick dined with him, what he thought of the great actor's *Marplot*, said Mr. Garrick could not look foolish enough for the part—a high compliment to account for miscarriage; but the inanity of look which Garrick could put on in the early scenes of *Leon*, in the ignorant bewilderment of *Abel Drucker*, and in the sottish drunkenness of *Sir John Brute*, evinced a power of casting off intellect for fatuity when required, which should have enabled him equally to personate the silliness of *Marplot*. He wearied the town by fourteen repetitions of what they were determined not to admire, sacrificing his pocket to his reputation, and ended as he had better have begun, by resigning the part to O'Brien. Perhaps he thought it bad generalship to let his recruit advance too rapidly; but the next season he evinced a high conviction of his merit, and materially aided his progress by giving him *Archer* and playing *Scrub*.

During the season of 1758-1759 Tate Wilkinson was engaged at Drury-lane by Garrick, and gave imitations of the leading actors, which proved highly attractive. This occasioned much heart-burning amongst the imitated, who thought it unfair

to be caricatured on their own ground, and to appear as if inviting the public to discover and laugh at their defects and peculiarities. The green-room in a body remonstrated with the manager. Sparks declared that his reputation as an actor and peace of mind as a man were injured permanently. Dame Clive told Wilkinson to his teeth that he was an insolent cub and deserved a good horsewhipping. "Not," said she, "but that I can and do take off, myself; but then it is only the Mingottis and a set of Italian squalling devils, who come over to England from their own beggarly country to get our bread from us; and I say curse them all for a parcel of Italian b——s." Garrick, to keep the peace behind the scenes, ordered Wilkinson to desist; but thus he raised the audience on his back, who imperatively demanded the imitations, and a serious riot ensued. Garrick then submitted, and by way of a *salve* to the enraged performers, added a sort of permission to Wilkinson to include *himself* if he could. Wilkinson took him at his word, and to his utter confusion produced roars of applause. All parties now saw that it was useless to continue opposition and the imitations, in due course, died a natural death with the conclusion of the engagement.

In the summer of 1761, Richard Bentley—the son of the great scholastic critic, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon of Ely, called "slashing" Bentley by Pope—produced a comedy at Drury-lane, entitled, "The Wishes; or, Harlequin's Mouth opened." *Harlequin* by O'Brien. The other characters by Foote, Baddeley, Davis, Weston, Miss Haughton, Miss Elliot,* and Miss Ambrose. "The Wishes" was a witty but eccentric drama, on the model of the Italian comedy, in which Harlequin, Pantaloon, Pierrot (or Clown), Mezzetino, and Columbine are introduced as speaking characters. Many portions exhibited just satire and solid sense, with ample evidences of the author's learning and critical judgment. But there was a lack of incident, which forms the essence of

acting comedy. This deficiency, joined to the extravagance and oddity of a set of characters which English audiences had been accustomed to see as mute mimics only, rendered the piece *caviare* to the million, and seems to justify the coldness with which it was received. The plot is simply this:—*Isabella*, the heroine, obtains from *Manto*, a fairy, the accomplishment of three wishes, on this proviso, that if she three times recalls what she has desired, she shall lose all her power. She first wishes that her lover, *Harlequin*, could speak; she next wishes for riches; and lastly, that *Harlequin*, who has been taking some liberties with her, should be hanged, which is immediately complied with. She then unwishes her last wish, as she had already unwished her two former ones.

After being privately circulated in manuscript, admired and applauded by the readers, this comedy was privately rehearsed at Lord Melcombe's villa, afterwards Brandenburgh House, by the performers who were to act it. This gave rise, as a matter of course, to a report that the noble lord had some hand in the paternity. It was even hinted that a still greater personage, meaning the young king, George the Third, was also a contributor. Be that as it may, it is certain that the former interested himself very warmly in its production, and the royal favour extended itself to the avowed author in a very handsome present, in consequence of which he resigned the profits of his third night (inconsiderable they proved), to the advantage of the performers. The prologue and epilogue were written by Cumberland, Bentley's nephew.

The comedy came out on the 27th of July, 1761. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, it had been so much the topic of conversation in the *beau monde* that it drew all the wit and fashion in town to its first representation, when it narrowly escaped birth-strangling. The brilliancy of the dialogue, and the reiterated strokes of point and repartee, kept the audience in good-humour with the leading acts,

* The first of these two ladies played many of Mrs. Cibber's parts with much applause; but her weak voice was an insurmountable defect. Miss Elliot was a lively, animated girl, who was advancing rapidly when she subsided from the stage, at the instance of the Duke of Cumberland.

and seemed to augur favourably for the conclusion, till the last of the three wishes produced the extravagant catastrophe of the hanging of Harlequin in full view of the audience. When it came to this, the author, Bentley, then sitting by Cumberland, whispered in his nephew's ear, "If they don't damn this, they deserve to be damned themselves;" and whilst he was yet speaking the row began, and "The Wishes" narrowly escaped irretrievable condemnation. Cumberland had not then commenced his experience of fifty-four dramatic pieces, a very small portion of which would have enabled him to suggest to his uncle the necessity of altering a *dénouement* no audience could tolerate. On the second night, *Isabella* merely wished her offending lover dead without specifying the *modus operandi*. There was a mock tragedy introduced in the second act, called "Guy Faux." When he is going to blow up the Parliament House, the Chorus attempt to dissuade him, but in vain. One of the spectators asks why they do not send for a Constable and take him up: *Distress*, the poet, personated by Foote, replies, "Pooh, pooh! that would be *natural*; besides, the Chorus are never to discover a secret." Tobin in his "School for Authors" probably borrowed the hint of his Guy Faux from this piece. Tobin was an ingenious dovtailer of the thoughts of others, but he had few original ideas. "The Wishes" was revived at Covent Garden, in 1782, without success. It is to be regretted that it has never been printed. Though not suited to the stage, the scholar in the closet might derive benefit from its perusal.

Murphy's celebrated comedy of "All in the Wrong," which still keeps the stage, was produced at Drury-lane on the 15th of June, 1761. O'Brien was the original *Beverley*. This was the seventh time that Molière's "Cocu Imaginaire" had been brought on the English boards. After the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Yates, who played *Belinda*, two ballad-singers sang nine stanzas, alluding to the title of the play, one of which ran thus:—

"Ye actors who act what these writers
have writ,
Pray stick to your poet and spare your
own wit;

For when with your own you unbridle
your tongue,
I'll hold ten to one you are *All in the
Wrong*."

To give these lines more point they should have been sung or said by Weston, who acted *Briak* in the play, and was one of the most incorrigible offenders in the practice here denounced.

In 1762, O'Brien acted *Sir Harry Wildair* with great success, and also *Don Felix* in the "Wonder," on the benefit night of Johnston, the house-keeper, when Garrick, probably, was dining with a prime minister, or anticipated a noisy house. During the summer of 1763, he played a star engagement with Barry, at Crow-street in Dublin. In the autumn of 1763, Roscius departed on his continental tour. O'Brien then obtained opportunities of showing what he could do in *Lothario*, *Ranger*, *Benedick*, *Love-more* ("Way to keep Him"), and *The Copper Captain*. He was now in the high tide of fame and fortune, but at the end of the season he left the stage for ever, in consequence of an unexpected advance in worldly promotion by his marriage with Lady Susan Strangways, eldest daughter of Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester. This event closed a most promising theatrical career which had scarcely lasted six years. The young lady fell in love with the actor and ran away with him. O'Brien's elegant manners and some influential introductions had gained for him admittance into the higher classes of society. Lady Susan's family were wise in their generation: they thought with Master Page in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," when his daughter Anne gets Fenton instead of the fool Slen-der, as he intended—

"What cannot be eschew'd must be
embrac'd."

Perhaps, too, they blamed themselves for letting a romantic damsel have opportunities of becoming acquainted with a young, popular, fascinating actor, and an Irishman to boot. Lord North anticipated a similar escapade which he thought might happen in his own family when he discovered that one of his daughters looked benignly on John Kemble, who was unconscious of the compliment. He bought the actor off on terms, who cared not for

the titled inamorata, and within a fortnight married another more to his liking, from his own line of life. Lord Ilchester pardoned O'Brien on condition of his leaving the stage, with which he readily complied, and then went into honourable exile in America, where he enjoyed a good post until the colonies won their independence. He returned to England after that event, and settled down into the lucrative sinecure of Receiver-General of the County of Dorset, where he lived in great clover and repute to a very advanced age. A leading object with him in after-life was to "sink the player," and to bury in oblivion those years of his existence which are the most worthy of being remembered. They were actively and creditably employed, and he added lustre to a highly intellectual calling, which prejudice has unjustly decried and lax practitioners have unnecessarily debased.

But O'Brien, though he would fain have sponged out all memorials of his having been an actor, had no dislike to the reputation of a dramatic author. On the 8th of December, 1772, he brought out a comedy called "The

Duel," at Drury-lane, and on the same evening a farce entitled "Cross Purposes," at Covent Garden. This arrangement is unique in theatrical diplomacy. It was scarcely to be expected that both would succeed, or both fail. The plan looks very like what is understood on the turf as a "hedge." The result resembled what frequently occurs at races—the favourite lost. The comedy, good in itself, and admirably acted by Barry, King, Reddish, Brereton, Moody, Weston, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Hopkins, and Miss Younge, failed and was not repeated. The farce, with less pretensions, though not without genuine humour and applicable satire, met with more than average success. It was revived at Drury-lane, in 1789, at Covent Garden in 1790, and at Bath so recently as 1821. The comedy is taken from *Le Philosophe sans le savoir* of Sedaine; the farce from *Les Trois Frères Rivaux* of La Font. Both are printed, and a perusal satisfies the reader that O'Brien must have been a much better actor than dramatist, reversing the cases of Sheridan Knowles and the unapproachable name of Shakespeare.

LEÓN GOZLAN—A WORD ABOUT HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE writer whom we now introduce to our readers is worthy of the distinction, by reason of the wit and humour which he possesses, the agreeable and easy style of his writing, his stock of real experience, acquired by active intercourse with the world, and the union of poetry with the prose of modern existence. If he had never been compelled to exert his energies in order to surmount the ills and inconveniences of poverty, we might, perhaps, have received nothing better from him than mere romances or idyls. But circumstances acquainted him thoroughly with the stern laws of human life; and his works, in consequence, deal with the strictly probable, around which, however, he throws as much poetry and romance as they can bear, and yet retain their real and truthful character.

In commencing a story he has a clear idea of its drift and outline, and with this consciousness, he permits

himself to make sundry excursions in its progress; never, however, permitting the reader's attention to wander far from the main route, but recalling it at the moment when there is danger of straying too far away by some by-path. He would break away into the enchanted regions where imagination holds sovereign sway, but that his eyes are too open to the commonplace, and disagreeable, and tiresome adjuncts of every-day life, and his sense of truth and reality checks his flight; and, much against his will, apparently, he keeps to the dusty and well-used highway, from which we can never wander far with impunity, and to which we are obliged to make speedy returns, if we wish to arrive with any comfort at our journey's end.

Thus his tales and sketches are chiefly occupied with ordinary occurrences, to which his genius imparts freshness, and colour, and interest.

"Far from wrapping himself in useless reverie," says Mons. Ottavi, "he walks into the market-place; visits country districts, obscured by the smoke of manufactories; makes a voyage in a steamboat; attends an auction after the decease of the master of the house; keeps his ears on the strain for all news—for all reports of the day—for ridiculous incidents and prosperous vices. He consoles all the sorrows, and washes the wounds of our existing society. And then, when all this chaos, all this tumult, and all this disturbance which we are making every moment, has entered his head, he melts it at the fire of his imagination and his soul, and there issues from the discordant elements a metal pure and sonorous. He pursues unity of design through a most bewildering variety."

Léon Gozlan is a Marseillais, as well as Mery, Louis Reybaud, Eugene Guinot, Amedée Achard, and other bronze-faced and hot-blooded men of letters; and is at present about fifty-seven years of age. His father, a merchant of some standing, intending him for maritime business, sent him at the proper age to a school where the languages spoken on the shores of the Mediterranean were said to be effectively taught. Having received prizes in the Arabic and Greek classes, his father invited a Turkish and a Greek captain to dinner, in order to hear Léon converse with them. After the removal of the soup, the Greek captain asked the young student, in modern Greek, if he had a good appetite; and as he did not give an immediate answer, the Turkish captain inquired, in good Arabic, if he would like to come with him to Constantinople. Poor Léon looked from one to the other, with an air of comic distress about his eyes and open mouth, when his father cried out to him, "Ah, you young scamp! is this the way you have learned Greek and Arabic?" "But, papa, it is ancient Greek they teach in college. Many of the modern Greek words are different, and, besides, they don't pronounce them here as they do at Athens." "Well, that may be, but what about the Arabic?" "My professor never quitted France; and I suppose he has not taught me the true pronunciation." "Begone, you jackanapes! your teacher is no better than a knave; and as for you,

you must go without your dinner." So poor Léon was put on bread and water the day he was crowned in the college.

He was afterwards sent to a teacher who put more conscience in his instructions; and about the year 1824, he commenced his seafaring experiences, and was left at Gibraltar by a Mexican captain, who had engaged him for a voyage to China. He then joined some cruisers, whose enterprises were confined to the African coast, as far south as Senegal. He saw business in the slave-line executed, but is generally supposed to have kept his own hands undefiled by the abominable traffic. He and a comrade were once in danger of death from a group of natives, who, not satisfied with taking their ammunition, would have had their lives into the bargain.

He returned to Marseilles rather poorer than when he left it, and obtained a professorship in the college. A *penchant* for literature brought him to Paris in 1828, with a manuscript collection of poems, but he could not find a publisher; and, not being able to support himself by his own works, he turned the works of others to account, by taking office as bookseller's assistant. After some time Mery took him in hand, and procured him admission on the staff of the *Incorruptible*. He afterwards contributed to the *Figaro*, the *Vert Vert*, the *Cor-saire*, and other small journals.

When he was about being engaged for the *Figaro*, Nestor Roqueplan, then editor, thus accosted him: "You are from a land of talent: I am sure you will bring wit and vigour with you. But remember, no one joins us unless provided with a good hatred to something or somebody. If you have no hate of your own, you must borrow one." Gozlan, from his very admission, showed the most decided aptitude for fierce and witty attack. Thoroughly ignorant of fear, he terrified every enemy, and, "instead of an eye for an eye, he generally exacted an eye for a hair."

Sometimes he contented himself with inflicting only a trifling punishment. A spiteful fellow taking occasion to say that he had followed the profession of a pirate, and had even killed his captain; Léon answered, "This gentleman is right enough; but he has stopped short of the full enor-

imity. I not only killed the captain, but I ate him into the bargain."

Gozlan never heartily sympathized with the extreme section of the republicans. A mob of this party once invested the office of the paper to which he was attached for the time, but he and the other working members of the establishment, seizing on all the available arms within their reach, charged the crowd, and put them to ignominious flight. Not content with his success as a satirist, he took to writing novels, romances, and plays, in all which he was successful. His first dramatic piece—"The Right Hand and the Left," being submitted to the ministerial censors, their sharp-eyed police sent a copy to London, and the *Times* decided that the English nation was most shamefully treated by the author. Guizot suspended the performance, and not till large pieces of offensive matter were cut away would he allow a new rehearsal. John Bull, continuing to take offence, a new arrest was made, and not till about a cantel, the third of the whole drama, was cut away, were the public allowed to decide on its merits. All this did not tend to put the *Ancien Corsaire* in good-humour with *Les perfides Anglais*.

At the representation of one of his plays, in which he ridiculed some aristocratical pretensions, a *claqueur* was killed, an old man dragged by the hair over the benches and severely beaten, and fifty persons more or less injured—a sample of the former amenities of the drama among our polite neighbours.

King Louis Philippe was so incensed against Gozlan for his obstinate efforts to destroy the *entente cordiale* between France and England (this was about 1842), that he most carefully passed over his name in the lists of those presented for decoration by the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Mme. de Girardin (*née* Delphine Gay) whose soirees were assiduously attended by Gozlan, seized on the Minister Salvandy one day, and infused such enthusiasm into his heart and brain that he repaired at once to the King's

Cabinet, and made his request in due form. "Impossible," was the answer; "M. Gozlan is my enemy." "I was not aware of that, sire," replied the intrepid author of "Alonzo." "Henceforward I shall get my list of nominations inspected by the Minister of Police."

However, Gozlan was decorated in the year 1846. As he was awaiting his audience in the antechamber, Roger Beauvoir walked in. "What are you doing there?" said he to Gozlan. "My dear fellow," answered the witty romancer, "I am performing the stations of the Cross."*

However small was the love of Gozlan for the citizen King, he and many other men of the pen had little welcome for the Revolution of 1848, which, for a time, seriously damaged literary speculations. At a reunion of Mme. de Girardin's coterie, being asked what he intended to do with himself, he announced his intention to commence as grocer at the sign of the "Used-up Pen."

In 1849, having providentially survived a visitation of the cholera, he made a tour to recover his strength. Passing through Brussels, he beheld, in a bookseller's window, a richly coloured portrait of himself, in which golden locks and carmine-tinted cheeks presented the jet-black hair and bronzed skin of the native Marseillais. In other respects the portrait was true enough. He walked into the shop. "Pray, sir, whose portrait is that in the window?" "Leon Gozlan's, Monsieur." He took off his broad-brimmed hat. "Look at me, sir; I am Leon Gozlan. I cannot prevent you from pirating my works, but at least leave me my black hair!"

Laurent Jean, one of his intimate friends, was so tired of perpetually hearing "Live the Republic!" that he nearly fell ill of his longing to hear this long life wished for some other person or thing. He thus accosted Gozlan on his departure:—"Oh, happy mortal!—going to a country where a man may give scope to his enthusiasm. I beg of you to cry out for me, when you are in that Elysium,

* On the walls of most Roman Catholic churches are hung up at proper intervals, fourteen pictures representing the various incidents in the Passion of Our Saviour. The more devout of the congregation are accustomed to kneel before these *stations* in succession, and repeat some prayers at each.

'Long live the King! several times, and as loud as ever you can.'

The request was seriously made, and as seriously executed. Gozlan stationed himself near the royal gates; and when Leopold appeared, he took off his hat and shouted, with the full force of his lungs and larynx, "*Vive le Roi!*" He then resumed his route to Antwerp, cheered by the consciousness of having correctly discharged his duty to his friend.

Our novelist was one of Balzac's intimate friends, and has left a charming account of his fantastic house of *Jardins*. While the walls were still bare, Balzac had chalked on different places, "Here will be a ceiling of Eugène Delacroix—here a marble of Paros—here a cedar wainscot—here a fresco of Ingres." Leon, paying a visit one day, and finding a still unoccupied space, wrote on it, "Here a priceless picture of Raphael, and such as never yet was seen by mortal eye." An acquaintance once asking him if Balzac had died of consumption, or fever, or what; he answered, "Alas! none of these killed my poor friend. He died of forty volumes."

There is much variety in the subjects selected by Gozlan, and the style in which they are treated. He has dealt occasionally in the horribly grotesque—a study not to our taste: in the serious story having its transparent moral; in the simply grotesque; in the intensely exciting tale; and in the picture of modern life, touched with light and graceful satire. In productions of this last-named class his style is most happy in its airy, delicate touch. In its way it resembles the dancing nymph of Canova at rest. Nothing is heavy, nothing out of place, and all embodied in sentences, presenting in their construction a resemblance to the harmonious, graceful ideas they embody. His grotesque, extravagant story of "Aristide Froissart," is distinguished by many of his beauties and some of his defects. Of these latter we shall not forget to point out some few. Aristide is, on his first presentation to the reader, an exceedingly *mauvais sujet*. His father, enriched by confiscations in the reign of terror, had engaged that he should marry Adeline, daughter of M. de Neuville (a gentleman whose estate he had conveyed to himself in the good old days of Robespierre), when

both should arrive at the age of reason. In its place the author proceeds to give what he calls—

A CONCISE DEFINITION OF THE AGE OF REASON.

"The age of reason marks the period when we are called on to be a soldier, a guardian, a National Guard—in fine, when we enjoy the right of being condemned to be hanged. Reason is a gift from heaven."

THE FIRST USE THAT ARISTIDE FROISSART MADE OF HIS REASON.

"He borrowed ten thousand francs, and signed bills of exchange for fifty thousand. Of these ten thousand, he was obliged to give one to the man who had introduced him to the usurer, and another thousand to the usurer himself. Of the eight thousand francs remaining, two were represented by a tame lion, whom the lender was anxious to get rid of. Froissart took his six thousand francs and his tame lion into a fiacre, and set out to meet his three friends at Meudon, with some guarantees of their acquaintance. These friends deserve a word. The first enjoyed the sobriquet of the 'Last Guitard.' For, when under the empire, this instrument was banished by the piano, he remained loyal to it, composed romances for it, and though an indifferent artist, he sung and played perseveringly under the windows of his female acquaintance, despite the cats, the laughter of the passers-by, and public execration. Still, the reasons he alleged were not ill-founded.

"There is," said he, "only one musical instrument with which a young gentleman can fitly paint his love to a young lady. If he uses a violin he will appear humpbacked; if a flute, he must spit like a monkey into a hole in a hollow piece of wood; if a piano, he must turn his back on her to whom he breathes his sighs. There remains only the guitar with which we can express face to face with the beloved object, and without grimace or contortion, the love with which the sight of her inspires us. Let them anathematize, let them banish, let them break this instrument: I will restore it."

The second friend of Aristide was a fallen angel, who, having ruined his health in all kinds of excesses, and finding that he might live one year in his present fashion or five years of a regular life, arranged his property to support him in luxury for the shorter period.

The third was a sculptor in idea, who had never yet handled wet clay, or hammer, or chisel. He criticised works of art in a style intelligible to Froissart alone, either by picturesque gestures or the imitated cries of some animal. For instance, if Aristide said to him—

"A glorious man was Michael Angelo—was he not?" Lacervoise closed his right hand, raised the thumb, and in a zig-zag fashion traced a cross in the air. He then opened his hand and shook it from him, as much as to say—"Good-by; take care of yourself till I see you again." Aristide comprehended the pantomime. The great Michael was appreciated at his just value."

Froissart and his friends ordered up some letter-paper, pens, ink, forty candles, the swinging sign of the golden lion; and all were brought, as matters of course. ("One day at St. Cloud I bade the landlord bring up sphynx for two. 'Sir,' said he, 'there is none left.'") They addressed circulars to the inhabitants, stating that the lion offered by the Bey of Tunis to Charles X., and which he refused as not having wherewith to accommodate it, was now returning into Africa under the care of the two chasseurs who had taken him, and the slaves who had accompanied him in his voyage to France. "Spectacle at ten o'clock."

The lion, who at first had employed his leisure in eating some pieces of meat under the table, was now offered champagne by his exalted master. The innkeeper catching sight of this proceeding, put out his fires and left the house. "He had let his saloon for the celebration of political banquets; even national hymns had been sung there—things bad enough in their way; still no lion had as yet partaken of champagne in his halla." Ten o'clock arrived, and all the population of Meudon were assembled under the windows. These were opened, and the room displayed, lighted by 160 ends of candle. The sign of the golden lion was displayed, and the company appeared on the balcony. Then we are told—

WHAT A LION DOES AFTER DRINKING CHAMPAGNE.

"The tame lion began to roar like a lion, and to bound like a lion, breaking bottles, and appearing to the frightened spectators—now touching the ceiling with his paws, and now on the balcony as if about to spring down on the townspeople and their Mayor. His exhibitors were now unhappily the exhibited, and they began to tremble for their lives, for they saw no means of escape. At last the lion, in his evolutions, got his head through the open work of the balcony, and was unable to draw it back. This saved the lives of the revellers. They got down stairs in all haste, found the yard empty,

and made the best haste they could to Paris. 'What a pleasant evening it was!' said Froissart to himself, as he got home about three o'clock in the morning."

Our madcap youth was laid in durance vile by the usurer when he failed to discharge his debt of 50,000 francs; and his father, already exhausted, positively refused to settle it for him. Young Hopeful requested a visit from him in prison, and showing him a couple of corpulent volumes of manuscripts, said if he did not pay the debt, he (Aristide) would be obliged to sell the work to a publisher, who would gladly give him more than he needed to get the gates opened.

Father Froissart was induced by curiosity to open one of the volumes, and his eyes were nearly blasted by what they saw:—"Memoirs of my Father, John Froissart, Public Accuser, 1793." The manuscript thus commenced—

"The first family whom my father despoiled, was"—

Froissart *Pere* did not care to read further. Next day his son went out from St. Pelagie, his old debts paid, and he at perfect liberty to contract new ones. The father now thought to himself—"If I put him in a house of business, he will not succeed. If I make him a soldier, he will desert. Let us get a wife for him!"

So he paid a visit to the Marquis de la Neuville, whom he had ruined in 1793, and apropos to the interview is given—

THE SILROUETTE OF THIS EXCELLENT MARQUIS.

"His shadow on the wall presented the profile of Henri Quatre, minus the beard. The tuft on the summit of his forehead impended over a nose of the south, aquiline and nervous, and corresponded to a chin, which, as in the Bearnaia, had the character of a square-toed shoe. One of the most agreeable incidents of Madame de Neuville's evenings was, to place her husband so that his profile, projected on the wall, would present the likeness of the good king. M. de Neuville made himself agreeable in everything—he was, in fact, agreeability itself—with his clear, blue eyes, his mild countenance, and the hereditary smile of high birth. The dear man was never possessed of high intelligence even in his best days, but he enjoyed that ordinary good sense which is in so many cases preferable. He respected women; and he would have died rather than say to a lady, 'I am quite fatigued carrying your lapdog.' If his un-

derstanding was not profound, neither was it false. He considered the life of a man of honour never so pleasant as when passed in obedience. He was at first subject to his mother, afterwards to his wife, always to his king, and this without any attempt at an analysis of his duty. He acted very sensibly, indeed, for —. But what has all this to do with our story?"

INTERVIEW OF FATHER FROISSART WITH THE
MARQUIS OF NEUVILLETTES.

"Are you still in the mind to give your daughter to my son?" said old Froissart one day to the Marquis of Neuville. 'Certainly,' said he, 'for we settled the matter before they were born.' 'In that case,' rejoined the old Jacobin, 'here is what I mean to give my son:—100,000 francs in hand, my chateau of Vertumi, my estate of Grenouillère, my woods of St. Urian, and my hotel in the Fauborg St. Honoré. And now,' continued Froissart, 'what will you give your daughter?' 'My dear sir,' answered the Marquis, 'I shall give her the identical dowry you have named.' It would be impossible to tell a man he was a robber with greater wit and courtesy. The wine was thirty-five years in bottle; it made Father Froissart as drunk as Silenus."

The reader should be informed that M. Froissart's original reasons for contracting the marriage sprung from his fears of being obliged some day to disgorge his ill-got possessions.

It is to be regretted that Monsieur Goslan did not endow the heroine Adeline with more strength of character and a clearer insight into her moral duties. Neither Scott, nor Bulwer, nor James ever imagined a more amiable disposition in a young woman.

DID SHE LOVE, OR DID SHE NOT LOVE ARISTIDE
FROISSART?

"She had never seen him, nor had any person enlarged on his character before her, for very sufficient reasons. In this position a girl resembles the law, which always gives the benefit of the doubt to the accused."

THE TWO THINGS ON WHICH ADELINÉ WAS THINK-
ING AT THE SAME TIME.

"*Right side of the brain.*—Is he handsome? Shall I love him? Will he love me? What if I should not please him?" *Left side of the brain.*—What is in the corbeille? Perhaps a pearl necklace? How many pairs of gloves? What is the nicest thing in the collection?"

STILL, M. DE NEUVILLETTES HAD MANY LOVERS
ALREADY.

"One had kissed her hand on setting out

for Constantinople. Another had obtained a nice flame-coloured ribbon from her at their first interview. The third had extracted from her a tender avowal, as they strolled one evening by Lake Leman. The fourth had made her name heard in the citron woods of the Isle of France. The last had fallen in love with her in the vast solitudes of America.

"There only remains to say that these different lovers were by name, Rinaldo, Tancred, Saint Preux, Paul, and Chactas. Adeline had then selected the most handsome, the most poetic, the most tender of men in the finest books ever written, to be her lovers. With their perfections she endowed him who would be her living lover some day, and whom in her pure thoughts she destined to be her husband."

With such a prodigal, crack-brained husband, poor Adeline might have foreseen much future misery. A separation took place in which the mother-in-law had something to do, and Aristide was obliged to quit his luxurious hotel with the following articles saved from the wreck:—

"Two pair of boots—one on his feet, the other in his pockets; a Homer without a translation; a view of the prison of Clichy; twenty pipes; a treatise on heraldry illustrated by himself; the portraits of the four constables who had arrested him; a portrait by himself of his wife (very rich in colour); a caricature of his mother-in-law; and an autograph of his porter. Phenix his dog followed him."

More than once Aristide had extracted some thousand francs from his father, by giving him a peep at the heading of a chapter in the forthcoming memoirs, which he never intended to publish. But at last all means failed and his three helpless friends were left on his hands. The youth with a broken constitution had got through all his money the very week on which the doctors had appointed him to die. But alas! at the moment decided on for his funeral he found himself in better health than he had been for years, his expensive tastes in the utmost vigour, and not a sou in his pocket.

In this state, within a step of starvation, they met an acquaintance, Grandier by name, who promised to feed and clothe them, and put money in their pockets, if they only aided him in the management of a newspaper, the *Purgatory*, of which the first number, if they are diligent, would appear next day. They repaired to a low

printing office in the neighbourhood of the *Boule Rouge*, the staff consisting of a small white-haired man with red cheeks and a black nose, and a hideous little imp, his assistant. There, in the presence of the new associates and the workmen, Grandier explained the character of the campaign on which they were about to enter.

"Our journal is the PURGATORY. As long as any party impeached refrains from *chanting** he remains in Purgatory. If he is found obstinate he tumbles into Hell; if he chants he is promoted to Paradise. In Paris there are many who are too rich, but a much greater number who are the reverse. We are in the latter class. To establish an equilibrium people talk of an agrarian law, of communism, of the division of property; all nonsense! Besides we have not time to wait for these social catastrophies, we must get money at once.

"The rich man who disregards the sabre of the communist, trembles at the square bit of paper called *Journal*. If this engine threatens to set down by the side of his name, the turpitudes of his life, he turns pale, fear takes him by the throat, he trembles, he falls on his pocket-book, he opens it, and we are by to receive what he takes out. There is for the dishonest man of business; for the public man whose morals are not exemplary; for the actress whose life is in her talent, whose talent is in her fame, and whose fame is in our hands—for each, a word which has power to kill. We will hold this word suspended over their heads till they lower them, till they chant, in fact, and redeem their sins by gold."

"Grandier ceased an instant, and the four friends looked at each other in affright. They instinctively recoiled. They were scapegraces, they were libertines, they were mad, but nothing more.

"I know nothing," resumed the orator, 'more honourable than our project. We moralize the rich for our own advantage. Why blush to snatch twenty-five louis from the speculator, who yearly takes a hundred thousand francs out of the pockets of the poor? Do you wrong the poor man? Not at all. That is the point from which we are to consider the matter. After some time there will be no more abuses, no more roguery, no more poor.' 'Nor rich either,' said Lacervoise."

After setting the new allies to make copy out of the characters of their acquaintance, Grandier despatched the printer to order supper at midnight.

It was to be of the most expensive description.

"But who will pay for this costly supper?" said Aristide, delighted at the prospect of the feast, but dreading the bill. 'Who will pay for it? No one.' 'No one?' 'No. X., the restaurateur who will furnish it, has been bankrupt three times: once at Bourdeaux, once at Nantes, a third time at Rouen. At the dessert I will say, 'Send your bill to-morrow morning to the printing office at the Red Ball.' Before the bill arrives he will have received a copy of our journal, in which he will read this simple statement:—'The Restaurateur X., of the Fauborg Montmartre, is a clever man. We specially recommend him to our readers. As a mere matter of taste, he has as yet made no bankruptcy in Paris.' He will comprehend the indirect meaning of the italicised words, and we shall never see his *carte*, unless it be his *carte de visite*, thanking us for favouring him with our company."

In about three hours the two pages of the journal were displayed on the editor's table; the four friends having contributed their parts, very little to the satisfaction of Grandier. They were deficient in venom.

The first page presented this appearance.

THE PURGATORY.

A JOURNAL OF INFAMIES.

FIRST YEAR.	Here	SUBSCRIPTIONS.
No. 1.	<i>is the place</i>	PARIS.
Neither letters	<i>of a magni-</i>	A year:—
nor packets	<i>ficent Vignette,</i>	Nothing.
received,	<i>confided to</i>	6 months:—
even though	<i>one of our</i>	Nothing.
post paid.	<i>first artists.</i>	3 months:—
		Nothing.
		1 month:—
		Nothing.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

in the open Sea, and at the RED BALL, Montmartre.

"Profession of Faith of the Directors of PURGATORY.

"We believe not in the honesty or talent of any one. Equally devoid of hate and envy, we proclaim that ignorance and bad faith reign everywhere, and triumph with impunity. As no public organ dares to unmask so many rogues, so many apostates, so many intriguants, we present ourselves,—we, a society of young men without stain in our past lives,—to fulfil this mission. We will not indicate the guilty; we will, name them openly. We will not touch them with the tip of a glove; we will crush them with a club. Let traitors, swindlers, usurp-

* Some readers may recollect the principles on which an extinct London newspaper was conducted. Chanting meant paying in black mail for exemption.

ers of renown tremble! Purgatory claims them. It is their business to consider whether they will ransom themselves or not from the tortures preparing for them. And how may they effect their ransom? By better conduct, by restitution of the property they have dishonestly acquired, and particularly by the advice they will privately receive from our honourable Society, assisted by one of the first advocates of Paris."

The second page contained this precious piece of biography. Grandier used no caution with the victim as he expected nothing from him, but trusted the exposure would induce some other members of the profession to apply for advice from the honourable Society and their advocate at the Red Ball:—

BIOGRAPHY OF PARIS BANKERS.

JOHN BERN,

"Son of a pedler of Alsatia, the banker, John Bern . . . showed at an early age the evil instincts of his nature. While still a child, he was often detected setting fire to barns and haycocks. As army contractor he burned no more hay; on the contrary he dealt it out so sparingly to the French cavalry that in the next battle with the Austrians the poor weak horses went down at the first charge. Set up as banker, he married the daughter of an exile, whose property he had purchased for an old song. He secured his ill-got goods by this marriage. One of his sons is his associate, the other an advocate to assist in the many lawsuits in which he is involved. He let his father die of want, and his mother has no more to live on than twelve hundred francs, which the law obliges him to pay her. Well, this man covered with mud, this bad son, this almost parricide, this bad citizen, has the audacity to put himself on the list of candidates for one of the departments of the north, &c."

The biographies of the bankers, O. H., Z., and F., in ensuing numbers of *Purgatory*."

A noted hatter next got a hint that notwithstanding his monster advertisements he used bad stuff, showed little taste in the shapes, and charged too high. However if he chose to do better, and had the wish, he might become one of the first manufacturers in his line in Paris—a broad hint to send for advice to the honourable Society and their advocate.

In this way Grandier pointed out to his collaborateurs that he would soon have them royally furnished with hats, coats, boots, &c. At last he left them

to fold and cover the hundred and fifty copies printed, while he went to look after the supper.

When he had gone Aristide declared that he would rather sup on his mother-in-law than share Grandier's banquet. Lacervoise proposed to kill the first man they met, and cleanse themselves in his blood from the filth they had contracted in that cavern of horrors. He put the whole edition in his pocket; Aristide made *pâte* (pic) of the type, and the four quitted the den of infamy.

In "Aristide Froissart" there are no descriptions calculated to demoralize, but the absence of principle is sadly felt, and the general moral is of a very rickety character. Aristide improves with every page till he becomes a thoroughly domestic man. The innate good-nature of the scapegrace makes him a greater favourite with the reader than a person of a much more estimable character.

Léon Goslan would sing of nothing but "fierce wars and faithful loves," of Paladin and Shepherdess, but the grim realities of labour, poverty, and illness stare him in the face, and he lays down the lyre, and takes the spade in hand. Hearing of an auction to be held at the country house of Bernadinde Saint Pierre, in Brie, he set out on a pilgrimage thither, trusting to find a pastoral or the trace of one going or coming. Brie is so flat that it appears like a sea, minus the water, the only object to arrest the eye being a mill or a farmhouse. You have the mill before you, you are beside it, you pass it, it seems to follow you, and you will not lose sight of it for one, two, three hours. Distances are counted by hours between Paris and Brie. In one place his eye was delighted with what he took to be endless beds of flowers, and the eclogue was about to begin, but a nearer approach revealed the presence of coloured cloths covering the ground far and wide.

Again he seemed to secure the eclogue. The persecuting mill had vanished, and two nice looking buildings, surrounded with all the charms of wood and water, appeared. "Tell me, brave man," said he to a peasant, "who occupy these nice houses?" "Well, no one occupies them; this is a powder-mill, and that is a paper-mill." *Exit eclogue.* To his further

mortification he found that several farms belonged to citizens of Paris, and that the residents were merely confidential persons sent to manage them.

At last the pastoral came in view. Just on the brink of the Etampe, on a mossy bank, and under a sycamore tree, doing the duty of a large green parasol, he found a group of healthy-looking young girls enjoying their mid-day meal. He approached cautiously, and was almost sitting with them before they were aware of his presence.

"I asked one if she reared doves; another if her business was to convert cream into white cheeses; a third, if she took them to market in osier baskets; the fourth, if she wove twigs into these same baskets; the fifth, if she employed herself at the spinning wheel, &c., &c. All burst out a-laughing, and I acknowledge I was vexed. 'Ah, Mesdemoiselles!' said I, 'am I deceived? Are you duchesses disguised as village maids, or goddesses come down to amuse yourselves with the fauns and satyrs?' More laughter, till one of them taking pity on me, said, in a most disenchanting manner, 'Monsieur, we neither make cheese, rear doves, nor spin, but we print the romances of Mme. d'Abrantes and of M. Alphonse Karr, at Corbeil just by. We used to employ ourselves as you mentioned, but could hardly live, till the printer at Corbeil taught us to read and write; and now we earn from forty sous to three francs a day.' 'And you are happy?' 'Indeed, we would be, only for the cramp hand of M. Alphonse Karr; but people can't have everything they wish.'

"And thus vanished my pastoral again. Young girls turned printers! O nature! O eclogue! O Virgil! Here, painted cloths for flower-beds; there, powder mills and paper mills in embowering shades. And what shall I find with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the chaste and lyric lover of meadows, of village maids, of nature, and of Virgil?

"And the young girls bade me adieu, talking to one another of 'deleaturs,' of upper case and lower case, of bourgeois and primer, of forms and of pie; yet the orchards around were in full bloom.

"In a few minutes I reached the gate of the country house of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, thoroughly unpoetized, believing in nothing, disheartened to the last degree at finding compositors' work done by girls, and in the country too. Hadn't I the privilege of seeing the thing every day in

Paris? It is only in Paradise that there are no proofs to be corrected.

"Twelve or fifteen Auvergnats were already ringing the bell.

"The reader had better shut the book if he hopes that I am going to speak of Saint-Pierre. These Auvergnats have come in my way, and will interrupt my story.

"Napoleon said that Europe would one day be either Cossack or Republican. With great respect to that great thinker, it will be neither one nor the other; it will belong to the Auvergnats.

"However decided a man may be to open out a road for himself through life, to succeed he must be provided with a tool to clear the way. Gil Blas had some reals in his pouch, this man has a pen, that man a sword, the Auvergnat has nothing; his mother gives him neither pen, sword, nor real. He brings to Paris or London nothing but his square shoulders, his long nails, his hard-skinned knees. He takes his place in the mud in order to rise to the knees of the passers-by, whose shoes he cleans. When he has thus crawled for five or six years he begins to straighten his back, and from a shoeblack he changes into a light porter (*commissionnaire*). His next promotion is up the flues of chimneys, but if too stout for that employ he becomes a dealer in rabbit-skins. Once at the chimney-top, he is master of the situation—he has seen land. The Columbus of soot has discovered America at his feet. When the land fails the water is at hand; the Seine is his fortune. Others can extract therefrom nothing but sickly fishes and dead bodies; the Auvergnat draws out tubs full of silver. Geographers assert that the Seine flows into the Manche; we insist that it empties itself into Auvergne.

"Thus the fetid mud which sticks to our boots, the injurious smoke which reddens our eyes and affects our lungs, the foul water which we drink, are the three sources from which the Auvergnat obtains his riches.

"When the gold is got they purchase houses, entire streets, entire quarters, to sell them in ten years. They take away nothing from us but our gold. They carry off neither our arts, nor our trades, nor our amusements, not even our young women. There are few instances of a child having an Auvergnat father and a Parisian mother—not even two of an Auvergnat dying in Paris. There are about a dozen of them in Père la Chaise; but it is only as commissionnaires of the dead, no other thing. What becomes of the gold no one knows. It goes out of Paris, not in bank notes, nor in stock debentures, but in Napoleons and quadruples.* I would not swear that some town in Auvergne is not built with twenty-franc pieces.

* Twenty-franc silver coins.

"The Auvergnats occupy the Rue de Lappe. In general they are braziers, but this occupation is only an excuse for keeping a store, or rather an exchange to treat with their compatriots. This Rue de Lappe (Lapland-street), is as rusty as an old saucepan; you respire nothing but verdigris and rust. Inside you see children dancing in boilers, young women sitting on heaps of nails, and workmen taking their meals on anvils. The copper is there, the gold is in Auvergne. Braziers on their signs, they are in reality buyers and sellers of old clothes, old books, old furniture, shaky houses, rotting boats, old iron. They scent from their doors all the auctions that will shortly occur on account of deaths. They have as sharp a nose in this respect as sharks in the wake of a sickly vessel. There will be three great deaths, they know, in such a quarter—a notary, an astronomer, and a painter. 'When will the painter die?' they inquire of each other. 'Well, he can't hold out much longer.' 'But the astronomer?' 'Don't know; astronomers are long-lived. You are looking out for his telescope?' 'And you?' 'Come! let only one make a bidding.' 'We shall see.' And all this time, the painter and astronomer are little aware how their hours are counted by the dealers in Lapland-street. When the hour arrives, they are seated round the table, catalogue in hand, before the auctioneer is ready. Don't undervalue their clayey faces or their sheep-skin waistcoats. They know the value of old books better than Nodier or Leber. They would sell M. Charles Nodier* ten times in a minute. They know to a sou the prices of the different editions. Books are not their only speciality. They are great in medals and astronomical instruments, medals particularly. He would be a cunning fellow who could rob an Auvergnat of a medal."

Gozlan was present at part of the auction, and witnessed a lively contest among the Auvergnats for an old watering-pot. One honest man of Lapland-street, actuated, as L. G. thought, by veneration for the author of "Paul and Virginia," secured the article for three francs. He (L. G.) was going to fall on the neck of the tender-souled fellow, when he saw him tap the article with a key, and cry out—"All copper, gentlemen, painted green: you thought it was tin."

Our pilgrim, leaving the abominable society of bidders to itself, went

through the apartments and garden, and found that the author of the "Harmonies of Nature" had carefully looked to his creature-comforts while here below, and had even composed processes and citations for the Jacobin Club of the next town. This task was not to his taste, but he had no choice, except to give them his head, either in a physical or a metaphysical sense.

Bernardin in his time had received the visits of three remarkable brothers, all military men. Our author gives the details, but we can do no more than present the outlines of the conferences.

The first was a dark, pale man, a genuine Southern head, with a cascade of black hair falling on his shoulders. The poet congratulated him on the glorious victories of Italy, but he professed his dislike of war and bloodshed, pulled a tattered copy of "Paul and Virginia" (the companion of many years) out of his pocket, spoke of the tender friendship or love of two Italians, who decide on a particular star to be the object of their mutual gaze when separated, and finally left in the great poet's hands a pastoral romance of his composition.

Delighted with the spirit of his work, the sympathy of the writer with the great wonders of creation, and his hatred of tyrants, Saint-Pierre was anxious to see his sentimental friend again. In some months, the same person in appearance, but some ten years older, walked into his study. This was the elder brother of the former visitor. He was in reality the author of the romance, and equally delighted Bernardin by his sympathy with God's works. Instead of the stars, however, his soul was in its normal place in a delightful flower garden. In Italy he had been owner of a parterre, where every hour was distinguished by the opening of a different flower. "What shall I send you from Paris, dear friend?" said he, as he carried away a nice bouquet to his voiture. "Bring your brother to me again," was the answer. "Ah!" cried the aged enthusiast, as his visitor was borne out of sight, "if all Re-

* Nodier was the keenest book-hunter in Paris. No day passed without an excursion among the old book-stalls on the quays. Alexander Dumas (Père) gives a most amusing and interesting account of his successes and defeats. His greatest achievement was the acquisition of an Elzevir cookery book in good order.

publicans were like these brothers, the Republic would be heaven, and no one would wish to die."

In some time he received a third visitor, as pale as the others, his hair as black, and his countenance as pensive as theirs. He seemed elder than the first, and younger than the second. His deep voice, his piercing look, and a certain brusqueness of manner, distinguished him from his brothers. He spoke neither of stars, nor flowers, nor harmonies of nature. Humanity, philosophy, and the evils of the time, were his theme. When Saint-Pierre showed himself anxious to enlarge on his military fame, he would only take credit for founding chairs of philosophy, history, and eloquence in conquered cities; for pensioning the savants of Bologna, Florence, and Milan; for commanding his soldiers to respect women, private property, and public monuments; and for guarding churches and hospitals from desecration. Finally, he acquainted his venerable friend that his hours of relaxation were spent in a poorly-furnished room in the study of history and mathematics.

"How grateful should I be," said Bernardin de Saint-Pierre to himself, on the departure of this third sage, "to have found in the decline of my life, and at the period of all disenchantment, three men such as I had never even dreamed of: one capable of comprehending the calm majesty of the heavens, another as tender as Rousseau, the third as sage as Marcus Aurelius—more sage, indeed, for he will never consent to be emperor—and all soldiers!"

"The first officer, who loved the stars and the sun's rays, and was not ambitious, was afterwards Louis Buonaparte, King of Holland.

"The second officer, who cherished flowers and patronized a botanical sundial, and was not ambitious, became Joseph Buonaparte, King of Spain and the Indies.

"The third officer of the Republic, who adored humanity, peace, and philosophy, and who was not ambitious, was in time Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

"And this was the pastoral discovered by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—two kings and an emperor!

"How then could I complain if, while seeking the eclogue, I found prairies painted in indigo, gunpowder factories among beds of roses, and young girls employed as composers!"

Our author might complain of us,

with some justice, for not presenting pictures from his "Wreck of the Medusa," and the "First Steam-boat on the Coast of Africa." No French writer excels him in maritime scenes. But our readers cannot be supposed to cherish much curiosity on the romance of ocean, after the hundreds of volumes of Cooper, Marryatt, Howard, Chamier, and others, which were all enjoyed in their day.

He has left a saddening picture in his "Blocus Continental" of the state of privation and inactivity into which the mad ordinance of Buonaparte plunged for a time the seaports of France. The misery would have been intolerable only for the determined spirit of smuggling, which, in some degree, mitigated the general suffering. In the "Blocus" the chief authority of one of these towns has a secret understanding with the smugglers, and he obliges his daughter to aid him in his disloyal proceedings. She takes a promenade on the rocks, arrayed in white when the next night is safe for the descent; in blue when there is danger. However, the loyalty of a young officer, and the hatred cherished by an old marine against England, contravene the underhand doings of the Commissaire Prefet. A ship laden with a rich cargo is secured, and its freight scattered over the market-place.

"Hear you these joyous bells, these roaring cannon, these crowds that throng into the square! Decimated by famine, by war, and by Napoleon, they cry, 'Live the War! live Napoleon!' Ruined by the continental blockade, they howl out, 'Vive le Blocus Continental!' They come bareheaded and barefooted, though it is freezing; their lips white, their hands purple, their stomachs empty.

"And it was not bread, nor wine, nor tobacco, nor salt, that they were going to distribute to the people. It was vengeance on England—ready-money vengeance! Everyone seized it with extended fingers. Aged men, young men, children, women—all had their part, the women especially. You know how terrible is a mother who has lost her son. Some women there had lost eight by Nelson.

"The treasures of the two hemispheres lay on the ground—millions' worth of rare and useful wares. Ah! how that cloth would protect the nakedness of the poor creatures whose bones were almost visible through the skin! How acceptable would be the piles of linen to these poor women!" &c., &c., &c.

and until lately I felt happy in thinking the young lady—girl—ahem—was likely to be settled advantageously.”

Tom coloured, and then turned pale; he felt really nervous.

“My opinions have now changed respecting this matter, and I hope to see the end of it.”

Poor Tom caught the back of a chair for support. Was he going to be expelled the house?

“I am sorry, very sorry, Mrs. Pilmer,” he stammered faintly.

“Do not regret it, Mr. Ryder,” continued the lady gravely. “You will learn yet to thank me for my frankness. Reports concerning Miss Stutzer’s conduct at Yaxley have induced me to speak thus openly to you.”

Tom fixed his eyes steadfastly on Mrs. Pilmer’s face—steadfastly, and wonderingly.

“Her youth, of course, may excuse her,” she continued; “and I should be sorry to see her thrown altogether upon the world; yet I should be far more sorry to see her married to any honourable young man of my acquaintance. Oh, it would be very imprudent to think of such a thing! We always look to the wife to purify and exalt the husband, and when this cannot be hoped for, the marriage must be disastrous.”

“What the deuce reports do you allude to?” said Tom, rather fiercely, and paying no attention to Mrs. Pilmer’s romantic view of a wife’s purifying attributes.

“Do not excite yourself, my dear sir.

I am very, very sorry to be obliged to broach this unhappy subject to you; but it is my duty. The girl is unworthy of you, and I tell you so.”

“She must be very bad indeed if she is less worthy than myself,” thought Tom, who rather distrusted that sharp-eyed lady’s hints and warnings.

“Will you tell me plainly, Mrs. Pilmer, what the devil you are at?” he demanded at last.

A faint colour rose to the lady’s sallow cheek; her eye flashed; but she maintained her usual self-possession. She felt glad to be able to humble that impertinent young man.

“If you doubt me I can give you sufficient proof, and certainly sufficient authority for my words,” she said in a dignified tone.

“Then, for God’s sake, do it at once,” said Tom, feeling as if on the rack.

Mrs. Pilmer smiled bitterly, and was about to draw from her pocket Mrs. Ryder’s letter, when the door opened, and Bessie entered. Her hand was stayed then, and not wishing to discuss the matter any further in her daughter’s presence, she left the room. Tom took an early opportunity of withdrawing from the house also, and he got no invitation to dinner that day, nor for many days again at Markham.

Meanwhile Dillon Crosbie’s leave of absence was drawing to a close. He had now a very short time to remain in England. His regiment was ordered to the West Indies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

L’AMOUR TENDRE.

It was pretty far advanced in the autumn. Bessie and her cousin, Dillon, were walking in the garden arm-in-arm. The twilight fell gently on late roses and fading plants.

“This parting coming so soon after our late affliction makes me very sad,” she said, sighing. “Oh, what a dark world it is, Dillon! How fearful to be endowed with powers of feeling, and then to be so sorely tried! Surely, women bear a very suffering part in this lower world!”

“Not more than men, Bessie,” replied Dillon, thoughtfully. “Man-

kind are all alike liable to meet with disappointments, crosses, miseries. Do not imagine you would be exempt from care if you were a man;—do not think that fame, or active pursuits, or the liberty of action that men are permitted, bring them happiness. Few men, however talented, meet with very great success in life, and even if they do meet with it, do we not know that it rarely satisfies the soul’s craving? I have known many a clever contemporary, many a studious and gifted youth, yet I never expect to hear their names named

among the famous or the well-known of the world. Already I am aware of many grievous disappointments among those who have striven hard and failed."

"Better to strive and fail than lead a barren life, without hope—without aim," said Bessie.

"If you had ever experienced the strife and the failure you would think differently," said Dillon, smiling sadly. "But, my dear cousin, why do you talk of a life without hope or aim; you who have such bright prospects before you? Do not let me believe that you are thankless and discontented."

"Judge me not too hardly," said Bessie, looking into Dillon's face with the old coaxing expression that her eyes used to wear in past days, when she was requesting anything of him that was unreasonable or absurd. "You never can know—you never will know how much I have to make me miserable in my lifetime."

Never, indeed, Dillon Crosbie.

"I feel very much inclined to scold you then," said Crosbie, looking steadily at her. "You seem unreasonable to complain when your wishes in all things seem likely to be soon fulfilled."

"Oh, you mean my marriage?" said Bessie, carelessly. "At present I am thinking of this wretched military life that knocks people about so—sending you out to brave mosquitoes and yellow fever in the West Indies."

"A soldier must not mind those things; he must learn to resign himself to every call of duty, and how to bear separation and knocking about at a moment's notice."

"You seemed to have learned how to bear everything disagreeable long before you were a soldier," said Bessie.

"There are some things hard enough to bear," observed Dillon, who was looking on the ground.

"Ah, my philosopher, so you have found that out!" cried Bessie, triumphantly.

"I never said that I had no feeling—did I?"

"Sometimes you acted as if you had not much," said Bessie, not altogether in jest; "but I should not like to see you grow desponding; I would then fancy that the sky was about to fall."

"I hope I shall never utterly despond," said Dillon.

"Then why did you say some things were hard to bear?"

"That was not saying I would not bear them," replied the young man.

A serious light now replaced the merry one that had lately shone in Bessie's eyes.

"If there is anything that I can do for you, Dillon, never hesitate to ask me," she said, warmly. "I may have it in my power to do a great deal. Sir James Bend has much interest in influential quarters, and he must exert it for you. Oh, Dillon, you must never conceal any difficulty that you may be in from me!"

Dillon pressed her hand in silence, turning his eyes on her face with a look that thanked her more than words could have done. But he was not thinking then of interest in high places, or of pecuniary assistance, or anything of that sort. His despondency proceeded from a very different source.

"I wish Tom Ryder would propose for Lizette," said Bessie, whose thoughts were prone to wander quickly from one subject to another. Perhaps, too, there was something mesmeric in the influence that obliged her to speak upon this topic.

"Do you think Miss Stutzer likes Tom?"

"Oh, decidedly she does; it seems a curious taste, too; but I am glad she likes him, though I do not wish to speak directly on the subject to her yet; for I know she is just the timid, foolish little goose that would grow embarrassed in his company if she thought eyes were upon her. Tom has not been here for a week now. I dare say he is summoning up courage to propose when he next makes his appearance at Markham."

"Perhaps so."

"I shall be glad to see Lizette settled before I go from home myself. It will be a great weight off my mind. But who would ever dream of her fancying such a queer creature? And yet I believe they have been attached for years—quite a boy and girl love, ripened to maturity. Heigh-ho! Well, they are fortunate not to have dreamed their young dream in vain. Luke Bagly, the old steward of Mr. Meiklam, met Foster somewhere near Covent-garden lately, and he told him

sly Miss Lizette was carrying on a flirtation with Mr. Ryder long ago; so, perhaps the affair is all settled between them. Ah, you naughty boy, you have plucked my only remaining dahlia!"

"Pardon; I was not thinking of what I did," said Dillon, scattering the deep red leaves of the flower upon the garden walk.

"And now, to make matters worse, you are spoiling the tidy aspect of the walk. If you must have a flower let me give you this rose;" and she plucked a rare and beautiful rose, full-blown, yet perfectly close and fragrant.

"It is *le rose de Dijon*," she said in answer to his admiring observations. "There, preserve it for my sake as long as you can, and I will get you a sprig of *L'amour tendre* from the conservatory as we pass, to keep with it."

"Thank you," replied her cousin; and Bessie almost smiled at the unconscious expression of his face as he took the rose. She was one of those people who can feel amused even while suffering great bitterness at heart. She knew Dillon was not thinking of either her or her offerings.

"Dear coz, what are you so sober for? I must not let you fall into low spirits," she said, a little anxiously. "I am afraid you do not like going to this stupid Barbadoes. How I wish you were going to some other more pleasant quarter."

"I assure you I like going to Bar-

badoes as well as any place else; I don't much care where I go!" and Crosbie sighed somewhat heavily.

"Why do you sigh, Dillon? Do not deem me impertinent, but I wish for your confidence, and surely I am entitled to it. Did ever sister love brother as well as I have loved you?" she asked in a voice that trembled nervously.

"Some time else, not now, I may tell you, Bessie, why I sighed; some time when your laughing eye is far out of reach," and he smiled curiously.

"Tell it here in the twilight, Dillon," she said, almost imploringly. "Do not let us part with any secret unrevealed—any mystery that weighs upon your soul."

"Nay, Bessie, it is of no consequence—I am ashamed of myself. Let us go in."

"I dare say he is getting tired of the army," thought Bessie, as they went slowly towards the house.

She did not forget the promised sprig from the conservatory, and entering it, as they passed, she plucked it and gave it to him.

"What name did you say this was called?" he asked, taking it from her hand.

"Oh, never mind the name of it," she replied, smiling to herself. "It does not signify; but you may preserve it, and think of me when you look at it."

Dillon was to leave Markham much about that hour next evening.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOPELESS.

THE life of a soldier is, indeed, a varied, chequered one, wherein the greetings of to-day become so quickly exchanged for the farewells of to-morrow—the meeting of one glad moment so dearly paid for by the parting of another. That last day of Crosbie's stay at Markham was a busy one—the last of the packing up, and the hurry of approaching departure had arrived. Bessie Pilmer had laughed and talked much all that day, endeavouring to clear away the cloud that rested very palpably on her cousin's brow; and he had laughed too, but the mirth of neither was from the heart.

The daylight was growing rather sha-

dow when Dillon entered the drawing-room, where Lizette Stutzer was sitting alone. She had been reading and her book now rested listlessly on her lap.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said, putting down a portfolio which he had brought into the room.

"Oh, I am not doing anything," replied Lizette, now laying her book on the table.

"What have you been reading?" he asked, taking up the little volume.

"A book Mrs. Meiklam gave me, *The Church in the Army*," replied Lizette.

"Did Mrs. Meiklam think you

were likely to be connected with the army?" asked Dillon, while one of his old, bright, amused looks came into his eye. "She thought, probably, you might become a soldier's wife."

"Oh, no; she gave me a great many books of all kinds."

The faintest shade of pink now stole over Lizette's whole face, vanishing soon again. Dillon looked through the *Church in the Army*, but laid it quickly down. There was a little time of silence. Lizette's eyes were fixed upon the floor. When she raised them, they met an earnest, thoughtful gaze from those of her companion. Her heart was beating faster than usual. Dillon was almost upon the point of speaking; but no, he must not utter the words that had risen to his lips. He was glad when Bessie hurriedly entered, bringing him a pair of slippers she had been working for him for a long time, and which were only just finished five minutes ago. She gave a very quick look at Lizette and him, but she had no time for observations, as Sir James was waiting for an interview below. Dillon and Lizette were alone again.

"You were fond of pictures long ago," he observed, coming near to her with the portfolio, "and perhaps you might value some of these; there are a good many views of scenery in Germany."

"Oh, yes, I would like them so much!" she exclaimed, rising and looking with interest at each sketch shown to her. They were very masterly drawings, bold and well proportioned, and all bearing the impress of a finished hand. There were pictures of frowning ruins, crowning steep rocks—fair views of quiet, picturesque villages—scenes from Switzerland and Italy—all drawn from nature; and there stood a view of Gibraltar, with its endless batteries and tiers of guns pointing from the huge rock, rising so massive and stern and perpendicular above the water beneath. Lizette was delighted with them; and while she gazed, she found herself thinking how a certain person was so kind, so brave, so clever, and accomplished—able to be calm in the midst of shipwreck and danger—able to soothe the sick—able to sing Italian duets and German solos and French *chansons*—able to draw with a master-hand, and

make himself useful and agreeable upon all occasions. Her companion did not know that all these thoughts were in her head, as she uttered little exclamations of pleasure at the drawings, and said she would preserve them as things well worthy of being prized.

"They will do as well to keep as the lions and tigers of old," said Dillon, smiling.

"And yet I would not give away those old lions and tigers for anything," said Lizette, ardently. "I prize them as much as I do any memorial of the past!"

Why did you not speak now, Dillon Crosbie? Why was your tongue tied? Was not this a good opportunity of saying out what you wanted to say? It was; but it slipped away, and the two people, who did not know what each other were thinking of, bent over the pictures, and made remarks upon them, and smiled quite calmly; for there was nothing for it but to be very calm indeed. And so the twilight darkened, and the dinner hour arrived. It had been arranged that Dillon was to go down to Southampton late that evening, as he was to embark from thence early next day. Still all through the evening Bessie maintained her high spirits, talking with animation. Sir James Bend was glad to see her so cheerful, for Bessie was never vulgar let her spirits be ever so high. Her mother might be vulgar; her father might have wanted *ton*; her general connexions might not be so aristocratic as was desirable; but she was herself one of nature's own favoured children, with a noble stamp upon her form that made all movements graceful.

And now it was time to say good-by. Dillon had been running up and down stairs very often with a light step; for he had been forgetful now and then, as if he did not know well what he was about, and obliged to make two or three expeditions for each different thing required from his room before finding what he wanted; but all was ready now. It was time to say good-by. If the ceremony of leave-taking were done away with, we think friends would be able to bear separations better than they bear them under the present system of things. Had Dillon Crosbie got up

and abruptly left the room without saying a word of adieu to anyone, there would not have been anything half so affecting in his departure as there turned out to be on the part of some of the company when he commenced making his adieux according to prescribed rules. Mrs. Pilmer parted from him very kindly, for he had been useful to her in many ways of late, in the arrangement of her affairs. Bessie was much overcome at the last moment, and flung herself into his arms with a wild burst of grief that suddenly broke all bounds: her mother was concerned, Sir James a little surprised but he took all things coolly. As she was weeping and sobbing violently, he approached her and drew her away, while Dillon continued his adieux. Lizette was the last person to say good-by to. She could not fling herself into his arms as Bessie had done, nor weep bitter tears; nor could he embrace her as he had embraced his cousin—though she likewise had been a friend of childhood—for there were rules of society to be observed, and perhaps it was as well there were. So they shook hands as if they had been very indifferent acquaintances, and Lizette's fairy fingers only received the slightest pressure in the world.

"And thus they parted, as those part
Who must indifferent seem.
While rushing o'er each silent heart
Came a noiseless, bitter stream
Of anguish never utter'd."

He is gone at last. Away out in the dim November night, hurrying in a cab through London towards the

Waterloo railway station, the street lamps flashing out upon the darkness—a dense atmosphere, and a dense weight upon the young soldier's heart, though never did braver heart beat in soldier's bosom than his. And now, arrived at the railway station, standing on the platform, with crowds hurrying to and from—crowds of people who, perhaps, have just bade farewells to weeping friends at home, though there are many hard faces there that do not look as if tears often bedewed them. Yet who could tell? Does anyone think that the striking-looking young man in the military cap and cloak, with the pale, handsome face and steady eye, that seems unlikely to quail before anything, is very sorrowful in his inmost soul, as he goes calmly about getting his luggage stowed away properly, and doing all things with the business-like air of one accustomed to travelling? No—no one knows it. And now, thundering away in the long train to Southampton—farther and farther from London each instant—farther and farther on his way to far-off scenes. He is alone in the carriage; the little lamp shines above him; but he does not read; he leans back against the cushions and buries his face in his hands.

Oh, the despair of those moments of utter, hopeless misery! How many of us that have passed our twentieth year can say that we have never known such moments? They are a heritage, almost universal since the world began—part of the heritage of sin and its belongings.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WAITING.

For a whole week Tom Ryder had been obliged to remain away from Markham, sorely against his will; law business had called him from London to a provincial town, but as soon as possible he returned to the city, and called at the Pilmers'. He was determined to hear the worst from Mrs. Pilmer—to try his fate at last—to put himself out of pain, in short. It was necessary to ask the old lady for a downright explanation of her mysterious words respecting

Mias Stutzer's character; and he must be quick about it, too, for there was a rumour that the Pilmers were going from town. Bessie had got into low spirits, and declared she would pass the winter in Italy. Nothing would induce her to remain in England in all the dreary months of rain, and snow, and storm that were approaching. Mrs. Pilmer had worked herself up to a pitch of stern dutifulness quite remarkable. She was prepared to tell Mr. Ryder everything—that is,

everything she chose to tell—concerning Miss Stutzer. Had she not his own mother's letter in "black and white" to show to him? If he did not believe her words, then indeed she could not help him, nor could Mrs. Ryder blame her. After all, she thought it would be better to take the part of the Ryders at Yaxley—respectable people like them—than seek to befriend Lizette, even for her own convenience.

"I want to know, Mrs. Pilmer," said Tom earnestly, "what you meant a fortnight ago by telling me Miss Stutzer was under a cloud at Yaxley—that there were unpleasant rumours about her?"

"I honour you for being straightforward, Mr. Ryder," replied the lady with calm dignity, "and I respect your perseverance in endeavouring to understand the truth about this girl. The more I see of you, the more sorry I should feel at your being drawn into any unfortunate engagement."

"Oh the devil a bit you need fret about my being drawn into anything," said Tom. "I'm no fool, Mrs. Pilmer: I can see through all kinds of shams and humbugs. For God's sake speak plainly and end this cursed—I beg your pardon—this confounded beating about the bush."

"It is with reluctance I comply with your request, Mr. Ryder. Here, read this!"—and the young man was handed his own mother's elegant epistle, slandering the girl he loved.

Indignation and rage possessed him as he read it; neither respect for his mother nor for the lady in whose presence he stood, kept him from crushing the unfortunate letter in his large hand fiercely, with an oath terrible to hear.

"I know the person alluded to in this letter, Mrs. Pilmer," he said, still white with fury. "I can refute every accusation brought against Miss Stutzer. The young man whom my mother mentions in this mysterious manner, as having caused so much sorrow to Mrs. Meiklam on Miss Stutzer's account must have been—myself!"

It was Mrs. Pilmer's turn to grow pale now. She was nearly upset from her pedestal of self-possession—she tottered, but did not fall.

"You, Mr. Ryder?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, Mrs. Pilmer, myself; and what's more, I'm certain my mother knew it, and knew also that what she wrote to you was as false as—" he did not finish the sentence, being at a loss for a comparison, that would be polite.

"She wrote the letter; that is all I know of the matter," said Mrs. Pilmer, growing sharp now. "I never like interfering in other people's business. I have told you what I heard, and have so far fulfilled my duty to myself; you can pursue what course you like, and I wish you a very good morning."

"Where is Miss Stutzer?" demanded Tom.

"I am not aware; ring the bell and the servants, perhaps, will tell you. I am now going to drive—so excuse my leaving you."

Mrs. Pilmer then disappeared from the room, and after a few minutes' pause of deep thought Ryder stretched forth his hand and rang the bell.

"Will you tell Miss Stutzer that I wish to see her?" he said to the servant, who soon appeared.

"Yes, sir;" and Foster smiled as he left the door, but it was no smiling matter to Tom. His heart had almost ceased to beat; he was pale and nervous as a school girl, or a criminal at the bar of justice. Oh, powerful emotion that could make that strong frame tremble thus! The little French clock on the mantelpiece ticked the minutes out as they went by, in measured time; he walked to the window—he looked out—he opened the books on the table, without knowing what he did. In an hour all this suspense would be over—yes in an hour. But how? In an hour would he be the happiest man in the world, or the most miserable? In an hour, would his hopes—the hopes of years—be fulfilled, or annihilated for ever.

There was something irritating in the eternal ticking of the French clock something irritating in the feeble rays of the wintry sun shining through the large windows, falling on the gorgeous furniture of the apartment. Would she never come?

The rustling of a dress—a light step sounding without—the handle of the door-latch turning slowly. It was indeed she—so long expected, yet so much dreaded.

Lizette Stutzer entered at last.

CHAPTER XL.

ANGUISH UNKNOWN.

SHE went towards Tom at once, for he felt unequal to meeting her even half way; she wondered at his pallor—his agitated appearance. The touch of her soft hand thrilled him now in this moment of uncertainty and anxious doubt.

"You have not been here for a long time," said Lizette kindly; "I hope you are quite well."

"Oh, quite well," replied Tom; and there was a pause.

"I hope your friends at Yaxley are all well," continued Lizette.

"I don't know indeed—I suppose they are."

In vain Tom endeavoured to recollect all the love passages and proposals made in the novels he had read. Everything had flown out of his mind except the consciousness of his being most stupid and sheepish—a regular donkey.

"They're going to Italy—the Pilgrims?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, very soon; they have commenced packing up already."

Another pause.

"Confound me if I know what to say!" thought Tom despairingly. There was no use trying to glide gracefully into this frightful proposal, as heroes of romance always contrive to do. Their wits must be less easily put to flight than Tom's were.

"I have come here this evening—no, this morning—afternoon, Lizette, to tell you something of great importance to you—I mean to myself—to say that my life depends on your answer—my happiness rests in your words. I shall be most miserable if you say no—ready to do anything or go anywhere. Oh, Lizette, do not drive me to distraction—do not reject me. You know how you have loved me—I mean how I have loved you—for so many days—pah! years. Oh God, Lizette, say you will marry me, and save me from despair!"

And that was Tom's proposal—word for word correct—and, considering the incoherence of many like addresses, we think it rather a clever one—quite beyond the common.

"Tom," said Lizette, taking his hand gently, "I am sorry you ever

thought of me in this light—very, very sorry—we are not suited to each other in the least, and you know very well I don't love you, though we may be friends always. You must forgive me and forget me, but I never could be your wife."

Was that her answer really, or only some words in a frightful dream?

"Oh I am very sorry for you!" she exclaimed, seeing how deep was the anguish she had caused—an anguish that she comprehended better than she might have done some months ago—owing to new feelings that had lately sprung up in her own heart. "I always thought you knew that we never could be more to each other than friends, and now I am grieved indeed."

As in a trance, Tom knew that she was weeping, her tears falling heavily; but what good would they do him? They must part. His long-cherished dream was over for ever.

Patiently he bore it all. He was sorely stricken, but dumb. She followed him to the door—ay, out to the stairs and hall—and when he gave her his hand at parting, she took it in both her own, uttering, a warm "God bless you, Tom, and forget me."

The servants never knew when he left the house that day; but they knew he never entered it again—never again. But he did nothing rash or violent. There were pistols in his possession, and there were the dark waters of the Thames running close to his dingy office in the city, but he took advantage of none of these things. He only sat day after day at his desk, writing or reading law papers, drawing out documents, hearing of crime and contest and subterfuge; attending law courts; saying what he could not believe; plunging clients into perplexity—plunging antagonists into still greater perplexity when he could do so expertly; and while he wrote, and talked, and argued—mystifying witnesses—sharpening the edge of his cunning for professional purposes—nobody knew that his eyes, so shrewd-looking at business times, were

dimmed for many a weary hour in the dead of night by tears most bitter, wrung from a heart that sorrowed daily. No one of all he met in his everyday walk of life knew that the sunshine of his existence had suffered a frightful eclipse; neither did he know anything of the inner griefs of those who composed the jostling crowd around him. He did not know that the little lawyer, older and sharper-eyed, and more cunning than himself, who was as often engaged against him as in partnership with him, had suffered just as he was now suffering, long years ago, and that was why he had never married, and seemed so hard and unloving and eccentric, with a face like a parchment sheet. The Searcher of Hearts alone can fathom the depths of human sufferings; for man does not trust his fellow-man. Each poor mortal seeks to conceal his weakness from the eye of his weak brother, and so the world goes on from day to day, with men in great cities hurrying by, passing and meeting each other with haughty frowns of distrust on their brows, mutually presenting a mailed and masked aspect, impossible to see through; yet, if the disguise was thrown aside, how much alike all would appear! Nobody need then be ashamed of his own imperfections, since they would only be counterparts of those borne by all around him. Tom was not singular in his misery—alas! no. But men must work and suffer in silence, just as romance writers say women must. God alone can tell how many men are refused by the women they have loved to distraction. He alone can tell how many male hearts are broken—how many lives blighted in youth and middle age. Away with the trashy jargon about woman's love—woman's faith—woman's secret heart-mourning; give each sex its due and nothing more. Let truth be established. Let any reader pause now, and consider—of his acquaintances, and the acquaintances of his parents—how many men and women among them have suffered fatally from love disappointments. Have the blighted women preponderated over the blighted men? Not within our own sphere of observation, reader—certainly not. We know of one woman, now growing aged, who was a

belle in youth, and whose lover abandoned her after all was arranged for their marriage. Well, she suffered, no doubt, poignantly; but she is well-nigh seventy, and still actively engaged in religious pursuits. We knew another, now gathered to her fathers, whose lover died on the eve of the wedding, and she lived to a hale old age, dying near her eightieth year. We knew another bordering on eighty, whose disappointments in love were numerous, and she lives a cheerful life, somewhat secluded, but by no means dreary. We rarely heard of one who died or pined away from love-grief. But we knew of men who have rushed into dissipation to drown such sorrow—abandoning the society of respectable women for ever; we have even known of some seeking death on the battle field to rid them of a life too hard to bear. Sometimes have we been told—“Oh, he never held up his head after she refused him—he got consumption and died;” or, “oh, she broke his heart—if ever heart could be broken—he never was the same since the day she married so and so.” The fact of it is, women rarely love to one quarter of the distraction or depth that they are so generally given credit for; many women are brought up never to dream of either loving or being loved, and it is as well they do not. Men flatter themselves perhaps rather too much upon this subject—they forget that women are from their earliest years taught to crush nearly all the natural feelings of the heart. We are sorry to say this, but we like honesty, and detest humbug as much as did our friend Tom Ryder. We will never agree to the maudlin notion that women are all ready to be heartbroken and sacrificed on the altar of love, while men rush along through life, deceiving and making victims—regarding love as a pastime—a play—and only thinking seriously of worldly pursuits, fame, honour, and glory—never, as long as we believe that nearly every man of twenty and upwards is thinking seriously of love and marriage every day of his life; and that when he is blighted and disappointed he must hide his care, and go on smoking cigars, attending theatres, and his sober duties, just as if nothing had happened; in the same way that his sister, when her lover deserts her,

goes on working her fancy work, singing duets, visiting her friends, feeling very sorry of course, but bearing up, nevertheless, wonderfully. Men and women alike suffer their love disappointments generally in silence; of all sorrows they are the last that the mourner likes to speak of, and perhaps this may be one reason that they prey sometimes so heavily.

Tom Ryder never confided to his parents or his sisters the bitter grief at his heart; but when Christmas came he refused to spend it at Yaxley. He dared not go there and see the dark woods of Meiklam's Rest stretching away in the neighbourhood—and listen to the cawing of the rooks

soaring in great bodies to their homes among those old trees. No; Christmas must be a sad time to him in any place, but saddest of all at Yaxley; for Tom only connected the precious anniversary with thoughts of fun and jollity, and not with the birth of the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief, who suffered agony that we might rejoice for ever.

Tom rather considered Christmas as having reference to a large plum pudding—an extra fine dinner, health-drinking, and dancing merrily; so he preferred staying in London amid fog, and smoke, and strange faces, and passing the great festive day all alone in his lodgings, with the chiming from all the churches ringing in his ears.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WRONG PART OF THE LETTER.

AND Lizette Stutzer had thrown away a good offer of marriage—she, a penniless girl, with no home—no relatives—no friends. Miss Pilmer was surprised and annoyed when she heard it; for, like too many women in the world, she thought liking or disliking had not much to do with matrimony and settling in life.—Tom Ryder himself was put out of the question entirely; nothing occurred to her mind but the idea of her friend having refused seven or eight hundred a-year, a comfortable establishment, and respectable connexions. She did not reflect that such advantages might be dearly paid for by having to live year after year with a person distasteful and uncared for—a person whose presence could neither cheer nor please. Whether Bessie thought of these things in regarding her own approaching union was only known to herself; but in Lizette's case she could take very practical views—thinking only of the money and settlements, and ignoring the man completely. Oh, ye short-sighted mortals, who seek to preserve the past and present system of things in keeping women dependent as they are, ye know not the wrong done thus to men—often the greatest sufferers in the end!

"I must say you were very foolish, Lizette," said Bessie, losing all patience. "I used to feel quite happy thinking of your being married and

provided for, and now I am cast down completely."

"But you forget always, dear Bessie, that I did not love Mr. Ryder in the least—in fact I rather disliked him—though I pitied him greatly during our last interview; but I never could endure to live in the house with him—it would have been impossible."

"Ah, that is all nonsense, Lizette. How do half the women in the world do, who have no fortunes? Hundreds of girls would have accepted Tom Ryder at a day's notice. Would marrying him be as disagreeable as teaching bold brats of children, or doing needlework for hire, or being employed in any of the low ways of earning bread that are alone open to women?"

"Marrying him would be to me worse than beggary," said Lizette ardently, her eyes filling with tears. "I do not believe any woman with a spark of feeling would marry a person she cared so little for as I cared for Tom Ryder."

"There must be very little feeling among women, if your belief is correct," said Bessie with the slightest *souçon* of sarcasm in her tone. "Do you mean to say that the thousands of girls who marry from year to year are all desperately in love with the men that happen to propose for them, and that if such is not the case, these girls must necessarily have no hearts—no feeling? You are

quite ridiculous Lizette—unfit for every-day life. People would laugh at your ideas of love and matrimony; they would say you were quite simple. You have yet to learn that most women cannot *afford* to have likings and dislikings—they must just put their romance, and feeling, and all inconvenient sentiment out of the way, and take what they can get! In fact, you know in some countries it is thought quite indelicate for a woman to have any preference!”

“You insult men by such opinions, Bessie. Is it not injustice to them to uphold the system that makes them merely preservatives from want for women. What domestic happiness can they enjoy if married merely for their money or position in society?”

“Oh, that is their own affair,” observed Miss Pilmer, coolly; “most of them like dependent, half-witted sort of wives, and so they get simpering, silly creatures, whose mothers have done all the cunning and manœuvring for them, and then they get cunning in time themselves, and the same business is acted over and over from generation to generation. But this is going away from the point in question. I shall never cease scolding you about this wilful loss of a thousand a-year, and everything desirable, and I should have made Sir James employ Mr. Ryder in every law affair, and perhaps act as the family lawyer and agent at Darktrees. Oh, what a sad disappointment this is!”

Poor Lizette at last began to weep, and then Bessie softened towards her, and kissed her, and said she would pardon her for this time, but never again on any future similar occasion.

Mrs. Pilmer had now a tangible reason for openly condemning Miss Stutzer's folly, even to her face. The poor girl was sneered at and insulted till she felt truly humbled and wretched, but never sorry for the cause of all this ill-humour and fretfulness. Never once did she feel inclined to repent having refused Tom Ryder.

About this time Miss Pilmer received a long and confidential letter from her cousin, written on board ship. Some of its contents rather surprised her. Knowing that Lizette would feel interested in his movements, and his letter being, moreover, an amusing one, she kindly handed

it to her, having abstracted, as she thought, the portion of it which had surprised her, and which was intended by the writer to be perfectly confidential. But unfortunately, in a hurry, she abstracted a wrong sheet, and thus the part of the epistle not intended for Lizette's eyes fell into her possession by a strange mischance.

Miss Stutzer was alone in her room when she read the letter. There was a long and vivid description of events and scenes, which a lively, clever pen could alone have invested with importance and interest, and Lizette was much amused till she came to the portion which neither Dillon nor Bessie intended for her perusal. She read these words, which seemed to dance and flicker in a yellow glare before her eyes:—

“And now, dear Bessie, you remember I promised to make you a *confidante*, and inform you of all my difficulties and perplexities, so that I feel it my bounden duty to tell you something that I know will make you laugh; and glad I am to be far away from your merry eye while I make the humble confession. At the same time I assure you the matter has not been a laughable one to myself. Here I dash at it at once, then. Will you be surprised to hear that I was seriously in love with Lizette Stutzer?—ay, seriously, and at last desperately. Only for the flirtation between her and Ryder, and the assertions you made that she liked him, and Luke Bagly's telling Foster how they had been love-making for so many years, I would, most certainly, have rushed impetuously into a declaration before leaving England. Do not, however, imagine that I would have been imprudent enough to think of marrying at once. I should have waited till I got my company; but I would have asked Lizette to engage herself before we parted. Sometimes I was mad enough to fancy she actually cared for me!—how we deceive and flatter ourselves!—and she all the time dreaming of poor Tom. Well, I hope I won't break the tenth commandment. I trust sincerely Ryder will make her happy. She deserves that her lot should be cast among the fortunate of the earth. After all, we can school our feelings and thresh them into obedience to our reason. About the time I embarked

at Southampton, I felt apprehensive that I should die of a broken heart—now spare your merriment, Miss Bessie!—but I rallied marvellously. I said to myself, 'Come, old fellow, the girl is not for you; she has given her affections to some one else, and you would be a fool to continue thinking of her—perhaps worse than a fool; give it up on the spot!' So it all came right by degrees. Instead of thinking every moment, I only think now two or three times a day of her, and I am growing tranquil. I look at that magic ring her father gave me, and I feel strength to resist temptation; it has saved me many and many times before from folly and error. Poor Paul Stutzer! He must have been a rare being to have had such influence on a boy, for a boy can often see through character more clearly than a man. Depend upon it that the teachers who fail to gain the confidence and goodwill of their general pupils are more or less *humbugs*—if you will excuse my using an inelegant but expressive word.

"I write this on a separate sheet that you may abstract it from the public part of the letter. Burn it most carefully."

Poor Lizette! Long did she stand there petrified. She had read on, without stopping to reflect whether she was doing right or wrong. Drops of ice seemed falling on her heart; her brain was giddy—her whole frame trembling. When her emotion somewhat subsided she folded up the sheets of the letter and put them into the envelope which she then carried to Bessie's room, leaving it on her dressing-table. She determined not to speak of the matter unless Bessie did so first. She felt sure Miss Pilmer must have intended to abstract that fatal sheet as Dillon had desired her, for she missed one part of his letter, the loss of which rendered some of his descriptions apparently abrupt and unfinished. Thus she knew her friend had made a great mistake.

"What shall I do when she discovers it?" she thought. "How shall I look?" And she walked up and down her room troubled and agitated. When Bessie should come home from her drive with Sir James Bend, how unutterable must be her confusion! Oh, it was agonizing to contemplate!

LIFE IN MUNICH.

For some years past the untravelled Briton's idea of Munich has commonly been that of a beautiful stone-built, classic-looking city, founded anew by the magnificent lover of Lola Montes, otherwise Mrs. James—by the picturesque monarch whom an ungrateful people drove into retirement on account of his obstinate devotion to a lady of doubtful morals, but decided Protestantism. In the splendid capital of King Ludwig, whose son, Maximilian, has just shuffled off his earthly with his kingly coil, his mind's eye beholds the bright embodiment of the highest architectural genius, unhampered by those vulgar drawbacks which elsewhere fret the soul of a Barry or a Gilbert Scott. Here surely is the paradise of German art, the fit show-place for the masterworks of former ages, the choice meeting-ground for the first

painters and sculptors of to-day. Here are palaces and temples worthy to rank with the fairest monuments of old Greece and Rome; statues which claim comparison with the marvels of the Vatican and the Louvre; frescoes well nigh surpassing the noblest efforts of old Italian art. And in sight of these rare art-treasures you may live in comfort on means that in England would seem ridiculously small, amidst a people honest, kindly, pleasure-loving, in a land where good music may be heard for a trifle at any hour, where royalty is always visible, where taxes, pauperism, and Mrs. Grundy are almost equally unknown. Munich, in short, must be a kind of modern Athens lying under a less scorching sun, and inhabited by simple, sober-minded Germans, instead of that degenerate race which claims kindred with the

countrymen of *Æschylus*, *Plato*, and *Demosthenes*.

Such is the rose-pink ideal formed by the fancy, looking at facts through the enchanting haze of distance. Even on a nearer view the rose-pink does not vanish all at once; to some eyes, perhaps, never loses much of its olden loveliness. From the outside, indeed, there is plenty to prepossess you in favour of *Ludwig's* city, especially if you see it for the first time in fine weather. Everything looks so clean and fresh; a rich variety of forms and colours greets the eye long saddened by the dingy sameness of *London*, or wearied with the sham-classic sameness of *Imperial Paris*. Many of the streets are faced with gardens and fringed with trees, grateful in the spring-time to more senses than one. The houses in the new town—for there is still an older one within—stand mostly apart from each other, some of them gay with coloured plaster, and nearly all with ornaments of various kinds. For the lovers of grandeur unrelieved there is the mass of solid stone buildings which make up the street of *Ludwig*; while those who think kindly of *Cheltenham* or the *Paris Boulevards* will prefer a saunter down *Maximilian-street*, or among the shady walks of the charming *English garden*. And whatever we may think of their architectural merits, the many public buildings scattered about the town, some merely quaint, others more or less beautiful in themselves, and all gleaming fresh and bright in the clear *Bavarian* sunshine, must certainly enhance the pleasure felt by a newcomer in his first casual wanderings about the *Bavarian* capital.

Why is it, by the way, that Britons, living amidst the fairest samples of olden architecture, in a country rich with green fields and foliage, and in the means of making coloured bricks, prefer to build up long, barren streets of stuccoed boxes with low, slate roofs, unshaded by a single tree? We rush into the country when we can, we rave of the song-birds in the shady foliage, we can build a handsome Gothic church, or a pretty gabled cottage, perhaps a villa or two, gleaming in mellow red or yellow from out the neighbouring green of trees or meadows. And yet, in most of our new streets and private buildings, we es-

chew the beauty and the use of sloping roofs and overshadowing trees; we daub over our clumsy walls of ill-made brick with a vile veneer of dull, pretentious stucco, that won't light up in the sun, and breaks out in dark, dirty blotches after a shower. And, looking at these rows of dull, white boxes, with their mean, flat roofs, we talk complacently about the improvements in modern house-building, and try to regard our masterpieces of dreary ugliness as so many triumphs of architectural skill. Heaven gave us the means of building picturesquely, but Heaven only knows how all our feeling for the beautiful came to be thus perverted into an ignorant delight in showy meanness and barren uniformity. In how many *English towns* shall we find any trace either of *Cheltenham's* picturesque avenues, or the architectural glories of *Oxford*?

To a traveller fresh from *Nuremberg* or *Cologne* his first stroll through *Munich* must seem like suddenly emerging out of the gloomy grandeur of a starry night into the garish blaze of broad day. He leaps at once from the dreamy middle ages into the heart of the swirking, bustling, fearless nineteenth century; from the realms of art—young, intuitive, religious—into a world of conscious, self-enjoying eclecticism, that basks and roams among the heaped treasures of other worlds and nations, gazing with comfortable calmness on everything good or bad beneath its range, and rendering the fairest visions of a poetic past into so many hard realities of the bright, if somewhat prosaic, present. Here, at least, everything looks new, cheerful; tempting to lovers of variety alike in art and everyday pleasure. "Most show-towns"—writes the author of one pleasant volume on *Munich* life—

"Are apt to be tiring from their sameness. After you have seen one church or one palace, all the others are mere copies or reproductions, and unless you are a student of architecture you do not value the gradations through which each style ascends to perfection. You would like to have everything together, so as to compare different merits, and to feast your eyes on different schools at the same moment. . . . And in this *Munich* gives you just what you want. Instead of a puzzling, national style, the considerate builder has collected copies of all the best known buildings of other countries. After seeing the Pitti

Palace copied in the front of the Royal Palace of Munich, you may go to the back and find the inside of the court chapel built on the plan of St. Mark's. From the Loggie of Orcagna, you can get in ten minutes to St. Paul's, without the walls."

This is a pat illustration of all our modern art. At the best, an enlightened eclecticism, it contents itself with wholesale copying of former styles, and if its tastes are guided by no fixed rule of unity, it jumbles all manner of different styles together under one roof, or, as in the case of Munich, around one given centre. Unable to invent, it endeavours, with more or less of critical culture, to compile; and the result displays itself now in a nobleman's palace, anon in the capital of a German kingdom. King Ludwig, being rich, artistic, and master of a people patient of everything but Protestantism and bad beer, determined to build himself, not only a palace, but a whole city of art. With the help of sympathising sculptors, architects, painters, and a long purse, the royal dilettante laid out his capital with public buildings, copied from the architecture of every country under the sun, bright in their rich diversity of form and hue, and embellished with huge frescoes and stately sculptures, by such men as Cornelius and Schwanthaler. Variety is proverbially charming; and of that article you will find no lack in Ludwig's big museum. As a French writer, quoted by Mr. Wilberforce, rapturously remarks—"The man who has not leisure to visit Egypt, Greece, and the East, to run over the various countries of Europe, has but to come to this town, where all the wonders of the world have been gathered with praiseworthy perseverance, with a love for all that is great and beautiful, and in the happiest manner."

Every man to his taste; but a cultivated eye must soon get irked, we fancy, with this strange medley of the most different styles. Imagine the contents of the Crystal Palace enlarged and multiplied over a whole city, the gathered monuments of classic and mediæval and Italian art strewn plentifully about among modern shops, dwelling-houses, and beer-gardens, all looking equally new

and ill-assorted! There is variety enough in Harlequin's patches, but the whole effect of them is simply grotesque. There is variety in the hues of a Cashmere shawl, in the picturesque vistas of Cairo streets, but the whole effect of each is homogeneous and very beautiful. If we look at Munich as a school for the study of various styles of art, as a museum for the curiosities of different lands, we may possibly find much to learn and to enjoy; but, even then, we may be pardoned for thinking that St. Mark's looks better amidst its natural surroundings, than furbished up and set down in a new German city beside some modernized copy of the Pitti Palace or the Temple of Minerva. However tastes differ, as we said before; and some of the copies are good enough in themselves, however jarring in their juxtaposition, or meaningless as parts of one important whole. Neither does Munich lack any of the charms derived from the moving to and fro of people in a town where business and pleasure go hand in hand—where art and Romanism combine to relieve the sameness of daily life, by festive gatherings and processions, on the many holidays allowed to the good Bavarians. A town containing about a thousand artists, besides an art-loving ex-king, and priding itself on its artistic pre-eminence, would be likely to do its public pageants in a way that British townfolk might despair of rivalling. Nor is the love for pageantry confined to out-door processions alone. About once in three years the artists get up a large fancy-ball, the several costumes being sketched out beforehand, to guide and limit the choice of all who wish to appear in fancy dresses. The effect so produced is naturally very pleasing. The company all form one complete picture or several sets of pictures; the dresses are all in keeping, and the characters assumed are carefully kept up. One of these balls, which Mr. Wilberforce was lucky enough to witness, set forth a panorama of fairy tales:—

"The large hall of the Odeon was turned into a fairy world. The pillars were hid-

den behind a mass of tropical vegetation, flowers and creepers hanging in festoons across the spaces between, gay birds, butterflies, and lizards swarming through the foliage. The whole effect was highly fantastic, and prepared the imagination for the fairy panorama that was to come by initiation into fairy life. . . . Everything was softened away, and the lovely screen of rich tropical growth shut out the real world. Up the pillars swarmed snails of great size, with shells of gorgeous blue and gold, happily idealized so as to present no trace of affinity with the coarser snails of daily life; green tree-frogs keeping pace with gaudy lizards; and humming-birds balanced their graceful forms on the festoons of luxuriant creepers; while at the top a giant peacock was perched, its feathers made of reeds, and and their tips wrought up to natural beauty by the aid of moss."

The Queen having taken her seat in front of a standing crowd—which began heaving to and fro in the funniest manner, as all the shorter ladies, in trying to get a peep over others' shoulders at their Queen, kept jerking their hoops against the gentlemen's shins—a quaint little fairy operetta was played as a prelude to the real business of the evening. This ended, the great red curtain was drawn aside, disclosing a castle on the Rhine, its pinnacles and battlements crowning the sheer over-hanging crag, "like some of those Italian hill-towns that seem to cling by main force to the scanty soil." From out the castle gate poured train after train of fantastic mummers, each train representing a particular branch of the Fairy Tale. First came the Prince of Sugar Candy and his wedding-train, representing nursery tales.

"Then the fairy tale bordering on legend—the fairy tale in its relation to home and family life, represented by Cinderella; forest tales, Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs; Little Red Riding-Hood, Rübezahl and the Gnomes; the fairy shapes of the watery world, the Queen of the Pixies; and fairy tales of humour, Puss in Boots, and the Goose with the Golden Feathers. One was glad to recognise many of one's own playmates, many of the friends of early childhood. The Seven Ravens walked about, staring at the company, and sometimes pecking. Puss in Boots seemed lively and intelligent, the reapers and mowers who accompanied him did not shake off the tame characteristics of the agricultural mind. The frogs who supported the car of the Princess in the story of the Enchanted

Frog, the strange watery shapes attending the Queen of the Pixies, the solemn little dwarfs with their long white beards, escorting Snowdrop, the wolf-skin-winged little Red Riding-Hood, were all well got up, though perhaps a little too *posé*.

After this came the dancing and the supping, and so ended the ball. Hardly less picturesque, and probably much more jovial, is the yearly May-Feast, a kind of huge picnic, held amidst the wooded dales of Petersbrunn, some miles away from Munich and the surrounding flats. Thither, for the last few miles, walk the artists in procession, ordinary beings keeping all along to the train. Here the merry-makers stroll about the beechwood, taking in the fresh May air, and getting rich glimpses of the surrounding landscape, until it is time to seize on the spare tables, and jostle each other in quest of food. After dinner they all adjourn to another part of the wood, where some skilful artists are brewing the May wine, a delightful mixture, flavoured to a nicety with sweet-scented woodruff. When all have drunk to the new-born May, the younger folk turn to dancing, which is kept up with spirit for some time, relieved now and then by choruses, sung as only Germans can sing them. The day's merriment is wound up by somebody of a waggish turn getting upon a tub to deliver a "Capitain sermon," full of jokes, and written in rhyme.

At private balls in Munich it seems to be a standing custom for the finest ladies to drink beer in stead of champagne. Fastidious Britons may sneer at the seeming vulgarity; but, after all, as a Roman noble remarked to Mr. Willemer, "good beer is better than bad champagne, and beer after dancing is more refreshing than anything save champagne." More reasonable, perhaps, is the offence engendered by the sight of ever so many carpet warriors, whirling about with the swords they are little likely ever to use in earnest. In Munich the officer never doffs his uniform, and almost all Bavarian gentlemen enter the army, which is abominably large for a small state that never goes to war.

We talk of British toadyism and stiffness of manners, but these simple South-Germans beat us hollow in both

points. When a footman helps his mistress out of her carriage, he holds the door open with one hand, while the other is pressing his hat to his side, so that "if the lady's foot catches in her dress, either the footman's hat or his mistress must fall on the pavement." In writing to a friend, his titles take up so much of the cover, that "you have to crowd his name and address into a small corner," and run the risk of your letter miscarrying, rather than offend his dignity by the least omission. Almost every one, however humble, owns some sort of handle to his name, a peculiarity not of South-Germans alone. Decorations are showered on everybody without stint; one gentleman, for instance, getting a grand cross "for acting a part of upper lackey, and another for telling the king the last bit of gossip in Court French." For the early dinner-hour of Munich people dress as smartly as Englishmen do for a seven o'clock meal. A lady calling on her friend is straightway led to the sofa, an article seemingly reserved for such occasions, and there religiously seated at her friend's right hand. A gentleman, in driving a lady, gives her the right-hand seat, an arrangement well adapted to try his skill as a charioteer.

Hats in Munich must need replacing oftener than ladies' bonnets, for their least duty is to stay on the wearers' heads. On meeting a friend, you take your hat quite off to him. Your companions, if you have any, take theirs off too, albeit to a perfect stranger. The greeted one, in return, doffs his hat all round. Whenever one of the royal family goes out walking, be it a princeeling with his tutor, or a princess with her governess, the passengers all stop, draw up in line, and bow, with heads uncovered, to the ground. When the queen, in bad weather, walks up and down the arcades, a favourite haunt in such times of the Munichers, all present draw up in line every turn she takes, and bow devotedly, their hats held by the brim, crown downwards.

In Bavaria, as in Italy and the east, babies are carefully forbidden the free use of their legs and arms. There may be good reasons, as Mr. Story has shown in his *Roba di Roma*, for the time-honoured practice of swaddling; but what English mother,

save perhaps in the hard-working classes, would like to see her darling "thrust into a feather pillow, and swathed like a mummy, with tight bindings of tapes confining arms and legs, and all the other members which a baby loves to disport in freedom and familiarity?"

At the other end of life, too, English usage, which delights in making death ghastly with white shrouds and sable hearse-feathers, may, perhaps, be shocked to hear of the Munich dead being laid out in holiday garb, young girls in their ball dresses, old men with nosegays in their bosoms, to be looked at through the dead-house windows by an admiring crowd. But this is a matter of taste and national feeling, and the wish to make death look pleasant may be as natural an instinct as the effort to deepen its outward terrors.

In respect of true political freedom the Bavarians are less forward than even the French or their fellow-Germans in Protestant Prussia. There is not much, indeed, to choose between the countrymen of Herr Von Beust and the subjects of the late King Max. But, of the two, the latter, on the whole, are the less free. In spite of a nominal constitution, for which they once rose against King Ludwig, the Bavarians seem ready to stand any form of despotism that keeps its hand out of their pockets. A more police-ridden people exists nowhere. A Municher cannot marry, cannot hire a servant, cannot take a house, or follow a trade, cannot give himself a holiday, cannot go from one town to another, cannot do many more things, of the most private or harmless nature, without leave of the police. Even strangers in Munich have to obey a host of tiresome little rules, on pain of a visit from these pet tools of a "paternal" government. Like their own babies, the people of Munich live in swaddling clothes. Politics are unknown in Bavarian newspapers. Once taken up with theatrical gossip, the Munich journals now read like so many court circulars—much as the *Morning Post* might read, if *Jeames* had the writing of more than one column a day.

After all their care for the public morals, the police can neither check profligacy nor keep order in the streets. In one year the illegitimate

births in Munich were only *sixty* less than the legitimate. The deaths of young children are out of all proportion to those of adults, chiefly because so many are born informally into the world. Among the cruelest of Bavarian laws, is one forbidding two people to marry without some well assured means of livelihood. Such a law at once shuts out all whose earnings depend on their own health and their masters' pleasure. Nature of course asserts herself; and those who may not live decently together as married folk, live quietly apart as virtual man and wife. "Almost every female servant above a certain age"—says Mr. Wilberforce—"has one or two children:" most of them are engaged, many for years and years, but marriage is out of the question, unless some kindly masters will now and then sign a paper promising to keep their servants for ever.

As for Munich streets, they are villanously paved, noisy, often offensive, and commonly left to take care of themselves. It is a common thing for passengers to wade through the mud, while brewers' drays block up the crossing for half an hour together. Shopkeepers' temporary booths jut out across the pathways while the shops are being altered or repaired. In the open street all sorts of trades are freely carried on: the copper-smith rivets his cauldrons, the tinsmith solders a housepipe, the carpenter and the woodcutter ply their noisy tools all day in front of every window.

Officialism is the prime curse of Bavaria. There, yet more than in other parts of the Continent, is a man expected to do what some stupid Bumble of a placeman deems best for him. Silly laws, administered mainly by stark fools, clog and worry him at every turn. It is the paternal sway of the English Tudors revived under a worse form. Fancy a poor woman being fined, because, having got leave to bake dumplings, she baked a few cakes also! Some master tailors were warned for having piece-cloth in their shops, their "concession" only extending to made-up goods. A bookseller, wanting to remove from Bayreuth to Munich, was opposed by four different bodies, trading or official, and he only won his suit because no new second-hand book-shop had been opened in Munich since 1834. Only

after endless trouble, weary waiting, sometimes ruinous cost, can a workman or apprentice get formal leave to set up on his own account. It is no uncommon thing to wait ten years or more for a "concession," forfeitable for the slightest fault, for one hasty word spoken against an insolent official. The worst principles of our own trades unions find themselves outdone by the protective laws of this paternally governed Bavaria.

One marked result of these atrocities is the constant exodus of good workmen from Bavarian ground. Another shows itself in such stories as that of the Englishman who, wanting a bucket, had to get one man to make the staves, another to supply the hoops, a third to make the handle, and yet another to paint the bucket itself. You must go through the same process to supply yourself with a set of double windows, an essential adjunct to a house in Munich. But the paternal system worries you in yet other ways. The same Englishman who ordered the bucket, insisted on changing his barber, because the apprentice who had always shaved him was going to change his master. In vain the apprentice warned him that to take a customer away from his former tradesman without a month's notice was against the law. The Englishman would be shaved by no one else, and the end of it was that the apprentice got punished for breaking the law, while the gentleman was bidden to get himself shaved by any one he liked, barring the man he wanted.

Under these, and such like afflictions, who can wonder that the over-governed Bavarian falls back on beer, as the one solace that never can be taken from him. Talk to him of art, and in spite of Munich's claims to artistic greatness, he will hardly understand you. Politics are forbidden fruit, for which he has long ceased to care. Even in music, his taste is not remarkably fine. Philosophy he leaves to the professors who are paid to teach it, and who carry off from the Royal Library loads of books which are long enough in finding their way back. But give him a fair allowance of good beer, with or without a little music, and he casts all other cares to the dogs. His thoughts, his conversation, runs upon beer. "Sit

down," says Mr. Wilberforce, "in a coffee-house or eating-house, and the waiter brings you beer unordered, and when you have emptied your glass, replenishes it without a summons. Tell a doctor the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and he will ask you if you drink enough beer. Arrive at a place before the steamer or train, and you are told you have so long to drink beer. Go to balls, and

you find that it replaces champagne with the rich and dancing with the poor."

And what about the boasted art of Munich? Well, that is too long a subject to bring in at the end of an article; but they who would read some chapters of honest, if unflattering, criticism thereon, may turn with profit to Mr. Wilberforce's agreeable volume.

BADEN VANITY FAIR.

I. THE FAIR.

THERE is a small pale-green handy-book to be purchased in those fascinating little towns which are ruled over by a king and corporation of card dealers and wheel turners,—which is kindly meant for the assistance of such young novices as are anxious to contribute to the health and prosperity of the little State in question. The little pale handy-book is adorned with a characteristic emblem representing an attractive goddess, seated with some discomfort on a large wheel, and from each hand is showering a stream of gold. Over her is the device "Glück gedenke mein!" or in French, "Favorise moi."

This should surely be the coat of arms for all those pleasant little free towns of iniquity. There could be no shame in this handsome public acknowledgment to the thriving branch of industry which furnishes their otherwise delicate systems with a rich tide of good sound blood and nutriment—in the shape of thalers, and guilders, and Napoleons, and a copious stream of florins. The tribe of noble Dukes and Landgraves who batten on this spoil, might at least pay this commerce the compliment of quartering upon their illustrious shields, some such little emblem as a card "proper," or a roulette wheel "sinister," and have at least one supporter, a croupier "rampant." These pleasant little colonies, dotted now very sparingly over the Continent, are the most curious of all con-

tinental features. They are, indeed, anachronisms; and are legacies from the good old days of Divine Right and Holy Alliances, and that universal rottenness as of unripe fruit, gorgeously coloured over and varnished, and even "enamelled," which all shrank and shrivelled away *en masse* at the French Revolution. In the old memoirs these are found to be part of the fashionable programme, when kings and nobles repaired, and drank of the healing waters, and played their little game of state over again. But now their days are numbered. No more are likely to come into existence, and they will gradually die out like the members of a Tontine Society.*

Homburg, junior of all, strong in all the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, has been often sketched in many journals. But there is yet another little city of entertainment, living on cards and numbers, which is far more seductive, has an older and more rococo flavour, and has such distinct features as to preclude any danger of going over any of the same ground. This is not Spa, that genteel and pretty gangrene which good King Leopold—Nestor of sovereigns, as he is fashionably called—unaccountably tolerates among his rude, honest, toiling, and pastoral children; nor is it yet Wiesbaden. We swoop down from Paris, along the railway, whose guards and porters are all labelled and ticketed "Est," down to that odd composite city of Strasburg, where French and German "livers" are mixed together in this genuine sort of Strasburg pie, where on this side of

* See, for this sort of life in the last century, the pleasant "Amusemens de Spa," "Amusemens d'Aix la Chapelle," &c.

the platform the neat French guard, trim, clean, and gentlemanly, whose uniform fits him without a seam (there are *elegans* even among railway guards) comes and gathers the tickets; and on the other, a burly German, pink-cheeked, and tightly-belted, points you out your carriage on *his* Eisenbahn—down farther still, of a sudden, into regions of tobacco smoke first, second, third, and of all classes, with every carriage crowded, and passengers made to sit close, and every passenger, in odd caps, and generally shabby clothing, and adorned with great pipes. Where, too, the electric wires seem to be supported on the branches of old twisted dinner chandeliers, much in fashion at the beginning of this century; and where too, the points-men wear white linen coats and common black hats, bound heavily with brass; where, too, the stations seem to have the air of Swiss chalets translated, and show poles and balconies and trellis work of yellow varnished wood, and are hidden in green creeping plants; where, too, out of the stations look forth men in Lincoln-green, more or less fat, wearing swords, and broad-brimmed waggoners' hats, like the Bersaglieri of Turin; where, too, get in and out at many stations, men with hussar fur caps, bound with gold cord, and short jackets, who are not soldiers but peasants; and men, with long black velvet coats or mantles, split up the back, but who from wearing such a uniform upon a fierce broiling day might reasonably be taken for soldiers; and women in black silk, and something like two stiff black-silk fans placed point to point in their hair as a becoming head-dress. In a short half hour the whole has changed—scene, actors, and decorations. Now the Eisenbahn has wound itself gently into a new order of country, not customarily thus visited, into a wilderness of glens and glades, all gorgeously draped and wooded, with layers of mountains. Now as it were between the green knees of contiguous hills, getting further and further on, and all the while ascending steadily. And finally, the vulgar, screaming, bustling, rail-world being left long behind, we wind up at last to this enlarged chalet, open at both sides, halt, and hear pastoral men in blouses, and more

stout men calling out gutturally, "Baden! Baden!"

No need of that huge jingling tabernacle labelled "Service de Chemin de Fer." The lightly equipped traveller may wander on up this little street—if it can be called street—and take his first glimpse. Nothing more dainty, more inviting, can be conceived. Before him, rising steeply, a stately company of soft hills, to the sky over his head, rising and swelling and falling away behind each other, and all clothed thickly and luxuriantly with richest trees, as with green sables. And here too have gently moved away and left an opening; and between them steals in a dainty little street, that winds up like a pathway, and is but the entrance, it can be seen, to the daintier little town further behind, as it were round the corner. This is the fairy town of Baden. We go on. Here are trees and houses and gay colours all mixed, and the way winds and twists with the ascent of the hills. Here is a little street perched above our heads on the side of the hill, and on the roofs of the houses. There are little houses above them, yet again, and further in front, out of a whole of miscellany of toy houses, all as bright and gay as though they had been burnished that morning, rises the quaint round bossed spire of the church of the place. Surely never were such scenic little streets. Artists of the Grand Opera must have been down here from Paris, painted them on "flats," delicately, and set them up edgeways corners, and with charming irregularity—so gay, so sprightly, pale buff-coloured, pink, and paler green, breaking into picturesque balconies, wherein ladies as gay, sit and look down, and fluttering all over with cool yellow linen blinds standing out. Looking towards us a bright file of windows rises above a little bridge below, and the sun catches the golden letters "Hotel de Russie," on a rich cream ground. To the right projects other golden legends, at various signs, all sparkling, fresh, magnificent, with gardens, balconies, fountains. Not a particle of the grim, fatal, commercial die which hangs over hostelry at home.

Further on still, a kind of pleasant murmur from a little river, trickling down the centre of the streets, and fenced in with real miniature quays,

and crossed by many light bridges. Yet green has its way here. Besides the huge, grand, green background frame to the whole, every house and row of houses seems to get special shade and friendly support from some kindly trees of its own; and this creeping greenery has overgrown all the little quay-walls and bridges, and hidden their green iron-work.

Further on still, houses slope away to the left on one side of the river, and seem to go up the stage, like the opening scene in an opera. Our path spreads on to the right, in a fragrant avenue between two rows of trees, beyond which a long perspective of yellow pillars begins to break into view. A charming colonnade, so delicate in its hues, so vast, so imposing, and so effective, with its colouring of pale pink tiling and frieze, that we think again the opera artists must have been down here with their brushes, and merely got in a bit of their stage effect. Just one glimpse at the row of frescoes, a score or so, with the whole pretty legend of Undine in tableaux, and pass on. More trees crowding together thickly, a hill accompanying us all the time that ascends like a bank; hills everywhere covered still with a green velvet pile of trees, rising round us in gigantic peaks, and each crowned with what seems a little temple. Winding walks, invisible, yet easy of ascent, lead up to these pleasant resting-places.

Now we break into an open place or square. Trees clear away a little, and scene the second begins. So gay, so lively a "set piece" cannot be conceived. To the right, a massive colonnade of yellow columns—the true Kürhaus livery; to the left, rich furnishing of trees, with, well forward and almost in the centre, a graceful and elegant kiosk, of the Turkish pattern, pale-green and gold, whence soft orchestral music is being discoursed. Beyond the yellow columns a café, yellow, and a busy café too. Sprinkle orange trees plentifully in their proper tubs, and the artists of the opera have built us a pretty scene.

II. THE COMPANY.

BUT then for the actors—who crowded thickly as flies—who swarm out of

the café door—who are seen within, sitting in lazy perspective—who cluster round innumerable little white tables—who sip coffee leisurely, and cognac hurriedly, in a sort of sultanic fashion, and about whom flutter and chirp waiter insects, with white buzzing napkins—who walk up and down, the gay men and women of Baden—who sit on chairs—who stand—who chatter—who listen to the music—who read newspapers—the bright *beau monde*, in rich, rustling silks trailing three yards behind, in hats of every pattern—in cool, snowy linen coats and trowsers, without speck or fleck—in gray, in black, in yellow, in all tints—in lace, in diamonds, in pearls—the noble, the gentle, the simple—the prince, duc, pair, and milord—the good, the foolish, and the bad—the sound, steady English domestic pottery, and those delicate, exquisitely-moulded, bits of Sevres down from Paris—the wicked *paté tendre*, which must be held quite close to the eye to see that network of little fine cracks and speckles. In short, if the stage is fitting, never were there such actors. King Benazet has the showiest, most glittering, costly, and perhaps the wickedest *troupe* in the world!

Such costumes! I say again. Beginning with the ladies' hats, of endless shapes, ingenious in their variety, from what is vulgarly known as the "porkpie" to the more fashionable waggoner's hat, as it might be called; hats of straw, hats of velvet mauve, purple, black, and cobalt blue,—with white ostrich feathers fluttering, and at times confined with a brooch of diamonds—hats tricornered, edged with swans' down, exactly what Mr. Fechter wears in his picturesque Lagardère dress—hats, in shape like a boy's or commissionaire's cap, with a peak coming over the eyes, and of blue or crimson velvet—hats of which an inventory would be wearisome.

Diamonds at the ears; diamonds at the dress; costly bracelets on the hand; Brussels laces, plentiful, but too quiet. See these two ladies tripping down in mantles of white, richly embroidered all over with Chinese flowers, with a dress to match, with a Chinese border, and the dress looped up in festoons, to show a Chinese petticoat. Some have velvet spencers, and white skirts. Some—

and these are beginning to be *très fashionable*—are decorated with opera cloaks of Scotch plaids.

Was there ever such marvellous freaks of dress! Such bold, daring flights, both in colour and pattern, in that glare of bright sun and broad noon-day, skimming so close to the edge of theatrical effect, and almost bad taste, that we think the next instant all must topple over and be lost irretrievably; but all is saved by the skilful Parisian charioteering, even in millinery, and we see how skilfully the modiste palette can be set with the most glaring colours and costly materials.

Wonderfully fresh and cool seem these snowy white dresses, without speck or fleck, about as acceptable to the eye as would be at that moment a cool water-ice to the taste; matched, too, with petticoat, boots, everything, as in a sort of uniform; and set off in good contrast by a broad-brimmed black velvet hat. Infinitely bewildering the varieties of these cool costumes—delicate grays, delicate saffrons, delicate “no-colours,” as Mr. Carlyle would put it—things easily found, but set off with braiding, and decoration as delicate and not quite so easily to be found. That is rather a bold *coup*, and at first sight makes us gasp a little—what seems to be a pair of Chinese ladies approaching, but what turns out to be loose, flowing robes, of a palish yellow, embroidered all over with gaudy wreaths of flowers, like a court waistcoat. Gorgeous silks—what seem golden opera cloaks—lace shawls of matchless Brussels—gold, diamonds, pearls;—these flit back and forward, and make up what seems a costly Eastern scarf, waving in the wind, and shot with threads of all colours and patterns.

Hats, too. It is wonderful the ingenious variety of shape found for this simple article of attire, from the familiar “porkpie” (if we must use that coarse and odious name), set off impudently with a single short white feather, to what may be called the broadleaved waggoner’s hat of velvet. What shall be said to a “casquet” of pale cerulean blue velvet, set off in front with a diamond buckle; or to a pale pink velvet boy’s cap, with a small peak in front, and a round Mandarin button of diamonds. Broad

yellow straw hats, set on as French women alone can set them on, and not made to furnish that rude, gardening, sunburnt association which the same article supplies when worn by our English sisters.

I note, too, another device which chimes in excellently with the theatrical atmosphere of the place. From the little round hats hang short shreds of thick black veils, in shape exactly like a mask—such a one as the suffering Elvira in Don Giovanni carries in her hand, and holds at times before her face. The effect here is excellent and piquant. Of what quality, however, are the Donna Elviras and Donna Annas, he would be a *gauche*, surly fellow, who would be rude enough to inquire.

By-and-by, when faces and figures grow familiar, the most marvellous feature of the whole breaks in on us. All these Dryads and Hamadryads are in a state of eternal change. Each shifts her dress as often as a leading lady in a grand spectacle at the Porte St. Martin. Thus the lady in gray in the morning flashes out as the Woman in White of an afternoon on the grand promenade, as the woman in black at dinner, and as the woman in gold or tinsel at night. It must be one universal round of dressing, and the labour must indeed be prodigious.

But that afternoon promenade, when Baden comes out to look at Baden, when Baden is gay, and dressed, and scented, is the special occasion. Everything tends to that hour; for that the whole morning is consumed in secret mysteries and preparations (up in the higher chambers), into which we may not too curiously inquire.

Threading their way through this glittering throng, carefully protected by a stout ruddy guardian, we meet our own English sisterhood, and somehow feel a little ashamed. They look domestic, but sadly dingy by contrast. The more elderly have a strange housekeeper look, and their clothes seem faded. Even that unique article of complexion, for which we have a deserved and famous *specialité*, fails them; for here are complexions and colour (no matter how or whence procured), more brilliant than any ever freshened by the breezes of the pleasant Downs of England. Perhaps it is as well; for our British flowers

were not made to flourish in this corrupt atmosphere. Still there is a homage due to the society we are willing to accept, whatever be its quality; and we should be glad to see our countrywomen sustain the character of such taste as there is among us. Less excusable is the Briton proper—square, burly, jocund, loud of speech, and arrayed in a clumsy white hat, washed in many a shower, and the serviceable lounging coat, in which he has ranged many a mountain. He has even a complacent pride in his rags, as they may by a certain comparison be styled, and stupidly does not see what an affront he is offering, both to good manners and to the fastidious society in which he is moving. Nor has he skill or tact enough to translate the strange ironical glances with which he is measured, or the pleasant *mots*, sparkling and frothing like champagne bubbles, as he passes by.

But at night, when the grand event of the day is over—when Baden has dined and the clatter and fluster of general table d'hôte has past by—we go forth again, always in that one direction, and make for the promenade once more.

From the great hotels streams forth the living contingent, now fed and "restored." It has grown dark, and up and down through the fairy Baden palaces are twinkling lights and lanterns. All through the pastoral *allées vertes* are sprinkled lamps. Lamps shine out in the windows of the Italian Opera side-scenes, and dots and flashes of light dance upon the rippling waters that flow between the little ivy-clad quays. And far up at the Place we see the bower opening, as it were, and the long perspective of the house of gaming, its yellow columns lit by a long line of lights; and here is the company gathered together again, and the music playing melodiously, and the café in brisk work; and the waiters performing their own special ballet; and the cigars all alight; and the universal miscellany whole world, "half world," fruit damaged and sound, "peaches at three sous," Britons, French, Spanish, Italian, German—all yeasting and fermenting in one noisy, chattering mass.

The green and gold kiosk, all ablaze with many muffled chandeliers,

holds the band of some Prussian regiment, fifty or sixty strong. Most exquisite military music do they discourse—so full, so rich, so tuneful, so soft, so loud, and with that grand, substantial crash, when the whole strength comes in, which we may despair of ever hearing among our English soldiery. They are now playing the famous duet from the "Huguenots"—singing rather—with the right passion and expression. There is good reason for this selection, for there is now among the crowd, trudging it rather than walking, a little, quaint well-saved, smooth-cheeked, angular old man, who carries his head back on his shoulders, and keeps his hands joined behind him like Napoleon. He wears a high-collared, old-fashioned dress coat, and in the daytime rides a donkey, and carries a shabby old green umbrella. Yet this irregularity of uniform is only the more fondly tolerated and encouraged, for the little old man is Meyerbeer—well known here—better known at Spa—and upon whose grave the immortelles are now quite fresh.

There is nothing of the vulgar Vauxhall association or idea of the ten thousand additional lamps. The lamps, indeed, are few, but the whole has a sort of genuine fairyland look, with a tint of Bendormere and the Feast of Roses. The great café, directed by an artist of tremendous reputation from Paris, has its hundred guests within and without—within, in those glittering halls into which we can peep; without, at those hundred little marble tables which are almost mixed up with those who walk. Every one who sits and sips, does so tranquilly, and with the repose of a sultan. We are, indeed, all sultans and Moslems, for no one gets angry or excited, or rages, but dreams life away. And there are chairs everywhere, and a crowd of chairs, as it were reserved seats, under M. Benazet's gaming portico (which joins the gaming café), and mammas and papas, and the little children in white, sit there quite happily, and enjoy the scene and listen to the music. Every one is in spirits, and, walking up and down, chatters and gesticulates to his neighbour. And here is the noble Prussian band striking in Wagner's Tannhäuser, and large parties, mainly German, I suspect, gather round

the illuminated kiosk, and applaud heartily.

III. THE PLAYERS.

THERE is a steady stream up the steps of M. Benazet's gaming portico, into M. Benazet's gaming tabernacle. All the windows of M. Benazet's tabernacle are flung wide open (they are almost level with the ground), and we can see into the Pompadour drawing-rooms, and discern the dark figures stooping over towards the shaded lamps, and can hear the musical click of the galloping roulette ball. Hot draughts are borne out to us. Bowing reverentially, we go in with the stream.

Were there some skilful habitué at hand, one who has graduated in this Epicurean University, he could analyze this curious miscellany into all its separate elements. He could tell us that the whole whipped cream of Paris society, artistic, literary, sporting, and that *monde* which is called "*beau*," as well as that known as "*demi*," had all flocked in this direction for its *villegiatura*. Persons of the highest quality, and persons—it must be whispered ever so lightly—of the vilest quality; persons of degree and no degree; barons of various empires, and a whole order of the Hospitallers of the "Knighthood of Industry;" French financiers, affiliated to the Credit Mobilier, and who, as a class, seem to answer to the Farmers-General of the old monarchy; and above all a whole Covent Garden market of flowers.

Get near the table; and if you do win, you can only recover your stakes by a fierce stretch or lunge. Privateer old ladies are doing a brisk business, snapping up, at the proper moment, the small winnings, say ten francs, of the boyish Englishman who is imperfect in his French, and whose protest is unavailing. It is getting on to eleven, and there is but little time left to win or lose. The room is hot, M. le Duc and his three friends, well dined—are standing on the outskirts. They had begun carelessly, and with *ennui*; but having lost, and won, are growing interested and laying down larger stakes. The two young Englishmen, merchants' sons, have got seats at the table, and are

playing heavily. The Banker's heir-apparent from Frankfort, a heavy, hulking, pink-cheeked, overgrown *gamin*, who has been fluttering round this terrible candle for two days, losing a thousand francs now and again—a kind of teasing, fretful, phlebotomizing, which, collectively, he finds to be getting serious—is determined to go seriously to work of this night. There is also the pale, dried, diplomatist English milord, slightly jaundiced, tall, slight, and a little bent; he, too, is busy. And there is the general "ruck," as it were—the "gallery," as the Croupiers call them—who stand round and dabble in a little silver and a little gold, who are thrown into despair by the loss of fifteen francs, and into tumultuous joy by a gain of the same amount. The time is eleven, just struck musically on a Louis-Quatorze clock.

M. le Duc has down a note on the Bank of France, for one thousand francs. His friends have each a "*masse*," as it is called, of, say, each twenty Napoleons. The Frankfort Banker has two "*billets*" of a thousand francs each, and the yellow Milord has "*engagé*" on the red a pleasant composite heap of a blue rouleau and some Napoleons. The "gallery," truly contemptible on such an occasion with its little gains and losses, is feverishly casting down or taking up its trumpery silver, to a very small amount. Croupier A. is "making up" the table; mark how dextrously he keeps all distinct. M. le Duc, though his note for a thousand francs is down, stakes only half. His friends allow only five each of their "*masses*" to be risked. The Frankfort Banker lets all go of his amount, and the yellow Milord risks but ten Louis of his composite heap. Croupier keeps all distinct and clear, touches each with the point of his little rakes, calling out the amount risked of each—"moitié du billet," for M. le Duc; "Cinq Louis à la masse," for his friends; "Tout va" for the Frankfort Banker, now beginning to breathe a little hard, and for Milord, "Le rouleau." Then for the gallery, who are tumbling down their florins, and mean coins in a loose scattered fashion; vigilant Croupier, with a touch gets the stray coins together, divines the colour they were aimed

at, and arranges his board as prettily as can be conceived. Everything is ready; the green baize, richly covered, dotted over on the "couleur," "à l'envers" on "rouge" and "noir" with gold, silver, and fluttering silver paper billets. At the last moment M. le Comte, just dropped in, calls from the bottom of the table, "Dix Louis à rouge," and Croupier A. good-naturedly lays down the sum for him. Now, at last—"Messieurs faites le jeu; le jeu est fait," and with a moment of stillness, and every face, noble, simple, shorn, unshaven, mean, and squalid, turns toward the high priest—the fatal cards begin to drop from his fingers in two lines.

It is but a moment;—"Un!" chants Croupier at the end of the first line of cards, and half the battle is fought; "Trois," at the end of the second; "Rouge gagne et la couleur!" Down sink hearts, up rises colour. Heavy sighs of relief, and sparkling eyes, universal rustle, joy, and perhaps some despair. First clatter of rakes, gathering in the harvest, done with alacrity; gold, silver, and the billets de banque floating on the top like froth—all raked in. Frankfurt banker has lost, but beyond a little, light spasm of his lips, takes it calmly. M. le Duc has lost—Milord has won, whose dry yellow face lightens as he whispers with satisfaction to a heavily moustached friend, that he *knew* the red would come up. Someway everyone knows that the red will come up when it *does* come up. A shopkeeper, or so, from Strasburg, has lost ten francs, and is overwhelmed, and will go home penitently to his wife. Smaller fry of the gallery will be crushed to; but as a rule the larger sufferers take their losses far more manfully. Now comes payment, silver first, gold after, notes last. Five-franc pieces seem to spout, as it were, from Croupier's hands; where there are four lying, where there are two, where there is one—no matter what the distance—a heavy molten stream of silver comes spouting; four jangling down melodiously on top of the four, two on the two, one on the one—aim most accurate; sometimes one straggles away, but a neat touch with the rake brings all together. Sometimes where various heaps have got

too close, the whole gets into a confused mass; but two strokes of the rake sets all clear. Then for the gold, waiting patiently *en grand seigneur*; the rake is thrust into this heap, separates neatly five pieces, and carries them away. With my lord who has won, a lot of stray pieces are thus carried off; but in their stead comes rolling back a blue *rouleau*. So with the billets de banque. All is over and adjusted in a few seconds; and now there is a melodious clatter of gold upon gold, of silver upon silver, as Croupiers industriously and with vigour gather up and sort their spoil; setting each with each according to its kind, back to back, in long rows, sinuous, like gold and silver coiled snakes. There—the ground is cleared; M. le Croupier is looking to the right and left again, has moistened the tip of his finger, and is about to deal. There are some broken spirits walking away gloomily, leaving the room; but there are more struggling to the front, with many a "Pardon, Monsieur." There is, too, that strange sound—elsewhere, insignificant—the scraping of a chair pushed back; some one retiring, pushing their way out. Only the "business gamblers" sit; and that abrupt retreat means defeat for the day, if not for the season. Up runs the servant of the place with a greasy simper, carries off the defunct gambler's chair, and thus gives room for more of the gallery to stand, and besides when an *habitué* comes in, gives an opportunity of officious politeness.

Sometimes a coin, gold or silver, drops under the table, and the little scene that takes place is highly complimentary to the morals of the place. Oily domestic hears the well-known sound from afar, and comes running with a lighted taper at the end of a stick. Meanwhile, the gaming lady or gentleman who has dropped the money, watches carefully everyone near, and will not for the world hear of their stooping to look for it. Inexperienced persons do sometimes bend down, but are at once politely checked by another menial, coaxing about warily. Menial with the light goes in on all fours, as it were into a cellar, and gropes. Sometimes he finds it, in which case he is rewarded (but he must not go in too far out of sight.) Sometimes he does not find it,

in which case it is assumed that it has already been found, and is at that moment sticking to the sole of a Knight of Industry, which has ingeniously been made adhesive for the purpose.

Those menials, watchdogs, "bullies," bruisers, what not—what a slimy, greasy, undertaker's-man look they have. Much preferable are the gorgeous liveried creatures of Spa and Homburg—moustaches, white stockings—Tartars plated over! These men are in dingy black, and positively have an air of gin. They are strong and stout, and suited to the rough work they may have to perform at any moment. Someways when a little dispute or noise sets in, you see these birds of prey clustering softly together—hurrying in the direction—Jonathan Wilds and Blueskins in decent black suits! They are each furnished with the little red and black marking cards, and those wonderful corking pins. Only yesterday I discovered that all the cigar *allumettes* of the chief tobacconists of the place are made of shreds of these gaming cards, pricked over with many pinholes. A not inappropriate destiny, finishing in what they began—wreaths of smoke.

Young Frankfort Banker, by-and-by, I see has now increased his *mises* to six thousand francs (£240), the highest the table allows. I see the light, fluttering heap of notes, reposing on each other. There is a sort of good genius with him—a friend who is earnestly remonstrating—remonstrations accepted fiercely and testily, as is usual. On the other side a lady friend, lively, and noisy, plays the evil genius, encouraging the luckless banker on to his fate. I see him fingering his roll of notes wistfully, looking desperately at the table, and now back again at his notes. Friend interposes softly. Female friend strikes in cheerfully: "Go forward, *mon garçon*. That's right. Don't heed him. Try the bold game. *Courage!* That's right—don't be afraid, my poor child. There."

"Never mind," says the friend, fiercely. "By-and-by we shall have a dramatic scene."

"Bah! *mon abbé*," says the female friend, with a scoff; and down goes the fluttering heap of silver paper in

the centre, on the square department of the *couleur*.

"*Couleur gagne!*" sings the Croupier; and the hulking Banker draws a sigh of relief; and the female evil genius pats him on the shoulder, and says, "*Tiens, mon garçon! c'est ça!*" and shakes her head defiantly at the friend. Presently Croupier draws all the notes towards him, counts them, puts them back, and laying a single new fluttering note upon the top of his rake, places it down with a complimentary air upon its fellows. They are gracious, and seem pleased at the Banker's winning. Again friend interposes, but is repulsed good-humouredly. Six thousand francs are again staked on the *couleur*.

"*Ca va! mon garçon!*" says the evil genius. "We shall have it all back!" People are now coming in from other rooms, and drawing closer, to see this high play. But the *couleur* loses this time, and the fluttering heap is swept in fiercely. Looks are turned on the heavy Banker to see how he bears it. He is impatient, and has fresh notes ready. Evil genius actually laughs, as though it were a good joke. I hear sighs of commiseration from female bosoms—*Le pauvre garçon!* He stakes again—loses again; stakes again—loses! They seem to fall on him like crashing blows on a losing prize-fighter. He seems to strike out wildly. Wins this time—will win the next time—when the clock strikes, and it ends for that night. He is left shipwrecked.*

IV. THE PLAY.

THERE are a hundred little dramas like this being played all day long. There is at least one such for every three minutes of the day. Not of the flashy, effective pattern—the haggard gamester rushing from the room to be found in the wood weltering in his gore, and such-like, which are the recognised situations for the traditional stories—but little, quiet bits of domestic life, very characteristic. A volume might be filled with "slides," as it were, of this pattern—a hundred little histories told. Of the newly married pair (the buff dressing-case cover still bright and unsoiled) who stray in fondly together, and drop a piece or

* There is no over-colouring in this little scene. It occurred exactly as described.

two the first day for the "fun of the thing," who win, and who begin to relish the horribly wicked place; who come there regularly in the evening after table d'hôte, and who still win (a little silver), and who actually dream of making all their bridal tour expenses; who begin to lose, not merely the few silver pieces gained, but some of the funds actually destined for their bridal expenses; who grow testy and snappish, *coram publico*, and tartly tax each other with this or that unlucky bit of play, with "I told you there was no chance of the red, but you would," &c. Of the little, trim, French milliner-looking woman, in the broad-leaved straw hat, who flutters and hovers anxiously about that handsome boy-husband of hers, who is sitting with his head between his hand, and playing doggedly and defiantly, and losing, as of course. I hear her wistful inquiries, and his rough answer—for this play turns us all into rude bears; who leaves the table hastily, goes over to her, seizes a gold chain, and drags it from her neck; hurries off with it, and returns with money. Of a hundred such little parlour dramas, which become, as of course, a part of the daily routine. A Parliamentary return of the agonies endured in those rooms would make a strange and fearful total. But the calm officials sit unmoved, and proceed with their work like machines.

The eccentricities of players are curious. One comes rushing in, hot and furious, casts down his gold, haphazard, anywhere, sees it swept away, and rushes out as he came. Of a Sunday I have seen a quiet, trading looking youth come, hesitate for half an hour, hover round, in and out, like the old staid of the moth, and then put down his single note of one thousand francs. Away it flattered, as it were on wings. He walked away slowly. I following him with curiosity. I saw that he went straight to the railway, whence he came, and took a third-class ticket. No doubt he recollected that Sunday for long after. Whose was that note!

It is a strange study, too, to keep the eyes off cards or Croupiers, and learn the result from the amphitheatre of faces round. Never was there such unconscious power of expression. Success can be read there, as well

from boisterous, exulting joy in the novices, as from the calm, serene steadiness of the more experienced. Defeat can be read there, too, as well in unconcealed despair or disgust, or open impatience; but more particularly in a restless *turning away of the face* from the table, which is the habitual shape of accepting a loss. Some merely elevate their eyes quietly, as who should say "what a fatality." Some, the *jeunesse dorée*, notably take their heaviest loss with a boisterous good-humoured fit of laughter. For such we have somewhat more sympathy than for dark despair and scowling countenances. For losers utterly ruined there is no pity—mere contempt; and it is a painful tableau when the deep player, stripped of everything, hot, jaded, and hopeless, pushes back his chair, and tries to get through the crowd; everyone is anxious to be rid of him, and resents his inconvenience. He is known to be a pauper, temporary or permanent. Half a dozen are greedy for his chair; and the Croupiers, who have his gold before them, do not even look after him.

Roulette, of this Sunday night, at eleven, seems like a riot. A mob surrounds the table, struggling, fighting to be allowed to drop down their silver pieces on the table, which it is unlikely, even if they win, they will ever recover. There are pirates and sharks abroad of this night, with good places and skilful fingers. The innocent protest; but in vain. There is a scorbatic old lady, of the Barnaby pattern, who makes this branch of industry her *specialité*, and thrives on it, though sometimes the Croupiers, who know her and watch her, take part against her; raw English youths suffer much from her, and when charged with what we must call a genteel theft, her acting of innocence falsely aspersed is admirable. There is no redress. The table grows impatient at any *rate*, and grows angrily at the disputants; they are hindering the game.

Everything to-night is express. So much money is out that I note the Croupiers rake in their gains with a quick and fierce impetuosity, as though they apprehended a rescue on its passage. The clatter of rakes on five-franc pieces at such busy moments is like large hailstones on a green-house.

The heavy silver coins have accumulated almost to inconvenience. When they pay they gush silver.

After all, this is the liveliest and most exciting of the games. Most wait until the sharp burr tells that the marble ball has started, and is running; then all stoop, and stretch, and lunge, and fire pieces at numbers with marvellous rapidity. Not a second is lost. Most wonderful is the gamster, with his hands and pockets full of pieces, as it were of stones, with which, bending over, he covers this, that, every number, scattering his pieces as though from a watering-pot. Now the ball has begun to dance and clatter among the brass cells. He has a second more, and has contrived to drop a dozen more coins here, there, and everywhere. Then comes "Il ne va plus," and the gigantic raking sets in. Strange to say those large speculators who try to make the game "safe" are rarely so successful as small fry. By some perverseness the lucky number seems to select the quarter of the board not incumbered by this profuse array of coins. He will cover the board as closely as it is possible. Usually some adroit gamster will insinuate two or three pieces among the great speculators, for he has no right to monopolise the ground, and the result will be a pleasant *embarrass*, it being impossible to identify the successful pieces. The result is decided by the greatest amount of effrontery, and perhaps a scramble.

Again, we have to admire the admirable calculating powers of these Croupiers. By a rare chance a single shining new five-franc piece lies upon the number ten, and into the little brass, labelled ten, has the ball leaped and is at rest.

Envied coin! It is regarded hungrily. Croupier taps it with his rake, and inquires, "*A qui ce piece?*" A sheepish, rustic looking shopman—rusty in his garments, claims it with timidity, and is almost scared at his own success. He, too, is regarded with interest—with envy. Croupier, in a business-like way, washes his hands, as it were, in a heap of silver, and begins spilling, as it were, coins, into symmetrical rows, of five pieces each; then shoves it over to the rustic shopman. He, quite dazed with his bliss, takes what is offered to him

gratefully. He knows not what it is—is too bewildered to count. There are coins on some of the four numbers of which the winning number is one, and then an operation in proportion has to be gone through in a second, and the amount paid. There are other coins, coasting, as it were near the happy number, in a less degree, and their claims have to be properly calculated—the result made into the shape of dainty little columns of gold and silver mixed, gently propelled over to the blessed winner to be greedily *empoiché*, according to the phrase. But when the thin, gaunt Englishman, who looks more or less dissipated and *usé*, who is decorated with a moustache that grows raggedly, has, by some strange chance, placed his Napoleon on the lucky number, when Croupier has chanted "Vingt cinq! noir pair et passe!" and the bright glittering darling yellow coin is seen reposing softly on the happy square,—a flutter and rustle runs round. Happy Englishman! So calm and so careless. They envy him, not the amount so much, for that is nothing startling—thirty-two Napoleons—but the rare luck—the winning against such odds. He leads his coin away, just as the Derby winner is led past, pursued with admiring glances; and yet the gaunt Englishman has received back but a tithe of the capital he has put out. He has been busy all the evening—all the week. He cannot play with silver; it tastes like weak tea after brandy. He has had losses and gains too, but many more losses. This is behind all those grand *coups* we see and envy. They are, as it were, a miserable dividend of two and sixpence in the pound. Can we not sympathize with that surly Englishman who, coming out furious after being stripped to the last feather by the calm eunuchs and viziers of Benazet, saw a Frenchman at the door in the act of kneeling down and tying his shoe, very much as though he were in skirmishing order. A strange fit seized on the Englishman; he could not restrain himself, but rushing at the Frenchman, gave him a sound, bitter, satisfactory kick in the quarter of the human continent where, as a pleasant Frenchman put it once, "*Le dos change du nom.*" He added at the same time, "You

are *always* tying your shoe!" The feeling of mind that prompted this outrage is quite comprehensible.

What dramatic shapes! I say again; what eccentricities! The man who comes rushing in like a fury, throws down a note without looking to the right or left, loses, and is gone! The man, who gives money to his friend in the street, and bids him, as the clock strikes two, walk in and put it down on the number two! The man who asked the lady to put down for him, seeing something encouraging in her face. Those men who are always getting cards—the punting cards—and those pleasant "punting" pins with the large round heads, and who punt with surprising diligence, but never play; I believe they have mint collections, and whole museums of little punctured cards and pins at home. That man, too, with the MS. book, so neatly ruled and tabulated, and who is present from morning till night, reporting every turn and number of the ball, what entertainment can he find in that office? The legend goes that he has been engaged by a company of *actionnaires*, possibly a *société anonyme*, to furnish them with valuable data, which when of respectable extent, will be submitted to a skilful mathematician to calculate whatever doctrine of chance may be got out of them. The Company's funds will then be applied in a series of duly regulated *mises*.

There is a Bull cabinet in the room, which is surveyed at times with a greedy interest, for it is known to be a sort of temporary bank or strong box of the administration. Now and again, when M. le Marquis sends one of the undertaker's menials for a rouleau or so on loan—which he does very much as though he were sending for a toothpick, and which is brought to him much in the same way, the gray-headed Dissenting-looking old gentleman in a tail coat unlocks this Bull safe, and *snatches* out a blue rouleau or two. A hundred pair of eyes assist at the operation, but they have barely a glimmer of the treasure within; the menial carries it away stealthily, like a candle-end done up in blue paper.

V. ROUGE GAGNE.

SKILFUL persons who have studied and compared the physiognomies of

Administrations generally make this remark, that the one which Grand Duke Benazet directs is the least complaisant of the whole. At Homburg there is a charming delicacy—a superfluity of attention to players and non-players—a strewing of flowers—a crowning of garlands, as it were; Administration suggests the idea of a poor soft put-upon Administration. Sturdy British fathers in tweeds, and coats of true British build, who grasp their sticks tightly when they tell you, "Sir, it is an immoral system—grossly immoral—a gang of sharpers, sir, that if we had before us at Bullington, we would set in the stocks." Yet this true moral patron will sit on the simple-hearted Administration's velvet couches, in the Administration's reading-room, and will glare impatiently while waiting for the Administration *Times*. He will go to the Administration concerts, and take his daughters to the Administration balls. He will listen to the delightful music of the Administration playing in the kiosk. Going away he will chuckle over all he has "got out" of them, "and, egad, sir, never left them a penny, *not* a penny, sir." Poor soft Administration, to be so put upon. They even suggest the idea that they like that sort of thing. They go out of their way to be tricked and humbugged in this fashion. Here are gamekeepers, dogs, and prize shooting grounds of the Administration, and, I believe, even dogs, if it be insisted upon. Surely, patrons of the sport cannot contribute to the necessities of the Administration! Was there ever such a suicidal policy! Mysterious body!

No; in Duke Benazet's dominions they are not nearly so easy and foolishly good-natured, and for this simple reason—the De Jure government has an unhandsome, unmanly way of dealing with them, threatening periodically, every now and again, to withdraw their licence. It is believed there is no serious intention of this sort on foot; but still it imparts an unhappy tone of insecurity to the commonwealth. There is an antagonism too, between the two governments. The *Roi saine-ant* believes he is strong and independent, and might flourish without their aid. He envies them their popularity. But in Homburg all is charming harmony. There is a lease of tremendous length,

stretching, I believe, to the end of the century, such as only good and improving tenants deserve; they are secure, and cannot be evicted. Everything is smooth. Croupiers have private instructions to smile, and satisfy all claims with *empressement*. There are ladies and gentlemen there who make a genteel profession of acting the victim of a mistake of the banks, and who each day suffer from their little silver piece being raked in by a very pardonable accident. These persons trade on the compliant temper of the Administration, and actually earn the price of their day's stabled *hôte* in this pleasant way.

Inside hang on the walls large printed placards, framed and labelled, "*Spiele Ordnung*" or, "*Règlement pour les Jeux*," and which leave a police savour. Looking at the bottom I find them, signed—

"KUNTZ."

And a little over Kuntz, I find Kuntz' style and titles:—

"*Le Directeur de la Ville; Président de la Commune des Bains.*"

Kuntz! Admirable name! sharp, short, and jerky; such as Kuntz is himself, in all probability, or should be. It is Kuntz, then, who has set his hand and seal to the arbitrary regulations which follow, and which show, as was before remarked, suspicious and unhealthy relations between the authorities of the place, typified by "Kuntz," and the good-natured purveyors to our amusement. These are the stringent regulations:—

"1. The play shall commence every year on the 1st of May and end on the 31st of October. During this period the bank shall open every morning at eleven o'clock, but on Sundays and holidays only after the Church services shall have terminated. (Who shall say our Administration is not moral, or even pious!) At midnight it must close; but on ball nights it may go on until the fête is over—i. e., until two, three, or four, A.M.

"2. The authorities reserve to themselves the right of deciding who shall be admitted. The police shall have the right of removing such persons as they please. (Moral Administration again!)

"3. Cards with *white backs* only allowed. Every case of cards shall contain six packs of fifty-two cards

VOL. LXIII.—NO. CCCLXXVIII.

each; shall be sealed with the Grand Ducal seal, and verified before being opened by one of the Grand Ducal Commissioners of the Games. In his presence they must then be counted.

"4. The bank must use fresh cards every day, and even during the course of the day, if the gallery require it; also, if the bank has been broken."

Every scene, in short, in the piece is provided for by strict regulation. Even the Croupiers must relieve each other at certain fixed hours; and the police are charged to see that there is no change in the seasons of release. At the end of the day the Grand Ducal Commissioner of the Games again slips on the scene, and in his presence the cards are again counted, "*contrôlés*," and carefully sealed up.

The roulette board is also visited by that functionary, and also sealed up with his seal. On the cards he writes the date of the day, and they are carefully put by for a whole year.

There are two important regulations which I can testify from experience to having often seen violated. No stake is to be received on mere parole, but must be laid down on the board in very hard cash; neither may the banker or his employes lend money to any of their guests. The contrary is done over and over again. But Benazet is Sultan, and can do as he please.

Again, notice must be given—at cards before the card-deal; at roulette, before the three last twirls—that the game is about to conclude. If the roulette cylinder for any reason has to be changed, the functionary assures himself by various tests that the new cylinder is in perfect "*équilibre*." Neither cards nor ball may be touched before all stakes have been paid.

Every unclaimed stake won by an anonymous or made by an *anonyma*, must be kept for the orphans for whom Stultz (who was Stultz?) founded an asylum. When I see Croupiers surreptitiously, and with an air of abstraction, raking in this unclaimed specie about a dozen times in the day, I am tempted to call out "Stultz! Stultz!" What the orphans receive from this source of income must be slender, indeed. It would be better for Stultz and his orphans to compound for a small steady allowance.

The lowest coin taken at roulette

is a florin (1s. 8d.), and at thirty and forty, two florins—a rule also violated; for that coin is always rejected as degradingly small. At roulette the highest stake allowed is six Louis for the numbers and 4,000 francs for the other departments; for rouge et noir, 6,000 francs.

On the whole, taking these regulations into consideration, I would say that they were framed in a spirit ungenerously hostile to King Benazet, and almost suspicious of that potentate.

Strange to say, it was difficult to get a glimpse of this secret and mysterious power. King Benazet kept himself shrouded, like a veiled prophet. Surely it would be supposed that such a monarch would be *digito monstrari ad nauseam*—he would be the lion; and yet I can see the feeling towards him is hostile. I was almost shocked when on asking a lady who sold *cartes de visite* down in the pretty little alley, which may be called "Baden Vanity Fair"—she replied pertly, and with a curl of her lip, in disparagement, "C'est n'est pas un grand homme ça." I respectfully dissent from that view.

What a deal there is in a name. At home there are people who, in their coarse way, would call this illustrious man the keeper of a hell. Here this keeper of a hell, if it must be so, has a lovely palace of a villa—the Villa Benazet. Here this keeper of a hell gives parties, the most delightful soirees and balls, to choice artistic guests. To him comes on a visit Viardot Garcia, the incomparable, and gives bits of "Orfeo" to delighted audiences. To him comes the Italian artists on furlough—to play at his opera house, it is said, *Franco*, and in return are entertained sumptuously. He is not so bad, this hell-keeper, after all. In alliance with him is King Girardin, late of *The Presse*, whose Villa Girardin is pointed out to all strangers. He has reunions too—witty, artistic, brilliant.

In short, it is a gay kingdom, and we must not look this gift horse—the Arabian they call Benazet—too closely in the mouth.

The offices of piety are not neglected at this little depot of dice and cards. High up, on the side of the hill, with its porch actually appearing to be on the roofs of the houses below, is the

cathedral; and here of a Sunday, as we pass by, we can hear a rich, old organ, trumpeting, swelling, rising, and falling, within. Hither do the honest Baden agricultural men and women repair—rough, rude, figures, racing if farming—earrings in the men's ears—utterly uninfected by the polite plague raging below;—most honest, faithful, sturdy, and devout children of labour, whom I see reading their prayers earnestly from books.

A quaint, old electoral sort of interior, with the tombs, grand-ducal, scattered all about, in corners and nooks; each conceived in the old-fashioned, windy flamboyancy—the luxuriance of gilt scroll-work and flowing drapery, which is not unwelcome to the eye. This little Cathedral, too, being built in a misty, rambling way, gives an artful idea of greater height and space in the recesses and galleries, from one of which our profane fiddlers and drummers, who have been busy the night before furnishing wicked music from their green alcove on the Prado, are now joining melodiously in one of Hummel's best masses. These men are the very Swiss of musicians—as the latter had their swords ready always for "*argent*," so do the former proffer their bows and fiddles with the strictest impartiality. Church, gambling rooms, theatre, and ball—it is all one to them. Money is king here.

Baden Sundays are very gay festivals, especially when it is a festival Sunday. For then flock in from all points, the strangest, wildest, and most motley miscellany that can be conceived. The opera chooses its best piece, and its best men and women. The orchestra scrape less mechanically, and much as though the director had inserted a key somewhere under the shoulderblade of each performer, and wound him up with half a dozen turns. White-coated Austrian officers, with stork-shaped legs, and spectacles on, move about in pairs, saluting everybody with laborious and overdone salaams. There are Prussian officers meandering in pairs also, whose flat epaulettes look so old-fashioned, and who salute the Austrians when they meet. It is the reign of universal salaams. Little cadets are only too happy to have the opportunity, and assert their quality by saluting officers, policemen—every-

body that is salutable. The music is exquisite if it be a Prussian band, and if they are playing that wonderful musical entanglement, called the "Tannhäuser Overture," that mass of sweets and sour—of melody and discord—of method and extravagance, which divides all Germany as though it were a political faith. Something of this party spirit is to be seen on this very night; for a knot of men gathers round the kiosk in a knot, and when the overture is done, burst into a laboured applause very much akin to that of the *Claque*.

Some of these gala nights at times end disastrously. Huge vaporious clouds, charged with waterspouts, are always lying in wait over the Baden lieges, and burst upon them without a second's warning. One soft Sunday night, about ten, the walks are crowded. The dresses are gay, and the music is just finishing. *Café* is in full work. Suddenly a few warning drops, heavy as molten lead, give a short notice. The crowd is scattered in an instant. Some have swooped down upon a few cabs waiting at the gate; some, blessed in umbrellas, rush home frantically under that shelter. Such panic, such rout, such scudding with a reckless regard to the decencies of fashion, cannot be conceived. But some, too late for the cabs, too improvident to have thought of umbrellas, retire to dry land and huddle together under the yellow porch of King Roulette.

They seem like mariners upon an island, and they look out ruefully upon the smooth promenade, fast filling into an ocean. The rain is descending in broad flat sheets. It falls on the ground with a loud dull palpable swish, that makes all feel rueful at heart. Far as the eye can

see the horizon is cleared of human beings, save, perhaps, of one luckless wretch seen flying for his life. The shipwrecked ones, huddled together on the island, look out more and more dismally, and see no hope.

These happy hunting grounds are enclosed within gates and railings, with avenues and walks, which the wheel of cab or carriage is not permitted to mark. Such assistance therefore as takes the shape of cabs may be seen afar off out in the heavy rain, like boats that may not come in close to shore. The water between is by this time like a shining pond, and the shipwrecked ones huddle together yet more closely upon their island. It is the most dismal prospect in the world. An hour passes away; King Roulette's palace is shut up. Lamps all about the garden are put out one by one. We should be all in sheer darkness on our island, but for the charity of the Administration, who kindly allow a lamp or two to remain under the porch. Another hour and no relief. There was something almost ludicrous in our distress. At times, some one or two, chafed to desperation by the delay, and seeing no hope, would make a desperate plunge, in the hope of reaching the boats; and bending down his head, would plunge recklessly into the wet. He was seen buffeting, as it were, with the terrific rain; but before being pulled on board, discovered too late, that he might, for all practical purposes, have swam all the way home. Another hour! Things began to look desperate.

It was not absolutely until past one in the morning that the rains began to abate a little, when there set in a desperate *sauve qui peut*.

INDEX TO VOL. LXIII.

- A King for an Hour, 592, 630.
 Altercation between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Melbourne, 132.
 Alphonse Karr; Amenities of French Literature, 132.
 A Neglected Biography; Life of the "Unfortunate Dr. Dodd," 257, 385.
 American Methodism, The Camp Meetings of, described, 475, 476.
 American Scenes and Portraits, 112.
 Ancient Irish, The, Magic of, 148.
 An Old Irish Actor and his Times—from 1691 to 1721; Thomas Dogget, 513.
 Armstrong Guns, The Defects of, 546.
 Aspromonte, Conduct of Garibaldi at, examined, 491.
 Autobiographical MS., A Passage from an, 564.
 Baden Vanity Fair. I., The Fair; II., The Company; III., The Players; IV., The Play; V., Rouge Gagne, 702.
 Biographies and Personal Sketches of Leonidas Polk, the Southern Soldier-Bishop; Generals Lee, Longstreet, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Beauregard; of President Davis, 112 and 214. Of General Garibaldi and Cavour, 483. Of Charles Knight, 456. Of Wilks and Dogget, Irish Actors, 310 and 513. Of George Sand and Alphonse Karr, 494 and 321. Of Dr. Dodd, 257 and 385. Of Lord Lyndhurst, 123. Of Paul Feval, 226.
 Biography, Felon; Review of "Prison Matron's" "Memoirs of Jane Cameron," 440.
 Bishops' Incomes—Are they too high in Ireland? 377.
 Caprera, Interior of Garibaldi's House described, 485, 486.
 Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi, remarkable interview between, previous to the French War in Lombardy, 487.
 Centuries—Two Half Centuries of the Light Literature of France, 243.
 Century, Half a, of Literary Recollections, 456.
 Clubs, The, of Dublin, 12.
 Comedy, The Old Italian, 67.
 Confederacy, Etchings of the, 214.
 "Congregationalism" fatal to the Irish Church, 363, 379.
 Constitutional Principles, Garibaldi's constant adherence to, 483.
 Convent and Monastic Schools, Irish, Grants to, 603 619.
 Corsica, Story of Theodore of, Part the First, 592; Part the Second, 630.
 Court of Frederic William—Third Excursion in the Grand Tour, 197.
 Court of Saxony, The, 549.
 Critics, The Pulpit and its, 77.
 Customs, Curious, of the Danish People, 344.
 Cymric Literature in the Middle Ages, 303.
 Dante, Notes on, 504.
 Demoniac Ideals in Poetry, 29.
 Dogget, Thomas, an Irish Actor, Life of, 513.
 Dr. Dodd, The Unfortunate, A neglected Biography, Part I., 257; Part II., 385.
 Draoidheachta—The Magic of the Ancient Irish, 148.
 Dublin Society, 8.
 Duchies, The Danish, their Rights, Customs, and Legends, 344.
 Earlier Type of the Sensational Novel; Tracings of, 460.
 Early Opinions of George Sand, 494.
 Editors, New, of Shakespeare, 230.
 Epic Poetry; Notes on Dante, 504.
 Episcopal Non-superintendence in Ireland, 79.
 Estimates, The, for 1864-5, for Irish National Education, and how constructed, 608.
 Etchings of the Southern American Confederacy, 214.
 FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF IRELAND, The:—Mananan, Son of Lir; King Cormac's Trials; Cliona of Munster; Finvar, the Fairy King of Connaught; The Pooks of Murroe; The Banshee of the O'Briens; The Black Cattle of Durzy Island; The Silkie Wife; The Avenging Wave; the The Fairy-Cure; The Fairy-stricken Servant; The recovered Bride; The Love Philtre—page 640.
 Falstaff's Wake; a Dramatic Sketch, by Thomas Irwin, 222.
 Female Felon Biography, 440.
 Feval, Paul—a Breton Man of Letters, 226.
 Future of the Cotton Trade, 117.
 Garibaldi, General, Incidents in Career of, 483.
 George Sand, Madame, Early Opinions of, 494.
 Grand Tour, The; Fourth Excursion.—The Court of Saxony, 549.
 Grape and the Star, The, A Poem, 338.
 Gyges, The Ring of, 99.
 Ideals in Poetry, Demoniac, 29.
 In Church: A Poem, 470.
 Irish Church: Her "Reformers" and her Foes, 363.
 Irish, Magic of the Ancient, 148.
 Irish Magic in the days of Cormac, 424.
 Irish Literature—The Last Sighs of a Celtic Storm, 94.
 Italian Comedy, The Old; or, Harlequin and Scaramouch, 67.
 King for an Hour, A, 592; Second Part—conclusion, 630.
 Lansdowne, Marquis of: strong Speech in favour of the Irish Church, 363.
 Legends, Curious Danish, 344.
 Léon Gozlan—A Word about his Life and Writings, 673.
 Life of Laurence Sterne, Fitzgerald's, reviewed, 328.
 LITERATURE—French, 321; Cymric, in Middle Ages, 303; Scottish and Irish, 94.

Life in Munich, 696.

Lyriists: Herrick—Ben Jonson—Carew, 380.
Lyndhurst, Lord, elaborate Memoir of, 123.

Middle Ages, Cymric Literature in, 308.

Milton's Minor Poems, 619.

My Aunt Margaret's Adventure. Chap. I., Aunt Margaret at Home; Chap. II., My Aunt Margaret on the Road; Chap. III., The Moon Rises; Chap. IV., Perturbation; Chap. V., The "Good Woman;" Chap. VI., The White Chamber; Chap. VII., An accident befalls the Candle; Chap. VIII., Of a figure seen by my Aunt; Chap. IX., The Funeral Visitation; Chap. X., How it all happened, 268.

New England Society Forty Years Ago, 473.

Nineveh: an Oriental Poem, 589.

Notes on Dante, Critical and Philosophical, 504.

O'Brien, William, An Irish Actor, Life of, 668.

Passage from an Autobiographical MS., 564.

Patronymics in Denmark, Curiosities of, 353.

Paul Feval, a Breton Man of Letters, 226.

Personal Sacrifices of Southern Leaders, 218, 219.

Phases of Life in Federal America, 471.

Pictures of Dublin Fashion, 5, 6.

"Place-Hunting" in Federal America, Ruinous Social Effects of, 116, 117.

Poetry, Epic—Essay on, 504.

Political Morality of Lord Lyndhurst, 126, 127.

Portraits, American Scenes and, 112.

Protests of the Bishop of Derry and Dr. P. S. Henry against Innovations in Irish National Education Scheme, 603-619.

Pulpit, The, and its Critics, 77.

Pulpit Eloquence and its Eccentricities, 82, 83.

POEMS AND DRAMATIC SKETCHES:—Sensation, A Satire, 86; Soul in Space, 183; Falstaff's Wake, by T. Irwin, 222; Song of Spring, by Metrodorus O'Mahony, 213; The Grape and the Star, 338; Spring—a Sonnet, 384; In Church, by Uter, 470; Timon, 512; Nineveh, 589; ORPHEUS, by T. Irwin—Prelude; Orpheus; Girl's Song; Orpheus's Hymn to Eurydice; Love Reverie of Orpheus; Nuptial Song; The Death-day of Eurydice; Invocation; The Voyage of Orpheus to Hades; Voyage; The Druid Isle; An Isle of Torment; Lethe; The Music Clime; Approach to the Elysian Isle; Prayer Song; Invocation to Death; Orpheus's approach to the Land of Death; Death—528-543; The Cluricaun, 625.

REVIEWS:—Williams' (Late American Minister to Turkey), "Rise and Fall of the Model Republic;" "The Cotton Trade, its bearing upon the Prosperity of Great Britain and Commerce of the American Republics, considered in connexion with the Question of Negro Slavery in the Confederate States," by

George M'Henry; Baptist Wriothely Noel's "Rebellion in America;" Colonel Fremantle's "Three Months in the Southern States;" Mrs. Greenhow's "My Imprisonment, and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington;" Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants—Annals of the English Stage, from Betterton to Edmund Kean;" Samuel Phillips Day's "Down South, or an Englishman's Experiences at the Seat of the American War;" Speech of Mr. Spence on the Southern American Question, at Glasgow, published as a pamphlet; "The Works of William Shakespeare," edited by W. E. Clark, M.A., J. Glover, M.A., and W. A. Wright, M.A.; "The Life of Laurence Sterne, by Percy Fitzgerald, M.R.I.A.; Gosch's "Denmark and Germany since 1815;" Captain Marryat's "Residence in Jutland—the Danish Isles, and Copenhagen;" "Germany versus Denmark, by a Liverpool Merchant, being a short account of the Slesvig-Holstein Question;" Molesworth's "Denmark in 1692;" Memoirs of Jane Cameron, the Female Convict," by a Prison Matron; "Forty Years of American Life," by Dr. Thomas L. Nichols; "Peculiar—a Tale of the Great Transition," by Epes Sargent, edited by William Howitt; "Passages of a Working Life, during Half a Century, with a prelude of Early Reminiscences;" by Charles Knight; "Colonel Chambers's "Garibaldi and Italian Unity;" Colonel Vecchij's "Garibaldi at Caprera;" Count Charles Arrivabene's "Italy under Victor Emmanuel;" De La Rive's "Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour;" "Histoire de ma Vie," par George Sand.

"Revival," The late, in America, Singular Phases of, 476.

Ryder, Thomas, An Irish Actor, Life of, 668.

Sand, Madame George, Life and Writings of, 494.

Scenes, American, and Portraits, 112.

Scottish and Irish Literature, 94.

Sensation—a Satire, 86.

Sensational Novel, Earlier Type of the, 460.

Servants, Their Majesties', 155.

Shakespeare, New Editors, 230.

Shakespearean Notes, No. I., 89; No. II., 281.

Sheridan, Report of; Chief Inspector of National Schools, on the "Extinguishment" of the Lay Principle, 607.

Society, The, of Dublin, 3.

Some Amenities of French Literature, 321.

Song of Spring, by Metrodorus O'Mahony, 213.

Soul in Space—a Sonnet, 183.

Spring—a Poem, 384.

Star, The, and the Grape, a Poem, 338.

Sterne, Fitzgerald's Life of, 328.

Story of Theodore of Corsica—a King for an Hour, 592, 680.

"Stump" Oratory in the Far West, 115, 116.

The Cluricaun—a Poem, 625.

The Fairy Mythology of Ireland, 640

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION:—The Present position of; Review of the late Parliamentary Papers and other documents affecting the "New Rules" of the National Education Board, in favour of Convent and Monastic Schools, together with an examination of the working of the System, as illustrated by the Report of the Census Commissioners for the year 1861, and the most recent Returns in Thom's Directory for 1864—page 603.

The Modern Clown and Old World Harlequin, 71.

The Old Italian Comedy, Essay on, 67.

The Pulpit and its Critics, Counsels and Warnings, 77.

The Ring of Gyges, 99.

The Grape and the Star, 838.

The Danish Duchies, their Political Position, and the real Sentiment of their Populations, 844.

Third Excursion in "The Grand Tour," 197.

"Their Majesties' Servants," from Betterton to Edmund Kean, 155.

Two Half Centuries of French Light Literature, 243.

Two Old Irish Actors and their Contemporaries—Thomas Ryder and William O'Brien:—Thomas Kyder, 658; William O'Brien, 668.

Whitworth, Armstrong, and Rival Guns, 544.

Wicked Captain Walshawe of Wauling: A Tale. Chap. I., Peg O'Neill pays the Captain's Debts; Chap. II., The Blessed Candle; Chap. III., My Uncle Watson visits Wauling; Chap. IV., In the Parlour; Chap. V., The Bed-Chamber; Chap. VI., The Extinguisher is lifted; Chap. VII., The Visitation culminates—*conclusion*—449.

Wilks the Actor: His later Career in London, 310.

Windsor, when George the Third was King, 457.

"Woman's Rights" in Ecclesiastical Matters in America, 477.

Writings of Alphonse Karr, 321.

WYLDER'S HAND: By the Author of "The House by the Churchyard" (*continued from previous Volume.*) Part VIII.—Chap. LX., The Brandon Conservatory; Chap. LXI., Concerning a new danger which threatened Captain Stanley Lake; Chap. LXII., Miss Rachel Lake becomes violent; Chap. LXIII., The Attorney in Redman's Dell; Chap. LXIV., Rachel Lake before the Accuser; Chap. LXV., In which Dame Dutton is visited; Chap. LXVI., The Captain explains why Mark Wylder absconded; Chap. LXVII., The Ace of Hearts; Chap. LXVIII., In the

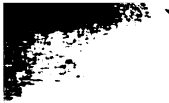
Dutch Room, page 82. Part IX., Chap. LXIX., I revisit Brandon Hall; Chap. LXX., Lady Macbeth; Chap. LXXI., Mr. Larkin is *vis-à-vis* with a concealed Companion; Chap. LXXII., The Dumb Companion discloses himself; Chap. LXXIII., Of a Spectre which Old Tamar saw; Chap. LXXIV., The Meeting in the Long Pond Alley; Chap. LXXV., Sir Harry Bracton's Invasion of Gylindgen; Chap. LXXVI., Mark Wylder's Hand; Chap. LXXVII., The Mask Falls; Chap. LXXVIII., We take leave of our Friends—*conclusion*—page 161.

Yankee Phraseology, Extraordinary Character of, 477.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD. Chap.

I., The Father, the Child, and the Pupil; Chap. II., A Sketch of the Past; Chap. III., Remonstrances and Coaxings; Chap. IV., Dillon Crosbie; Chap. V., The Present to the Sick Man; Chap. VI., The Walk in the Snow—The Malediction, page 13. Chap. VII., Mrs. Meiklam; Chap. VIII., Dillon receives a Present; Chap. IX., The Messenger comes; Chap. X., Lizette leaves the Cottage, page 134. Chap. XI., Mrs. Pilmer is disturbed; Chap. XII., Mrs. Meiklam's Thoughts about Lizette; Chap. XIII., The Birthday Fête; Chap. XIV., Some Arrangements concerning Dillon Crosbie; Chap. XV., The Last Night and the Last Morning; Chap. XVI., Lizette and Bessie; Chap. XVII., A Removal determined upon, page 286. Chap. XVIII., Tom Ryder's early Courtship; Chap. XIX., The new Will; Chap. XX., An unfortunate Meeting; Chap. XXI., The Bell that Luke Bagly hears; Chap. XXII., The sudden Call; Chap. XXIII., Some unpleasant Reports spread about Yaxley; Chap. XXIV., Mr. Hillert has something to say to Mrs. Copley; Chap. XXV., Farewells, page 407. Chap. XXVI., The Journey to London; Chap. XXVII., An unexpected Meeting; Chap. XXVIII., The Arrival at Markham House; Chap. XXIX., A Dear Friend's Welcome; Chap. XXX., Reminiscences; Chap. XXXI., Miss Pilmer's Confidential Information; Chap. XXXII., An unexpected Summons; Chap. XXXIII., An unwelcome Visitor; Chap. XXXIV., A Letter from Yaxley; Chap. XXXV., The Dimming Night, page 568. Chap. XXXVI., Mrs. Pilmer, has a private Interview with Mr. Ryder; Chap. XXXVII., L'Amour Tendre; Chap. XXXVIII., Hopeless; Chap. XXXIX., Waiting; Chap. XL., Anguish Unknown; Chap. XLI., The wrong part of the Letter, page 683.







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